

SUNLIGHT COMES and GOES

haiku
Francine Porad



FOREWORD by JOHN STEVENSON

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*Warmest regards,
Francine Porad*

Cover Art - detail

FRANCINE PORAD © 2004

Sunlight Comes and Goes #4

Watercolor

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<http://www.womenpainters.com/BIO/PORAD/Porad.html>

<http://mothertongued.com/francine/carmenintro.htm>

<http://mothertongued.com/five/poradexhibit1.htm>

To family and friends

In Memory of Bernard

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Chiyo's Corner; Cicada; East-West Renku; Haiku Canada Newsletter; Haiku Northwest; Haiku Road; Haiku Society of America Anthology; Heron's Nest; Mainichi Daily News (Japan); Mayfly; Modern Haiku; Raw Nervz; San Francisco International Contest; Short Stuff; *Wild Flowers, New Leaves*, Editor Susumu Kakiguchi; World Haiku Club.

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A special thank you to John Stevenson.

FOREWORD: Encountering Francine Porad by John Stevenson

One of the most loved and respected figures in English-language haiku, Francine Porad was recently the recipient of an on-line tribute from fellow poets. Their comments repeatedly described her in the same terms: a generous and wise teacher, leader, and mentor. Several poets mentioned that she published their first haiku, in her days as editor of *Brussels Sprout*. I might have said all of the above myself and I could add that she also provided me with my very first rejection slip (for haiku). I've often reflected upon how fortunate I was in that because Francine's "rejection" was frank, specific and surprisingly nurturing. Instead of turning me away from haiku, it invited me in and showed me the front door.

Those of you who have read her previous work know what you will find in *Sunlight Comes and Goes*: the world seen through a painter's eyes and through the eyes of someone precisely placed (and occasionally displaced in a meaningful way) within a family setting; a mother, daughter, grandchild, wife, and widow. The sunlight that comes and goes throughout these poems is both the visible light and warmth of the literal sun and the warmth and light of human contact. The author's attitude is one of engagement without grasping, for she knows that there must be both sunlight and darkness if there is to be a real world to live in. Warmth, wisdom, and wry humor without complaint characterize these poems.

For anyone encountering Francine Porad for the first time in this work, the chances are very good that they will come to know her in the same way others have. Here is someone who may soon be one of their favorite poets and people.

John Stevenson

Haiku Society of America former President

February 1, 2004

blaze of midday

blaze of midday
binoculars follow
the girl in white

leading to her door
plum-pink carpet and a whiff
of *Daphne odora*

juicy Satsumas
orange-tipped flames
in the fireplace

Butterfly House
a boy's slow, careful movements
monarch on his sleeve

dampened weeds
weaving them over and under
spokes of the basket

afternoon sun...
bloom-laden and leaning
camellia tree

hot summer night
a mosquito's whine
and mine

windstorm warning
shore birds scurry through
the waves' froth

seashore sunrise
a pelican's sudden dive
breaking rank

high tide
a slippery fish
makes off with the bait

shifting sand—
on his back the old fisherman
reels in a puffer

Happy Hour
the fish grows
with each telling

it must be love

a date with the guy on my right refused I poke the guy on my left

kinda fun ironing that first little hankie

unseasonably warm spring day brats and burgers on the barbecue

cherry petals polka dotting the lawn

double plot couple to be side by side in death as in life

'last trip to Mexico' for the fourth time

little conversation now from Grumps oops! Gramps

a stranger asks: do you need a hug?



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Sunlight Comes and Goes #1
Watercolor

sky search

summer storm
sky search
for a rainbow

hammering, hammering . . .
only rafters in place
as a downpour starts

picket fence
shadows shifting
painter's reverie

Sequoia sketch—
from random marks
initials and heart

her dad's funeral
she implores a friend
flirt for me

dare-devil leap
into a windfall of leaves
cap in the air

school bus pulls away
one letter separates
here from there

hail warning—
a snake of headlights
on highway curves

winter dark . . .
throughout the rockery
moon-lit stones

December 31, 2002
laughing gardeners prune
the unruly cherry

beyond measurable systems
Bernard L. Porad
1926-2002

spontaneous words:
Bon voyage to you
my friend; I'll meet you
at the journey's end.
Dad sings his farewell

"...I awoke,
and behold it was a dream.'"
fifty-three year marriage

trying to get past
the trying years
to the good memories

e-mail message
received by the new widow:
Take care. Have fun.

sparrow in the mist
fluffed to a fat ball
winter deepens

every day is endless
viewed alone
the full moon

thoughts of him
loud in my head
silent stars

grace notes
quickly played on the beat
holiday pageant

a friend's hand enfolds mine
my heart warms

blank calendar
not only a new year
a new life

¹John Bunyan *Pilgrim's Progress, Part I*

light mist

a Seattle-gray day
enveloped in the light mist
called rain

haiku outing
tea drinkers
at Starbucks

thundering jet's
loopy-loop contrails . . .
writer's block

sunflower
gone to seed
center missing

stuffed closet
clothes sizes ranging
from L to XXL

twilight settles
on the rhododendrons . . .
shadows reach my face

at odds today —
crow-pecked plums
in the leafy tree

time out
handcuffed to a chair
his sister's doll

home alone—
I straighten paintings
on the wall

freighter detours
the slowly drifting
logjam

eye surgery
the shimmer
of moonlight

sixty-ninth birthday
youthful dreams realized
and more

Venetian blinds
a stripe of sunlight
comes and goes

origami cranes

indigo sky
crescent moon
without a star

summer haze
the buzz
the bee

Grandma would like it!
her gravestone birth date
shrub-covered

I listen
for the barking dog
Bernard alone hears

summer's end
he refuses
dialysis

change in the weather
talkative strangers
on a park bench

bird house empty of seed
even the jays
look for Bernard

Senior Day
at the state fair
a lot of look-alikes

war jitters
brush-stroked hollyhocks
stand at attention

war news
your right to disagree
not you're right to disagree

shouting couple
wave after wave nears
the seawall

winter dusk
the sleeping child surrounded
by origami cranes

suddenly the holidays!
city rooftops
outlined in sparkling lights

never on time
Chanukah
either early or late

New Year's Day (2004)
the welcome mat
in its proper place



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Sunlight Comes and Goes #2
Watercolor Collage

COLLECTIONS by Francine Porad

CONNECTIONS, 1986

PEN & INKLINGS, 1986

AFTER AUTUMN RAIN, 1987

BLUES ON THE RUN, 1988

FREE OF CLOUDS, 1989

WITHOUT HASTE *Cicada Chapbook Award*, 1989

HUNDREDS OF WISHES, 1990

A MURAL OF LEAVES, 1991

JOY IS MY MIDDLE NAME, 1993

THE PATCHWORK QUILT *HSA Merit
Book Award*, 1994

WATERWAYS, LeRoy Gorman, Editor,
Haiku Canada Sheet Selection, 1995

ALL EYES, 1995

LADLES AND JELLYSPOONS: Presentations, 1996

EXTENDED WINGS, 1996

MOON, MOON, Dorothy Howard, Editor, 1997

FOG LIFTING, 1997

LET'S COUNT THE TREES, LeRoy Gorman, Editor,
Haiku Canada Sheet Selection, 1998

FAMILY ALBUM, 1999

WHEN IN DOUBT ADD RED, 1999

THE PERFECT WORRY-STONE, 2000

SECOND BLOOMING, 2001

HOLLYHOCKS STAND AT ATTENTION, 2001

COLLABORATIONS

Marlene Mountain, Francine Porad

CUR*RENT, 2000

PROBABLY ('real' renga sorta), 2002

PROBABLY II ('real' renga sorta), 2004

Kris Kondo, Marlene Mountain, Francine Porad

OTHER RENS, 2000

OTHER RENS Book Two & Book Three, 2000

TRIO OF WRENS, 2000

OTHER RENS Book Five & Book Six, 2001
Manuscript Form

OTHER RENS Book Seven, 2002 Manuscript Form

OTHER RENS Book Eight, 2002 Manuscript Form

OTHER RENS Book Nine, 2002 Manuscript Form

Haiku Northwest Members

*TO FIND THE WORDS, 2000

First Place Book Award 2000, Haiku Society of America;
hand-assembled; hand-sewn; artwork by Francine Porad

*One of many anthologies produced by Northwest Region
group members.

COLOPHON

This volume was set in Sand and Times typefaces using Adobe InDesign on a Macintosh computer. Printed in limited edition.

Book number 103 of 125.



FRANCINE PORAD © 2004

Sunlight Comes and Goes #3
Watercolor Collage

**blaze of midday
binoculars follow
the girl in white**

(Haiku Canada Newsletter, 2001)

o o o

This book, by one of the most highly esteemed writers of haiku in the English language, expresses a depth of emotion rarely seen in the genre.

Francine Porad's poems are plainly autobiographical, but never self-absorbed; often melancholy but not without a nearby touch of the poet's more characteristic sense of humor; darker in mood than usual for the author, but accompanied by brief, and brilliant, breakthroughs of sky and sun, as well as appearances by the flowers she is well known for writing about.

"Beyond Measureable Systems," a series of haiku written in remembrance of Francine's late husband Bernard, in particular may someday be hailed as a classic in American haiku, but *Sunlight Comes and Goes* is wholly worth reading, and reading again and again.

Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

Author of *90 Frogs*

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