

# Roadrunner Haiku Journal

|  
February 2005 Issue V:1

Welcome to the Roadrunner Haiku Journal. Roadrunner is a international quarterly online journal that publishes quality English-language haiku and senryu. We chose Roadrunner as the name for the journal because we want it to be at the forefront of haiku thought and practice with a regional flavor. For more details about the journal, go to the '[about roadrunner](#)' web page.

Jason Sanford Brown, Editor

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▣ [Special Feature](#)

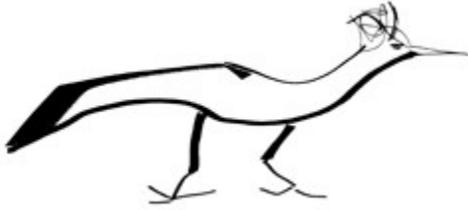
▣ [Southwestern Haijin Spotlight](#)

▣ [Haiku/Senryu](#)

▣ [The Scorpion Prize](#)

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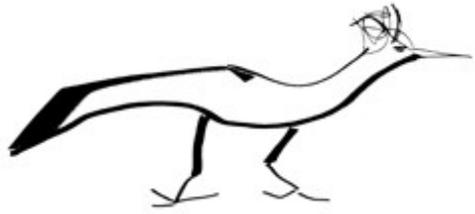


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## **Special Features**

This special feature section will highlight exceptional works or features that do not fit within Roadrunner's normal format of haiku/senryu.



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Haiku/Senryu

**Fay Aoyagi**

withered grass—  
Feng Shui and aromatherapy  
failed to work

yesterday's shirt  
tumbling in the dryer  
I hum a Bob Dylan song

Valentine's Day—  
headless mannequins  
in the maternity shop

**Chad Lee Robinson**

in the dark earth  
of my brother's grave:  
my footprint

mountain peak—  
losing her one step  
into the cloud

lingering heat—  
sucking the color out  
of a popsicle

**Ann K. Schwader**

hot afternoon  
mourning dove fans  
one wing        the other

wishing I  
were Georgia O'Keeffe  
morning glory

late sunlight  
his pictures on the wall  
nine years after

**ed markowski**

year's end  
the cabooseman's lantern  
swings into the mist

assemblylinespotweldersweldingshouldertoshoulder

window display  
how tenderly she handles  
the male mannequins

**Sue Stanford**

over the crest  
the wet road snakes  
sky-blue

wedged tight  
to the city skyline  
city cemetery

new shoes  
in every puddle  
unbroken blue sky

**Andrew Riutta**

one by one...  
apples  
letting go

new snow:  
even the meaning  
of our words is muffled

patience—  
the turtle waits  
for its shadow

**Cathy Drinkwater Better**

eclipse  
of the hunter's moon  
something moves through underbrush

following it  
all the way to town  
this deepening rainbow

gibbous moon---  
only half-sure  
of your apology

**Jim Kacian**

flood season the endless stream of reportage

returning the loon's chuckle my laugh

situating the church the many gods that have to go

**Joann Klontz**

deep winter  
a hooded figure squeezes in  
the greenhouse door

airport queue  
a security guard  
separates our family

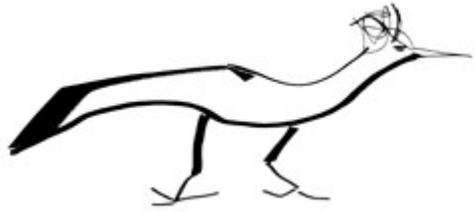
fresh flowers  
on the Garden State Parkway  
restroom counter

**Raffael de Gruttola**

through the autumn mist  
the steeple  
of an abandoned church

cicada  
its empty shell  
touching it, I shiver

reading *Chrysanthemum Love*  
I start from  
the back of the book



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## Southwestern Haijin Spotlight

### Marian Olson

A non-fiction writer and poet, Marian Olson was born in the month of May on Puget Sound in Washington state. She grew up along the West Coast beaches and finally settled in the high desert of New Mexico. Her poetry has appeared in numerous journals, magazines, and anthologies around the world. In the haiku community, she has garnered top awards. She has reviewed books for *Modern Haiku* and *Frogpond*. She is the author of four poetry books: *Facing the Wind* (Raven Press, 1991), *Songs of the Chicken Yard* (Honeybrook Press, 1992), a critically acclaimed book of haiku and senryu, and *Letting Go* (Honeybrook Press, 1993). *Desert hours*, her fourth volume, is forthcoming.

Marian states about herself, "I've always been an avid reader, favoring books from fiction to non-fiction about nature, philosophy, and psychology: writers like Knut Hamsun, Kazantzakis, Thoreau, Robinson Jeffers, Annie Dillard, Krisnamurti, Jung, Lao Tzu, Kabir, Rumi, James Wright, Neruda, Yeats, Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Snyder, Mary Oliver, Lucile Clifton, Stephen Mitchell, Joseph Campbell, and so many others. I have little interest in language poets and political diatribes of any kind. Early in the 70's I found haiku and was transfixed by its creative economy and truthfulness. These days, the poets I turn to again and again are Basho and Socho, Buson, Issa, and Santoka with his lean, powerful poems. I cannot articulate the reason for my passion for his work, but it moves me at the bedrock of my soul. No doubt all of these voices have shaped how I think and who I am today, as well as the haunting power of the high desert, which pulled me into its energy field and has held me fast for many years. All these influences show up in anything I write, from letters to essays to poems."

bite of cool air   roasters spin green chile heat

pinon beetle  
this floating place  
I call home

my soft bed—  
    in the night outside  
a wild cry

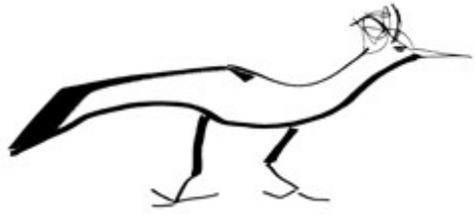
Christmas Eve  
    one by one farolitos  
blink out

the incense  
of burning logs  
snow falling on pinons

alone, the mare  
faces the mountain,  
one foot tucked

the world having become  
what it is  
I plant another bulb

just when clouds  
blot out the sun  
the sun



# Roadrunner Haiku Journal

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## **The Scorpion Prize for Best Haiku/Senryu**

We will ask guest judges to award our Scorpion Prize for the best haiku/senryu appearing in the previous issue of Roadrunner.