

a gate left open



Alice Frampton

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haiku by

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A Soffietto Book



For all my friends
who've listened to my poems
over and over again.

Many thanks!
You know who you are!

And a special thank you
to Jim Kacian . . .
teacher, mentor, friend.

Some of these poems first appeared in *Frogpond*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Haiku Friends Vol. 2*, *Modern Haiku*, the Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival Haiku Invitational, The Harold Henderson Memorial Contest, *Shiki Monthly Kukai*, *The Haiku Canada Newsletter and Review*, *Haiku Canada Members' Anthologies*, and the *Haiku Society of America Members' Anthologies*.

a gate left open

*A gate left open to a moment lets the reader enter
each poem and experience the moment as if it were
his or her own. Welcome inside “a gate left open” . . .*

aaf

end of my rope



farmland—
a hat bobs
in the wheat

blazing afternoon
we breathe in
unison

heat wave—
I catch my sleeve on the nail
where his picture hung

worker ants
passing each other . . .
some empty, some full

ruffled feathers
a crow
in the corn

mid-week
the crouch
of a grasshopper

at the end
of my rope
the colt's whinny

summer—
the still life
gets eaten

stilettos—
the band plays
a tango

hard rain
the sizzle of summer peppers
in the skillet

afternoon moon
a horseshoe rings
the metal stake

cracks in cement—
pre-packaged soil
for wildflower seeds

fireflies
on again, off again
argument

recess bell
frost on the rungs
of the slide

miles to go



blizzard . . .
in the knitted throw
the scent of Mom

icy morning
the twists and turns
of a childproof cap

dawn frost
a screech owl finishes
the hunt

snow-covered hives
miles to go
for groceries

thunderclap—
on the billboard the word “big”
big

heavy traffic—
at the light the boy crosses
his legs

will writing . . .
a lawn mower
strikes a rock

eviction notice—
a moth ricochets
in the lamp shade

so much to do
my son points out
the lightning

wildflowers
growing close together . . .
Independence Day

river fog . . .
a lamb nuzzles its mother
for milk

tiny green shoots—
not recalling a name
I used to know

coming home



daffodils in wind
our first child
stands

blossoms . . .
I dust off the last
jar of cherries

red rhododendrons—
news of some soldiers
coming home

antique icebox
the scent of pine
in the sun

the Milky Way
after the rain
a snail unfolds

a gate
left open
Indian summer

sunlit attic
a hole
in the butterfly net

waning moon—
he's not the man
I thought he was

first snow . . .
how long before something new
becomes old

writer's block
another New Year's
resolution

more snow . . .
the brittleness
of the wishbone

Lenten rose
I let loose
his hand

think twice



watering the grass
a smile from the man
who passes by

wishing fountain
outside the cancer clinic:
some heads, some tails

Independence Day . . .
slipping into the lake
for a midnight swim

sea spray
the time it takes
to think twice

long dusty road:
I wait by the mailbox
for the cloud

mosquitoes—
the third base coach
waves the runner on

Wreck Beach—
the white of a shell
at sunrise

whatever you say,
there is a thing called “missing”—
new shoots on the rose

late summer—
baring the tan line
on my wrist

alphabet soup—
after supper
I write

grand slam
the stadium open
to the moon

Christmas morning
a yellow ribbon
of sun

at my age
slowly
a snow angel

so far away



autumn ocean
the wind
in a wave

starry night
the taste of buttermilk
straight from the fridge

talking to my friend—
the warmth of the grass
around his grave

your letter—
the blue of the mountains
so far away

foreclosure—
a mousetrap
still set

impaled
by the heron's beak
a circle

family picnic—
a broken bone
in the chicken wing

the warmth
of his pocket
evening shadows

moving sale . . .
in the Easy-Bake-Oven
brown leaves

white lies . . .
one wave crashes
into another

morning drizzle:
coffee and conversation
lukewarm

after winter rain—
poking their heads out
the neighbors

Christmas nesting dolls
what's inside
what's inside

war . . .
photo-booth faces
from a keepsake box

spring
a knee scar
itches

jogging the track—
switching lanes and passing me
my short fat shadow

one more breath
for the balloon . . .
April Fools' Day

scabbed over



drought's end
a snail
stretches

the empty house . . .
chives and parsley
gone to seed

sultry afternoon—
biting into
the bargain cheddar

landfill—
weeds growing over
some saddle shoes

morning dew
darkness of footprints
off the path

alder stump—
an inchworm arches across
1984

mosquitoes . . .
the slap of a beaver tail
at twilight

old snag—
a woodpecker starts
the day

dried-up pond
initials in alder bark
scabbed over

empty park
a spider web touches
my face

autumn road trip
the day appears
cloud by cloud

overcast morning—
ripe blackberries
out of reach

ball four—
everyone shifts
in their seats

unmarked graves . . .
Veterans' Day flags
all blow the same way

fog all day
the whiteness
in my ears

full moon—
I finally share the secret
with my cat

a new light
on the dashboard—
evening rain

after the tornado
a mailbox flag
at half mast

new town
the green lights
down main street

the same words



cherry blossom rain . . .
I take the convertible
back to the showroom

spring run-off
washing
my floors

moving day
warm rain
on cardboard

wipers wiping
slush from the windshield—
radio love song

gentle rain . . .
apple blossom footprints
around the teacher's desk

rain-washed windshield—
a Monet painting
on the back seat

bird song—
morning round
of medicine

robin song—
a blind child touches
my smile

icy morning
a small crackling
in the wood stove

new recipe
the scent
of ink

snow . . .
we speak the same words
at the same time

mallard pair
he rocks
on her wake

Valentine's Day
we teach the children
to shape hearts

mating robins
the broken yellow
of the centerline

rock throwing . . .
our circles
about to meet

all the answers
in the back of the book—
summer solstice

summer waves . . .
the moon glides
to my shore



ALICE FRAMPTON is a retired preschool teacher once again residing in Seabeck, Washington after thirty-four years in Canada. She has been coordinator of Haiku Canada's pacifi-kana region. Since 2008 she has served as Associate Editor for *The Heron's Nest*. *a gate left open* is her first full-length book of haiku.



"Alice Frampton's skilled hand with sensory appeal and intuitively rich juxtaposition draws me into *a gate left open* again and again, where the author invites me not only to explore her insights but to discover my own as well. Often I find myself murmuring, "I wish I had written that!"

—*Ferris Gilli*



"Readers who accept Frampton's invitation to step through the open gate will find themselves in emotional territory as surprising as it is familiar. Sensory images snap together to convey delight and disappointment, hardship, comfort, questions and answers, longing, acceptance, irony and hope."

—*Peggy Willis Lyles*