



no one sees the stems

Ruth Yarrow

To Mike, Matthew, Delia

Calligraphy and graphics by the author

HIGH/COO Mini-Chapbook #14

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moonlit okra leaves
floating in blackness
no one sees the stems

warm rain before dawn:
my milk flows into her
unseen

Sunrise path:

at each step the baby's shadow
releases her foot

touching the fossil-
low rumblings
of thunder

snow patches:
thicket along the stream
snags the fog

a marmot's whistle
pierces the mountain -
first star

north wind moans
through a crack
in my dream

chill dawn:
between the child's coughs
a distant crow

late autumn sun
signaling
from the spider's strand



snow clouds:
taking in the diapers
and a sluggish fly

bitter wind:
the old hen clutches her fence
feathers blown open

feverish baby -
faster than we rock
she breathes

moonlight-
a path of dark grass
leads to the snowman

shafts
of winter sun
reach the bare oak

low winter moon:

her cheek curves the shadow
of the crib bar



on the icy limb
the hawk turns
to a silhouette

spring ocean in fog:
invisible waves and gull cries
swelling together

picking the last pears
yellow windows hang
in the dusk

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ruth Yarrow grew up in college towns across the midwest. With an M.S. in ecology from Cornell University, she has taught for a decade as a college instructor and as a naturalist. She discovered haiku while teaching a course on environmental attitudes of different cultures expressed in their literature. Being mother of two young children provides inspiration for haiku and deepens her concern about the environment. This is her first book of poems.

