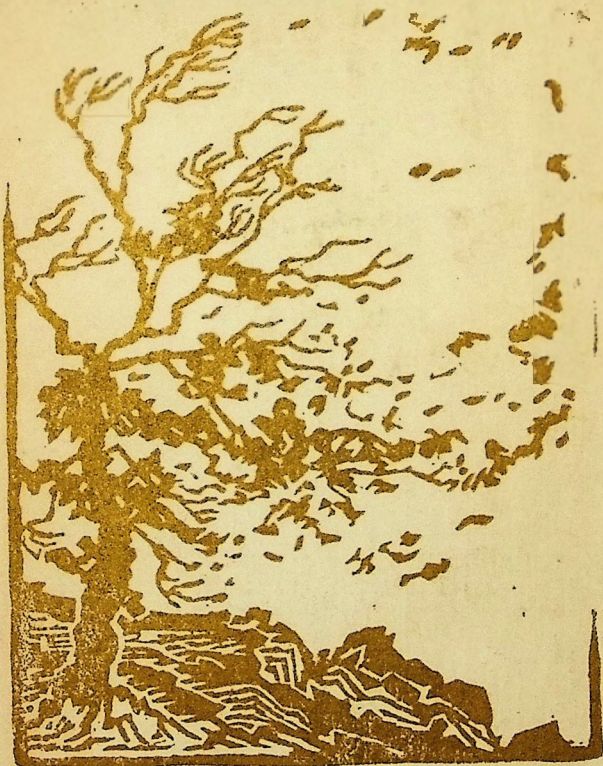
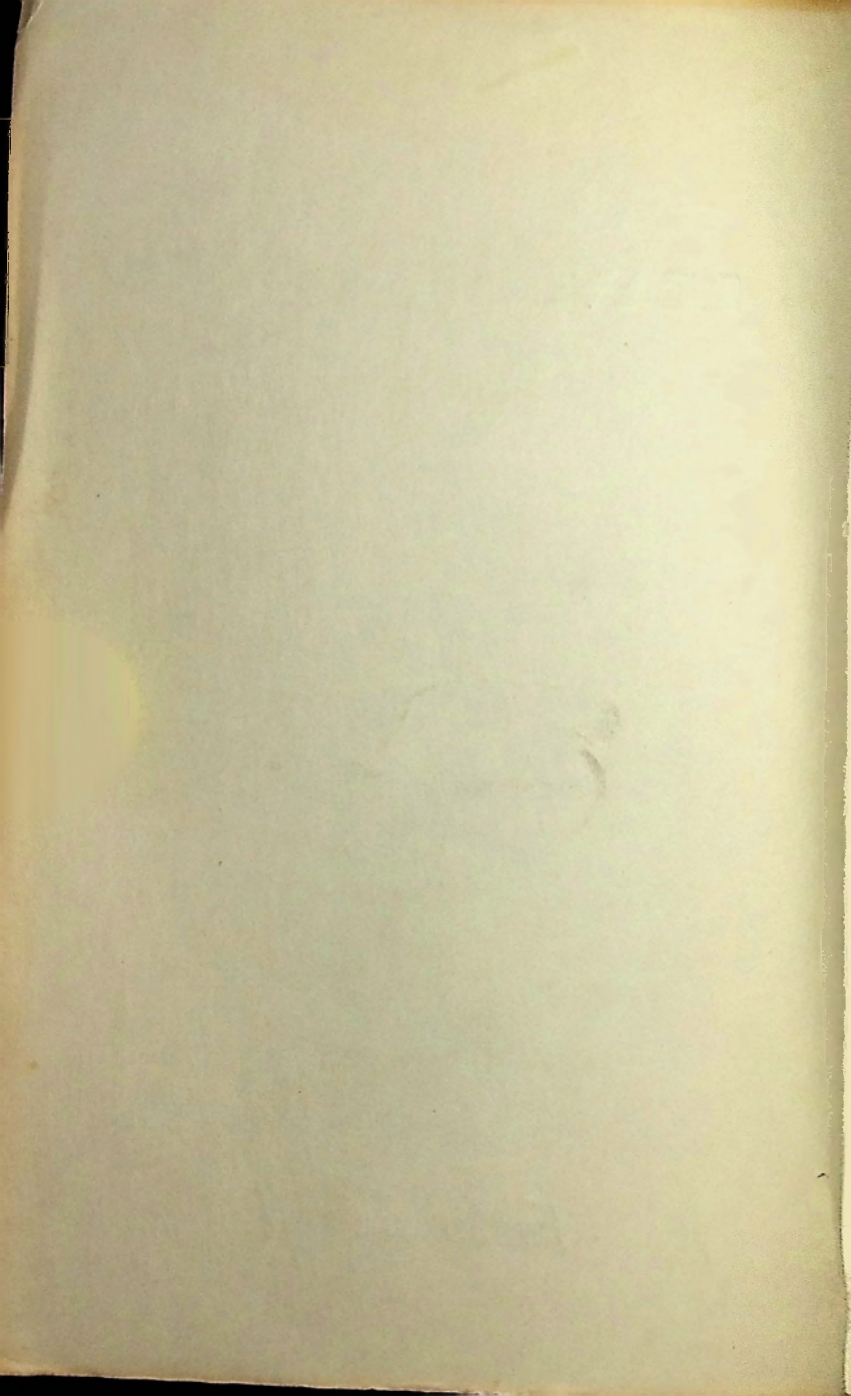


LEAVES IN THE WIND



Foster Jewell



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LEAVES IN THE WIND

HAIKU

by

FOSTER JEWELL

selected from

SAND WAVES
BEACHCOMBER
HAIKU SKETCHES
MIRAGE
PASSING MOMENTS
FOREST & MOUNTAIN
HIAWATHA'S COUNTRY
SEARCHING TODAY

and from those published in:

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for
Donna, Deanna & Bruce



A BRIEF NOTE:

The chosen pieces, apart from award winners, show a fairly consistent adherence to an early trail -- a path which seems to allow a little more lingering over the moment. Rather than a lightning flash which may suggest a something there,, there have been chosen those on which a beam has appeared to briefly rest . . . Now, if only this judgment can be confirmed by some slight majority of yeas, my day will surely be made!

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AMERICAN HAIKU AWARDS

Cliff-dwelling ruins -
shadows going in and out . . .
now and then, swallows.

On the evening sky
the smudge of the last buzzard
sliding into night.

Flash flood in the night,
and the moon last seen wriggling
down the arroyo.

Crowding the silence -
looming up larger than sound . . .
still no coyote call.

AMERICAN HAIKU AWARDS

From this waterfall
another river rises,
weaving off in mist.

Shreds of morning mist
vanishing on the hillside
where the shadbush blooms.

Step after slow step
over breath-holding silence
of fresh-crusted snow.

These old rail fences,
and their way of zigzagging
around violets.

MODERN HAIKU AWARDS

EMINENT MENTIONS:

**Knee-deep in twilight -
all the calmness of the pond
in the old cow's eyes.**

**This evening stillness . . .
just the rusted cowball
found by the pasture gate.**

**. . . and only the moon
still comes to the old stock pond -
just a puddle now.**

EMINENT MENTIONS

**In dimming dusk light
a crane is leading his legs
to the all-night stand.**

**Small forest voices
falling away before me,
calling from behind.**

**Just audible,
that trickling of moonlight
crossing the meadow.**

**Voice of the coyote
filling the void
of this empty land.**

HONORABLE MENTIONS

**The way of frost –
yellowing the river
as well as the leaning elm.**

**Gone off with its log
and its wandering river,
that old mud turtle.**

SPECIAL MENTIONS

**Twenty-first of June
and a dandelion down
floats the summer in.**

**The sun only glares
and the shade of the shadbush
fades back into snow.**

*** Against river rush
struggling of a slim new moon
just to hold its own.**

**The shepherd dreams along,
sometimes watching his flock . . .
the cloud shadows.**

*** A later version:**

**In river rush
the slim new moon
still right there.**

SPECIAL MENTIONS

Even the pond
holds the passing of wild geese
to the very last.

The desert sun glares -
and out of the canyon's mouth
comes a dragonfly.

Posing on a pack horse,
four children and a doll.
The mountains beyond ...

Campfire embers die -
and suddenly the heavens
come alive with stars.

BONSAI AWARD

The rising moon
entangled in the smoke tree
easing out.



DESERT

**Ghosts of desert roads
and their way of wandering
where I want to go.**

**Beyond and beyond --
same rhythm of the sand dunes
on and on and on.**

**The heat waves -
the wading through them . . .
where they were.**

Nearing the mountains -
yesterday, and still today . . .
tomorrow --

Pausing now and then
my little burro
acquires verberna beauty.

Some unknown sound . . .
the looking behind me -
the looking all around.

**Disturbing some brush,
and after miles and miles
still the rattling sound.**

**Dreaming . . .
the inconstant world of cloud
moving away.**

**The horned toad and I
gazing at the marvel
of whatever we are . . .**

Over and under,
weaving sagebrush onto sky —
a jackrabbit's ears.

Sharp shadows of clouds
gouging out chunks of sunlight,
reshaping the dunes.

This way or that way —
the way of the roadrunner —
the way of the wind.

Between the distance
and edges of smoke trees
floats a shy neitherness.

Under stress
the stink bug stands on his head.
Wishing him well.

Resting.
The buzzards come
to see how I do.

Walking stick -
the wonder of him . . .
tha wonder of me . . .

Gravel flying --
tearing up the arroyo --
roadrunner's wild eye --

Over the skyline
and off into the fleecy clouds -
the vanishing sheep.

These sundown shadows
swallowing sand dune hollows
faster and faster -

Last light of dusk . . .
the dunes are undulating
with nighthawk's zooming arcs.

Close to the camp fire -
this lightning in slow motion,
the combing sand waves -

Somewhere behind me,
seeming in dark silence
to feel a slow coiling . . .

Where the coyote called,
rising in full cry, the moon . . .
the sound of silence.

Hidden from the moon,
a shadow keeps creeping
around this saguaro . . .

The cricket insistence
increasing the stillness
of the desert night.

Still that night-moth moon
caught in smoke tree gossamer
flutters . . . waits . . . flutters . . .

Nearing me slowly,
silently touching my hand —
The feel of moonlight . . .

Aspiring skyward
the last of the campfire . . .
The evening star —

Arousing a whole night! —
with its large voice,
a small fox.

The sound in the dark
that goes gruff-gruffing around
following the fox —

From vanishing world
a last coyote call.
The final silence.

First light of dawn,
and out of lost horizon
looms the Joshua tree.

The Joshua tree -
and its shadow -
the waiting desert.

The rising night mist
leaving the smoke tree there -
the stillness . . .

A common crow
now settles on the outcrop
where the sunrise was —

The desert tortoise
motionless with all the rest,
among these gray rocks.

Crumbling cliff dwelling
and silence of swallows
encircling silence.

Not the buzzard
so much as his shadow . . .
circling around me now . . .

Between nudging wind
and nodding dune grass:
the sibilance . . .

The canyon yawns -
and all through siesta hour
not a stone stirs.



SPRING

Leaves lately from snow -
no breeze seems to waken them -
their just waiting here.

Pussywillows
unsheathing in moonlight -
leaving us all of their hush.

Freshness of spring morn,
and there, a pair of robins
singing up the sun.

In ways all his own
a robin keeps saying
what the whole world should know.

Spring wind, all by itself,
making these moving pictures
on blue sky.

The way breezes
bring to forest seedlings
these quick showers of sunlight.

The snail, from his shell
seeing the world around him,
finding how things are . . .

Shoving to the background
a great gray boulder,
the blooming wild plum.

Coming on the wind
apple blossom fragrance! -
hastening!

First wood thrush song -
even in the waiting for,
and the while after . . .

That breeze brought it -
a moment of moonlight
to the hidden fern.

The feel of it -
shading toward rain
the wind -

These small breezes
rushing ahead of the rain
and into the woods -

Thunder rumblings . . .
and in forest stillness
the leaves —

First window raindrops
getting hooked up
with others -



BROOK

Diverted
among the corn,
the brook runs here and there.

Irrigating done,
once more the brook
babbling along.

The brook -
after thunder rumblings
its chuckling sounds.

How wonderful! -
finding fiddlehead ferns
accompanying a brook . . .

Looking for crawdads
and polliwogs -
finding myself.

Ruffled by my breath,
still the water calms itself
and returns my smile.

Clearly
in this floating bubble
the whirling world of now.

Just audible
that trickling of moonlight
crossing the meadow

Crossing the stream,
how confused the moon becomes
among the stones -

How a brook so small
becomes in its wanderings
a pathway for stars —

In wings of the crane -
their swush . . . swush . . . swush,
the hush of the marsh.

See how the crane's slow wings
carry the sinking sun
across the dark marsh.

Now up out of bog
come the frogs in chorus,
saying all they can say.

**First found in the brook -
following the moon
down to the river.**

**That one wave
caught on a river rock,
teetering forever . . .**

**River so dark,
only this over-folding
of tumbling stars.**



FIELD & WOODLAND

**The way a woods path
takes me round one more turning -
another - on and on.**

**Where a rail fence was -
the finding of a remnant -
the pausing . . .**

**Beyond these hills
still another valley
with a hilltop beyond.**

**Of wind and cloud,
watching cloud alone escape
from the hilltop tree.**

Still the eagle
in the world of clouds
climbing the wind waves . . .

This quiet dirt road,
these ordinary sparrows
singing their own songs -

From the willow
a wren song soars -
on -- beyond hearing --

The sun comes and goes,
but the goldfinch --
in the shadows . . .

Along with locusts,
on across wind-lown meadows,
never minding why --

Only to wander
with a thistle down,
a butterfly shadow --

Rugged, the oak -
but how its shadow shivers
crossing the brook -

The hayfield mowed,
and only now hearing
the meadowlark silence . . .

Milkweed pod POOF! -
concentrating on that,
the cow.

Children in silence,
the horizon in their eyes ,
ride the plough horse home.

Unfailing in fog
the sound of the cowbell
coming up the lane.

The pasture stile gone,
slowly now the rising moon
over the pole fence.

Moonlight and shadow
changing hills and valleys -
constant whippoorwill.

The bird that sings
out there, alone, in the night:
sings, waits - sings and waits -

Still watching the firefly
as off and on
he turns himself on and off.

Following owl wings,
these echoings of moonlight
left in trembling leaves.

Moving all by itself
through night-mist stillness,
the cow-grazing sound.

A matter of time
till they crowd and crowd -
whippoorwill calls.

But the fireflies
in their other world
just sparkling along . . .

Late moonset: -
on the other fringe of dark
first tinge of tomorrow.

Screech owls fall silent;
slowly from its hidden place
creeps the light of dawn.

Fading now -
paler than dawn light,
last whippoorwill call.

Emerging from mist
with the cry of a loon
the lost horizon.



OCT O B E R

The feeling -
first falling leaves
touching each other.

Aroused by wind
for yet another whirl,
the fallen leaves.

The lingering leaves
following the wind a way,
pausing now and then.

All through the woods
clumps of aster coma -
the look of hoarfrost.

And now, all by itself,
the last dandelion down
just drifts away.



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