

Sunlight On Ice

*Haiku / Senryu from the Participants of
Haiku Writing Month ~ Delaware
February 2016*



*Sponsored by The Cicada's Cry
A Micro Zine of Haiku Poetry*

JM Reinbold and Maria Masington, Editors

Dedication

For all the poets who participated in Haiku WriMo Delaware 2016.

clouded moon
lake a dark mirror ...
beginner's mind

JM Reinbold



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Ken Casey

Pennsville, New Jersey USA

beneath splashes
of winter rain
black ice surrenders

Delaware waters sing
roused by winter moon
raising harmony

daffodils arrive
tree buds dance on winter's end
robin red-breast comes

winter moon sailing
across a cloudless sky
fantastic orb

walnut-filled larders
grounded squirrels banter aloft
suspicious creatures

effervescent words
gird my lonely psyche
creative writing



Vincent Cleaver

Delaware USA

About a character I'm writing –

warrior poet
inscrutable turtle goes
and asks for a life

February 17th

flame-tongues lick dirt
burnt wet organics, stinking
ship sets down, weary

February 12th

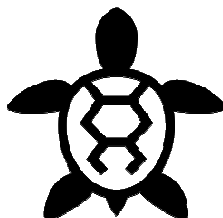
monster on the prowl
slobbering, stinking, striking
now has sharp rebuke

eater is client
bad tempered seeker sought
turtle secrets, soup

my heroes survive
and win the day, but at what
cost in blood, honor

February 5th

fingertip to tip,
tender touch; empty picture,
memory-filled



N. Taylor Collins

Dover, Delaware USA

smoke grabs air
by the throat until it comes
out of hiding

it's not the same wind
when this wind returns and yet
this wild touch...I know

this morning finds me
alone crunching through iced snow
footsteps following me

he texts three times
cold day in hell comes sooner
than my reply

winter forest
bulging nothingness
overgrown

I stomp for her now
as she insists on pushing
up those daisies



DhamiBoo

Wilmington, Delaware, USA ~ Bangkok, Thailand

fresh hay
perfumes the barn
cows become fireflies

cicadas baling hay
butterflies flying kites
eating sweet corn

carving off
a chunk of *pu-erh*
the cuckoo laughs

in the drawer
an old letter
remembers mom

even with dementia
she was still
my dear aunt

silly uncle
tormenting fickle youth
with vegetables

snow heavy blanket
saplings pushing through
aromatic bush



Maire Durkan

Wilmington, Delaware USA

at last I meet you
deep within this labyrinth
beloved shadow

above the tree line
wind, rock, lichen, stunted pines
and one beating heart

above the tree line
the old gods stir and recall
the breath of pilgrims

before the storm
a sea of motionless wheat
suddenly the wind

you touch a memory
suddenly without warning
the song of the tide

after all these years
our hands touch under blankets
promises made real



Robin Glanden

Newark, Delaware USA

wide awake can't sleep
writing haiku in my head
should be counting sheep

Longwood with my love
orchids on Valentine's Day
love blooms every day

in bed with the flu
day spent in sick achy haze
cat lies close plays nurse

memories and love
for those who have passed along
they are always near

Robin is my name
robins signal spring is here
Robin welcomes spring

mind went to dark place
but tomorrow's a new day
step into the light



Brenda Ireland

Landenberg, Pennsylvania USA

the goddess walks here
where flowers grow abundant
after winter's rest

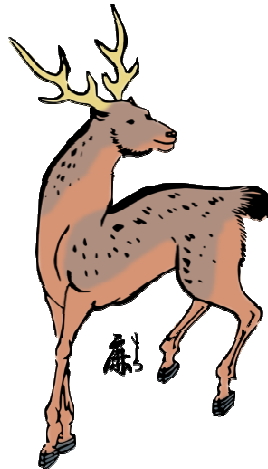
great expectations
turn like a spiral staircase
deep within my mind

window on my door
through which I cannot see you
but hints at beauty

still breath held hopeful
the sigh of the wind echoes
with peace signs spinning

the world is silent
through the window she watches
the cold held at bay

from silence, twigs snap
again stillness as ears turn
tails up, heels clicking



M. Azim Khan

Peshawar, Pakistan

puppeteer ...
in every movement
the understanding

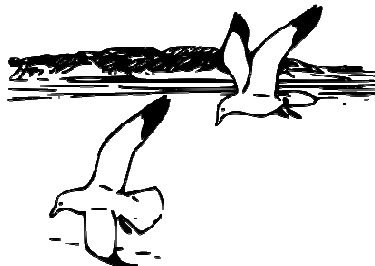
blazing winter moon ...
the night watchman lights
a cigarette

hard day ...
the hailstorm finally melts
into a kiss

eyes too full
the song of the tide
ebbing

robin ...
my coir mat
in your nest

the last pull ...
end of the journey
silent shore



Linda Lambert

Baltimore, Maryland

the pain of one
breaks the heart of all;
in one drop, the sea

beneath splashes
of sharp cold rain
black ice submits

geese drop to the pond
clatter gentled by soft-falling snow
a hundred icy splashes

train whistle far
across the river ice
sharp starlight

Meditation

amid the pines
the climb is hot and steep
I breathe



Robert Laskowski

Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts USA

two breaths tilt landward
feet find focus among the rocks
--the journey is hard

saints teach us
what to do or not
--full moon through clouds

tender thoughts
a friend's return
--snow softens

haiku of love
no need for many words
one gaze is enough

listening to birds
one hears so many things –
a flower sings purple

February's last day
spring breezes bend trees
--more poems to come?



Lisa Lutwyche

USA

cold-kissed cheeks, pathways
carved through snow, meadow, boxwood;
greenhouse orchids splash.

hands blue in moonlight,
my shadow stretches; one more
black stripe in the trees.

night closed with a wide
cobalt lid on a jar of
glowing vermillion.

lithograph flattened
landscape, captured in layers
of mist, slants of rain.

red-winged blackbird calls
echo over melting snow;
red flash in black trill.

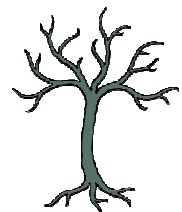
(Haiku sequence)

winter monochrome
sits like a heavy cover
on my sleepy soul.

steely sky paints cold
over the landscape, as black
bird silhouettes form

staggered sprays of black
confetti. Even as the
wind dies, the trees toss,

as if dancing might
warm their brittle roots, fingers
stiff, gnarled, arthritic.



Maria Masington

Wilmington, Delaware

woven with vines and
twigs, shimmers silver tinsel,
decked halls of her nest

cowbirds float
in tawny oatmeal sky,
raisins with wings

dishwater sky,
with smudged fingerprint clouds,
awaits spring clean

orange red sunset,
salmon lies across the sky,
fish out of water

daffodils push to
birth through March snow, gasping for
first clear breaths of Spring

stop my peasant trod,
face the dawn and daisies,
walk the goddess path



JM Reinbold

Wilmington, Delaware USA

in the café
a basket of bright lemons –
gray cloudy day

full moon night –
a silent passage of deer
through fogbound trees

monastery | only the bell speaks

this understanding
between shore and wave –
tea ceremony

sun dappled pond
fades into star filled sky –
sitting zazen

longest night –
the old year flavors the
taste of the walnuts



Maggie Rowe

Newark, Delaware USA

one onion
bobbing in the broth:
hunger moon

cold air, my eye runs:
nothing to do with sorting
the old photographs

divorce
waves frozen at the shoreline
breaking, breaking

pain:
you have your mountain
I have mine

dogwalk over ice
wind chill as fire
no day for earrings

evening cuddle
buddy could use a mint
old dog



Wendy Schermer

Arden, Delaware USA

feathery gray
shadows of pine branches -
winter moon light

cloud-shadowed ocean -
patches of dark water
the song of the tide

rainbow reflection
in my morning cup of tea -
hint of mint on my tongue

lawn chairs -
seating for snow
that fell through the night

last leaf on the branch
shimmers silver in a
handful of moonlight

arc of morning sun
pink gold gray blue yellow -
icy lake's surface



Carol Grandell Scott

Wilmington, Delaware USA

relinquishing pride
after years of estrangement
a reconciling

spotted fawns to the buck
precise snap to attention
hung on every move

creativity
riding on its wonderment
tapping into it

memories of my mom
with her afternoon pleasure
sugared milky tea

robins clustering
rusty red old world songbirds
what a wished-for sight

weighing future days
deliberate introspection
facing what will come



Donna Shand

Newark, Delaware USA

awaiting winter moonrise
wondering
if dark may end?

early spring –
cardinal song
woven through snowflakes

morning at the DMV
miserable drizzle –
will my old car pass?

misty forest walk –
tall standing oaks
hold white dogwood clouds

peel vines from bucket
dip in old well –
will you see me this time?

sitting on a rock –
the silence of the mountain
humming in my ears



Justynn Tyme

Wilmington, Delaware USA

the wind blows
rare moment comes
gracious host obliging guest

grass under my feet
trees over my head
Edo, Fresno, Moscow
the tea is ready

quiet room of noisy minds
buried deep in ideas
the sweet song of inspiration

if you ask me what I do
i will say not much
it is an honest lie

my spoon is bent
the soup is bitter
I weep gently, I have no bowl



Andrew West

Wilmington, Delaware USA

I stray from path
nature lends me her power
I discover mine

natures path finds me
I quiet my mind and heart
woods whisper wisdom

snow tinkles through spruce
fox trots by oblivious
wonder in silence

I walk by moon light
young barred owls checking in
woods meditation

I glide long past dark
crow chuckling to another
the owl and I meditate

snowy landscape
timeless
yet ephemeral



Jean Youkers

Hockessin, Delaware USA

a handful of moonlight
lights the divergent paths
through life's dense forests

the breeze through the trees
joins with animals' chatter
the forest's soft sounds

we hear rustling
across the snow they're running
count: eleven deer

I arrived with the wind
on a blizzardous March morning
many years ago

exquisite orchids
frilly purple white yellow striped
proof of miracles

a crazed bird emerged
from a clock on the wall, crying
"Haiku! Haiku! Haiku!"

