

Hotsprings and Stubbed Toe

By Dave Olson

Occasional haiku ... 1992 - 2004

Olympia, last autumn

Fiery maple leaves
smoldering atop
damp mossy roof

Sitting still
cold granite slab breathing
again

Another crisp leaf
staggers down
cutting close air

Furious strider
flustered,
cursing into a box

Scattered leaves
confuse the pattern
on rigid bricks

Boy throws ball
dog stares - boy runs
hollering!

This another hamlet
tucked in tight amongst
spruce, cedar, fir

Scarecrows

wait for visits from farmers
or crows

Corn rows lean
open a path
leading nowhere

Fleeting wind
whipping standard
falling with the sun

Water droplet windows
closed now
rain until May

Morning mists parting
even the harbor sawmills
turn beautiful

Wisps of reeds
clinging to swamp edge
one more month

Dark too early
stubbed my toe
in my own yard

Frantic squirrel
Hoarding nuts
Misses the sunset

Dry leaves piled
waiting
for the last breeze

Birch bark
growing grey
with the sky

Aspens quake
statue remains undisturbed
under impressed

Japan, winter, first time

January hot spring
snowy mountain top
cools burning toes

Gazing at the moon
in slippers - shivering
while dog pees

Consider the moon
again in grows - again it thins
not at once

Warming icy bones
red faced monkeys
soak in cloud light

Hot tea outdoors
but I forgot my
scarf

High lake country
snowing - trapped in!
warm tiny hut

Today a letter!
fleeting glances
tied in crinkled paper

Crazy how it goes
yesterday's clouds
tangled today

Swirling years past
glinting in an eye
recalls a story

Stumbled upon
seafoam eyes
your seashell held to my ear

Stoke fire

boil water, add tea

over and over

Reading past dark
warming hands
by oil lamp

Short pants schoolkids
hoot-owling now
echo in the courtyard

Morning mist
sudden turn
i'm walking all day

Footprints
deep in mud
leading to woods

Hidden mossy rock
busts up big toe
without apology

Going, being, here ...

Swinging left
down darkened road
all smiles and wrinkles

In my hand
wet pebble, broken twig
nothing less

Smoke from someplace
points the way
driving west

Daydreaming all afternoon
til darkness
changes the dream

Kept wondering, wandering
taking notes
from time to time

Wiping shelf
dust lands
on tidy counter

Coral green

your eyes

follow me to sleep

Found you like a seashell
picked up
before cutting my toe

If only this mountain
two fingers taller
I'd climb it to the sky

10 years later

trees taller

concrete the same

Bamboo dish

pointing skyward listening

perhaps

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