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a tiny wobble



a tiny wobble

2017

a late-published collection
of haiku by
spring street haiku group
nyc 2020

Opening Note

It's the twenty-sixth of April 2020. I sit at my minuscule desk in my minuscule New York apartment. The windows are barred. I escape to the exercise yard for a few minutes a day before the lockdown whistle. Masked, socially distant, I walk through the town of ghosts that my city has become. Haiku come into my head ever less frequently... what's there to write about except THE PLAGUE? I'm so tired of writing about THE PLAGUE.

All the poems in this book were written in pre-plague times. Half last year, 2019, half in 2017... a year we forgot to publish... skipped over... until noticed by Miriam Borne. Thank you Miriam!

Right now, the city is closed. Our Spring Street Haiku Group hasn't met in person since February... and even then, plague panic kept the numbers down. There've been virtual meetings, organized by Matt Beck. I thank him for that, though I rarely participate. I'm not much of a virtual guy.

It's been a depressing time. And in this little anthology you'll read haiku about

- skid row gutter
- bulletproof backpack
- after the argument
- metastasis

Not cheery, but great haiku despite (because of?) the topics.

There are a few smiles to be had

- the leisure of rabbits
- our yellow canary
- mayflies

What can I say? The haiku are the moon. The poet is the pointing finger. I'm just the hand that lifts the finger doing the pointing.

Our previous books have had long fanciful introductions, with simile, metaphor, hyperbole, and literary conceits up the wazoo. This year is different, so very different. I'll be let the poems speak for themselves this time. The order of poets, as in the last book, is random..

I do want to thank all the members of the Spring Street Haiku Group, especially my co-conspirator, kei

andersen... whose design makes this
book what it is... and Bruce Kennedy
whose photos grace the cover.
Enough finger pointing, the actual
moons lay inside.

--Mykel Board for Spring Street Haiku
Group

The following books in the Spring Street Series are available for \$8 including postage (U.S. only). There are only a few copies left of each. They'll be sold on a first-come first-served basis. The dates indicate publication years. The haiku were presented to the group the previous year.

- 1994 Woodshavings
- 1995 A Small Umbrella
- 1996 After Lights Out
- 1997 In the Waterfall
- 1998 Absence of Cows
- 1999 Pink Bulldozer
- 2000 Five O'clock Shadow
- 2001 The Pianist's Nose
- 2002 Behind the Fig Leaves
- 2003 Lit From Within
- 2004 More Wrinkles
- 2015 Low Growling From the Petunias

2016 A Gust from the Alley

2019 The Weight of Moon Light

Note: These are the tail end of the printings, so they may have minor defects, like a bent or smudged cover. If you only want a perfect copy, let me know, but that may mean you'll get nothing. Checks to: Seidboard World Enterprises, POB 137, New York, NY 10012. Paypal to: paypal@seidboard.com

Also available

2004 Suspiciously Small (5-year collection)

2017 A Gust From The Alley

To order these books, contact Efren Estevez at efren39@verizon.net
Or print on demand from [Lulu.com](https://www.Lulu.com)

the
haiku



fire-bombed hospital–
among charred bed springs
a skull filled with ash

in the hospital bag
with my father's clothes
his false teeth

displayed at the podiatrist's
two skeleton feet
mismatched

insomnia–
what a peculiar structure
my rib cage

– Doris Heitmeyer

family reunion
they can't agree
what heaven's like

a Bach aria
when I was a kid
our yellow canary

my Radio Flyer
where was it
Dad took me in it?

NYC Marathon
a yellow ginkgo leaf
crosses the finish line

moonlit night
my shadow
waves both arms

—Carl Patrick

a crow
against snow
and other grievances

World's Fair souvenir...
how fondly I recall
the future

White Christmas
my shadow
kind of blue

mountain mist slips by
barbed wire from the war
to end all wars

winter beach
a mylar balloon snagged on driftwood
parties on

—Scott Mason

hospital waiting room
the time it takes to realize
the clock is broken

swimming past breakers the depth of what's known

this endless road
everywhere but nowhere
the prairie

--Jay Friedenber

a firefly
beyond the screen
of the darkened porch

—Cor van den Heuvel

alongside
the limping dog
a woman with a cane

another year
seeing more clearly
bones beneath my skin

brass band in the garden
after the deluge
he pours out his tuba

side by side
on the subway
cell phone solitaire

overcast morning
the song
of a hidden cardinal

--kei andersen

class reunion
the way the cool kids
used to walk

summer wind
her shadow
enters mine

midnight moon
swimming through
the sound of water

cloud shadow
thinking of her
in the past tense

a tiny wobble
in the microwave tray...
dawn comes slowly

– Bill Kenney

