

HAIKU

WHERE WAVES WERE...

Mainone

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HAIKU, by Robert F. Mainone

Where winds whispered . . .
where I walked, listening . . .
on the shores of Lake Superior

Reva Harwood

1968





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Where winds whispered . . .
where I walked listening . . .
on the shores of Leelanau

Reva Harwood

1968



Last night where waves were
a trace of a sandpiper . . .
a trace of the wind

A limp shadow-clock
how it follows me . . . southward . . .
two jets pass the sun

Expressions of time:
crowds of beach pebble-faces
frowning and smiling

Rockpile to rockpile
all day long the green waves . . .
rock into sand

Sky, water and earth;
on sands of infinity . . .
a windblown feather

Spider, nimble-legged,
on swaying grass, ties his web —
climbs from star to star

Even cicadas
have stopped to listen . . . stillness . . .
then a wayward breeze

Voices of dead birds
in the wind, waves and sand . . .
overhead, gulls cry

Breaking, stumbling waves
up the beach with sandpipers . . .
running back again

Hang on, Ladybug
you and I, we're off to Empire
and the high hills

Distant islands
and floating over each one . . .
an island of clouds

Dark face, summer pond . . .
cattail hair and bullfrog voice . . .
the moon is an eye

Wind, the dune sexton
opens an old grave . . . moonlight . . .
shadows of cedars

Beyond the dark pines
somewhere from another world . . .
a cuckoo calling

Wreathed in swirling cloud
the burning sun convulses . . .
sinks into the sea

Blackberry blossoms . . .
in the high wind they're swaying
Zebra Swallowtails

Pale beach-spider
where are you now that I am
in my sleeping bag?

Hypnotized by waves . . .
out in the boiling surf, rocks
become swimming seals

In a legend fair,
grave mound islands, her lost cubs;
dunes . . . the Sleeping Bear

Old mission church,
while we waited there for bells . . .
only the waves

Ghost-pipe flowers . . . ,
in secret graves
Indian warriors dream

Beyond my fire
a green-eyed forest spirit
watches from the night

Wabasso . . . Northwind . . .
how he rakes away Summer
in windrows of clouds



• Old mission church,
while we waited there for bells . . .
only the waves



Ghost-pipe flowers . . .
in secret graves
Indian warriors dream

Beyond my fire
a green-eyed forest spirit
watches from the night

Wabasso . . . Northwind . . .
how he rakes away Summer
in windrows of clouds

On the Sleeping Bear . . .
island in a void of stars . . .
bay lights . . . Pleiades

From these duney heights
Good Harbor's wave swept shore . . .
the distant Manitous

Marram Grass
waving on a sculptured dune . . .
not one thing too much

Bluer than the sky . . .
I dip my brush in Platte Bay . . .
and the color fades

Under wild grape leaves
darkness lay a lonely bed . . .
a morning gold-green

Mosquito love songs
are forgotten . . . but the
Tree Cricket serenade!

In all these miles
of late summer's verdant woods,
one scarlet tree

Trees wet with dew . . .
cicadas trying to sing . . .
mostly static

Silence . . .

pine needles . . . a fallen log . . .

the color of time . . .

On the ears of night
a pleasant conspiracy . . .
White Pines and the wind

Have fun, mosquitoes . . .
hanging on my tent tonight
a spiderweb door

At summer's end
listen to the sound the wind makes
through a broken tree

Hacking at birds

Hawk stoops through a tree . . .

kills autumn's first leaf

From this lofty peak
looking back at yesterday . . .
shoreline . . . autumn haze

Falling maple leaves
a hundred shades of red . . . poems . . .
I catch one or two

Of the earth and grass,
sweet Summer's child of spring . . .
the Autumn wind

Shorebirds in the night
passing . . . the sound of the sea
rumbles on and on

Loneliness . . .
could I find it . . .
here on Platte Bay?


Old town of Aral,
pilings where the dock once stood . . .
waves and shifting sand

As yet unclaimed
Good Harbor's sand cherries . . .
shining black gold

High on the storm-beach
this morning, a great fish lies
in sturgeon heaven

Dawn, and such a fuss! . . .
it seems I hung wet clothing
on some sparrow's bush!

Old gladiators,
castoff armor in the sand:
crayfish battlefield



Calm the morning sea.

There in the wreckage of ships . . .
a child's broken toy

High on the storm-beach
this morning, a great fish lies
in sturgeon heaven

Dawn; and such a fuss! . . .
it seems I hung wet clothing
on some sparrow's bush!

Old gladiators,
castoff armor in the sand:
crayfish battlefield

Calm the morning sea.
There in the wreckage of ships . . .
a child's broken toy

The ocean wind is singing
to me
A dead bee on the sand
no more

Grouse, pine smoke, this lake . . .
of these things am I;
ingredients of my stew

By the woods it came
and along the old dirt road . . .
the autumn wind

Entertainment here?
The forest rustles with things
about to happen

To live forever
in autumn . . . this maple forest . . .
this cathedral!

Shadows of pines . . .
here and there spider silk
in the autumn sun

On fading blossoms
morning dew lies heavily . . .
a teardrop falls

In a dying pine
clinging to a beam of sunlight . . .
a young grape vine

Even sparrows
are fiery streaks of orange
in the setting sun

On the public beach
standing in formal attire,
the visiting geese

What high adventure,
distant lands . . . ladybug sailors
on a block of wood

Sleeping under stars,
deer stamping in my bedroom . . .
moon behind a cloud

The mushroom people
have you heard them singing
in the autumn rain?

Falling one by one
the golden days of summer
from our maple tree

Sudden chill!
Among November's frosted stars
wild swans calling!

One last web of ducks
floating on the western sky . . .
autumn sunset fades

On this lonely path . . .
old friends: the demure willows
and the craggy oaks

Someone burning leaves.
The valley fills with haze . . .
a distant bell

By the reeds, unseen . . .
white clouds dissipating
in a pool of darkness

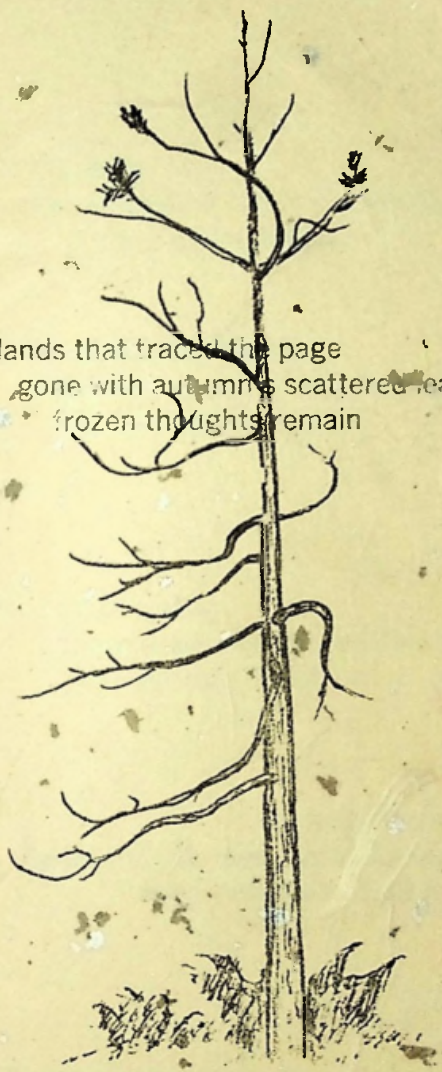
As the wind goes . . .
who knows where night will find me . . .
searching for songs

While the village sleeps
a thousand miles of snowflakes
soft and white and deep

Nestled deep the farms;
hushed in snow the hills and town;
sleepy wisps of smoke

'Neath a wint'ry sun
all the fields in splendor lay
wrapped in ermine robes

Hands that traced the page
gone with autumn's scattered leaves . . .
frozen thoughts remain



While the village sleeps
a thousand miles of snow-lakes
soft and white and deep

Nestled deep the farms;
hushed in snow the hills and town;
sleepy wisps of smoke

'Neath a soft sun
all the fields in splendor lay
wrapped in ermine robes

Hands that traced the page
gone with autumn's scattered leaves . . .
frozen thoughts remain

Hear the distant jay
where phantom deer are browsing
in the Christmas woods

In his yellow eyes
the windswept arctic snowfields;
aurora; midnight sun

No hint of spring
in these great waves, cold flames that ch
the icebound shore

Winter's aging coat . . .
old grass-lining, gray patches
in the March sun

Weatherwane pilings:
a chilly northwind
and gulls with only one leg

To the waiting trout,
what new tastes from hillsides
melting snow must bring

Leafless in their rows
March apple trees in blossom . . .
petals . . . last night's snow!

The night flows darkly . . .
among the spruce and cedar
a river of stars

A thousand faces
in a pleasant dream, looking . . .
and not one my own

In the sugarbush
last drops of winter's silver
splashing in our pails

Of this March day,
the definition of soggianness
is all one can say

So many times
the sun shone, the rain fell . . .
a life was measured

Into March blizzards
wedges of warm blackbirds go . . .
the dark knights of spring

A morning in spring . . .
fish trying to be birds . . .
birds trying to be fish

In the morning sun
birches, and people fishing . . .
upside down

What magic here
in these bright springs . . . beneath thes
gnarled and twisted roots

O rising bittern —

through the spring night where are you
taking our poor frogs?

With sound for eyes
bats climb vacant swallow trails
through the star-filled night

On Lake Michigan's shore
what was it Mole was thinking . . .
"The end of the world?"

On all the branches
ten thousand willow catkins
after morning rain

Voices of wet jade:
ruffles and the melting snow . . .
rocks talking to rocks

Embattled cedars,
cannon pointing out to sea . . .
wild invading waves

Though I left the shore
softly sighs the water still . . .
these Hartwick pines



To the world's end
I look from these
Kalkaska hills

Voices of wet jade:

hills and the melting snow . . .

rocks talking to rocks



Embattled cedars

cannon pointing out to sea . . .

wild invading waves

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Though I left the shore

softly sighs the water still . . .

these Hartwick pines

To the world's end
I look from these.
Kalkaska hills

In orbits, climbing
the woodcock's voice disappears
behind a moon-cloud

Again . . . my Blue Dunn . . .
but you, romantic trout
are leaping at stars!

The sound of ripples
and a kinglet's song
intermingling

Silvery fishes . . .
April raindrops darting
into rivers of mud

In the tacking gulls
and these scudding clouds
I saw the face of the wind

Brushed with beauty o'er
sea-blue depths of Traverse Bay . . .
cloud shadowed hills

Deep below it shines,
my silver spoon is dancing
where the lake trout dines

BEACHCOMBER MINK
(an autobiography)
one night . . . miles of copy

Beauty . . . elusive . . .
walks a moonlit path
of incompleteness

Raindrops in April
splashing on the matted leaves . . .
white petals in May

Resurrection . . .
so many times I've watched it, yet . . .
tamaracks in spring!

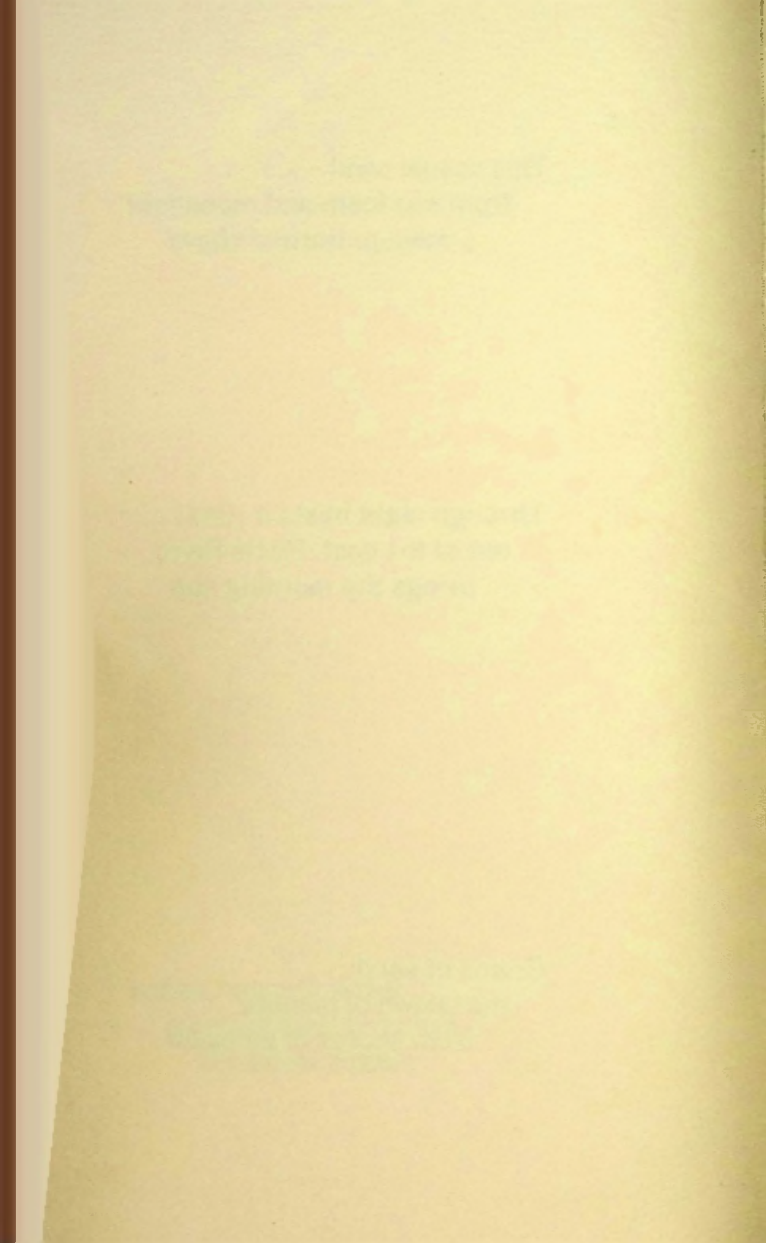
Wood thrush . . . lyric flute . . .
on boughs of stillness
evening, many-eyed, brings tears

Loons, moonlit water . . .
piercing into darkness,
the silver ripples

This casual wind —
from sea foam and moonlight,
a wave-patterned shore

Through night mists it runs . . .
out of the east, Platte River
brings the morning sun

Grains of sand . . .
the spawn of planets
from shores of galaxies



Look deep beneath these mapled hills
Through ancient mists of tropic seas
To those vast shores where monsters stood
And felt an ominous arctic breeze

