

# Bare Earth

Paul Cordeiro

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first frost  
around the forsythia  
a ring of bare earth

# Bare Earth

selected haiku and tanka

Paul Cordeiro

pilgrim spring press  
Wellfleet, Mass.



Poems appeared in

*Rusty Teakettle*

*The Landfall Anthology*

*Notes From The Gean*

*A Hundred Gourds*

*Dragonfly*

*The Piedmont Literary Review*

*Clouds Peak*

*Modern Haiku*

*The Heron's Nest*

*paper wasp*

*A procession of ripples*

*The Haiku Foundation App*

*The Shiki Monthly Kukai*

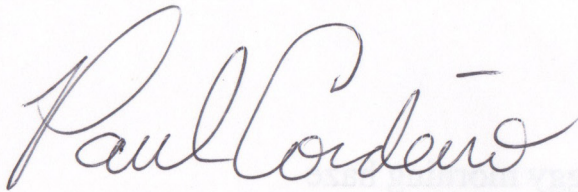


## Preface

Thanks to friends at AHA, Critical Poet and Haiku Foundation forums for sharing insights and work.

Special thanks to Mary Rogers for edits, arrangement, illustrations and inspirations.

Dedicated to the beagles, Molly and Chance, who brought haiku back to earth.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Paul Cordery". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower half of the page.

damp spring day  
even my pillow  
smells of dog



spring cold  
my beagle with the thickest fur  
dances in the rain

muggy morning haze  
pine needles stick  
to the beagle's nose

morning chill  
a guard dog curls  
into my warm spot



grey morning  
a chalk rainbow  
by the puddle

wetland woods  
the deer tick hitches a ride  
on my belly hair

such loneliness  
uninvited the fleas are  
biting my legs

warming nest eggs  
a pigeon shakes off  
the sleet from its wings

full barbershop  
the nature strip  
needs cutting

choppy seas  
a bass boat nets  
the sunset

bare oak  
a crow shrouds  
the day moon

pine boughs  
the moon balances on  
one tip



mouth full of longing  
the cuckoo's voice swells  
with the rising moon

dropping their pants  
young campers moon  
the moonlight cruise



rabbit eyes  
zigzag in the dark grass  
flickering stars

lunar eclipse  
the white of my thumb  
inside the view finder

above us  
periwinkles and slippery rocks  
the galaxy shines

beach lane  
a goose pumps through  
leaving its call behind

harbor calm  
the cormorant stretches  
into dusk

mouth full of longing  
the cuckoo's voice swells  
with the rising moon

power lines  
the nesting osprey cries  
out of the blue

above the city  
above the gulls  
blue sky

a humming bird  
hangs above the bee balm  
morning drizzle





field by the sea  
a snail riding  
the dew

afternoon silence  
a cicada dying  
at my feet

back door garden  
a housefly wipes its feet  
inside the lily

twilight  
a firefly comes  
then goes

the newspaper open  
a moth rests  
on my knuckle hairs

milkweed field  
the girl with a light step  
palms the monarch

heat wave  
the butterfly weaves  
and whitens the shade

summer goodbyes  
a porch bulb coated  
with road dust and moth wings

morning rain  
a handful of strawberries  
just as cool

sunrise slant  
on the bare branch  
a robin's copper breast



retreat buffet  
a nun ladles  
pea soup and silence



opening the car door  
for its only passenger  
a grasshopper



wildflowers  
my beagle stretches up  
to sniff a mountain



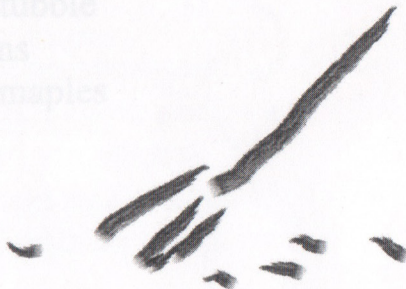
mountain stream  
only her ankles  
dip in

sunrise slant  
on the bare branch  
a robin's copper breast

tamped cornfield  
the cry of a crow  
in autumn light

the blossom sweeper  
never looks up  
to the birdsong

field of corn stubble  
a dirt road turns  
red under the maples

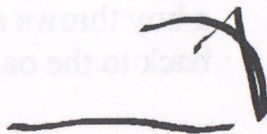


a bumble bee  
on my shoulder  
the stingless breeze



these gladiolus  
you planted last spring  
by the front gate  
two beagles and a tropical storm  
can't destroy them

tamped cornfield  
the cry of a crow  
in autumn light



field of corn stubble  
a dirt road turns  
red under the maples

a bumble bee  
on my shoulder  
the stingless breeze

autumn in the park  
a boy throws a fist full  
back to the oak branch



the shortstop leaps  
then drops the ball  
I scratch my head  
where hair once grew  
like a passing butterfly

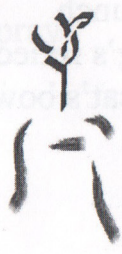


which beagle  
hunted down the muffs  
the cat saw  
but she only purrs  
keeping a secret



2

rotting stump  
the maple sapling  
from its heart



which beagle  
hunted down the muffins  
the cat saw  
but she only purrs  
keeping a secret



hasty lunch  
the dog's reflection  
in the cat's bowl

seems we're broke  
and it rains most days  
most months  
yet the beagles find  
joy at their nose tips

it would be like asking  
the pope's minions not to pray  
these beagle noses  
on the trail of squirrels  
howl up a pine tree



sea mist  
a bee roams  
the bluest clusters

autumn by the beach  
gold light  
in the high windows

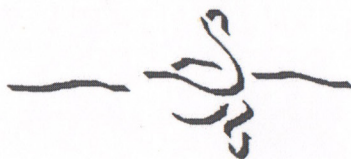
autumn quiet  
the beagle chews  
a bookmark to shreds

autumn chill  
the dog settles  
on my legs

the rush of swifts  
over rippling marsh grass  
I blow on my coffee

goldfish pond  
the hunting dog  
up to his belly

autumn by the pond  
a swan glides on  
to its image





first frost

around the forsythia

a ring of bare earth



one unpicked apple  
the warmth  
on my bald spot

the low sun

in and out of birches

white on white

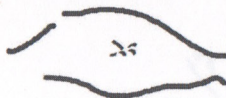


the rush of swifts  
the waves of marsh grass  
she waves goodbye  
the crickets  
are all one voice



shaking off raindrops  
the beagle shies  
from the carport rattle

autumn by the pond  
the spider rides a napkin  
back outside



first frost  
around the forsythia  
a ring of bare earth

farmer's snow  
sea salt on marsh grass  
my beagle's bark  
like it was a bull  
scattered the gulls

the low sun  
in and out of birches  
white on white



gusts in the oaks  
a dead crow's eyeball socket  
brims with rain

frozen morning  
the shell of a baby turtle  
at the road's end



bare birch  
a crow and its shadow  
settle on white

in the schoolyard  
beneath the peace-on-earth sign  
two boys fist fight

winter thaw  
sunlight warms my face  
and the sparrow

carolers  
the cardinal  
chimes in

though they  
ate all the berries  
from the holly tree  
these sparrows  
in full chorus





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though they  
ate all the berries  
from the holly tree  
these sparrows  
in full chorus