

I come weary,  
In search of an inn—  
Ah! these wisteria flowers!

The cry of the cicada  
Gives us no sign  
That presently it will die.

An ancient pond!  
With a sound from the water  
Of the frog as it plunges in.

— Basho, translated by William  
George Ashton

.....

Sidewalk sale  
wind twists a lifetime  
guarantee tag

on the way home  
more geese  
on the way home

alone in the waiting room  
checking the plant  
for reality

— Tom Clausen

.....

how to love —  
bittersweet attaining  
its full color

almost missing  
the exit  
daisies so soon

crescent moon  
barely audible  
buoy bell

— Holly Wren Spaulding

The moon in the pines  
Now I hang it up, now I take it off  
And still I keep gazing.

The butterfly has disappeared  
And now it comes back to me,  
My wandering mind.

The lake is lost  
In the rain which is lost  
In the lake.

— Brother David Steindl-Rast

.....

warm rain before dawn  
my milk flows into her  
unseen

after the garden party     the garden

dome of stars  
under it, a small round tent  
lit from within

— Ruth Yarrow

.....

here i am —  
somewhere between ocean and moon  
somewhere between lost and found

cardinal  
thank you for reminding me  
to be surprised

striking the brass bell  
so many yesterdays  
begin this way

— Zee Zahava