

Haiku Poems

Western glow fading--
decrecendo of songbirds--
stars surprise the eye.



Peach blossoms unfold
new petals without hurry,
knowing the sun waits.



My body is still;
pilots must fly in airplanes
and birds must use wings.



Feathers up for sleep,
sparrows on wires chirp farewell
to the dimming day.



Near tilted tombstones
arthritic black oak branches
finger the cold sky.



Seen through train windows,
trees, like commuters, rush toward
where they've always been.



Up through city trees
a steeple stabs the blue sky
with its metal cross.



Windswept blades of grass
lightly brush the abbey wall;
monks seek light within.



Opening lotus,
pure white in morning sunlight--
suddenly, a fly.



Gray old man shimmers
far ahead on the blacktop
with his red gas can.



Uplifted tree roots
protect a torn nest of wrens
barren of feathers.



A soggy songbook
floats among twelve frogs singing
greenly in the pond.



A brief breeze pivots
over ballerina toe
then swishes away.



Leaden clouds rumble,
falling down loud steps of storm;
pounds of sky come down.



Speckled night whirls on,
a slow, hypnotizing wheel
around Polaris.



Green groan of ocean
releasing flimsy gray clouds
to the moving moon.



Weak of bone, old men
listen to the wail of trains
far in the distance.



Each star's faint twinkle
is a holy statement sent
for all eyes to hear.



Brutal ocean's roar
tames to glimmering dewdrops
on frail gossamers.



Raging tiger eyes
shine out from jungle shadows,
rubies on velvet.



Pulses of green life
gently release tulip blooms
from tight, aching buds.



Above moving night
from her crescent-shaped ladle
the moon pours silver.



The wren's prism throat
casts up a rainbow of sound
over summer grass.



Warm southerly breeze,
scented by May-bloomed lilacs,
breathes early heaven.



Roaring punch-presses
stamp out bright dangling earrings
for delicate ears.



In my dream I hear
spiders strumming their cobwebs
under humming trees.



Sudden silence is
pregnant with eons of sounds
waiting to be heard.



The listening sun
paints a coat of life on earth
by way of reply.



Love's pure silver flame
gives each innermost spirit
invisible warmth.



Silent cathedral,
every stone a work of love,
embraces the Christ.



This cricket-filled night
gives forth undulating sounds--
dark respiration.



Heavy bumblebee,
magnetized upward by air,
masters gravity.



In twilight far off
a mother calls for her child--
two eternal notes.



Crescendos of light
build an eastern harmony
from solar rhythm.

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