

Ohayo Haiku

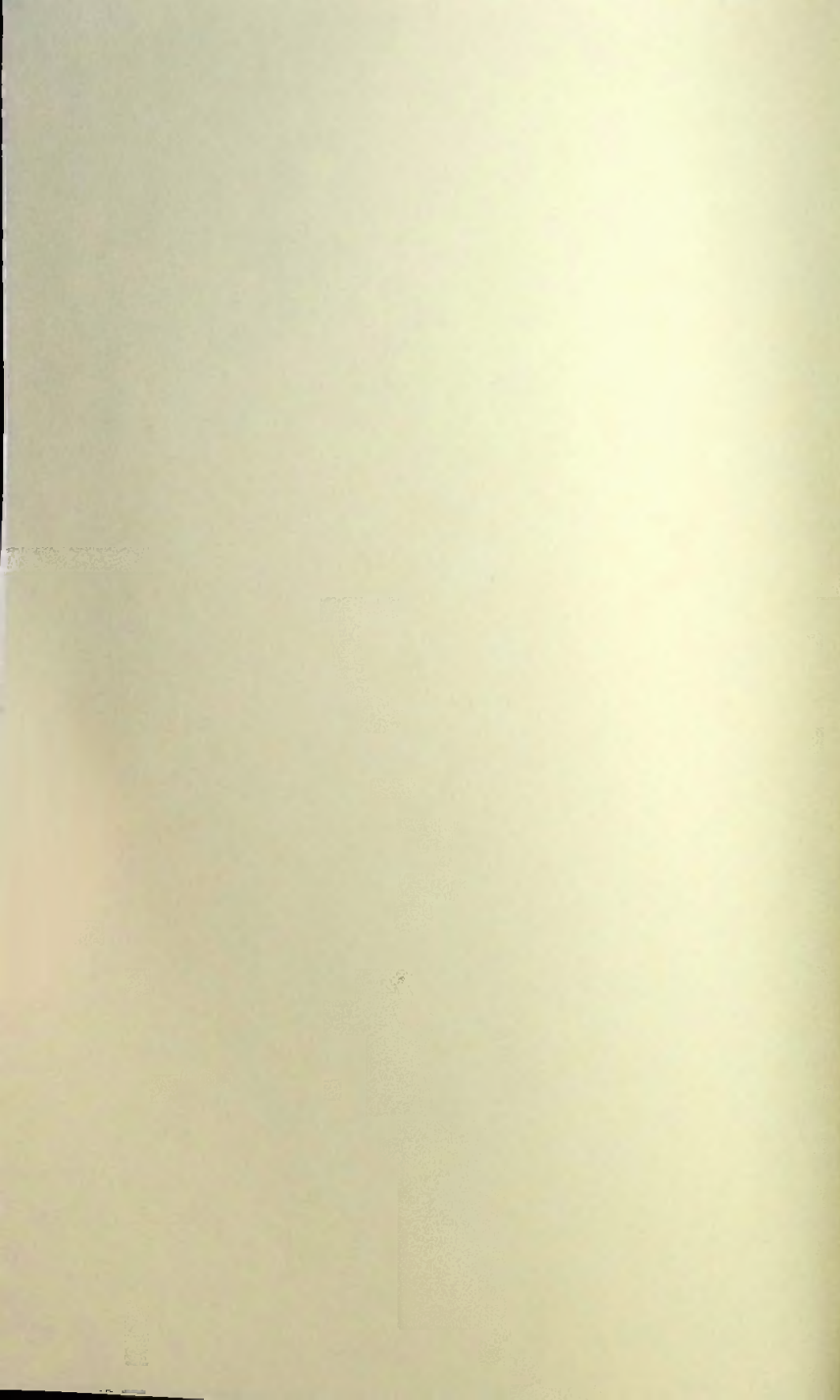
おはよう

Ohayo is the Japanese word for "Good morning." The poems in this book follow the traditional form, but spring out of the Ohio Heartlands. Whether read as a morning greeting or at some other time of day, they are meant to inspire and soothe like a greeting from an old friend.

nancy brady







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Ohayo Haiku



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Drinian Press/
Huron, Ohio

Ohayo Haiku

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Cover design © 2006 Drinian Press.

Japanese script by Yasumi Miyazawa

ISBN 0-9785165-3-2

1. Poetry 2. Haiku.

DrinianPress.com
Printed in the U.S.A.

Mom and Dad

おはよう

How much light is there?

The amount of light that is available to a plant is a function of the intensity of the light source and the distance between the plant and the light source. The intensity of the light source is measured in foot-candles, and the distance is measured in feet. The amount of light available to a plant is calculated by dividing the intensity of the light source by the square of the distance between the plant and the light source.

For example, if the intensity of the light source is 100 foot-candles and the distance between the plant and the light source is 10 feet, the amount of light available to the plant is 1 foot-candle.

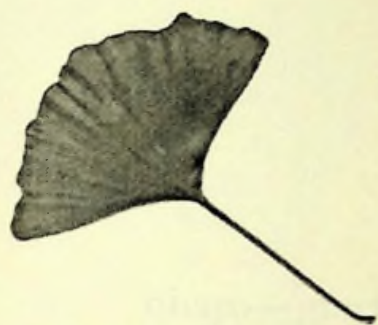
Light intensity is measured in foot-candles.

Distance is measured in feet.

Light intensity is measured in foot-candles.

Distance is measured in feet.

Light intensity is measured in foot-candles.



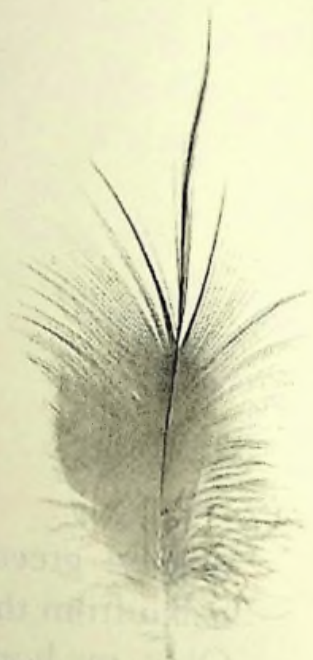
おはよう



おはよう

ohayo—greetings
haiku from the Midwest
Ohio, my home

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Birth

Ohayo Haiku

splashes of purple
peek out of dark woods
soon covered in green

light filters through
dappled leaves of varied green
shades mossy grass

Ohayo Haiku

pale orb in the sky
burns away wisps of fog
sudden clarity

yellow lion's head
turns into a puffball
breath scatters seeds

Ohayo Haiku

red bud in bloom
purple flowers peek out
arrival of spring

Ohayo Haiku

cold and snow
crocus blooms open
hope of spring

Ohayo Haiku

tender buds on trees
burst into fragile leaves
verdant spring

milkweed pods open
seeds scatter on the wind
to new life

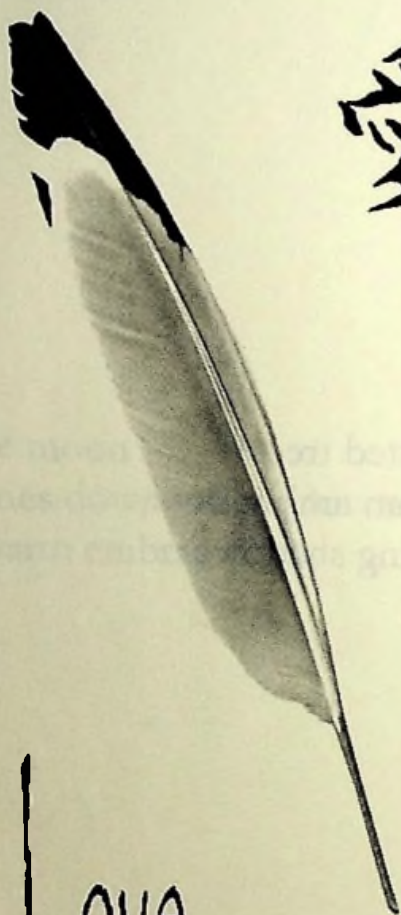
the water eddies
trees surf down river in
the storm's aftermath

Ohayo Haiku

pale moon
shines down on two lovers
a warm embrace

silhouetted trees
against an amber sky
deepening shadows

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Love

Ohayo Haiku

white clouds, azure skies
sunlight sparkles on the water
peaceful harbor

cocoa butter smells--
beach with warm sand and sun,
one lone figure bakes

Ohayo Haiku

the breeze on my toes
gently tickles memories
of summers gone by

radiant sunlight
masts-cathedral to the sky
sacred memory

Ohayo Haiku

a mist rises
on the hot, steamy asphalt
rains have ceased

Ohayo Haiku

waves whip the bow
spray flies over the rail
wets feet and toes

Ohayo Haiku

waves lap gently
where the water meets the shore
earth cycles anew

bright monkey faces
velvety purples and creams
gracing the garden

bright stars, night sky
water lapping at the bow
time of peace and dreams

riotous colors
blue, red, purple, and yellow
amid green grasses

Ohayo Haiku

great blue on the rocks
majestic gaze that surveys
his domain, the lake



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Wisdom

trees of red and gold
tucked between boughs of green
seasonal changes

golden sun rises
casting a coppery glow
upon sky, trees, earth

Ohayo Haiku

a mist is rising
river shrouded in silver
dawn at Lake Erie

crispness in the air
red, yellow, orange, and brown
falling leaves

riding on thermals
steely gaze watches for prey
red-tailed hawk

night skies overhead
an inky blackness dotted
by thousands of stars

quiet strumming
artists and poets listen
coffeehouse blues

the golden sun
casts a coppery glow
warming trees and earth

Ohayo Haiku

bright crimson and gold
dappled with shades of green
early fall palette

Ohayo Haiku

ducks on the river
gather and remind others
of the trip south

Ohayo Haiku

trees of green
painted with vermilion and gold
autumn's reflection

down they flutter
in a cascade of color
rustle under feet

in fall yards and fields,
blossoms of blue, white, and red
~political placards

Peace

和

Ohayo Haiku

soft white feathers
drift slowly down covering
silent earth

fragile trees of glass
pristine whiteness covers earth
nature's artistry

bird's nest in tree,
protected by summer's leaves
now vulnerable

Ohayo Haiku

walking swiftly through
an icy, barren wasteland
~Ohio's tundra

Ohayo Haiku

silvery winter
snowflakes swirl in air
December delights

the sun bursts through
golden streaks from silver clouds
January's dawn

red streaks in the sky
broaden to wide patches
a winter dawn

Ohayo Haiku

angel in the snow
stands guard and protects
loved ones

the fog fades
elk and bison appear
grazing by the stream

yolk encased in white
breaks away and becomes
exquisite sunrise



black bundle of fur
with eyes bright, reflexes quick
gentle purr that soothes

Ohayo Haiku

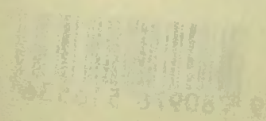
rare you are
often thought of, desired
bountiful loving

Ohayo Haiku

a soft gentle kiss
becomes demanding, probing
and I am consumed

hugs become
gentle kisses demanding
love's consummation

have become
quite like
the consumer



La Vergne, TN USA
08 July 2010

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Ohayo Haiku

For years students have been taught that haiku follow a specific pattern of lines and syllables. Five-seven-five was considered the correct formula. Today poets are aware that this Japanese pattern doesn't always translate very well into English rhythms. More and more, the haiku style is thought of as short-long-short with the idea that the thought should flow in one breath.

Ohayo Haiku are first written in five-seven-five and then edited for clarity. In this way, the author attempts to achieve both the form and the spirit of haiku.

Nancy Brady is an Ohio native, a pharmacist by profession, a poet by nature. During her early morning treks to the pharmacy, she observed the rising of the sun and the changes of the seasons. These are traditional themes of Japanese haiku. There is also a distinctly Midwestern flavor to these poems. In the small town of Huron, Ohio where the poet resides, you can find ginkgo and maple trees growing together in the city park on the edge of Lake Erie. What else could this be but Ohio haiku?

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ISBN 0-9785165-3-2



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