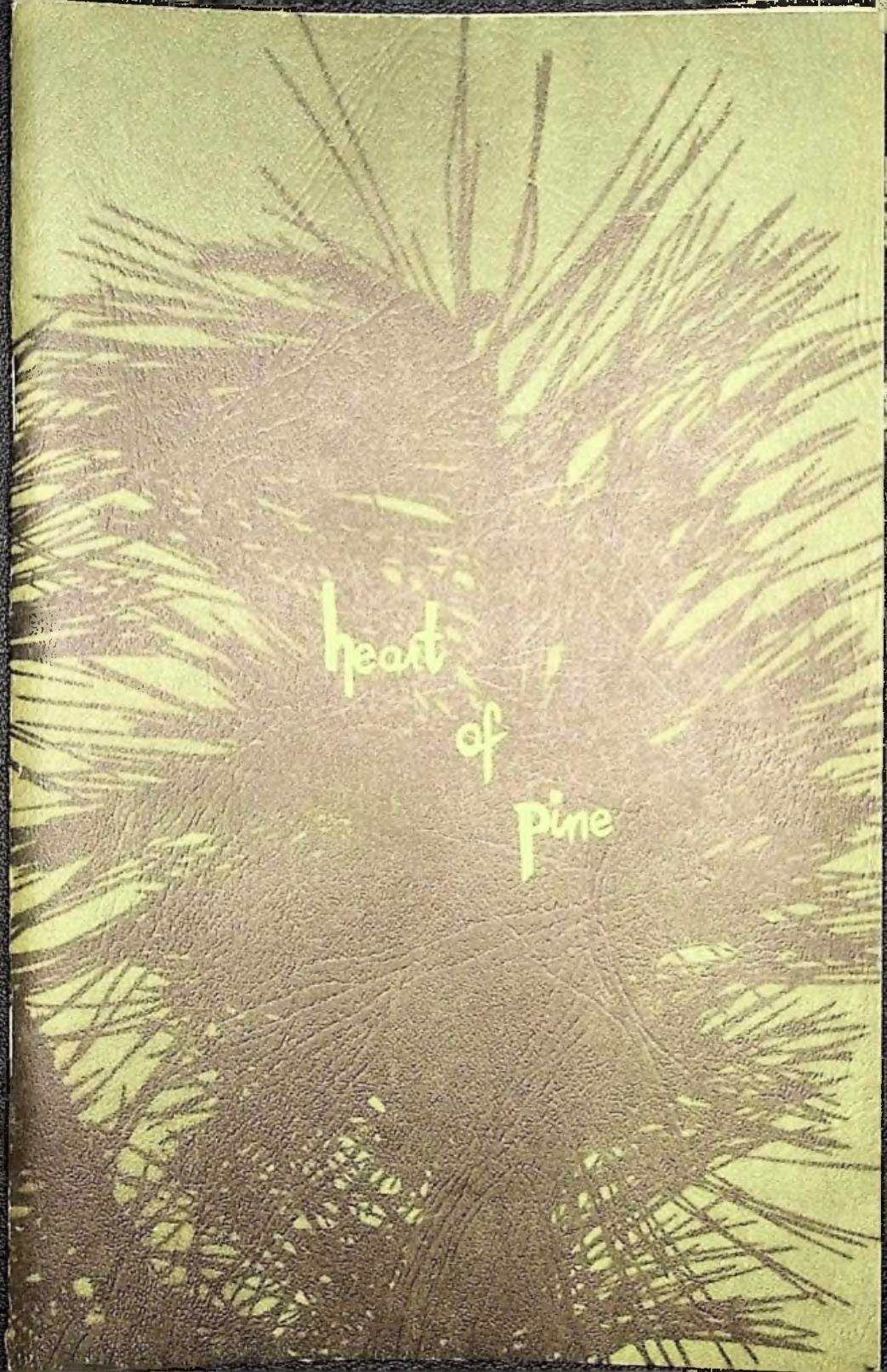
heart
of
pine

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haiku

by

bee

calligraphy by leslie denise kopp

photographs by B. Buck

after the spring rain
walking beneath the pine when
wind through these wet needles

the whole field
in gentle motion of
buttercup yellow

in budding forest
strong insect crawling along
beneath old dry leaves

running
along the edge of the trail
wild strawberries

from juniper limb
hanging with Spanish moss
a green snake

with the white water
through the wicket in the dam
a catfish

this shadow
watching the earth's shadow
cross the moon

each limb
of the spring pine tree
beyond itself

between raindrops
the silence
stretching

the sand-spit's
colony of laughing gulls
in spring orgy

never quite landing
this big empty barrel
in and out with bay waves

horse hoofs
over pine-needled trail
saddle squeaking

again tonight
as I open the door
roaches running

afternoon sun
dancing
off the water spiders' legs

from the full tree
first ripe cherry
curling my tongue

beyond the dunes
the wet sound of bay waves
washing the sand

summer beach;
beneath bare heels
loose sand singing

working the oyster tongs
from the edge of the sail boat
his muscles

swimming in the bay
until
that stinging nettle

what's this ?
a mallard duckling
learning to quack

returning again
to the hollow in that fence post
two bluebirds with food

my eyelids heavy
with this morning's
mountain mist

turning soft and green
in summer rain
this boulder's crisp black lichen

passing along main street
on the summer flood waters
store mannequin

crawling under over-turned canoe
as thunderheads heap in the still sky
the Irish Setter

fleeing across
high noon's dry beach sand
my tender bare soles

in urban garden
picking cucumbers
from the sunflower stalk

on Jockey-Ridge dunes
foot prints
away with the wind

the privy rank;
on the river bank
the sound of peeing

from utility wires
beyond bridge wall
fish lines and sinkers

where the loggerhead
washed ashore
a mound of maggots

on the summer pond
through thick duckweed
the muskrat's nose

marching toward me
an army of ants
dead cockroach

so easy
through the swamp's heavy air
tiger swallowtail

slogging one foot at a time
across the swamp
while the dragonfly

through humid swampland
each slow breath
thick with honeysuckle

through tall lawn grass
the cat, low and slow
toward the mockingbird

the summer myrtle
from this tiny green seedpod
another crape blossom

though rising early
leaving my shape
dark on the sheet

in Dismal Swamp
three species of butterfly
on one bear dung

a frog croaking ;
that single star in the sky
here in the pond

walking on city street
past piles of garbage
when a whiff of Pine-Sol

flowing into the deep sea
at the coral reef
my body heat

resting in my hand
after headfirst into the windowpane
groggy nuthatch

each night
on edge of topless toilet tank
tropical frog

rotting into forest floor
these dead branches
listen!

in the dried-up pond
cows
nibbling grass

in big old conch shell
a cricket
giving a concert

that apple
on the top limb
ripening

deeper through the marsh
dusk
and chorus of toads

in autumn forest
walking into the fragrance
of ripe persimmons

among these brown leaves
on forest floor
chipmunk's stripe

while wandering through the woods
on each new bramble
a bit of skin

thickening
between the chandelier globes
a cobweb

through hollow bamboo
my son
making music

on the canal bank
from beneath the wild grape leaf
the palm warbler's voice

watching the pebbles pass
through the spokes
of the bike wheel's shadow

still the seagulls flock
to their old scavenging grounds:
this paved parking lot

on the beach
in this clear bubble of foam
moonlight

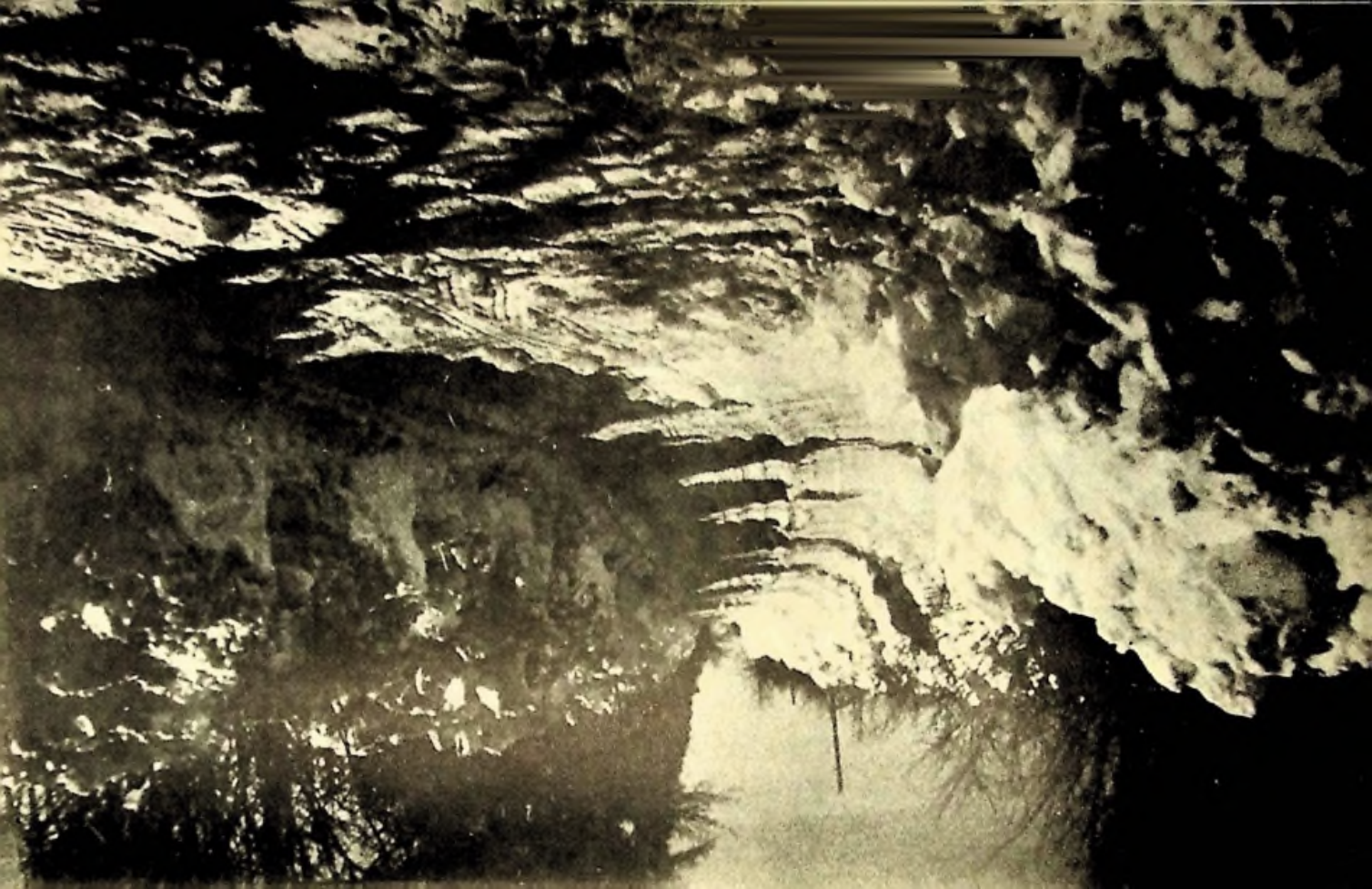
so high above the water
the cypress tree
roots

in the orchard
snapping between my teeth
first ripe McIntosh

loose in the middle
of the dawn-still pond
maple leaf and a rowboat

paddling and paddling
but the canoe
wedged in lake's crosswind

autumn:
red oak leaf
letting go



springing
from mountain rocks
icicles

before next belly flop
more paraffin
to the sled runners

out through the door
with the bundled child
aroma of fresh-baked bread

flowing in their wake
the whistling swans'
babble

casting into the surf
while on his beard
icicles

bundled under the tree,
one at a time into
these fresh pecans

rising
where old lighthouse once stood
barnacles

in the attic
this old photograph
nibbled to shreds

on the icy back road
the sound of the car's tires
spinning

for snow ice cream
the child into the house
with a bowl full of top snow

office window
through these pigeon droppings
the river

the dog's legs
on the duck-pond ice

trying to light the campfire
while on winter horizon
Jupiter rising

swallowing the fire
of the charcoaled yam

with greased lips to the flute
lazy melody
of campfire's blaze

coming away from
fresh-frozen duck pond
a sloshing young boy

during the holidays
the birds
feasting on pokeberries

reaching for support
up the canal bank, but grasping
devil's walking stick

not far off now
the sound of skaters' blades
on frozen ripples

from each fresh loaf
savoring
the heel of the bread

keeping time :
the rocking chair and
the grandfather clock