

Haiku Basket

As flies skim the pond
my eyes can't seem to follow
the words in this book.



Early smoke rises
out of old chimneys at dawn,
dark on dark in rows.



A blue silk pillow
makes sitting upon hard earth
something like pleasure.



Drawn by one blossom,
this bee hovers and circles
in fragrant delay.



6 Christmas Haiku

Ice on pine needles--
can it hear the Christmas bells?
Can anything not?



Spider in the drain--
Christmas whoops in the parlor--
silent, dark, the drain.



Scrub Christmas tree, bare--
rooms echo--furniture gone--
mother and child laugh.



Sleigh ride all finished--
the mare, eating Christmas oats,
hears house noise, and snorts.



Flashing Christmas lights
entrance three speechless patients
slouched in parked wheelchairs.



Tree's all taken down--
year's end--where is Christmas now?
Deep within each pulse.



Mountain cabin porch--
tall pines crowding for sunlight--
sweep, sweep, brown needles.



Fisherman casting
for luck to kill a dumb fish--
the river flows on.



Icicle drippings,
slower under western blush,
hint frozen silence.



A woodpecker clings
upside-down under his limb,
tuning the forest.



Cat crossing my yard--
shadow of the Infinite
stalking the Unknown.



Broken branch still clings
to all the tree it has known,
breeze-swayed above ground.



My sturdy white pine
preaches calm to the maples
stripped bare in the yard.



Thunderbolts today
are silent by the thousands--
but this blue won't hold.



Remembered writers
film murderously fast trains
from close to the tracks.



The most delicious
strawberries are the first ones
needing replacement.



First sun of spring floats
due east, orange, fat--for what?
Raindrops and babies.

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