

LAWLESS ADIRONDACK HAIKU
not really haiku at all

web edition

poems by Sean Tierney

*55 selected from
the original 64 poems
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Haiku Travels

*haiku travels
from Kyoto
to the Adirondacks
to be done all wrong
by an American boy*

Baby Birds

baby birds

all wet

want wet worms-

wet wet wet

Lonely Old Moose Not Seen

lonely old moose not seen-
heard across the pond
like a wooden Sinatra

In The Presence Of A Fly

in the presence of a fly
and he in mine-
or she

Better Than All That

better than all that
city sound-
the silence of
a growing maple

Newborn Dragonflies

newborn dragonflies
train wings
over Osgood Pond
while
old lazy fish
train jaws
on the tired
ones

Do You Think

do you think
the birds know
it's not 2009
anymore
but
2010?

The Rain Came

the rain came
like many brave
children
marching and dying
for any leaves
with the right
shape

A Leaf Falling

a leaf falling-
that kind of whistle
so gentle
is older than the
buffalo

That Graveyard

that graveyard
by the water-
dressed in
flying dandelions-
prettier than
most yards
of the living

Passing On The

passing on the
Vermont/New York ferry
half asleep
I feel nothing-
what a poem

I Wait By The Window

I wait by the window
where our flowers hang
in little green
plastic pots-
never a butterfly

Running Scared

running scared
on the ice of Osgood-
under a catfish moon-
tickled by the ghosts
of many stiff tadpoles

How, Matsuo

how, Matsuo,
are you awake
at an hour
when even prostitutes
sleep?

From Vermont

from Vermont
New York
is a purple ghost
in the fog

haunting me
even
from so many
purple miles

Dragged In

dragged in
on my boots-
a perfect
maple leaf

Green Apple Bits

green apple bits
must be an acquired taste
for spiders

Add Frogs To That

add frogs to that
list of zen
beings yet to
emerge
from winter

Happy Buddha's

Happy Buddha's
Death Day

my japa-mala
untouched
- American boy

Issa

Issa-
all I have of you
are a few silly poems
like gray stones
by the lake

and that's enough

Do The Deer

do the deer
see Orion's belt
but think it looks
like something else?

Mystery Smells

mystery smells
hang in strange
places

today
Easter hangs
by the coffee pot

That's God

that's god
alright

there, smelling
grass

Every Night

every night
like it's a theater house-
bugs in every window

Never Sick Of This

never sick of this
pond, these trees

but the city...

The Day So Far

the day so far
has been an
awkward fairy tale

or a spell
involving
thawed out frogs

A Great Many

a great many
bee-looking
insects
rose on the first
warm-looking day
when I was
out-looking
for peace

Morning Two In

morning two in
Paul Smiths, N.Y.-
still no dew-
my thirsty feet

Sleeping Quilts

sleeping quilts
are always slanted
here, like my haiku

Faces In The Night

faces in the night-
faces of the many
dumbfounded insects
on our window-
and my own
dumb reflection

Mirrored By The Pond

mirrored by the pond-
Buddha cares nothing
about the color
of my first face

Fear Goes Like Night

fear goes like night
from an apple orchard-
chased away by
simplicity
simplicity
simplicity

Nervous By Touch

nervous by touch-
afraid of love-
I hide myself
under water lilies

Howling On Osgood

howling on Osgood-
our voices recorded
in the trees and returned
by a Lone Pine echo

A Purple Flower Petal

a purple flower petal
at my feet, is all I have
this nervous day-
I've gone to pieces

Behind Me

behind me-
endless purple
flower bushes

I don't know
their names

I'm Rarely Calm

I'm rarely calm-
I pace around the park
in search of
a quiet flower

This Lamp

this lamp
(with the patience
of a Buddha)
waits all day
for me to read by it

There Were Three Balloons

there were three balloons
caught on the phone line
then two, then one

what *can* you depend on
these days?

Out On The Water

out on the water-
an upside down
everything

In That Graveyard

in that graveyard
they sleep in irregular
patterns, like the chaos
of leaves falling

Every New Year

every New Year
the haikai
get their pens out

No Need

no need
for fantasy,
Buson, you fox-
at least you've got
cherry blossoms
out there

Meditating On The

meditating on the
causeway-
one eye on the
black spider
trying to crawl
in my shoe

Ceiling Fan

ceiling fan-
the first open eye
of quiet morning
in a quiet cabin
made of wood

Ducks

ducks
poke their heads
into the water-
emerge chewing

the sun is low

Fishing On A Melted Pond

fishing on a melted pond-
a pike watched us like a hawk
watching a pike

Silence On The Mountains

silence on the mountains-
sheets being folded
in the cabin-
but not by me

Her White Face

her white face
looks healthy
to me,
Matsuo

Wet Needles

wet needles-
dry dust-
Spring is
confused

Sore Feet In February

sore feet in February

behind some ice-
Deciduous Holly

Most Things

most things
on a mountain's path
are precious,
Matsuo

Osgood At Night

Osgood at night-
onion soup
onion moon

Across The Sky

across the sky
but not very high-
a lure

plunk

Leaving Tonight-

leaving tonight-
spiders with a cabin
all to themselves-
the dust
the baby bees
the pond

goodnight