no way out
of these mountains
rolling thunder

First publication: Point Judith Light Fall/Winter 1995
Books: Presents of Mind, Six Directions, Iz Kamna, long after
Anthologies:

family album —
the black and white
of my youth

First publication: The Heron’s Nest 4.9
Books: after / image
Anthologies: Pegging the Wind (RMA2002); Samobor 2015

the river
the river makes
of the moon

First publication: ant ant ant ant ant 1995
Books: Six Directions, Iz Kamna, ”Shenandoah” (musical opus)
Anthologies: First Mainichi Anthology of Winning Selected Haiku (1997), The Red Moon
Anthology 1997; Haiku 21 (2010); Naad Unanaad: A Contemporary International
Haiku Anthology (2016), How to Write a Form Poem (2020); The Wanderer Brush
(2019); Chalk on the Walk (2021)

for my birthday
another trip
around the sun

First publication: Upstate Dim Sum 1.2 1999
Books: Iz Kamna, long after
Anthologies: The Thin Curve (RMA1999)

late summer
after the scab
the scar

First publication: Modern Haiku 45.1
Books: after / image
Anthologies: Galaxy of Dust (RMA2015); Gendai Haiku Kyokai Anthology (2015);
haiku 2015; Unda Verde (2017)
between statues the rest of history

First publication: Kusamakura International Haiku Contest 2008, First Prize
Books: where i leave off; long / after
Anthologies: white lies (RMA2008); Naad Unanaad: A Contemporary International Haiku Anthology (2016); Chalk on the Walk (2021)

gunshot the length of the lake

First publication: Harold G. Henderson International Haiku Contest 2005, Second Prize
Books: long after; where i leave off
Anthologies: inside the mirror (RMA2005); Electronic Poetry Network 2007; Naad Unanaad: A Contemporary International Haiku Anthology (2016)

in a tent in the rain i become a climate

First publication: NOON 2
Books: dead reckoning, long after; after / image
Anthologies: where the wind turns (RMA2009); Simply Haiku 2009; World Haiku 2006; Haiku 21; Naad Unanaad: A Contemporary International Haiku Anthology (2016)

pain fading the days back to wilderness

First publication: roadrunner 7.3
Books: orbis tertius; where i leave off; after / image
Anthologies: evolution (RMA2010); World Haiku 2010; Haiku 21; Chalk on the Walk (2021); The Haiku Way to Healing (2022)

whiskey i sip it till it loves me

First publication: ginyu 25
Books: dead reckoning; long after
Anthologies: inside the mirror (RMA2005); Chalk on the Walk (2021)
rest

involves motion — slow-scudding clouds, gently lapping water, a breath of wind. maybe it’s immo-

bility in the midst of so much that moves that makes it so. but the complete absence of motion is

something else again — ominous, moribund, like the dark trees against a darkening sky at the end

of the livelong day. my quietus there is also darker, tremoring against the illusion of light . . .

could go either way the frazile sea

Cantor Dust

God has whispered to me His Perfect Truth. I am a lowly vessel—who am I to reject His calling?
Imagine: His Most Serene Voice filtered by these ears wasted by disease, His Most Holy Words
transmitted to this brain whose synapses have been stupefied by heat, His Most August Message
baffled through the rabbit Warren of beliefs from my rabid and catholic upbringing, His Most Wise
Teaching granted to the leaky seals of my hasty tongue, and His Most Just Command enacted via
my meagre grasp of a single minor language—and yet It remains Perfect and True! Praise be to
Him!

what do i know lightning out of a clear sky

the geture

he makes — a slight thing, barely noticeable unless you’re looking for it — has been repeated just
so, or nearly so, for millennia. It is to be found in innumerable rap videos, suggested in portraits of
the Renaissance learned (though never in kings or churchmen), alluded to in refined Latin poems
from authors as disparate as Callimachus and Horace, limned on Greek black-figure amphorae. But
its original, its first instance — if there ever was one — has never been identified, a product of its
replication as much as a source. Exactly what it means, then or now, is not a subject open to con-
versation, and he who has so casually divulged the sign — to no one, to the universe, and to what
purpose? — has already moved on.

the lineament
of lightning once
it’s gone

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M theory

spring thaw
forgotten things rise
to the surface

mountain laurel
blur your eyes and
dream a little

same as yesterday —
a story I tell to keep
myself company

off the grid . . .
a bit harder
keeping straight

days of flood —
all our attention flows
to the broken place

in the vacuum of
the Sensorium of God
a dying planet

yellow ooze . . .
those trying to kill us
are right

neighbor’s radio —
a bloviator harangues
with the threat of peace

tang of ozone
every moment of truth
hurts something

the color there
not the color here
thunderhead

I could tell you
but then I’d have to kill you
M theory
a breeze
and my mind on
to other things