Seed Poem:

its ghostly cry
falls from the sky, invisible
skylark
— William J. Higginson

Poems appear in order posted. Poems in response to poems other than the seed poem appear below and to the right of the inspiring poem.

her eyes and soft voice
I see Florence nightingale
Radhamani Sarma

soilsíonn dia
san uile ní —
sa víreas féin

in all things
god’s radiance —
in the virus itself
Gabriel Rosentock

theatre assistant
always ready to mop
a patient’s brow
Robert Kingston

nurse station
a round of applause
for the virus survivor
Robert Kingston

morning fog
Dad tells the nurse
he had a good night
Barbara Tate

Sunrise
blinds the
night nurse
Tom Trowbridge
my niece declares
she’s found her calling —
first 16 hour shift
      Bona M. Santon

nurses station
patients in wheelchairs
leaning to one side
      Amy Losak

countless babies
delivered by lantern light
country midwife
      Edna Beers

cherry blossom
the tired look
of a nurse
      Nikolay Grankin

first snow
i call a nurse
to look at it
      Nikolay Grankin

nasal pre med
the staff nurse
punctures the moon
      Robert Kingston

dawn
i heard granny’s song
from the nurse
      Nikolay Grankin

registrar
a blue mask hides
deep dimples
      Erin Castaldi
shooting star
the night nurse names
my newborn ‘hope’

Agus Laulana Sunjaya

her needle piercing
straight sunbeam of smile-
on my face

Radhamani Saarma

newborn’s first cry
soft delicate touch
of nurse’s hand

Radhamani Sarma

retired nurse
each night she fluffs
the cat bed

Louise Viera

Eleven is an Even Number: The Covid Chronicles

different windows
the movement of the sun
around confinement

house arrest
the plague runner
enters our breath

friendly cat
its owners become
the front line

street applause
we recognise our heroes
are nurses under fire
birthday cards
in their protective casing
the evening shudders

blinkered sun
two metres translated
in wrong numbers

nightzoning
streetlights pick out
the sputum

Easter Quarantine
the daylight sparkles across
yet another nail

Easter Sunday
I fill another hollow
with antiseptic

Easter Internment
moonlight carries a warning
across my backyard

new day rising—
I spread the butter
and talk to my egg

    Alan Summers, weird laburnum

in ICU rooms
health care workers give their all—
know that we see you
    Clysta Seney

seeing their faces
as she tries to sleep
in a hotel bed
    Debbie Scheving
sex of newborn
first from the mouth
of nurse
    Radhamani Sarma

breaking
my reflection
irises in the window
    Rich Schilling

beginning a shift..
he leaves the scent
of clorox
    Nancy Brady

someone’s someone
working without a mask
    M. R. Defibaugh

COVID-19 chaos—
the nurse activates
her CALM face
    Corine Timmer

spring duties-
nursing newcomers with love
day after day
    Luisa Santoro

where angels dare
a ward full of nurses
without PPE
    Robert Kingston

somewhere between
wakefulness and sleep
the nurse’s smile
    Vandana Parashar
one in every other family and thankful for them

pacing themselves without any sleep health professionals

dawn acknowledging the shift change Michael Henry Lee

night duty she puts someone else’s baby to sleep Vandana Parashar

low mood the mental health nurse told no-one Tim Gardiner

applause at last mother was a nurse for forty years Tim Gardiner

some are born to inspire others … Florence Nightingale Natalia Kuznetsova

attending to me on my sick bed she became my wife Adjei Agyei-Baah
what are the odds
a joke with the nurse
that I might die

note: I had a procedure that had 1 in 200 chance that I could die, so I asked if I was number 199. Nurses have a terrific sense of humour!

Alan Summers

the elderly
appreciate her smile and
her warm touch
Kanjini Devi

closing the front door
she takes off her mask
waning moon
Anna Maris

a retired nurse –
the new day erases
all the memories of her
Tomislav Maretić

spring rain
the chemo nurse
calls me Bill
Bill Kenney

dawn light
a nurse’s shadow
crosses the threshold
Joanna Ashwell

the elderly bask
in the glow
of her warm smile
Kanjini Devi
nurses discuss
their favorite restaurants
the smell of latex
    John S Green

her gentleness—
as if he was a paper
maple shedding bark
    Ernesto P. Santiago

hospital doors
the comings and goings
of a winters day

post op
the warmth
in the nurse’s hand

post op
a warm smile
from the ward cleaner
    Robert Kingston

optimal care—
the nurse’s shaving
smooth as glass

distress
among nurses—
full moon
    Ernesto P. Santiago

yellow fever…
seeking the dark nurse
of immunity
    Patrick Sweeney
long hours
short on sleep
another body

each recovery
ephemeral Joy
as many die

bruised face
giving
kind eyes
    Jason Freeman

discharge day
half empty at the nurse station
a box of milk tray

admissions day
how time changes
the nurses uniform

remembering when
slap and tickle was part
of a nurses day

first shift
the rattle of bed pans
in the sluice room
    kind eyes
    Robert Kingston

shift change
a full complement of staff
dissipates

unit nurse
losing count of how many times
I say ouch
    Robert Kingston
gentle cleaning her crevices
rolling her body
as if still breathing

venting in the lunch room
air blue with
humanity

I hold her hand
that squeezes mine
with a smile

taught never to run
it alarms the other
residents

handover
from the harried
to the fresh and clean
  Nancy Liddle

leaving the nurse
his fortune
childless tycoon
  patsy turner

nurse grandmother
we say mammary glands
instead of boobies
  Kristen Lindquist

torrential downpour
her twelve hour shift
goes on and on
  Barbara Kaufmann
morning chill
the warm voice
of the nurse

the nurse enters
with a bright smile
lavender blooms
Billy Antonio

lifting patients
until she became one
windblown tree
Katrina Lehmann

on to the fire
without a hose
today’s nurses

mid-evening
the nurse’s re-stapled mask
leaves an opened cut

sharing a vent
the nurse and his
covid-19 patient
wendy c, bialek

nurse’s day off
serging new face masks
from fat quarters
wendy c. bialek

winter freeze
the nurse
tucks me in
Bruce H. Feingold
she saves them all
in her dreams –
wild violets
    robyn brooks

endoscopy-
in a cauldron of eyes
he swallows his pride

blood test
a new shade of pale
in the braggarts face
    Robert Kingston

midnight shift–
a nurse pauses to
spread blanket over a patient

daaisy smile–
a nurse’s stethoscope listening
to a child’s heartbeat

a visit from
my nurse blotting
the blue of hay fever

consultation–
a nurse’s sweet voice healing
my doubts
    Neelam Dadhwal

nurses’ strike
doctors’ dilemma
ends how
    Radhamani Sarma
nursing home—
nurses are family
and funeral directors
wendy c. bialek

midnight shift—
a nurse pauses to
spread blanket over a patient

daisy smile—
a nurse’s stethoscope listening
to a child’s heartbeat

a visit from
my nurse blotting
the blue of hay fever

consultation—
a nurse’s sweet voice healing
my doubts
Neelam Dadhwal

unable to distance
how nurses become
part of the curve

even when it’s off
the nurse’s mask
still feels on

in the midst of covid-19 —
nurses become
funeral directors
wendy c. bialek

fingers of god
my emergency nurse
has monk’s ears
Marietta McGregor, publ. Blithe Spirit, August 2018
jaundice moon
the nurse’s comforting words
my first night

PPE shortages
handwashing
with gloves on

bruised tissue
“you’ve hands of an angel,” she says
as I inject
   Claire Vogel-Camargo

shooting star —
the palliative care nurse
fetches pethidine
   Marietta McGregor, publ. Cattails Senryu Section, September 2015

park ave…..
strong nurses bring patients
to refrigerator trucks
   wendy c. bialek

another hospital
named for a nurse
who washed her hands
   Marietta McGregor

During the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale was instrumental in introducing
basic hygiene practices in hospitals. She is honoured today.
Prince Charles opens the Nightingale Hospital in London.

after pandemic
who will treat
the nurses’ ptsd
   wendy c. bialek
twilight owls
watch over
malignant pigs
through tall buildings
clapping for angels
in human form
a Stetson
for the secretary
spouting PPE lies
clapping
for Our NHS
rounds on green ears
cowboys have fun
but Indians they make
better doctors
when the chips are down
it takes a nurse
to will you round again
Robert Kingston
when the chips are down
ball gowns are no substitute
for scrubs
hospital corridor
how these walls talk
in the hours of darkness
proning …
my first thought?
poppies as far as eye
Robert Kingston
excruciating pain
the midnight nurse soothes
me in a voice like mom’s

as in surrender
my limp hand in hers
nurse at dawn takes my pulse

crisp in white
the nurse breezes in
a bad dream ends

covering a yawn
nurse coaxes me to sit up
facing the sun

Alegria Imperial

a nightingale singing through the night shift

between shifts
the student nurse
snatches some sleep

always a nurse:
my Pilates instructor
volunteers

Mark Gilbert

nurse
the sorrow
behind the mask

Marilyn Ashbaugh

somewhere between
wakefulness and sleep
the nurse’s smile

Bandana Parashar
her touch of the curtain
the morning light streams in

just a second
of passing out, the hands
of a nurse
   Adjei Agyei- Baah

end of night shift
she draws the curtains
to the sun-light peaks
   Sonam Chhoki

blossom viewing
aglow on a nurse station
screen saver
   Michael Henry Lee

coming to
the nurse’s smile
and a cup of tea

children’s ward
he moonwalks
the medication trolley
   Sonam Chhoki

hospital car park
where her red Honda used to be
gleam of hoar frost
   Sonam Chhoki

ICU nurse
the chapped lips
under the mask
   Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo
ICU
the same nurse welcomes me
back to life

gloomy day
the nurses headscarves
in clowns
Vessislava Savova

end of night shift ~
all nurses send a selfie
to their loved ones…

he cries for prayers ~
he sleeps for 24 hours
after 5 weeks’ shift…

The 95 year’ old lady
howls at the caring nurse ~
no visits allowed
Brinda

cloud break moon
behind the mask
the nurse’s kind eyes
John Hawkhead

reflections in glass
ghosts of us
still in the world
Patricia Hawkhead

pouring rain
the nurse slows
the IV drip
Billy Antonio
isolation ward
the nurse’s gloved hand
in a dying palm
    Marta Chocilowska

Those who mop floors
as those who mop brows fulfil
an essential role.

No evidence of
compassion in politics.
Manufactured words.
    Oonah V Joslin

through rising window
many– more than dreams
birds in her eyes
    Mónica Margaride

the scuba divers
with masks and oxygen tanks
swim with the nurse sharks

butterfly tattoo
on the nurse’s hand
wings open and close
    Sari Grandstaff

labor and delivery
the nurse voices
my pain
    Tia Haynes

school nurse’s office
student with low-grade fever
waits for test results
    Sari Grandstaff
hospital garden
a nurse picks up
a tiny forget me not
Eufemia Griffo

summer meadow
the nurse's blue eyes
behind her mask
Marion Clarke

for the nurse
who has lost her smell
origami rose
Sonam Chhoki
	night nurse
gently she wakes me up
with pills in her hand
Madhuri Pillai

her touch
on my child's forehead
as gentle as mine
Marion Clarke

took me years to stop saying
my brother-in-law
is a male nurse
Sari Grandstaff

hospital window
a woman sings
a lullaby for her child
Eufemia Griffo

stretching my legs
around the corridor and back ...
she holds my hand
Madhuri Pillai
Cocooned tight, soft voice
Pours the salve of compassion
Despite dimming light
   Lisa Demiralp

Compassionate eyes
Convey caring and concern
Above facial masks
   Laura Murphy

the dead of night
the nurse rests her cheek
on the palm of hand
   Marta Chociłowska

   disturbed sleep . . .
the nurse reliving
her mistakes
   Stella Pierides

   night shift
the desk nurse writes herself
into the injury book
   Robert Kingston

New Corona virus—
new midwife’s and new mother’s
eyes meet, over their masks
   Mary

clapping for her –
the nurse takes the wrong
turning
   Stella Pierides

“Houseparty”
four of her patients died
during her last shift
   Frank J. Tassone
SEED POEM
- haiku sequence -
Motto:
where culture begins – a rustic rice – planting song
Matsuo BASHO

sowing words
to the appropriate whey
a book comes to light

sowing rice
the young farmer hums
an ancient song

sowing corn
behind the farmer
hungry crows

green wheat field
in the purple twilight
waving slowly

the blue eyes
of the wheat field;
two chicories

end of the field –
a new lit way for
the harvest sanctified

bringing offer
under the icon of Virgin Mary
a crown of wheat ears

drinking together
a cup of sake in the honor
of new harvest

Vasile Moldovan
another shift
our niece recycles
another mask
  Frank J. Tassone

first almond blossoms
she rearranges his pillow
for a better view
  Sonam Chhoki

  finishing touches
  some roses for the patient
  with no visitors
  Marion Clarke

this cold in my bones
my mind wanders
unknown places
  Eufemia Griffo

practicing squats
for core strength –
ambulance nurse
  Stella Pierides

a nurse
walks into a bar. . .
someday
  Ben Teal

finishing touches
some roses for the patient
with no visitors
  Marion Clarke

christmas eve
she leaves for her night shift
my sister the nurse
  Vanessa Proctor
faceless women
morning and evening
on rubber soles

night without silence …
the blinding light
in the infirmary

tired
practically bare hands
nurse
Margherita Ptericcione

nightingale —
a heart keeps singing
to the darkness
Lucia Fontana

lady of the lamp
how her heart weeps
from the inside
Robert Kingston

familiar tune
how a nurse humming
can help
Marion Clarke

start of shift
she washes her hands
of the rising fear
Topher Dykes

above the mask
only his eyes
naked
Jill Whalen
infections doubling
the nurse
reuses her mask
Laurie Greer

end of shift
the nurse drives home
in tears
Marion Clarke

playground swing
how his nurse mother's heart beats
in two places
Robert Kingston

mom's nursing pin
years after she died
still in my drawer
Marita Gargiulo

beehive hair do
her retro pin doubles
as a nursing pin
Robert Kingston

first pregnancy
suddenly interested in her stories
from midwifery
Marion Clarke

monochrome photo
my midwife auntie tells me
I was her first
Robert Kingston

maternity ward
the midwife's Irish accent
makes me feel at home
Marion Clarke
first pregnancy
all ears for Mum’s tales
from her midwifery days
Marion Clarke

midnight run
my mother on call
delivers a baby
Bona M. Santos

dying at home —
the nurse yells with her hands
for his photograph
Eddy Lee

above my bed
blue haze
my nurse’s eyes
S.M. Kozubek

spring snowfall —
the nurse pulls
the crash cart
Giovanna Restuccia

PPE
the nurse’s FB photo posted
by her proud mama

all eyes
on the young male nurse
female geriatric ward
Marion Clarke

end of his shift
the new male nurse
sighs all around
Sonam Chhoki
ooh, matron words the doctor never said
 Tim Gardiner

fever dreams
on the nurse’s face
tears

touch
of a butterfly wing
her cool hand

iron worker
he apologizes again
for being sick

home at last
don’t kiss mommy
nurse whispers

in scrubs and masks the new caped defenders
 Peggy Hale Bilbro

another shift over…
who takes care
of the carers
 carol jones

simple kindness
how the nurse helps her
to walk again

adjusting pillows
before the night spreads
his final round

great aunt Faye
the bell in her voice
still ringing
flowering tulips
retelling the story
how she survived
back from the shelter
she names her new cat
after the nurse
deep gratitude
when nothing is expected
rainbow windows
   Xenia Tran
last breath . . .
a nurse turns mother
toward the light
pandemic
the beak she wears
on her mask
empty womb . . .
a nightingale comforts me
through the night
   Debbie Strange
distant star
I wonder about my school friend
who studied nursing
   Marion Clarke
hospital window
a trail of dew draws
my thoughts
   Eufemia Griffo, Otata, Sept. 2018
nurses
nursing
nurses

kjmunro

rainbow-coloured scrubs
for the performance poet
cancer nurse

Marion Clarke For Cathy

discharged
the smile of a nurse
takes me home

Adjei Agyei-Baah

hospice care
he calls the nurse
mama

Terri Hale French

covering the body
while weeping
over her mask

Lorraine Padden

20 hour shift
the nurse cries from fear
& desperation

Pamela A. Babusci

care home…
her frequent falls
his strong muscles

Stella Pierides

nursed to her end
questions remain
who killed the bat?

Robert Kingston
nearing the end
of a chaotic shift
still the love
Helen Buckingham

dawn's sickly light
her hand warm
her eyes welcome
Barbara Boyd Anderson

dad's nurse
as if he were
her dad's
Marion Clarke

the long dark nights
the struggle to live
you were there
Barbara Boyd Anderson

everyday job death wish such an ask
Marion Clarke

perched on the loo
while a nurse holds my drip:
my inner kid in stitches
Helen Buckingham, *Pulse*, 13th September 2019

catheter leak
her ability to console me
with a wink
Marion Clarke

a girl
in nurses' uniform –
the smiles
Stella Pierides
neo natal
if only one might have
been hers
    Michael Henry Lee

maternity ward for a little while her child
    Marion Clarke

front line an angel in a plastic garbage bag
    Gary Hittmeyer

night watch dad determined never to leave us

hospital video call
he tells me I love you
in every languages
    Eufemio Griffo

past midnight
after comforting the dying
she returns to me
    Ron C. Moss

Quietly checking
On sleeping patients’ vitals
A gentle, soft touch
    Laura Murphy

everything feels safe
she places a face mask
on her nurse doll
    wendy c. bialek

mask peeled off
longed-for morning coffee
hours after midnight
    Marietta McGregor
holding it in
the double duty nurse
conserves ppe
  wendy c. bialek

  little thought
  for what the nurse carries
  home . . .
  Robert Kingston

nurseline
she keeps talking with me
’til my nosebleed stops
  wendy c. bialek

she holds her tears
until no one can see
her strength under pressure
  Linda L Ludwig

how the nurse on the phone
empowers me—
my first child’s seizure

compassion fatigue no bed deep enough
  wendy c. bialek

only a nurse
describes snowfalls better
than a poet
  Dan Campbell

Balm of Gilead
wanting so to heal
her raw hands
  Liz Ann Winkler
night shift
her crisp packet
carries the ward
corridor painting…
the nurse from the ward
asks if We'd like tea

grabbing
daylight stars
she tells us
it's normal
Robert Kingston

first light
night nurses coffee
cold in the cups
carol jones
lip service…
each nurse knows
the power of words
Robert Kingston

night closes in …
knowing what to say
and when to
carol jones

hospital bedside
enough silence
to hear a pin drop
Robert Kingston

Thursday 8pm —
a mass applaud
to raise the spirits
carol jones
Seaman’s hospital
blacked out windows
in the waiting hall
    Robert Kingston

sequestered in a hotel
a tired nurse messages
her own feet

it’s a kind of magic
nurses handling
hot pies

end of shift
the old nurse leaves her smile
with the new nurse
    Rashmi VeSa

acustomed
to her wail- nurse injects
sedatives
    Radhamani sarma

lady of the lamp
how her heart weeps
from the inside

ringing out the waves
a ferry blasts
for carers

rings of hope
in the ferry’s wake
for carers
    Robert Kingston

nurse’s lullaby
lifting
the morning mist
    cezar-florin ciobică
urology
the nurse asks
if I'm married

hospital lounge
on the radio
nothing else matters
    Pere Risteski

off duty
the blue lights they see
in their dreams

home visit nurse
extra to her workload
unflinching care
    Ingrid Baluchi

twilight thickens
into the cry of a baby
shooting stars

i.m. Mary Agyeiwaa Agyapong
    Alan Summers

NOTE: Mary Agyeiwaa Agyapong is a British nurse who worked and died on the wards despite being nine months pregnant.

Emergency room
nurses still remember
my Batman underwear
    Dan Campbell

breaking down
on the hospital steps
a nurse’s intentions
    Brendon Kent
the thermometer
longer in her mouth
the chatty patient
    Sonam Chhoki

hailstones–
her soft glance
on my wound

falling leaf–
the nurse replaces
vase water

milky moon her whiteness over the tired eyes

nursing home greeting with the first smile
    Pravat Kumar Padhy

behind closed curtains
closing
her unseeing eyes

long shift
longer still
the drive home
    Sonam Chhoki

nurses know
an economical fold
toilet paper
    Judith Hishikawa

nurses’ scarred faces
in intensive care
the shape of their mask

wild pansies …
the nursing staffs’
war-torn faces
worn on the chest
of whoever it is
the nurse’s face

PPE shortage …
the nurse with the patient
holds her breath
   Brendon Kent

into the darkness
of my hospital room
the night nurse
   Victor Ortiz

waiting for her replacer
who never came, nurse
starts a second shift
   Adjei Agyei-Baah

long hours shifts
pizza carton boxes piled up
in the nurse office

diagnosis
the nurse at the door
dries my tears
   Marina Bellini

third miscarriage
the nurse’s advice:
“Be kind to yourself!”
   Sonam Chhoki

it’s a spider night
we huddle under stars
surveilling us
   Alan Summers
discharge summary
the nurse’s patience goes
unmentioned
    Rashmi VeSa

giving hope –
the warmth in the
nurses voice
    Carol Raisfeld

dawn
    a nurse lights
two candles
    Bernadette O’Reilly

the first raindrops
hit the pond and he
pops the question

their faces reflected
in the pond’s
intersecting ripples
    Laurie Greer

two dollar raise
but no PPE
expendable
    Ruth Powell

Red Cross nurse —
a tourniquet fashioned
from the surrender flag
    Jim Kacian, Heiwa Peace Haiku 1993 Judge’s Prize
moonless night
the slow wing beats
of a barn owl
— Maureen Sexton

early spring walk
a blue fairywren hops
through the grass
— Maureen Sexton

mauled lamb
the distant harshness
of a crow’s caw
— Maureen Sexton

sea froth
white cockatoos flying
in a cloudless sky
— Maureen Sexton

lighthouse climb
a seagull struggles
against the wind
— Maureen Sexton
birds
the comfort
in caws
— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy *Blithe Spirit* 26.3

spring drumming the sparrows out of this world
— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy *https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Four_Pests_Campaign*


gold rush . . .
sparrows tumble out
of our eaves
— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy


shining cuckoo in transparent absence
— Hansha Teki


a tui
chimes descant to
its shadow
— Hansha Teki


a twitter of insignificance from the cygnet
— Hansha Teki
cold moon
a crow shifts into
its shadow
— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit 26.1*

rooftop pecking order shuffling apostrophes
— Brendon Kent *Under the Basho 2015, Yanty’s Butterfly Anthology 2016*

* 

turning crows
the distance smokes
a yellow tractor
— Brendon Kent *Sonic Boom 3, Yanty’s Butterfly Anthology 2016, Re:Virals 2018*

* 

our argument…
a robin in the birdbath
breaking ice
— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit 27.1, Under the Basho 2017*

* 

darkening
the crow’s weight…
winter deepens
— Brendon Kent *European Quarterly Kukai 2017*

* 

colouring
a leafless bough…
robin song
— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit 26.1*
origami sky
how you fold clouds
into starlings
— Brendon Kent *Haiku Vol.2* anthology 2017, Haiku University (Tokyo)

banditry of titmice
the longtails fleeting
through the air
— Alan Summers

“banditry” is a collective noun for titmice
http://www.moorhen.me.uk/iodsubject/birds_-_other_tits_02.htm

backroom chatter…
hedge sparrows voicing
the world’s concerns
— Alan Summers

backroom banter…
house sparrows solving
our world’s problems
— Alan Summers

hotel coffee room—
starlings sounding out
the partitions
— Alan Summers
dark news
the comfort
of crows
— Alan Summers tinywords 15.1

* 

hard frost-
the snail-hammerings
of a song thrush
— Alan Summers Muttering Thunder 1

* 

dark fields
tightly the vee of birds
into pockets of forest
— Alan Summers otata 11

* 

cool morning
birdsong
light on a distant cloud
— Alan Summers Modern Haiku 1999

* 

thirteen ways
to wear a pencil skirt . . .
the blackbird’s outline
— Alan Summers Brass Bell August 2014

*
train whistle
a blackbird hops
along its notes
— Alan Summers Presence 47, THF Per Diem (September 2012): The Elements

powdered snow –
a crow’s eyes above
the no parking sign
— Alan Summers Haiku International Association Haiku Contest 1999

a teaspoon of spice
crows bottle the wind in caws
and then release it
— Alan Summers Yamadera Bashô Memorial Museum English Haiku Contest 2016

Invisible crow
the lebanon tree utters
a call of three caws
— Alan Summers Only One Kagoshima Tree Haiku Contest 2015

night crows
the haystacks lose
their moonlight
— Alan Summers Haiku 2016
corn moon
the jackdaw shifts
its iris
— Alan SummersbAsahi Shimbun (International Haiku Day 2015)

царевична луна
чавката помръдва
ирис

Bulgarian translation Maya Lyubenova, Tzetzka Ilieva, Vessislava Savova

* 

in and out of lavatera
gang of hedge sparrows
to the birdfeeder
— Alan Summers Blithe Spirit 7.3

* 

little sparrow
I regret nothing
flowers in the wind
— Alan Summers haijinx IV.1

* 

summer wind
a sparrow re-rights itself
at the peanut cage
— Alan Summers Wing Beats: British Birds in Haiku; Haiku Friends Vol. 3;
Inking Bitterns
http://area17.blogspot.co.uk/2010/03/summer-wind-sparrow-haiku-artwork-haiku.html

*
all the demons
are in mourning
sparrowsong
— Alan Summers

turn in the weather . . .
a house sparrow sings
like buddha
— Alan Summers *Amaravati Poetic Prism* 2016

steamy windows
the spiral of sparrows
across our shadows
— Alan Summers *hedgerow* 111

dead sparrow
how light the evening
comes to a close
— Alan Summers *Haiku Canada Review* 11.2

fading photos
a goldfinch tugs again
at the spiderweb
— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit*
lapwings
rounding up clouds
left in the water
    — Alan Summers *A Splash of Water*

*  

Easter Sunday
a For Sale sign leans
into birdsong
    — Alan Summers *tinywords 16.1*

*  

zigzagging…
the meadow buttercups
into a robin’s song
    — Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit*

*  

skittish clouds
the lightning tree
grows a crow
    — Alan Summers *Presence 56*

*  

The Thoughtful Raven
after Ted Hughes, and Kurt Jackson

The raven grows out of swift strokes in a moment of midnight:

Corvid, sublingual,
in sixty-five vocalisations of its kind,

from worms to whales; battlefield and gibbet;
to an excarnation platform;
the raven’s thought of food is foremost.

The requiem bird is a shark of the wind.

the fox’s bark
for a moment
after echoes

There are stars and stars and stars
and the raven thoughtful in its field.

The bird is glossed in purple, green and blue,
its call blunt with primary colour;
wind and rain; and hourglass grains

escaping

cemetery stone
digger bees emerge
from letters

as stars lose focus in morning light
God is in the detail of ripples of silence
inside the caw

a knuckle in blue jeans ripped
while a smell of white forms
out of granular dark

the writer is chugging ink
from a forearm to fingers to nib,
the raven is done for the night.
rabbit dusk
 goldfinches vibrate
 across teasels

 — Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit* 26.4

* an owl’s empire
  the flecks of light
  in snow
 — Alan Summers *Presence* 59

* broken boats
  the coastline tagged
  with shearwaters
 — Alan Summers *Presence* 56

* this small ache and all the rain too robinsong
 — Alan Summers *Modern Haiku* 44.1
 *naad anunaad: an anthology of contemporary international haiku*, 2016

* Westie, all snow-peak
  Ears and tail, the beat of
  Swan’s wings on water
 — Peter Cox

*
first light
the falcon leaps
into its wings
— Chad Lee Robinson Mariposa 35

from my balcony
a bird’s eye view
of birds
— Robyn Corum

Coda:

one song
woven of many voices
the flock
— Jim Kacian