

*Magnetic
North*



Chris Pusateri



Magnetic North



*haiku by
Chris Puskateri*

Acknowledgments

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Introduction

Since I am something of a wanderer, the idea of "home" is an important one in my writing. A native of Ohio, I left there permanently in 1993, and during the interim period I have lived in such diverse areas as Albuquerque, New Mexico; Kingston, Jamaica; and Mexico City, Mexico.

When I left my birthplace, it was with the tacit understanding that I could never return. But something of that place exists in my writing. When I write, I return home. The collection title "Magnetic North" hints at a return. No matter where we are, our sense of home follows us—we carry it with us everywhere we go.

--Chris Pusateri

seven to a room —
three in a bed, four on the floor —
a chorus of crickets



a note from my wife —
willow branches rub
the window sill

winter morning —
footprints wind their way
down the white street

morning commute —
exhaust rises
behind idle taxis

by noon —
sparrows peck in snow

ten till nine —
a cop lingers over
coffee and box scores

winter morning—
footprints wind their way
down the white street



nine below
by noon—
sparrows peck in snow

a clock tower
with four faces — each face
tells a different time

sign in a store window —
Judas died for your sins
six months same as cash

an old woman
pushes a baby carriage
filled with books

porch door slams —
a cloud of sparrows
rises from the fence

train car on raised tracks
sprinkles sparks into darkness —
a toothless man

red tulips —
a burst of rain
opens the petals

the pianist's hands
strike the ivory lightly —
needles of rain

black shadow —
a jumbo jet passes
through the sun





Midwestern spring—
a spider climbs slowly
down the calendar

flamenco dancers —
the old teacher's cane
pounds out the rhythm

after sunset
out come the crickets—
distant lightning

until well past midnight
I count drops falling
from the bathroom tap

the kitchen window
attracts haiku — even now
a bird builds its nest

two lovers
spread their blanket
just beyond the waves

the coming storm —
blue sky ahead
blue sky behind

an autumn visit—
no sooner do the leaves turn
than I am off
again



neon lights
reflect in worn wood —
a blues number

glass upon glass
of young plum wine —
shadows lean east

first haircut—
a thousand little boys
howl in the mirror

lazy Sunday—
green flies hover over
the halved grapefruit

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Educated in Jamaica and the United States, Chris Pasanen earned a graduate degree in creative writing from the University of New Mexico. In addition to his poetry, he has also published short stories and essays as well as a novel. He has worked as a teacher, a business manager, and a translator. He is currently a professor of English for Professional Language Services. Chris is an avid fan of jazz, which has taught him a great deal about the necessity of improvisation and the importance of improvisation.

purple twilight
colors the tree leaves—
a squirrel barks red

winter on the mountain
and autumn in the valley —
a curl of woodsmoke

ABOUT THE AUTHOR . . .

Educated in Jamaica and the United States, Chris Pusateri earned a graduate degree in creative writing from the University of New Mexico. In addition to writing haiku, he has also published free verse poetry in such journals as *Denver Quarterly*, *Nimrod*, and *Luna*. He lives in Mexico City, Mexico, where he teaches Business English for Professional Language Services. Chris is an avid fan of jazz, which has taught him a great deal about the musicality of literature and the importance of improvisation.

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