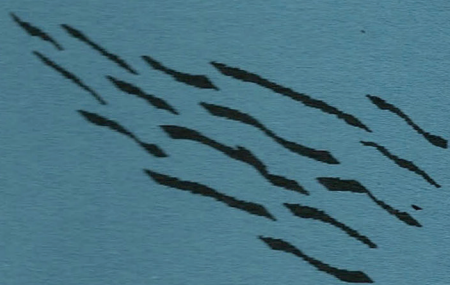


*a net of sunlight*

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Kirsty Karkow



*Springfed*

*Chapbook #5*

*Series*



a net of sunlight

kirsty karkow

The poems in the collection have appeared  
in the following publications.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the editors of

*Modern Haiku*  
*Yellow Moon*  
*frogpond*  
*Pine Island Journal*  
*The Heron's Nest*  
*Asahi Shimbun*  
*Acorn*  
*Mayfly*  
*Bottle Rockets*  
*Nightingale*

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online  
*World Haiku Review*  
*Poetry in the Light*  
*Haijinx*  
*Waterblossom*  
*In Buddha's Temple*

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2002

Heartfelt thanks to family, friends, teachers  
and those who appear out of the blue  
for supporting me and my passions



gnarled oak  
my journey to the hills  
starts in mist

soft rain  
new leaves  
on river willows



blue sky—  
I almost miss  
the morning glory

pole beansone  
morning glory  
almost hidden

mother's garden  
how does the butterfly  
decide which flower

summer meadow  
she cuts a path  
to a better view

fresh-cut field—  
a clump of daisies  
standing tall

push-ups  
the intermittent tickle  
of summer grass

thunderheads—  
the bucking bronco  
dumps a cowboy

long journey  
roadside flowers  
names unknown



anchored  
a net of sunlight  
in the shallows

gale force wind  
the shriek of gulls  
flying in place

departure  
from the ferry dock  
wave after wave

sunlit sea  
strong currents bend  
around the buoy

channel marker  
fledgling ospreys  
stretch their wings

faint music...  
a wren on the antenna  
flicks its tail

sunstruck  
an old stone wall  
in autumn woods

sunstruck  
an old stone wall  
in autumn woods



only the sound  
of my tinnitus  
still morning

cold snap—  
the smell of mothballs  
on my flannels

stacking wood—  
the rumble of his voice  
but not the words

wildfire—  
how loud the forest  
sounds

red maple leaves  
I sip the last  
drops of wine

burning incense  
sunlight touches  
Ganesh' bronze trunk

harvested fields  
I carry an empty cup  
back to the house

*World Haiku Review* Vol.1 no.3  
Editor's Choice

empty shelf  
dusty outlines of books  
my parents read



withered grass  
the whistle of wings  
from yesterday's seed

winter stars—  
a neglected orchard  
bright with apples

rising mist—  
I paddle into a breeze  
fragrant with balsam

honeymoon  
we wade into the current  
of a great river

river's edge  
mud between the boy's  
bare toes

flood plain  
sand bags that held the tide  
swept away

winter doldrums . . .  
a beach stone from the hearth  
smooth on my cheek

winter stars—  
a wild goose tucks its head  
under a wing



winter beach  
moonlight cupped  
in a clam shell

evening mist  
square-rigged ships  
sail out of sight

*3rd prize Kumamoto International  
Kusamura Haiku Competition*

strong windflowers  
and leaves turn  
inside out  
a door slams, and I welcome  
my mother for a visit

*3rd prize North American Tanka Contest*

more than  
these few miles of road  
the distance  
that separates me  
from my mother

a vivid day  
descends to blue  
at dusk  
the cat, stiff and old,  
finds it hard to settle

red cabernet  
casting candlelight  
reflections  
of past toasts to loved ones gone  
and those who will outlive us

green tea  
plums and oranges  
on blue china  
even at breakfast time  
this man colours my life

stormy night  
in the bellow of the wind  
his steady breath  
offers me a focus  
in which to calm all fears



old storybook  
a spray of violets  
pressed between pages  
memories of the summer  
we walked green fields together

december sunrise  
even the usual crows  
absolutely still  
this brief moment between  
the in-breath and the out-breath

newly created  
in a neglected field  
a labyrinth  
for passing pilgrims  
to circle inward

acorns  
drum on fallen leaves  
soft staccato  
of a heart responding  
to this bejeweled path

the sadness  
of women trapped in burkas  
never to know  
the freedom wild birds have  
to sing in any tree

hanging  
laundry out to dry  
for the first time  
she notices birdsong  
and lilac on the breeze

after months  
of frozen snow and ice  
warm flagstones  
tiny signs of spring appear  
a bug, a bulb, a green shoot

early sunlight  
pours through the window  
dripping gold  
she eats a mango  
at the kitchen sink

*3rd place Tanka Splendor 2001*



wakeful  
in early darkness  
I plan  
how to fit twenty things  
into a ten thing day

twilight at sea  
homebound trawlers tow  
half-filled nets  
it was not so long ago  
ocean fishing flourished

*Runner-up  
35th Annual Conference Committee  
of Japan Society on Water Environment*

a shearwater  
soars above blue waves  
riding the wind  
I lean from the boat's bow  
eye to eye with dolphins

silken twilight  
in the peaceful bay, a boat's  
perfect reflection . . .  
the mind, observing this  
is absolutely silent

My heart grows still with random thoughts  
of long gone cats and dogs.

The raw wind moans through morning dark;  
I stare into my cup of tea.

Sunrise finds me feeding crows—  
yellow corn in bright blue bowls.

One-two rhythm of the stallion  
trotting down a country lane.

He moves through woods, over a bridge  
across a stream and up a hill.

Well-worn beneath his clockwork feet  
the dusty road leads home.

Suddenly, I feel again  
that summer's shimmering heat.

Love-struck we roamed the scented fields  
and sultry slopes alive with bees.

Just found, in this high school yearbook—  
a faded daisy chain.

Was that a glint of crystal wings  
among the clover blossoms?

Do I hear skips of dancing feet  
on dandelion petals?

Laughter trills, like silver bells;  
there are fairies in this field.





\$6.00

Kirsty was born in England and raised between the islands of the British West Indies and a ranch in Arizona. Life has never been boring with interests varying from medical entomology, to schooling and showing dressage horses and teaching tai chi. She is a sculptor and a gardener. Hospice is another passion. Married with two grown children, she lives with her husband, Ed, on the coast of Maine. Their lifestyle is active, simple, geared toward enjoying the offerings of the water and wildlife.

*"a net of sunlight* documents a time of surprise and pleasure. Haiku, tanka and sijo have become a passion, an essential part of each day while teaching me to be ever mindful and aware of my surroundings."

FootHills Publishing