

One black butterfly,  
wings frayed, beats against the wind  
not going his way.

gray December day  
gray squirrels rustling dead leaves  
gray stone at your grave

Incoming ocean  
rolls each new load of bubbles  
over children's heels.

North Carolina Haiku Society Contest

1988

Sun probes the tidepools.  
Tiny creatures shut their shells  
~~-waiting sea's return.~~  
*for deep seas.*

~~Sunrise in the swamp -~~  
~~mist & musk rise slow & soft.~~  
~~June sun inches up.~~

~~Bog mist, musk scents lift slowly.~~  
~~Cranes rise fast and loud.~~

Sent Feb. 24-78  
Yukuboru Haiku  
Society, San Jose  
Aug 1978

This one  
NFS 79

The artist ocean  
poses ~~wraps all its~~  
blends cool blue watercolors  
~~on~~ lazure  
~~with this red heat wave~~  
on ~~lunes~~  
poses blue watercolors  
against ~~this~~ heat wave  
Lunes

The seedling cedar

he tried to kill in the corn  
~~thought he killed~~  
now shades his old age  
shades

Gray squirrel, brown nuts,  
ancient ritual of fall—  
the forest's future

blends  
poses blue watercolors  
on this red heat wave  
with

spilling  
spraying  
bursting  
stocking

Black lunes waiting  
Behind my eyes for spring  
Mixed green metaphor  
greening

Seasons Jaded  
For All Seasons

The artist ocean  
blends paints against watercolors  
poses ~~wraps~~ against this heat wave  
on ~~lunes~~ ~~and~~

Black waiting canvas. The opening time spring  
Behind my eyes for greening  
pigments The canvas behind my eyes  
now coming true life green pronounced ~~thin~~  
indebted shades.

Glenna Holloway  
1028 Apple Lane  
Lombard, Ill. 60148

THE FORGIVEN

Glenna Holloway

The seedling pine I  
Tried to kill in my herb bed  
Now shades my old age.

~~ocean~~ ocean of  
ocean of summer  
bring your cooling spray  
fling aquamarine spray  
across this heat wave  
and to quell this heat wave  
quench  
hurl your aquamarine spray  
blow watercolor green  
fire  
bring sand

summer sea long summer ocean  
blue coal  
paint blends your watercolor spray  
into this heat wave  
in red  
with this red  
on

The summer ocean  
and  
pours blue watercolor spray  
spume  
spray

The sea of summer  
blends cool blue watercolor green  
spray on this red heat wave  
with

small creatures in fall  
brown animals  
~~fall~~ fall creatures perform  
festival the  
the ritual of nuts  
future food and homes  
forest

Red and  
Brown squirrels, brown nuts  
ancient  
ritual of fall -  
the forest's future  
gray  
~~red~~ squirrel, brown nuts  
ancient ritual of fall -  
the forest's future

When he ~~falls~~ falls of her  
sleet plots across the sun ~~light~~ slot of sun  
diagonal winds cold sleet patterns the sunny day  
ice slanted ice patterns  
sleet covers traces

Billy goes

This batch  
still needs work

Janha - haiku

try sonnet

maybe stanza

3. Poetry

g. American Tanka

17/161

BEAUTY IS

Until you notice

Iridescent filigree

~~wings of lowly flies~~

Truth to see eludes your eyes

In loveliness of lotus.

~~longing look at~~

5 First you must find ~~Gaze beneath~~  
7 Gaze past the surface  
5 of everything around  
7 ~~all things you may see~~  
9 Of all expectation, see  
in miniature

I said ita'not

It'll never be

the same thing as

to grow into  
graduate into

Mrs. R. W. Holloway  
3811 Carole Dr.  
Doraville, Ga. 30040

The summer ocean  
sprays cool blue watercolors  
paints  
on this red heat wave

22  
X 16  
132  
22  
352

The sea of summer spray  
blends blue watercolors  
with this red heat wave

The summer artist  
blends sea spray watercolors  
with this red heatwave

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT IN HAIKU

The art of summer  
The summer artist  
blends watercolor sea spray  
with this red heatwave

by Glenna Holloway

Have you never seen  
Iridescent filigree  
Even in fly's wings?

The artist summer  
art of summer blends  
blue watercolor sea spray  
with orange heatwave

summer artist  
blends watercolor sea

Summer artist  
sprays blue watercolor sea  
over red heat wave

Summer artist  
sprays  
blends blue watercolor seas  
with orange heat wave

Summer artist  
blue watercolor sea spray  
overred heat wave

A { artful  
The artist ocean  
blends cool blue watercolors  
with this red heatwave  
sprays pastel watercolors  
on this red heatwave

blends cooling watercolors

Glenna Holloway  
1028 Apple Lane  
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NFSPS-80

The seedling cedar  
hoed under the parsley bed  
now shades our old age.

beneath

THE FORGIVEN

Glenna Holloway

The seedling pine I  
tried to kill in my herb bed  
now shades my old age.

little letters

The seedling cedar ~~had~~  
~~hoed~~ ~~the~~ in the <sup>onion</sup> ~~astor~~ ~~cabbage~~  
~~under~~ ~~the~~ ~~herb~~ ~~bed~~ mustard  
now shades our old age. parsnip  
fennel coriander  
eggplant  
parsley

Perfection is white,  
the equal blend of each hue -  
hymn to the spectrum.

reluctant model

Spring models shyly  
slow, shy  
yellow model

shy model opening cones

The model spring

Spring = a shy model

~~stark~~ blushing cones ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ her posing  
stark keeps her to pose  
mixed green metaphor  
blush cones keep her posing  
to pose

an equal blend of ~~each~~ hue

blended in the spectrum

spawned

stored

praising the spectrum

hymn to the

icing the spectrum

frosting

gift of the spectrum

hymn to the spectrum

for

Spring model shyly  
stark cones keep her to pose  
mixed green metaphor

"new models are shy

Glenna Holloway  
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VIEWPOINT IN HAIKU

Glenna Holloway

June bug bouncing on  
Lily stamen--springboard of  
Sticky gold beach balls.

# a Palette for All Seasons

Spring models shaggy —  
Stork snatches her to pose  
Mixed green metaphor

First prize  
\$10 P&P '81  
Accepted for  
Modern Lyric Anthology  
Porterhouse Press 82

The artful ocean  
sprays azalea watercolor  
on June's red heatwave.

Gray squirrel, brown nuts —  
Autumn collage of autumn —  
The forest's future

Perfection is white,  
the equal blend of all hues —  
Hymn to the spectrum

3

White egrets

In courting plumage  
possibly in their reflections

Wading poised pond

Fishing

FFH

animal

Straddling  
the state line

standing in — shadow

Latus  
Mississippi  
Jade

my eyes  
Rock saw white  
darning rock saw  
purple beads saw  
diamond beads saw  
purple saw teeth  
purple crystals

out to see  
see

nine the first eyes to see

holding amethyst Jade  
nine the first eyes & see

expelling purple crystals  
holding the Jade  
Cutting / my eyes first & see  
inside

4

old mustang lost

the battle for his mares  
Wading into his pond  
reflections

~~Stallion~~

~~battle lost~~

the deposed stallion's

~~two stallions fight~~

~~takes his~~  
~~watches the victory~~

~~leaves his rival take the mares~~

all the mares & ~~horses~~  
round up

~~leave~~

~~fact~~

takes his rounds to the river

~~fact~~

~~to all the mares following~~  
~~gallows off~~  
~~with his rival.~~

drinks his bloody reflection

Diamond blade saw  
hitting ancient geodes  
cutting through onethyst  
finding amethyst  
saw tooth crystals

exposing purple crystals of  
human eyes never have seen  
no eyes ever saw before?

Deep purple sawtooth crystals?

Diamond-blade saw  
exposing cutting purple onethyst  
unusually sharp than the  
~~insists~~ in ancient geodes  
~~deep~~ purple smooth  
exposing purple crystals  
no eyes ever saw before.

Whining through a quartz lens  
needle  
balancing the geode

Great blue heron  
Wading in the pond passing in the pondscope  
reflecting in his reflection

Calligraphy  
KNST  
Denver  
Mso

ADDIE AT EIGHTY

Glenna Holloway

It's hard, she said,  
always being so damn grateful  
for snow shoveling  
or getting a couch moved or rides downtown.  
Afterwards I knew she was scolding herself  
for getting crotchety.

Once she told me how  
some nights she'd think  
about white lightning--  
the kind the old sheriff used to make  
and stash away for years to mellow.  
You knew it never had dead birds or frogs  
in it and wasn't colored with tobacco juice.  
It was a kind of slow pure white  
that takes some of your breath away  
but leaves your tongue intact  
and contents your throat and gut  
like a good honeydew melon only warm.  
That's how it oughta be, she said,  
to grow old.

Diamond blade saw  
A lining thru a <sup>an old gray rock</sup> ~~gray~~ <sup>5</sup> Tonka  
halving the geode <sup>5</sup>  
revealing purple crystals <sup>perfect</sup> <sup>7</sup>  
no eyes ever saw before. <sup>7</sup>

Cleaning  
Coyote expanding ~~his~~ <sup>6</sup> in  
his territory  
straddling the state line

Coyote on the <sup>high</sup>  
coyote claiming ~~the~~ <sup>7</sup>  
the Arivay part of his range  
in

Coyote expanding <sup>expanding</sup>  
his range, ~~claiming the highway~~  
straddling the state line <sup>tipuwa</sup>

Sudden sun  
splashing cumulus gray sky  
ending me a shadow  
Snowfall <sup>slide</sup>  
giving away secret visit  
to his neighbor  
announcing his secret  
visit coming home  
making it plain where he'd been,  
where the fox went

Gulls & shells  
decorating the beach  
showing the storm's work  
Collecting  
in the storm's wake

Shrinking ~~in the~~ <sup>7</sup> <sup>7</sup>  
Is a gull & shell  
in the hollow  
of the oak, <sup>7</sup>  
trembling &  
shrieking &  
shrieking &

hand green leaves

The Grocer's love life

ADDIE AT EIGHTY

Glenna Holloway

It's hard, she said,  
always being so damn grateful  
for snow shoveling  
or getting a couch moved or rides downtown.  
Afterwards I knew she was scolding herself  
for getting crotchety.

Once she told me how  
some nights she'd think  
about white lightning--  
the kind the old sheriff used to make  
and stash away for

Gulls and shell hunters  
shunting pig  
in the storm's wake

on the storm ~~tattered~~ <sup>is</sup> beach  
stream

Coyote expanding his range  
straddling the state line  
on the highway  
road

fineweeds blooming red  
between blockend  
fallen roof beams

watching a man  
watch his wife  
listening to Pavarotti

desert beyond  
chilled snow  
suddenly down trapline  
dropped by a hawk

Snowfall:  
no more secret visits  
to his neighbor  
backdoor

Caught my snowfall  
Can't get home in secret

his secret tracking him home

caught in snowfall  
straying husband tracks home  
young his secret

the ~~home~~ can't get home in secret

GLENN HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

THE FORGIVEN

Glenna Holloway

The seedling cedar  
We hoed down in the herb bed  
Now shades our fear of old age.

It grew beneath sage  
And basil, its strength unseen  
Till we returned from summer.

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#### ALASKAN SYNOPSIS

Hooked jaws, racing reds--  
salmon bore through the current  
to spawn and to die.

Ptarmigan, part brown,  
part white, wait in dwarf willows  
for all things to match.

Clouds of snow float down.  
Hares bound on oversize feet,  
clouds of snow fly up.

Waving you good-bye,  
winter won't melt on my hand.  
Clocks tick without sun.

Today hangs lighter  
at my window to the east.  
Spruce flavors the wind.

Dormant rivers crack,  
gurgle, start moving seaward.  
Bush plane engines roar.

**GLENNA HOLLOWAY**  
913 E. Bailey Road  
**Naperville, IL 60565**

15 lines

AGENDA FOR THE BOTTOMLANDS

Glenna Holloway

The morning's colors  
show seasons changing places.  
Cows watch quietly.

The still pond collects  
the old bull's reflection, dark  
in leftover ice.

Faint green grows stronger  
in midday warmth and lengthens  
its reach for heaven.

Rain drums loud and fast,  
flowing silver curves in fields,  
predicting tall corn.

Soon we can forget  
cold floors, shivering shoulders.  
Sun will light the hearth.

Faike

202 ALTE 1930 CUE PESCARA  
COTTA ETOOKEA MARELLA BAGNOLETTA  
GIOVANNI ANTONIO COLETTA

202 ALTE 1930 CUE PESCARA  
COTTA ETOOKEA MARELLA BAGNOLETTA  
GIOVANNI ANTONIO COLETTA

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COTTA ETOOKEA MARELLA BAGNOLETTA  
GIOVANNI ANTONIO COLETTA

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In May our Great Lake  
works itself into a froth  
chasing children's heels.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

This October sea  
works itself into a froth  
chasing childrens' heels

**GLENNA HOLLOWAY**  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

This October sea  
works itself into a froth  
chasing children's heels.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

Nine gaggleing snow geese  
rise to form a slow arrow.  
One white quill drifts down.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

Fireweed growing  
between fallen chimney bricks  
and charred roof beams

Tundra ice thaws  
streams trickle, blue bursts free  
Bush plane engines roar

High tide chases us--  
rolls of pale bubbles  
faster than our heels

The tree's first apples  
hang in shade of branches  
smelling of sun.

August 2. Haiku

September 1987

15

Gray November day--  
gray squirrels rustling dead leaves--  
gray stone at your grave

Very effective melancholy mood  
in linking a juxtaposition of  
good guy & bad image  
graphic object would be  
I feel intact without  
greater without  
punctuation.

The judge was  
Charles Dickson.  
He forgot to  
sign his name.

However, since  
it still isn't in,  
I decided to get  
this on the way. I  
just hate getting  
all this stuff  
out twice.

Be happy &  
keep in touch.

Jane

Hi Glenna,  
Congratulations!

We had just 46  
entries @ 2 entries  
for \$1.00. Makes  
\$23 - half for each  
of us - \$11.50 enclosed.  
I have had the results of  
this contest in for over  
a week but was waiting  
for the other August  
Contest Judge to report.

One black butterfly,  
wings frayed, beats against the wind  
not going his way.

gray December day  
gray squirrels rustling dead leaves  
gray stone at your grave

Incoming ocean  
rolls each new load of bubbles  
over children's heels.

11. Haiku Award

The tide meets us here,  
a roll of sparkling bubbles  
faster than our heels

~~We~~ We meet the June sea

June tide meets us here  
a roll of flashing bubbles  
faster than our heels

1987  
Penna, 87-Jan. 15 - ✓  
Ink, Apr. 30 - ✓  
The tide catches us -  
1988

8th

#th Hm  
5

30

Dec. 11 ✓

Jesse  
Poets Quarterly  
Minneapolis 86

WINTER INHERENT

A loon's sudden cry  
shrills through wet autumn twilight.  
Sound of a shiver.

Changing wind carries  
the scent of arriving deer,  
the musk of rutting.

Colors freeze and drop.  
A single crimson leaf clings  
to the sumac branch.

Very nice.  
Good images evoked.

Sy Swann  
S.D.

to spawn, to finish,

ALASKAN SYNOPSIS

a hungry to spawn  
to end,  
finish

hurting to  
spawn, to end

Hooked jaws, racing reds--  
salmon bore through the current.  
The end is spawning.

Ptarmigan, half brown,  
half white, wait in ~~the~~ dwarf willows  
for all things to match.

A loon's sudden cry: ~~dome~~ twilight  
shrills through ~~autumn's wet~~ darkness,  
making night colder.  
A sudden new chill. shiver. Sound of sudden cold.

Clouds of snow float down.

Deer legs race by, white tails flared.  
Clouds of snow fly up.

Leaving in ~~strong~~ February  
sleet does not melt on my hand  
waving you goodbye.

above now  
the bone  
sound past,

1981  
Poets Study Club  
2nd. Jan. 17

stones roar by on wide feet  
mid  
padded

A bone poses oversize feet

stones roar <sup>then</sup> on oversize feet  
small don't by on  
pass  
grass on

~~nothing that~~  
~~falls on me~~  
~~the winter falls on~~  
~~my hand doesn't~~  
~~melt~~  
falling winter doesn't  
melt  
on my hand  
leaving you

~~Atlantic No. 5~~

Afternoon sun  
bouncing off the garbage can  
*Tonka*  
turns the blowflies' wings  
iridescent, shimmering  
like this August heatwave.

*erikhu*  
sun bouncing off  
the garbage can iridizes  
the blowflies' wings.

sun bouncing off  
the garbage can lid iridizes  
the blowfly's wings

*didn't send*

A single loon  
shrills through wet darkness,  
~~November~~ grows colder.

1986  
Japan  
Dec. 12

suddenly a single loon  
autumn grows colder

1986 All rights reserved

The night turns colder.  
shrieks through wet autumn darkness

A loon's sudden cry

Bees in the lilies  
struggle to get airborne  
legs loaded with pollen.

Japan, Dec. 12  
1986

Summer ocean  
chases the children's heels  
rolling over the sand

Japan, Dec. 12  
1986

Tonka 5-7-57

Sun bouncing off  
the garbage can at-

Afternoon sun  
bouncing off the garbage can  
turns the blowfly's wings  
iridescent, ~~making me think~~  
shimmering  
like this August heat wave,

The tide meets us here,  
a fringe of ~~white~~ sparkling bubbles  
roll

Chasing  
on the children's heels.

OR:

Tide catches us here  
a roll of tumbling bubbles  
fringe sparkling

faster than our heels.  
too fast for our heels

Early twilight chill,

blue threads of smoke: hen pheasants

move faster through corn stubble.

running <sup>the</sup>

check

Pheasant, half brown,  
half white, wait among  
in heavy willows.

until they match  
for something to match  
all things  
until

Twilight brings the fringe,  
Early twilight chill, <sup>two</sup>  
blue threads of smoke: hen pheasants  
<sup>three</sup>  
race for the thicket.  
corn field.

Kansas, Oct. 15, 83 — ✓

DEATH: A STARRING ROLE IN THE CELESTIAL SCENARIO

Death never was the enemy we thought,  
nor is it sinister or strange. Our acts  
could not go on without this pivot tip  
that makes the drama work. Our close is brought  
about by saturation, emptied facts,  
not death. It gives us earthly drive and grip,  
this old unbroken contract to equip  
us with an exit that repels/attracts,  
spares us roted lines, dull plots, staled breath

The tide meets us here,  
a fringe of ~~tide~~  
wall sparkling bubbles

chasing  
on the children's heels.

OR:

Tide catches us here  
a wall of tumbling bubbles  
fringe sparkling  
faster than our heels.  
too fast for our heels

Early twilight chill,

blue threads of smoke: hen pheasants

move faster through corn stubble.

running <sup>the</sup>

check

Pheasant, half brown,  
half white, wait among  
in heavy willows.

until they match  
for something to match,  
all things  
totter

Twilight brings the fringe,  
Early twilight chill, <sup>two</sup>  
<sup>two</sup> blue threads of smoke: hen pheasants  
race for the thicket. <sup>three</sup>  
corn field.

Kansas, Oct. 15, 83 — ✓

Child hiding window pane

~~yearling doe, don't lose~~

~~Your~~ The yearling doe licks  
~~its dim reflections in pond ice.~~  
~~waiting for the spring~~  
~~but it does not thaw~~  
~~but they do not melt.~~

The white tail doe licks  
dim reflections in pond ice  
but they do not melt.

Jesse Peet, Jan, 27 — ✓

Summer

August ocean waves  
smile overloads of bubbles  
on the children's heels.

1986 NFSPS, Mar. 15 - ✓

Ocean waves <sup>3</sup>  
chose ~~the~~ children's heels across the sand, &  
overflowing bubbles <sup>17</sup>  
Spilling all their bubbles

Two chepinuchs riding  
the tall herd ~~and~~ <sup>over</sup> their cheeks,  
the young fresh  
teeth.

Gray Meander Bay  
Gray Squirrel nuzzle  
Gray Starved Fox face

~~Aug 10~~  
Leaven, Paul -  
  
Birds hunting thru leaves  
searching dead  
each more shadow than substance, this  
Autumn <sup>fall's</sup> shades tined alike  
colors all the same  
gray squirrels stoning  
raiding  
my bird feeder stuff <sup>then</sup> cheeks gray  
the  
mustard ~~nesting thru~~  
~~stomach each leaves,~~  
~~dead~~  
~~Color one ~~one~~~~  
~~memory.~~  
ignoring  
gone the finches  
in ~~finch threats~~  
Gray  
Gray Petaliner  
day  
gray squirrels  
nesting thru  
stomach each leaves,  
dead  
Colors one ~~one~~  
memory.  
Shadows one  
dark gray.

gray squirrels gray stone  
Young & chipmunks  
Two squirrels raiding  
the fall bird feed stiff their cheeks  
seed pouch

Gray's Nuthatch

Gray

1. Birds slow in fallen  
leaves shadow than substance

2. Colors all the same.

3. all the same color  
all the same shade now  
dull

VERNAL EQUINOX

I don't want to see spring-- days long as nights--

You and I began almost fifteen months ago.  
You wore your old hunting boots  
hauled from the trunk when your car stalled  
in the blizzard and you walked the rest of the way.  
Your ears had turned to American Beauties  
just out of the florist's refrigerator.  
The real ones never arrived.

Under my long white dress I wore fleece sweat pants.  
The church's vintage furnace picked that day  
to sigh its last. Only three guests came.  
We said our vows in the preacher's study,  
his glasses so fogged he  
read his lines.  
Some people said it  
winter.  
But we loved it away  
ur second.

Now I could tell the  
The coldest hurting  
crumbling and partin

in is green.  
ch  
reen.

You said I'd make you  
But all I did was make  
make the bed and some  
then turn to answer that  
and tomorrow's knob came

oot socks,  
ep dish pie  
at the door  
d.

March 15, 1981  
Jessie D. S.

High tide meets us here--  
a roll of flashing bubbles  
faster than our heels

One black butterfly,  
wings frayed, beats against the wind  
not going his way.

One black butterfly,  
wings frayed, beats against the wind  
not going his way.

One black butterfly,  
wings frayed, beats against the wind  
not going his way.

-Byline  
2-24-88

My style is accessible

Modern without being obscure in approach & I don't  
think it's the most "obscure" anything

I think in my the music of the crowd without which  
being in my the music of the crowd without which  
it can't exist. My style is accessible  
~~both with language & little~~ There are many  
several levels of thought including the  
symbolic but not at the  
symbolic & symbolic but not at the  
sense of accessibility.

W  
e  
r  
e

John - New York - All shows

The hunter's moon ascends  
above deer tracks, bloody snow,  
wolf cries rising.

Nine gaggle snow geese  
rise to form a slow arrow.  
One white quill falls down.

An egret waits, stilled  
in pond reflections. Wind blows  
his courting plumage.

Ascending hunter's moon  
above deer tracks, bloody snow,  
wolf cries rising.

## Haiku

Three migrating cranes  
brush full moon's page with winged strokes  
like ancient haiku.

Spring wakes Eden genes,  
recalls old gates—a garden  
we cannot forget.

Fall's salmon are red  
and weary in clear shallows.  
The bear's claws are quick.

Fall's salmon are red  
and weary in clear shallows.  
The bear's claws are quick.

Fall's salmon are red  
and weary in clear shallows.  
The bear's claws are quick.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
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Form: Japanese Sedoka  
24 lines

A BIRD FOR ALL SEASONS

Glenna Holloway

He comes in the rain,  
A gourmand for my rose hips.  
Absorbing red with his nips,  
He darts it around  
The garden, brings it closer,  
Concentrated, fletched with light.

He comes in the snow  
To eat my carmine berries.  
No wonder his flame is bright.  
He keeps the color  
I crave in my winterscape  
fanned high and warm via flight.

He comes in the spring  
For sunflower seeds I serve  
So he won't do his courting  
Elsewhere. She's taupe-streaked,  
Not vivid, but she's sporting  
The light beak, getaway tail.

They come in summer  
For my ripening cherries  
Selecting the deepest shade.  
I could use netting  
But I'd rather trade my fill  
For songs and wings that won't fade.

*SP*

Sun punches through  
the blister it burned  
in wet sky

After the chase:  
steam from cat fur  
rising with morning mist

Jagged lightning splits  
the night. A fox bares  
lightning-shaped teeth

Seedling pines  
I tried to kill in my herb bed  
now shade my old age.

Glenne Holloway  
1028 Apple Lane  
Lombard, Ill. 60148

— send GPO card

— until you notice that it is very difficult to see the  
beauty in the trash can lid —  
BEAUTY IS  
Glenne Holloway  
— until you notice that it is very difficult to see the  
beauty in the trash can lid —  
Iridescent filigree

— Until you notice that it is very difficult to see the  
beauty in the trash can lid —  
Iridescent filigree  
On a lowly fly,  
Truth to see eludes your eye  
In loveliness of lotus.  
  
Haiku:  
On the trash can lid —  
the iridescent filigree  
of the blowfly's wings.

This is how one gets the tension between objects for haiku. The ugliness of the trash can and on it the loveliness of the fly's wings ... but the fly is an ugly pest. Yet, it has beauty. Even the trash can brings us a chance to see things as they are. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. This is haiku as different from poetry. The above is tanka, but is too poetic in its statement. Getting used to a new editor's requirements will take a little time, but please submit again. Send me some of your own favorite haiku. Read Henderson and Blyth's haiku. There will be a list of rules soon. This will help too.

L.E.Harr

vwollen in  
enai sizer SSI  
8400 .III , Presmod

Dear Glenna --

Thank you for your submission -- I hope you will bear with me while we make the change-over from what was to what will be the case in HH.

As of now, I prefer haiku UNtitled. All other short poems have been excluded from the HH pages unless they are haibun, tanka or senryu.

The poem of yours I like and hope to publish is The Forgiven, although I would want to omit the title. In haiku, it is better to leave out reference to I, me or mine. How you would get the point across without this is a dilemma, but:

The seedling pine  
how often it survived the hoe --  
Now shade in old age.

Do you see that in this manner you say what you want to put across without ~~saying~~ it as in your version. This is the essence of haiku. Say it by ~~eye they sensible see to direct~~ direction. Your thought in this one is excellent. It shows the originality I'm seeking for HH. Please work on this one and re-submit it. I would like to see it in print. Also June bug -- but the intellectualizing in it makes it poetry, not haiku. If you add two lines of 7-7 to it, it might become a tanka (5-7-5/7-7) but I would prefer haiku submissions. Haiku is a "wordless" poem. Eric Amann says,

a delight  
Seedling pines delighted  
of herb beds  
Scores of seedling pines  
blight of youthful herb beds  
now shade for old age  
forgave the hoe  
forgiving hoed ~~young~~ dormiting moon gardens

Sent Haiku Highlights Jan. 28, 1973

Seedling pines survived  
hoe and curse in the herb bed--  
now shading old age.

Lorraine Ellis Harr, Editor  
4102 N. E. 130th Place  
Portland, Oregon 97203

Bees on lily spires--  
~~one~~ struggle to fly with legs  
full of sticky gold.

RET. FEB 7 -

Fir waiting alone  
while wind winds-up a twister--  
such calm green valor.

Sun on trash can lids--  
iridescent filigree  
in the blowfly's wings. *SOLD* ?  
FEB. 7-1973

The wind spread a feast--  
dandelions, cress, mushrooms--  
woodland tossed salad

Woods searching for green  
came to a frozen brook. East  
smiled, melted and flowed.

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Spring wakes Eden genes,  
recalls old gates— a garden  
we never forget.

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

3 lines

Three migrating cranes  
brush the moon's page with winged lines--  
an ancient haiku

Ascending hunter's moon  
above deer tracks, bloody snow,  
wolf cries rising.

The hunter's moon ascends  
above deer tracks, bloody snow,  
wolf cries rising.

An egret waits, stilled  
in pond reflections. Wind blows  
his courting plumage.

A lone loon's cry — JAL, Nov. 28, 88—  
in October's last hour:  
Night chills and darkens.

Ignoring the swarm — Amelia, 3/28/88  
one black bear got the honey.  
One bee got bare tongue.

The tree's first apples  
hang in shade of branches  
smelling of sun.

Drab birds fly across  
the sunset for an instant  
glowing bright orange.

Where the lake curves,  
sun dips into the water, reclaiming  
its missing half.

A lone loon's cry,  
scent of leaf mold and autumn rain--  
night chills and darkens.

Nine gaggling snow geese  
rise to form a slow arrow.  
One white quill falls down.

August sun rises,  
swamp mist, scent of musk lifts.  
Cranes ascend swiftly.

June sun inches up,  
swamp mist, musk scents rise slowly.  
Cranes ascend swiftly.

Jane sun inches up 5  
hog mist, mush scents lift slowly 7  
cranes rise hurriedly. 5  
just & loud.

hog mist, mush scents lift slowly  
mush scent, hog mist lift

Amelia, 3/28/88

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

A loon cries

A loon cries  
in October's final hour  
Night grows colder

Two eagles flying:  
sound of wet sheets  
on windy clotheslines

One yellow owl eye  
opening at moonrise:  
one mouse runs.

October sea  
works itself into a froth  
chasing my heels

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

Two eagles flying:  
sound of wet sheets  
on windy clotheslines

One yellow owl eye  
opening at moonrise:  
one mouse runs.

October sea  
works itself into a froth  
chasing my heels

The seedling cedar  
he hoed down in the herb bed  
now shades his old age

Snow

Face down in snow  
the fallen tombstone buries  
the family name.

Glenra Malloway  
First Prize Winner Jr.

Her fm nipples open.<sup>to</sup>  
Hiding her smile

Another sea.  
~~Winding itself~~ with both  
wounds, itself with both  
Chasing Sheldies heel  
Chasing my

eagle flying - 4  
~~eagle~~ sound of wet sheets 4  
Sound like wet sheets 5  
On a windy clothesline 7  
day

Wing in the wind  
on a wind blown Clothesline

eagle flying - sound  
of wet sheets on wind blown  
Clothesline

THE SWIFT A WING\*

THE SWIFT COMPARES PARTIES

BECOME TO SHOW.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

Summer ocean  
working itself into a froth  
chasing children's heels.

Sunset and herons--  
long-legged hunger  
posed in last reflections.

Sunset and herons--  
last reflections  
of long-legged hunger.

Seedling pines  
I tried to weed from my garden  
now shade my old age.

New island--sea cooling  
fiery fountains below  
Madam Pele's gift.

Blood on first snowfall--  
coyote howling at moonrise--  
other rabbits hide.

Fireweed flowers  
between fallen chimney bricks  
and charred roof beams.

Sun probes the tidepools.

Tiny creatures shut their shells  
till the sea returns.  
waiting sea's return.

Sun iridesces  
the wings of swarming horseflies  
tormenting the colt.

sun iridesces  
the wings of swarming horseflies  
tormenting the colt.

a single loon's cry  
a foghorn in early dark.  
Sounds of sudden chill.

19

3<sup>rd</sup> Hm  
Jessee Paet  
for July Haiku  
judge: Donn Grace

Hooked jaws, streaking reds,  
salmon bore through the current  
as water turns cold.

Mrs. R. W. Holloway  
3811 Carole Dr.  
Doraville, Ga. 30040

THE FORGIVEN

The seedling pine <sup>the</sup>  
Tried to kill in <sup>the corn row</sup> my ~~herb bed~~  
Now shades <sup>his</sup> ~~my~~ old age.

Try to dig from the corn row  
~~weed~~

by Glenna Holloway

Cedar  
The seedling hemlock  
he thought he killed in the corn  
he tried to kill in the corn  
he tried to hoe from the corn  
he lived down in the herb bed

I do try not to kill

Growing in the corn  
a seedling pine he tried to kill

He tried to

live down in the <sup>herb bed</sup> corn row

Mrs. R. W. Holloway  
38 Hill Street Dr.  
Dearborn, MI 48126  
Box 3000

Birds Blank canvas waiting

With Behind <sup>our</sup> eyes for stippling  
mixed green metaphor

Second The artist ocean  
sprays a scene watercolor  
on June's red headscarf

Gray squirrel brown netts

Fall ancient tapestry of fall  
collage of autumn

The forest's future  
future's promiscuous

Winter ~~swallow sun~~ yd

try to remember  
One must remember  
Past pigments and reuse white  
the equal  
the presence of all hues.

poses  
subject  
visual

FIRST PRIZE, HAIKU  
poetry Patrons 1981

About serene white

the equal presence  
of all colors  
of every color.

Perfection is white;  
the blended  
equal presence

of every color.

Completeness

full cycle

The seedling cedar  
we based under the canopy  
Now shades our allee.

With Perfection is white:  
the blended equal presence  
of every color

16. President's Award

FORM: HAIBUN (alternating haiku + prose)

37 lines

20  
X

RED STONE IN APRIL

A scalloped inlet mirrors the desert-varnished monolith that dwarfs our green tent, the beached boat. Light lingers, but sun is blocked by red stone.

Flame crackles sage wood  
warms yellow sand, evening air  
flickers against cliffs

Behind sounds of muted voices and music down the narrow peninsula, we hear only the occasional splash of a fish. We can barely see the widening circles in the deepening dark.

Rays burst over hills  
edge drab clouds with silver  
reveal rippled calm

The white V follows us past walls of orange and red, --over and over, the same; different. We stop in a water cave, rocking gently on green fathoms as we stare at mineral paintings on curved walls.

A new leaf floats  
eddies on dark water  
from treeless canyons

We climb a rubbed rock slope to a high sanctuary, a restored Anasazi ruin, Reeboks and Nikes following paths once walked by thong sandals, callused bare feet. Young voices assault a stillness heavy with presence. We inspect barely-adequate shelters, storerooms for sparse provisions. We wonder at the stamina of an unseen people.

A lizard skitters  
an ochre trail to refuge  
petroglyphs on sand

At the stone rainbow, we hike a dry trail once threatened by water, to read a greened copper plaque telling of those who found this landmark. We take pictures from many angles trying to catch on film the awe we feel.

Canyon wren's song  
trills below the massive arch  
echoes rock to rock

(2)



GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

Dear Mr. Spiess:

Thank you for the note and the dealer idea. I noodled around with it below. The last one seems best to me both in smoothness and appearance but I'm still trying to master the form. Hope one pleases you.

Please include your guidelines in my SASE.

like sanctified relics  
two imbedded flies--  
the dealer doubles the price of amber  
or  
dealers double the price of amber

two imbedded flies  
like sanctified relics--  
dealer doubling the price of amber

like sanctified relics  
two imbedded flies--  
doubling the price of amber

like sanctified relics  
two flies imbedded in amber--  
dealer doubling the price

20 XI 95

Dear Glenna ~

I certainly find that you have been working on this haiku, but still a couple of problems - the main one being that one of the "objectives" of haiku is to present the suchness of entities, the thing in itself, not as being something other than itself or even like something else. Therefore, simile & overt metaphor are extremely seldom



Dear Mr. Garris:

used in hair. Consequently the making of the piece  
of amber like a sanctified relic is not particularly  
appropriate.

The point of this hair is to indicate the value of  
the piece of amber because of the two imbedded flies,  
which you do so, by the dealer's doubling of the price.  
Comparing this to piece of amber to a sanctified  
relic is stretching things rather far.

Very cordially,

Bob

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Those willow saplings  
the grizzly nibbled and scarred  
now shade his old age.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
913 E. Bailey Road  
Naperville, IL 60565

drops of digger's sweat +  
spadefuls of clay =  
next week's terra cotta pot

last race of summer--  
jockey wreathed in roses  
and steam from his horse

sun punches through  
the blister it burned  
in dark wet sky

three migrating cranes  
cross the sunset--  
winged haiku

clouded July moon--  
moonflower opening  
its own light

like sanctified relics  
two imbedded flies  
soaring the price of amber

Dear Glenna - This  
one has good  
possibilities. But  
instead of raising  
smile (which seldom  
works out well in haiku)  
why not have a dealer doubling  
the price of the price of amber  
with the two imbedded flies.  
There would be a correspondence  
between "double" and "two."  
Also, readers could possibly intuit  
that because of this rarity, it is  
somewhat like the rarity of religious  
relics.

Condeally,  
Bob

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

How vermillion bright  
the fireweed makes the tundra,  
how hurried the bees.

Glenна Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Leaf green spreads its shade  
to deepening warmth, lengthens  
its reach to the sun.

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Changing wind carries  
the scent of arriving deer,  
the musk of rutting.

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Stilled water, loosen  
the young doe's thin reflection  
from winter's mirror.

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Fall's salmon are red  
but weary in dark shallows.  
The bear's jaws are quick.

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

So strong the night winds  
the luna moth tries to cross--  
so fragile its wings.

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Three migrating cranes  
brush moon's page with winging lines  
like ancient haiku.

Glenна Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Rivers water down  
the glitter of autumn's gold  
and bank the spilled change.

Alashon

Fishlore Synopsis

P+P

Alashon Synopsis, ~~late October~~

A loon's sudden cry  
 shrills thru autumn's wet darkness.  
 The night grows colder.

Brook joins racing reds,  
 salmon come thru the current  
 to end in spawning.

Ptarmigan, half brown  
 half white, wait in dwarf willows  
 for all things to match.

1981                   Clouds of snow float down.  
 Issie Poet Jan. 18      Deer leap rods by, white tail gloved.  
                          Clouds of snow fly up.

Leaving in winter.  
 Sweet does not melt on my hand  
 waving you goodbye.

1986 P+P, Aug. — ~~Best~~

FIRST \$25<sup>00</sup>

SECOND Best of Best \$25<sup>00</sup>

## DEATH: A STARRING ROLE IN THE CELESTIAL SCENARIO

Death never was the enemy we thought,  
nor is it sinister or strange. Our acts  
could not go on without this pivot tip  
that makes the drama work. Our close is brought  
about by saturation, emptied facts,  
not death. It gives us earthly drive and grip,  
this old unbroken contract to equip  
us with an exit that repels/attracts,  
spares us roted lines, dull plots, staled breath

\$8.00  
8

1986

1. A loon's sudden cry:

Suddenly a loon

AUTUMN TRYPTICH

A single gray loon  
Autumn's wet  
Shrills thru wet autumn darkness.

3. You night turns colder,

Ohio, July 10 - ✓

A single loon  
shrills through wet darkness.  
Suddenly I'm colder.

... Hooked jaws, racing reds,  
salmon bore through the current  
to end with spawning.

Ptarmigan, half brown,  
half white, wait in dwarf willows  
for all things to match.

a single gray loon  
a lone autumn loon

- wrong count

Jan. 1987

Jesse Paet, Jan. 18 -

Ptarmigan, Mar. 30 1987

Haiku:

Small grass-stained boy  
summer under  
his fingernails

gold glass bowl  
on my window sill  
repeating the sunrise

fireweed growing  
between fallen chimney bricks  
and charred roof beams

You leave in winter.  
Snow does not melt on my hand  
waving you good-bye.

Creeks spread curving spokes—  
the silver armature for  
summer's parasol.

LA, Sept. 4, 82 - 3118 (610) ✓  
 Phoenix, Pen Women, Jan. 30, 83 - ✓  
 Arizona, Sept. 15, 83 - ✓  
 Caddo, Nov. 83 - ✓  
CJ Monitor Nov. 24, 83 - ✓  
Suit, Jan 8, 84 - Jan 19 ✓  
Modern Maternity, Feb 4, 84 - Feb. 18 ✓  
East West Mg. Mar. 4 - Mar. 29 ✓

Three migrating cranes <sup>ing</sup>  
 brush moon's page with winged lines -  
 an ancient haiku

brush the moon's page with winged lines

This spring

Three migrating cranes  
 brush the moon's page with winged lines --  
 an ancient haiku - over 1 space

Modern Haiku, May 7 - 14 ✓  
 Indiana SFWC, Sept. 1 - ✓  
 Kansas, Oct. 15 - ✓  
 1985 Etanley Magazine: May 3 -

Spring wakes Eden genes,  
recalls old gates—a garden  
we cannot forget.

1. Kansas, Oct. 15, 82 — ✓  
Rhode Island (1 of 3) Oct 30, 82 — ✓  
Ran W Frost, Cal, Sept. 15, 83 — ✓  
along with herons + old man  
1985 Poetry Mag, May 3 — ✓

haiku

The salmon is red  
and spent in rippling shallows.  
The bear's claw is quick.

Alexandria, Aug 1, 83 - ✓

Fall's salmon are red  
and weary in dark shallows.  
The bear's ~~claws~~ are quick.

Penna. Feb. 1-84 - ~~Haiku~~

Modern Haiku, May 7 - 14 ✓

Autumn's red salmon  
are weary in dark shallows.  
The bear's jaws are quick.

1985 Penna, 85 - ✓

(3)

~~100~~

Creeks spread curving spokes—  
the silver armature for  
summer's parasol.

Caddo, LA, MAR 31-83 — ✓  
June rain

3

Alexandria, Aug 1-83 — ✓  
bottom version

1984

Rivers water down

the glitter of autumn's gold

and bank the spilled change

— East West  
Journal, Mar. 4 29

Modern Haiku, May 7 14

Rivers squander gold  
borrowed from autumn trees then  
bank the fallen change

1986  
Jessee Poet:  
Jan. 29 — ✓

Early twilight chill,  
blue threads of smoke. Three pheasants  
rise for the corn field.

(5)

2 haiku

Those willow saplings  
the grizzly nibbled & scarred  
now shade his old age

Such chilling wind  
the luna moth flies across

Two willow saplings  
the bear once nibbled and scarred

so thin its pale wings

Two willow saplings  
the bear once nibbled and scarred  
-now shade his old age  
now shade his old age

luna moth flies

So strong the east wind  
the butterfly flew across—  
so frail its white wings.

tries to cross

frail pale

So strong the east wind  
the butterfly flew across

So strong the east wind  
the butterfly flew across  
so frail its white wings

the new butterfly crosses—

such determined wind

~~such determined~~  
1984  
PS of Kentucky

~~so strong the wind~~

May 31 —

the luna moth flies across

so thin its pale wings.

1984

East West Magazine, Mar 4 — 29 ✓

both Modern Haiku: May 7 — 14 ✓

1985 PSg KY, June 30 —

VA Jan 29, 83 — ✓

(6)

#8

Green leaf spreads its shade  
to deepening warmth, lengthens  
its reach for the sun.

1984

Leaf green spreads its shade  
to deepening warmth, lengthens  
its reach to the sun.

Coast West May  
Mr. 4 - Mon 2d

Modern Haiku, May 7-14 ✓

①

E

Freshwater, Apr. 6, 82 ✓  
Alexandria PW Aug 82 ✓

B Haiku  
on water.  
revised July 82

Wefts of light and shine,  
skeins of floss for dull margins—  
river's artistry.

Streams spread slender ~~curving~~  
Rivers raise their spokes—  
the silver armature of  
summer's parasol.

Kansas, Oct 15, 82 ✓

Stilled water, loosen  
~~young doe's thin~~  
the secret fawn's reflection  
from winter's talons.

mirror

wispy  
fading

thin  
small  
quid  
hungry

1984 EastWest Mag, Mar. 4 — 29 ✓

Milton Haiku, May 7 — 14 ✓

# Calligraphy By Night

3 migrating Cranes  
Invaded their unrigged Stokes across  
the watery moon's empty page

In seduced Silence  
We read their cryptic beauty  
With an ardent Latin scroll.

Their script is peace  
The text  
lyric  
message

In every language  
the text is peace

the kind that lingers for days and recurs at night,  
spindrifting on a shade, a shape, a shell.

He suffers academic bends when he ventures beyond  
his pressured cells. Still, he does dream—  
of whales! With scientific love of facts, with all  
his faith we'll find them, with all he owns vested  
in my baptismal immersion, equipping my camera eye,  
he's readied and reeled my whale of a dream. I long  
to hand him the treasure he loses, thread him through  
the ripe literals, align him with wide-angle after-image  
then apply the kaleidoscope heat to seal it in place.

Our boat plows a trough in ripe Bahama blue; dolphins play  
in our froth, arching parentheses splashing confetti-shine  
over their sharky dorsals, rollercoastering along like kids.  
Later in Caribbean moon-trail over Silver Navidad banks  
we hear them nattering, clicking, whistling,  
mammalian Marconis recording arcane intelligence.  
Can these little whalekind talk with mammoth kin?

Near midnight our search ends with singing. Humpbacks!  
Humpback whales are singing—choruses, solos, duets—  
charging, curving, watercolor chanties. We reel in  
their voices on our spools to convince ourselves  
of their pinched-chainsaw, four-octave-gamut tomorrow.

Three days we chase horizons, circle our bowl,  
never see them. Bottle-green goblets incessantly overflow  
heads of foam. Sometimes the brew rises, writhing  
with opal skins. Cerulean has a taste, not rich as royal,

NLP entry Nov. 15, 1984

~~Clouds of snow drift  
Snow falling slowly come down  
Deer legs pace past, white tails flowed.~~  
~~Clouds of snow fog up.~~

Clouds of snow ~~felt~~<sup>float</sup> down,  
Deer legs race ~~past~~<sup>but</sup>, white tails flowed.  
Clouds of snow ~~flew~~ up.

Kansas PS.  
Oct. 85 — ✓

June lightning zigzagged.  
The bobcat reflexed with sound  
through lightning shaped teeth.  
5  
Ornit  
is plural verb

Leaving in winter  
Snow does not melt on my hand  
Waving you good-bye,

June lightning zigzags  
A bobcat ~~reflexes with~~  
~~reflexes makes his~~  
~~responds with sound~~  
thru lightning shaped teeth.  
A bobcat makes a low sound

~~Thunder startles a fox~~  
~~A fox growls at thunder~~  
~~Expecting thunder,~~  
~~without thunder. A fox growls~~  
~~A startled bobcat ~~reflexes~~~~  
~~fox rolls low growls~~  
~~soft~~  
~~deep~~

June lightning zigzags;  
A startled fox rolls deep growls  
thru lightning shaped teeth.

Kansas PS, Oct. 85 — ✓

CHICAGO: FIRST LADY OF THE LAKE

She moved leanly through Indian twilight,  
shabby and unmet, slogging through swamps,  
trailing her long skirts over skunk cabbage and mud.  
She stumbled on shores that bullied her  
with dares and promises others never heard.

She lay on the flats in bosomy youth, gazing  
blueward— high hollow blue, pale-seamed  
with wet blue, cerulean and blue-gray—  
seasoned shades priming the canvas  
waiting for a subject,

waiting for her to quiet her urgent hunger, waiting  
for her to find a wintersmith husband and breed  
a breed taller and stubbner than the emptiness.  
She, without first-glance beauty,  
without dowry or lineage— a razorish termagant  
on Tuesday, demure as dimity on Wednesday,  
sometimes racy as red sequins on Saturday,  
Sunday—caring through the long rains  
gone white and heavy on her head, an enigma—  
fine figure, unfathomable sum.

After her wedding for better and worse,  
feast and fire, splinter and gilt,  
she took her time with the art of ladyhood,  
(more earned than learned)  
roughing in charcoal,  
handling mixture and brushes her way, using  
the flattering, fuming, prodding blues  
waiting for their match, icing and steaming,  
waiting for her to model her rising brood  
with the back of her hand,  
to teach them to pose substance on air and water,  
add the warm colors to the palette,  
and at last to put in perspective 3 million highlights  
framing the time-stretched palimpsest of azure.

sweet  
How vermillion bright  
the fireweed marks the tundra.  
hungry  
How hurried the bees

by carries  
Changing wind defines  
a new deeper scent —  
arriving deer —  
the scent of the musk of rutting.

1984  
East West May' /  
Mor. 4 Nov. 29 ✓

10th  
Modern Haiku, May 1 — 14 ✓

seewa  
 digid noifimie woh  
 SEEING DARKLY FOR NOW  
 .stis erit asis beewetit edt  
 pungeya  
 how jumtitts the peed

Off tomorrow's starboard  
 the morning's wings bud pink wen s  
 beneath the ~~XXXXX~~ brow of the moon+  
 and the sun's opening eye. We've come to launch  
 our own first light from sundry planes,  
 layeredess with homemade flight plans.

We are long past the wax and feather era  
 if not the disabling myths  
 but in our rising aura  
 we plod against the pull as earth inhales.

Our probing beams waver,  
~~XXXX~~ pale against the vastness. Oblique rays  
 ricochet off melted sapphire mists; facets  
 of obsidian night reflect  
 our flawed designs and opaque facts.

Yet for all our yawning, for all the slipstream  
 flowed across the way of our species,  
 there is a benison-bright apogee  
 our inner spaces are programmed to compute.  
 And having gained it once, we complete  
 a holy circuit, imprinting our imperfect cells  
 with codes and coordinates  
 for our collision course with eternity.



storms stripped my maples.  
a single crimson leaf clingsssss  
to my back screen door.

AT ANGLERS COVE □ A HOTEL/CONDOMINIUM  
1001 NORTH BARFIELD DRIVE □ MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA 33937  
PHONE 813/394-8881

Storms stripped my maples,  
a single crimson leaf clings  
to my back screen door.

Hooked jaws, streaking reds  
salmon bore thru the current  
of ~~cold~~ October waters.  
Chilling waters  
as water turns cold.

Hooked jaws, streaking reds,  
salmon bore thru the current  
as water turns cold.

1986 Jessie Poel, July  
AHM

hooked jaws, streaking reds,  
salmon bore through the current  
as water turns cold.

"O Lord said I looking at watch if I'm late again ~~Doug will~~ kill me."

~~So will I if you~~  
I took a deep breath & paused. "So will I if you don't stop taking L's name in vain." I was smiling but I meant business. D was my closest friend & I felt compelled to make her do something about her profanity. I had sidled into the subject once before now. All academic discussion of several of the commandments including the third, but I had ~~tossed~~ her blond hair & said "I'm not even thinking about real God when I say things like that."

Afterward it seemed she used His name in various forms & combinations even more. After all she was a C, too. She should know better. It bothered me terribly. Another problem was that after heavy profanity & blasphemy at work, the Stone, or TX - having it reinforced on the painted page by the friend I enjoyed most, it was ~~grooving~~ ~~screaming~~ ~~at that~~ ~~a rock~~ ~~that part of my head that~~ ~~now my own language makes a~~ ~~noise in 2 commands, several times~~ ~~automatically records every day~~ ~~language is now idealized~~ ~~it almost slipped up my own tongue before I slept~~ ~~realized it was there. No doubt it had crept into Delle's~~ ~~language~~ ~~itself~~ ~~screamed~~ ~~the same way.~~

and I found myself wanting to repeat it like a ~~parrot~~  
Delle was obviously annoyed that I'd mentioned it again.  
"What do you want me to say, Peter Rabbit of somehow that doesn't scratch the itch. I told you before I'm spelling it with a little 'g'. Listen, I've gotta run. See you."

~~I watched her speed away squalling her tires at the end of my driveway. I had come on too strong. Why did I have to be so pompous?~~

Out of wet darkness  
rose a night bird's sudden cry--  
and I am colder.

(

Out of wet darkness  
rose a gray loon's sudden cry--  
the night is colder.

G. R. Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville, IL 60565

Three migrating cranes  
brush the moon's page with winged lines—  
an ancient haiku.

Glenn Holloway

Indiana<sup>1987</sup>, Sept. 1 - ✓

A loon's single cry

shrills through autumn's damp twilight,

a sudden new chill.

sun bouncing  
off the trash cans turns the fly's

Sun shines on garbage cans  
making the blowfly's wings  
iridescent

sun on the trash cans  
makes the blowflys' wings  
iridescent

sun bouncing off  
the trash can turns the fly's wings  
iridescent

Bees in the lilies  
struggle to get airborne  
legs loaded with gold

# Memorandum

TO \_\_\_\_\_

DEPT. \_\_\_\_\_

I'd like to subscribe to  
Enclosed is my check for a sub  
to MWPR. I'd like Please  
send details of any Poetry comp. etc.  
that you are sponsoring. I hope I  
haven't just missed something.

FROM \_\_\_\_\_

DEPT. \_\_\_\_\_

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

Bees on rose stoners

Bees in lily cups -

one struggles to fly with legs  
one tries to lift off with legs  
blended with gold dust  
dried with sticky gold

Bees in lily cup -

one fails to lift off with its legs  
dried with sticky gold

stuck in

deep in sticky gold  
~~thick with sticky gold.~~

Bees in lily cups -

one fails to lift off, its legs  
thick with sticky gold  
coated  
armored  
plated

gulls and shell hunters  
searching the tide pools  
shrill cries of discovery  
searching the storm wash

burned Innuit village  
red fireweed blooming,  
between charred black beams  
between charred black beams

old drunken fence post  
leaning on rusty barbed wire  
in the prairie wind  
going unddr anesthetic  
one foot keeping time  
to the OR jazz  
<sup>to the O.R.</sup> jazz  
magnolia blooming after dark  
making its oen moonlight

after dark  
the apple tree in bloom  
making its own moonlight

gulls and shell hunters ↗  
~~shrieking discovery~~  
~~searching~~ the storm strewn beach ↗ <sup>tide</sup> pools  
shrill cries of discovery ↗  
coyote expanding his range  
straddling the state line

watching a man  
watch his wife  
listening to Pavarotti

gulls and shell hunters  
searching the storm strewn

Suddenly a single loon  
shrills through wet darkness;  
autumn grows colder.

Sun bouncing off  
the garbage can lid iridizes  
the blowfly's wings

The egret

Sun inches up lift  
Swamp mist, mush <sup>wise</sup> rises slowly  
Crows ascend swiftly.

Blood on first snowfall shine  
Coyote bawling ~~at the~~ moonlight  
Other rabbits hide.

The egret waits, stilled  
in pond reflections. Wind cleans  
his caunting plumage.

Drap birds fly across  
the sunset, for an instant  
glowing bright orange.

Where the lake curves,  
sun dips into the water, reclaims  
its missing half.

+ Hunter's moon rises,  
<sup>on</sup> lights deer tracks & bloody snow.  
<sup>now</sup> The wolf's cry rises.

+ A single loon <sup>cries</sup>  
in October's last hour -  
night chills & darkens.  
blockers & chills

A <sup>loose</sup> single loon's cry,  
scent of leaf mold + autumn rain -  
night chills & darkens.

Nine giggling snow geese  
rise to form a fast arrow.  
One white quill drifts soon.

August sun rises.  
Swamp mist, scent of mush drifts up.  
Cranes ascend swiftly.

~~The mother~~ <sup>ignoring the bees</sup> <sup>fine sunn bee</sup>  
~~the mother~~ <sup>got</sup> <sup>got</sup> <sup>ignoring the sunn</sup>  
the bees found the honey. one black bee got the honey.  
one bee found her tongue. one bee got fine tongue.

Descending 6

Ascending Hunger Moon

above deer tracks, bloody snow - 7

Wolf cries rising,

cougar cries rise ..

Yelps

Descending <sup>Hunter's moon</sup> Hunger Moon

above deer tracks, bloody snow

Wolf cries rising.

Hunter's moon descending  
above deer tray, bloody snow  
wolf cries rising

The hunter's moon sets  
over deer tracks bloody snow  
wolf cries rising.

✓ CALL SARA STEWART