

White Mountains haiku: 10 poems

Bright woodflute notes, flat
then sharp. Pure wild dissonance:
midsummer wood thrush.

Sun-rippled surface,
dragonflies crisscross the pond.
Somewhere a fish jumps.

High granite country—
instead of rich thrush music,
a whitethroat's thin wail.

Light soaks in above,
water heating in the pot.
Sound of the ravens' wings.

Sunny autumn day
not warm not cool. White on blue,
now a cloud drifts by.

Evening—firelight and
river sounds. Then morning—mist
along the water.

The russet beech leaves
that seemed so dull, now glowing
with autumn dusklight.

Tracks in morning snow
just ahead. Seeing the moose,
not seeing the moose.

Cold misshapen moon
shines on a bare snag among
snow-dusted fir trees.

Sun gleaming through snow-
hung pines. Tiny flakes swirl. One
big mountain stands still.