

AMERICAN HAIKU AWARDS
(Ten Dollars Each)

March, 1968

A power failure
darkens the whole neighborhood...
shouts of hide-and-seek.

--Tom Tico

April, 1968

On a littered lot
bright yellow dandelions now
among the beer cans.

--Gustave Keyser

May, 1968

Through the privet hedge
rambler roses burgeoning
over garbage cans.

--Jess Perlman

June, 1968

A day of soft rain;
someone with an umbrella
over the puppy.

--Robert Spiess

This lonely bittern:
poised in marsh grasses--searching
the wide universe.

--Kathryn K. Ahlstrand

Fading in the mist
above the rain-pocked water,
the call of a crane.

--H. E. Arntson

Through Monterey Pines
the spouts of migrating whales--
or wind in the waves?

--K. D. Beernink

Treetops scallop sky
as hillocks in this flat land...
and scallop bayou.

--Charline Hayes Brown

From the mountain ridge
village hovels clustering
at the valley's edge.

--Sam Bryan

Into the canyon
a raven diving...the gorge
sinks deeper, deeper.

--L. Stanley Cheney

Alone in the ruins,
and the sudden shout of rain...
a thousand years pass.

--L. Stanley Cheney

indent — In the full moonlight,
pine branches sway with the breeze:
moon plays hide-and-seek.

--Ruby Choy

Spring honeysuckle:
its fragrance wanders into
every beggar's hut.

--Ronald Clark

Each one of the falls--
there are seven by this lodge--
has a different sound.

--William Howard Cohen

Breaking through the ice
the lake exhales its cold breath
on the wintry air.

--M. M. Dahlgren

Flower arrangement:
just two yellow daffodils,
but the first to bloom!

--L. A. Davidson

To Barnagat Light
one sun strewn March afternoon
to breathe the salt air.

--L. A. Davidson

Fruit trees in flower
but misty rain weights the wings
of the bumblebees.

--Anne Pence Davis

Right on the drip line,
the pine tree has a rusting
halo of needles.

--Carrow De Vries

A cow cropping grass.
Its black and white flank a map:
unknown continents.

--Carrow De Vries

Morning spider webs,
silvery and intricate--
catching only dew.

--Mary Dragonetti

Asylum eyes leap
with squirrels from oak to oak
as darkness sucks them in.

--Cornelia P. Draves

In brownstone windows,
countenances of the poor--
red geraniums.

--Bernard Lionel Einbond

On the bulldozer
the stain of red rose petals...
and now, the old house.

--Marie Virginia Eustace

Looking to the west,
the sun not seen, but its glow
between the buildings.

--David Ferrucci

The wind blows out buds
and seeds, with wings, swirl to make
carpets underfoot.

--Thelma Finefrock

Leaves come tumbling down
exposing backyard clutter
in the model town.

--Thelma Finefrock

The dressing is changed
while the patient, talking loud,
jokes with the doctor.

--Susan Forthman

Sea flies hug this wall,
motionless, gleaning the warmth
of yesterday's sun.

--Ga-Go (Travis S. Frosig)

After the shower,
the pungence of greening sage
through open windows.

--Molly Garling

Empty wine bottle--
a red-nosed cork sniffs the air
and hears someone snore.

--Raymond J. Harms

Creaky old cricket.
How can he make so much noise
just scratching an itch?

--Raymond J. Harms

This April weather--
dry clothes blowing on the line
are streaking with rain.

--Lorraine Ellis Harr

Noisy brown sparrows
chit-chatting over strewn crumbs
like ladies at tea.

--Lorraine Ellis Harr

Trying to catch stars
at the bottom of a well
by dawn whisked away.

--Beth LaPointe Heath

Asleep in a tree
all day long that noisy owl--
hooting in the night.

--Beth LaPointe Heath

A sly skunk sitting
side-by-side on the bulkhead
with the old barn cat.

--Beth LaPointe Heath

Anger fills the night:
thunder slams from peak to peak--
fitful light flashing.

--Anne Catto Holt

The dust is restless;
elephants are descending
from the cloudy peaks.

--Paul Hopper

That carp on my line
straining to deeper water
--higher in the sky.

--Evelyn Tooley Hunt

To that cabbage worm
the whole world was his cabbage
--until this moment.

--Evelyn Tooley Hunt

Mares'-tails in the sky,
and a wild wind whinnying
through the old corral.

--Evelyn Tooley Hunt

Trapped since yesterday
between the glass and the screen
...that fly still buzzing.

--Evelyn Tooley Hunt

On the clinic bench:
each, in her own winding sheet,
her own chief mourner.

--Evelyn Tooley Hunt

The old plantation:
silent moon and silent stars
...and no whippoorwill.

--Evelyn Tooley Hunt

The tide, retreating,
clutching at the barnacles
on these old pilings.

--Evelyn Tooley Hunt

Again, at low tide,
on the ribs of the old wreck--
pelicans waiting.

--Evelyn Tooley Hunt

Dairy herd grazing
with ear and tail metronomes
in silent rhythm.

--Geneva Ingram

The old woman's hands,
earth brown, cradling their yield:
a pale crocus flower.

--Ruth G. Iodice

Wriggleworms hatching
in my grandmother's rain barrel
those long-ago springs.

--Ruth G. Iodice

Evening doors ajar
to catch the tune of April--
how the crickets sing!

--Joseph E. Jeffs

On my neighbor's oak
a ~~■~~ squirrel, head down, scolding
young acorn pickers.

--Joseph E. Jeffs

When night winds bluster;
while old palo verde pods
chuckle to themselves.

--Foster Jewell

Hesitating there...
whether that old saguaro
or the wind that sighed.

--Foster Jewell

Now the owl listens,
while the ghosts of canyon walls
gossip among themselves.

--Foster Jewell

Dew lights in greasewood--
the lost radiance of stars
that fell in the night.

--Foster Jewell

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Shadows of buzzards
and spring lambs run together
over the foothills.

--Foster Jewell

Plunging through heat waves,
whirlwinds vanish in the sun--
ghosts of wild horses.

--Foster Jewell

Wind circles in sand,
humped over clumps of dune grass:
these silent voices.

--Foster Jewell

Pressing on to see
beyond the next dune, pressing
on to see beyond...

--Foster Jewell

On the hidden lake,
the way the loon's call becomes
the mood of the mist.

--Foster Jewell

In the dark river,
crinkled shore lights are swaying
like paper lanterns.

--Ann Jonas

The firethorn rages
against the darkening house
settled in decay.

--Ann Jonas

Battlements of light,
sleepless as the wide-eyed sea--
skyline of New York.

--Jeannette Chappell

The sun is rising--
above the steaming marshes,
a trail of white mist...

--Leroy Kanterman

~~THE~~

Drying the huge nets,
fishermen exchanging tales--
their flatboats bobbing...

--Leroy Kanterman

Autumn leaves rustling;
with every ripple of wind,
the landscape brightens.

--Leroy Kanterman

Eager candidate
nails his name on green spring trees...
and loses my vote.

--Gustave Keyser

Just as suddenly
the smilky shower ceases...
green insect sounds.

--Gustave Keyser

In the window fan
a mechanical cricket
chirps a tinny tune.

--Gustave Keyser

Returning at dusk
with a sack full of walnuts
and stained purple hands.

--Gustave Keyser

Sharp piney fragrance
of the drying lumber stacks...
from the hill...bird song.

--Elizabeth Searle Lamb

It is the wild goose...
patterning by his flight lines
the edge of seasons.

--Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Quarrelling sea gulls
dropping clams upon the rocks...
leave shells and sand tracks.

--Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Tromping across fields,
the old farmer shakes his stick...
impertinent crows!

--Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Through fields gone fallow
black man walking the blacktop
into promised land.

--Anne Landauer

Hollow in tree trunk--
the blizzard sealing with snow
a squirrel's new cache.

--Anne Landauer

From the pet shop cage--
randy laughs of an old crow,
staring at no one.

--Lawrence L. Lazzarini

Left here in the sand:
radio talking politics,
to a twilight surf.

--Lawrence C. Lazzarini

Back in the lean-to--
dawn suggests three mounded forms
curled up in silence.

--William E. Lee

In the wind-tossed brush
a wounded hawk's one good wing--
tossing of itself.

--William E. Lee

Old shipping canal
glazed with summer spews--unwashed
window of commerce.

--William E. Lee

Rings of spun silver
 appearing...disappearing...
 bluegills tasting air.

--William E. Lee

Reeling drunkenly
 with each onslaught of the surf--
 an old fishing pier.

--William E. Lee

Dextrous tumbleweed,
 cartwheeling over sagebrush
 into this barbed wire.

--Dallas M. Lemmon, Jr.

Behind stiff palm fronds
 the bold desert sun lights up
 the sculptured mountain.

--Mabelle A. Lyon

Deeper silence now,
 the arms of the thundercloud
 eclipsing the moon.

--Stanford Lyon

As the last flame
 vanishes above the fire,
 a night ~~is~~ full of stars.

--Stanford Lyon

Timed to the ebb tide
cranes rowing across the sky--
hear their oars creaking.

--Margaret MacKenzie

In this quiet pool
statue-still stiletto-sharp
heron silhouette.

--Margaret MacKenzie

Leaves and waves ever
over and under the same
soft summer shushing.

--Margaret MacKenzie

Lonely bare-ribbed barn:
rifting sand for rippling grain
greedy years ago.

--Margaret MacKenzie

A little brown bird
builds her nest and sits serene
on the traffic light.

--Gloria Max^xson

On the vacant lot
cement mixers turn and ^dpour
fresh paralysis.

--Gloria Maxson

Beside City Hall,
a field of yellow flowers
withered, gone to seed.

--Gloria Maxson

On the laundry line
labor-worn dresses and pants
in a stumbling dance.

--Gloria Maxson

In the vestibule
a life-size statue of Christ
civered with cobwebs.

--Gloria Maxson

In the empty crib
a Raggedy Ann doll sprawls
with a wistful grin.

--Gloria Maxson

The green signal eye
awaits the approaching train...
then becomes ~~red~~ bloodshot.

--Michael J. Mooney

Like the oriole,
the sun keeps disappearing
on this peevish day.

--Kay Titus Mormino

A vine-choked window...
late sun distorts images
upon the drawn blind.

--Kay Titus Mormino

Like his old tractor,
the farmer is sputtering
this autumn morning.

--Kay Titus Mormino

Morning's ashen light
grays the city's narrow sky
and even the sun.

--Kay Titus Mormino

Between two houses,
out of concrete, an old tree
waves at the small ~~sky~~ sky.

--Michael J. O'Connell

Crowding and pushing
this old stump, helmetted toadstools
stage spring assault.

--Catherine Neil Paton

On the lilac bush
a grackle supervising
grackles on the grass.

--Jess Perlman

The pavement mirror,
streaked and spotted by raindrops,
disfigures the clouds.

--Jess Perlman

Back and forth, sparrows
must decide between feeders
hung in neighbor's trees.

--Marian M. Poe

Under ice mirror
and autumn's old rubbish ~~xxx~~ bed
tender sprouts are green!

--Cherry L. Van Deusen Pratt

A flock of pigeons
swoop into one giant wing
in the sharp blue sky.

--Sydell Rosenberg

Newly planted tree--
old home owner comes back twice
to study his work.

--Sydell Rosenberg

Hurrying straight home--
newly bought turtles surging
in a plastic bag.

--Sydell Rosenberg

Section by section
the bamboo rises--a wind
breathing through each leaf.

--Herta Rosenblatt

Across the river
the sun sets--with shaking hands
she lights the candles.

--Herta Rosenblatt

Sudden spring shower
peps up even those old men
running to shelter.

--Eileen Russo

From the dead willow,
a wailing of the screech owl
as snow drifts below.

--Eugene A. Ryan

Boston symphony
audience in ~~XXX~~ rigid stance
...New England Gothic.

--David Seegal

Outside my window
a sooty city sparrow
lifts its voice in song.

--Charles Shaw

Hanging upside down,
an old monkey in the zoo
regards the new world.

--Charles Shaw

Barren, empty, dark,
city streets at three a.m.
shriek their loneliness.

--Charles Shaw

Under the old elm,
I live again a childhood,
sheltered from the rain.

--Charles Shaw

Suddenly dark clouds
are linked with peals of thunder.
Hurry! The windows!

--Charles Shaw

Like slings of grapeshot,
hurled against the window pane...
a wild gust of rain.

--Charles Shaw

Suddenly it burst--
out of a thunder-struck sky--
a blaze of sunlight!

--Charles Shaw

Tinted with evening,
a low-hanging strip of cloud
tells the end of day.

--Charles Shaw

The moon, vanishing
behind a trellis of clouds,
locks the door of night.

--Charles Shaw

Breaking the silence
of the still night--suddenly
the hoot of an owl.

--Charles Shaw

A midsummer sun,
on its way to tomorrow,
sinks into the sea.

--Charles Shaw

The ocean's night sounds,
unlike those of the city,
soon lull me to sleep.

--Charles Shaw

Among the sea shells,
lying at the water's edge,
a bright pearl earring.

--Charles Shaw

Huddled together
on the frozen wind-swept pond,
a conclave of crows.

--Charles Shaw

February fog
engulfs the sleeping village,
birthing a ghost town.

--Charles Shaw

The wind fluttering
the cryptomeria tree,
muttering its joy.

--Dorothy Cameron Smith

A thawing landscape:
tangled swamp weeds and cattails
rise from old snowdrifts.

--Marjorie Bertram Smith

The garden today:
memories of bright hoop skirts
--the pansies in bloom.

--Marjorie Bertram Smith

Here a small whirlwind
skips along a dusty lane
chasing butterflies.

--Marjorie Bertram Smith

Newly rich and proud
--unaware that each lampshade
is showing its seam.

--Robert Spiess

Through the thermopane,
watching the storm-stricken ship
--cocktail glass in hand.

--Robert Spiess

An end to the storm--
a torn strand of water weed
floats in the roiled lake.

--Robert Spiess

Threshing in the field,--
and hot and sticky with sweat;
a snake slithers by.

--Robert Spiess

The field's fire-black stump
--some ladybugs on the side
to the late fall sun.

--Robert Spiess

An abandoned farm;
the rustle of withered weeds
in the ~~XXXXX~~ autumn wind.

--Robert Spiess

A clear, winter day;
from the scrub oak hill, a sound
of wood being sawn.

--Robert Spiess

Distant city lights
like stars in the summer sky
before the daybreak.

--Jan S. Streif

Autumn's glowing sun
hanging between bare branches--
antlers motionless.

--Jan. S. Streif

Some promise has come
when fig vine on the stucco
matcher color well.

--Carter Sutherland

No one is sawing;
a bee in a fence post sounds
harsh on a soft day.

--Carter Sutherland

Among the dark trees
a berry drops and bounces
into cracked red clay.

--Carter Sutherland

Tensing, then easing--
this body of the ocean,
always in labor...

--Georgian Tashjian

A certain wind path
has left its pirouette around
each snow covered stump.

--Georgian Tashjian

My shadow in the pool--
and merging with that darkness
the trout's own shadow.

--William J. Taylor

Street newspapers dance...
revitalized by the wind
of a spring morning.

--Tom Tico

Neglected for years...
the vigorous old rose bush
reaches my window.

--Tom Tico

Now rising above
the steady pour of the rain:
the rush of the wind.

--Tom Tico

From the high window,
in the expanse of gray trees
a faint tinge of green.

--Irma Wassall.

Policemen hornets
build adobe by our door
and buzz trespassers.

--Mary H. Way

Darkness before dawn--
across the quiet city
a mourning dove's call.

--Beverly White

Weeding the garden--
against my pulling fingers
the earth's resistance.

--Beverly White

While warming themselves
round the chimney top, starlings
whistle summer tunes.

--Beverly White

The old drive's treasure
locked in cement, moss-hidden--
a small child's footprint.

--Ethel Fairfield White

In fierce noonday sun
by a dusty-dry birdbath,
a droopy robin.

--Ethel Fairfield White

That grotesque statue
the blizzard carved overnight--
farm mailbox snowed in.

--Ethel Fairfield White

Plowed field spreads a fan
of seeded furrows, waiting
for April showers.

--Adele Wirtz