

Haiku 2020

From Chan retreat, February

Had I turned away sooner
I would not have seen the sliver of silver sunlight
Underneath the red kite's wings

Breakfast.

Mark poured me a cup of tea
(the stream pours down the hillside)

The reference in the second one is a bit obscure! R.D.Laing reported a schizophrenic patient as saying, "No one has ever given me a cup of tea before"

Early March

Meditation haiku
This morning a precious moment:
a pause in the torrent of thought
revealed a gentle quiet.

After our cat died

Our old cat
Lies buried in the orchard
Now here she is sitting on my lap

Early April

While reading Hunger Mountain

A crow flies low across the meadow grass,
Waits a while on top of the wall,
Then returns.
Black, wings outstretched,
Profoundly present;
Yet evoking
Strange feelings of absence

Watching, absorbed,
I am not there.