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Harold G. Henderson Memorial Award Collection

2014

20141

county fair second place ribbon in an empty stall

20142

junk car the hum of bees beneath the hood

20143

the Christmas after we told them artificial tree

20144

a bit of rust on the Chevy's fender harvest moon

20145

a lightning strike gives up a flower

20146

forest clearing a scapula left for the moon

20147

that time of year moonlight fills his empty chair

20148

birding . . . the unfamiliar path home

20149

winter solstice the tilt of her hospital bed

201410

first morning firecracker papers wander the streets

2013

20131

flies wait it out under a cow's chin spring shower

20132

heartwood the saw changes its tune

20133

snow field the earth marked by fallen angels

20134

setting sun an accordion squeezes the night air

20135

no moon the click of stilettos on cobblestones

20136

flowing estuary native languages long gone

20137

in the hot tub my eyes on her floating breasts Hunters Moon

20138

rosebud unfolding the seed packet left behind in Revelations

2012

20121

no escaping this moonlight— Pompeii

20122

river mud the shape of boys

20123

somewhere becoming rain becoming somewhere

20124

desert twilight a map with many creases nailed to a cross

20125

we huddle over mother's open grave— lawless winter

20126

a long bus ride the prophetic language of the stops

2011

20111

Navajo moon the coyote call not a coyote

20112

deleting words from the eulogy falling leaves

20113

calla lily the sound of a ladder lengthening

20114

tasting the well in the water— summer stars

20115

Mother's Day the expiration date on wildflower seeds

20116

northern lights . . . the scratchy play of seventy-eights

20117

a recurring escape from my father's dream

20118

the big dipper no matter where I stand mountain sky

20119

summer passing the yard flamingo's rusty legs

201110

glint of sunlight: the respirator carries on alone

2010

20101

All Souls Day... my name called from the front gate

20102

autumn an empty booster seat in the barber's window

20103

hunter's cabin: of the woods not of it

20104

end of the walk returning the crow's feather where I found it

20105

cafe for sale— outdoor tables rusting into autumn

20106

day lilies another death date added to the family tree

2009

20091

The house finch has a song for it, morning after snow

20092

crescent moon a bone carver sings to his ancestor

20093

close enough to touch— I let the junco lead me away from its nest

20094

Blowing leaves tempt the old cat, but not enough

20095

ancient mountains . . . runners clearing hurdles on the practice field

2008

20081

Thanksgiving— fifteen minutes of mince pie

20082

blossoms . . . the baby's bare feet pedal the air

20083

butterfly my attention attention span

20084

one moth a thousand candles light the darkness

20085

trail's end— my pebble settles the cairn

2007

20071

family reunion— some of the beached kelp in knots

20072

a jar of pennies on the lemonade stand evening cool

20073

lightning . . . the scarecrow's coat sleeve caught in mid-wave

20074

summer's end the hammock turned in on itself

20075

Charcoal Alley— children flick marbles into the light

2006

20061

season of lights the postman leans to the wind

20062

having no thought we've come to see them— dogwoods in bloom

20063

turning tide— placing intact clams back in the water

20064

mallard pair he rocks on her wake

20065

filtering in with the night air a skunk's warning

20066

stone in my pocket— the brook cuts deeper into the mountain

20067

a bee chose the rose I meant to pluck . . . empty vase

20068

soba noodles . . . the new year slips in

20069

hazy dusk . . . no one bothered to plow the graveyard road

2005

20051

child's wake the weight of rain

20052

gunshot the length of the lake

20053

a stick caught on the lip of the dam winter's end

20054

summer stars . . . the old violin goes to the highest bidder

20055

winter drags on . . . I squeeze the last drops from a teabag

20056

distant thunder— a titmouse gives one chirp and falls silent

20057

Alzheimer's birthday each slice of the cake takes part of her name

20058

March winds a decade has passed by your grave

2004

20041

Indian summer a spent salmon washes ashore

20042

after the funeral whiskers still in his razor

20043

the page-finders of my father's Daily Missal losing their colors

20044

first buds of spring I change the washer's setting to delicate

20045

Among the gravestones with names worn away children play hide 'n seek

2003

20031

whalebone from a beach near Savoonga— winter rain

20032

All Saints morning a path of trodden leaves

20033

cremated in her favorite kimono— small green plums

20034

spring rain— the gravedigger latches the door of his backhoe

20035

spring rain the cat's pink nipples

2002

20021

loon calls my daughter drawing circles near the fire

20022

summer evening— from across the meadow a call to supper

20023

shivering on the roof I rub my palms together meteor shower

20024

ocean breeze— a strand of seaweed steadies the kite

20025

autumn rose— even as I sketch the wind more petals fall

20026

Humid July— from the stove the smell of old fires

20027

the wind of autumn a homeless man warms himself hand to mouth

2001

20011

broken easel — the front yard blue with wildflowers

20012

heat waves — the hitchhiker shifts her child to the other hip

20013

land's end — sand in each bite of my apple

20014

Indian summer a fish slips through the gill net

20015

her 18th birthday — for the first time she notices my silences

20016

spring sunshine the climbing ivy filled with sparrows

2000

20001

meteor shower— a gentle wave wets our sandals

20002

mountain hike we drink from the beginning of a great river

20003

spring sun— high in his arms the newborn is shown

20004

snail— to know its heart beats too

20005

lethal injection unable to shut the blind dog's eyes

20006

end of summer the shape of his feet in his sneakers

20007

Geronimo's grave someone has left plastic flowers

1999

19991

new in town the scent of unknown flowers

19992

foghorns . . . we lower a kayak into the sound

19993

catalog time the garden begins without a seed

19994

new butterfly . . . folded wings lean into the wind

19995

morning overcast a few seeds still dangle from the dandelion

19996

break up I leave behind her butterfly net

19997

walking home barefoot, we enter the shadow of the hill

19998

autumn evening . . . a page of the old book separates from the spine

1998

19981

funeral procession . . . snowflakes blowing into the headlights

19982

autumn evening my hospital window becomes a mirror

19983

storm clouds the cry of a shearwater circles the sky

19984

late into the night we talk of revelations moon through the pines

19985

the kettle whistles . . . a blur of garden color on the window

19986

winter beach a piece of driftwood charred at one end

19987

riveredge old growth: a towering window of stars

1997

19971

I'm caught in it too— the blossom-loosening wind

19972

Over the railroad tracks the slow motion of a snake

19973

The beetle I righted flies straight into a cobweb

19974

leaf in my palm its stem extends my lifeline

19975

about the tree over my small son's grave —tell me

19976

musty smell forgotten . . . deep into the text

19977

that Venus! leading the cupped moon through every turn of the road

19978

"grabs" and "opens" the fist sowing seeds

1996

19961

the river— coming to it with nothing in my hands

19962

deep silence the orphaned nestlings this third morning

19963

summer solstice— the long tips of lavender bent by bees

19964

snowbound coloring inside the lines

19965

the dumproad pond tadpoles exit a birdhouse

19966

still sun-warmed . . . the pulled-out scarecrow in my arms

19967

Changing the swallowtail changed by it the spring wind

1995

19951

letting the branch go a shower of petals falls on the old woman

19952

toll booth lit for Christmas from my hand to hers warm change

19953

winter seclusion tending all day the small fire

19954

on the path only one of us touched by a falling leaf

19955

winter, bedtime static flickers through a white sleeve

19956

warm river— up to our necks in sunset

19957

beneath the ice the waterfall still falling

1994

19941

Old garden chair sagging with the weight of a single leaf.

19942

after the stroke. . . watching only the half of your face that smiles

19943

City window mountains and pines etched in frost

19944

Autumn deepens an empty snail shell explored by an ant

19945

early morning sun scattered on the table several grains of salt

19946

snowflakes no one will miss melt in her hand

19947

bright leaves blow through her dream house

1993

19931

scattering his ashes the moon in bits and pieces

19932

on the river of many names, one cloud floating

19933

learning too late he didn't like bubinga wood— sun strikes the urn

19934

the war memorial— migrating butterflies cover the names

19935

falling leaves the house comes out of the wood

19936

leaving you— fog on either side of the white heron

19937

Below zero all curled up in the woodpile the skin of a snake

1992

19921

deep winter. the armload of firewood chills the kitchen

19922

mourning dove calls . . . my elderly neighbor stills the sound of her hoeing

19923

August morning— a window washer wiping dust from his sunglasses

1991

19911

snowmelt . . . she enters the earth on her knees

19912

an old woolen sweater taken yarn by yarn from the snowbank

19913

a white horse drinks from the acequia blossoming locust

19914

sunlight shines red through my father's thumb on the steering wheel

19915

two women crying one giving birth the other being born

19916

Approaching the family plot . . . my furled umbrella turns into a cane.

19917

Chernobyl victim— fingers pressing the plastic to his wife's caress

19918

cloud shadow long enough to close the poppies

19919

The thick clang of a cowbell the sun deepens

199110

Roses in the smaller room more fragrant

199111

Ninety winters Spellbound Again

1990

19901

silent cathedral stained-glass apostles dimming with dusk

19902

up the path to touch that one oak in last night's dream

19903

dry leaves the old archer curves his eyebrow

19904

soft rain— the new grave looks old

19905

morning sneeze— the guitar in the corner resonates

19906

dusk a lone car going the same way as the river

19907

First days of summer . . . already the leaves gather beneath the sycamores

19908

fall leaves the trees the winter sky

1989

19891

so many ways within the waterfall for water to fall

19892

after the rain on my vegetable patch a new crop of stones

19893

frozen in mud by the vacant shanty: lottery ticket

19894

the potter's hands gently shape the vase out of himself

19895

Watermelon rind, sitting in its own juice the summer sun

19896

figure drawing class— in the model's deepest shadows a stark white string

19897

Ebb tide . . . a little sea in the shell

19898

watching rain pouring down . . . pouring down just watching

19899

abandoned store— large sign reading WE NEVER CLOSE

1988

19891

a single strand of spider silk stops her

19892

endlessly becoming, clouds

19893

mime lifting fog

19894

taking time . . . listening to the grocery clerk

19895

in the Yukon sleeping with one eye shut the summer night

19896

in soap bubbles again and again his face is broken

1987

19871

yard sale, sunlight filling mason jars

19872

leaving home . . . the smell of smoke from old brick chimneys

19873

frozen pond— white antlers rise through the ice

19874

June night my mother alone with her cancer

19875

at dinner biting into the roast beef . . . the butcher's thumb nail

19876

phoning the neighbors their real voices through the open window

19877

repeating the lecture his eyes following the window-cleaner's blade

19878

Tools rusting Unused on the work bench A faucet dripping

19878

full moon peering into the half-built house

19879

dusk drawing the pond's depth to the surface

198710

old woman, wrapping her cat's gifts —centering the bows

198711

on the way to work a hot air balloon up in the mist

198712

this heat; the dog's tail the only breeze

1986

19861

light up under the gull's wing: sunrise

19862

second husband painting the fence the same green

19863

such coolness the snail stretches its neck

19864

the one legged bird that deep bend before taking off

19865

bird song lost in bird song

19866

walking in on her dead eyes reflecting snowfall

19867

in the sea the fireworks rising

19868

bird feeder untouched . . . alone again

19869

circling each thigh cool of the night river

198610

small child afraid to throw away his Church Bulletin

1985

19851

in utter stillness the incense changes direction

19852

early spring sun— the spinster combs out her hair for nesting birds

19853

canyon: at the very edge riversound

19854

Out of its slipper her bare foot talking under the table

19855

Burial prayers grandson playing hide and seek behind the stones

19856

between the fireflies the changing shape of darkness

19857

My father's hammer warm again in my hand

19858

under trees and sky the baby studies her hands

1984

19841

migrating geese— once there was so much to say

19842

sound of her voice carrying eggs across the ice

19843

moving with the clock tower's shadow the flower lady

1983

19831

heart drawn in dust by the old Indian . . . rain

19832

whispered dusk— a fox picks its way across the ice

19833

mist lifting the loon's cry

19834

snowman's eye sinking in the spring rain

19835

Autumn afternoon: I stand on the shadow of the sparrow

19836

ten below zero: man and boy walk through their breath to read old tombstones

19837

hot wind the roadrunner's beak opens and closes

19838

Blackbirds descend through the floaters in this eye

19839

the old man closes the shadow in his hand

198310

spring drizzle rounding the thorn a drop of light

1982

19821

horizon wild swan drifting through the woman's body

19822

deserted wharf the mime bows to the moon

19823

a spider's web across the windharp the silence

19824

under the back steps catfish still flop in the pail— the long August night

19825

horns fold at my shadow's touch; brown slug

19826

early April rain that woman fills every jar, seals them forever

19827

dead mynah bird . . . with each passing car its wing flaps

19828

Picking cotton— the memory of birdtracks in the snow

19829

Old tea bag; tints the moon slightly

198210

blackened walnut left unopened— winter solstice

198211

Distant woodchopper inside the cabin axbite echoes

198212

The grey cranes at dusk— bending in a line along the crooked fenceposts

198213

checking for water the woman finds a full moon trapped in the cistern

1981

19811

Old woman, rain in the eye of her needle

19812

The path shorter now, underfoot the crumbling leaves; the child runs ahead

19813

cry of the peacock widens the crack in the adobe wall

1980

19801

fields of snow not only moonlight but the moon

19802

cold morning sea— an old man towels himself in the sunlight

19803

fields of corn stretching as far as the eye can see within a lost child

19804

crossing the bright sky of a near-sighted swimmer, the song of a bird

19805

and yet perishable is flesh— a mountain plum

19806

what thing cries out deep inside us cooking the turtle?

19807

Lights out . . . the firefly inside

19808

the wind somewhere else— bird tracks in a light snow

19809

apples cooking: in the aroma pictures of my mother canning

198010

Dawn another parting with the moon

198011

back and forth goldfish hot & humid afternoon

1979

19791

the child points at the moon and says, "bird"

19792

one seagull on a shaft of air; dawn

19793

Lean man Carving The tree's dream.

19794

morning-glory folds into herself into her folds

19795

from behind me the shadow of the ticket-taker comes down the aisle

19796

Walking to Work Pages lap at your feet The quick eye holds up the news to the day

19797

Part of a dog walking by upside down in the roadside puddle

19798

Where the ripple was the fisherman casts his line; another ripple

19799

Quiet strokes of night swimmer: the slap of beaver tails . . .

197910

never expecting the lilies in November nor the small coffin

197911

the room's smallness fills with light this morning of snow

197912

The way of the conch— blueing in the sea, and echoing in the wind

1978

19781

leaving all the morning glories closed

1977

19771

Old frog up to his ears in moonlight

19772

reaching into sky the girl breaks the wish— bone of geese

1976

19761

in a dark bag onions sprouting

19762

still lake— a hawk makes off with its image

19763

skiers! standing on the wind