Six Haikus

by Hugh Findlay

Spring Cycle

Black bird, amber weeds red hawk, blue sky, green river sun melting white ice

Flow

Geese swallowing wind Fine-tuning reedy voices Following Autumn

Her

Her silver bosom

Joyful splashes in the pool
A whistling sparrow

October

Voices of dead leaves
Bony fingers of tree limbs
Schoolboys sprinting home

Dog Zen

The mutt ate a bone, and napping by the fireplace, chased herds of bison

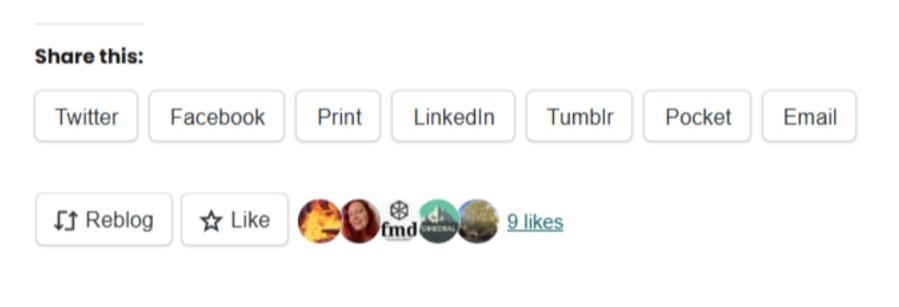
Rise

Sunrise fails to wake
Withered moor in milk white mist
Field mouse stays in bed

Hugh Findlay

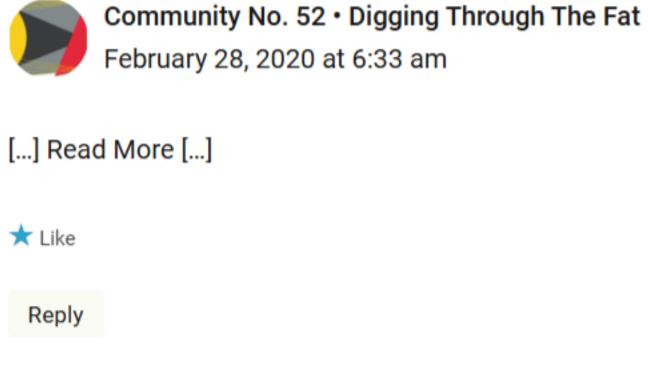
Hugh Findlay lives in Durham, NC, and would rather be caught fishing. He drives a little red MG, throws darts on Tuesdays, reads and writes a lot, dabbles in photography and makes a pretty good gumbo. His work has most recently been published in The Dominion Review, Literary Accents, Tiny Seed Literary Journal, De La Mancha, Bangalore Review, Burningwood Literary Journal, Wanderlust and Montana Mouthful.

Artist: Sonja Sekula

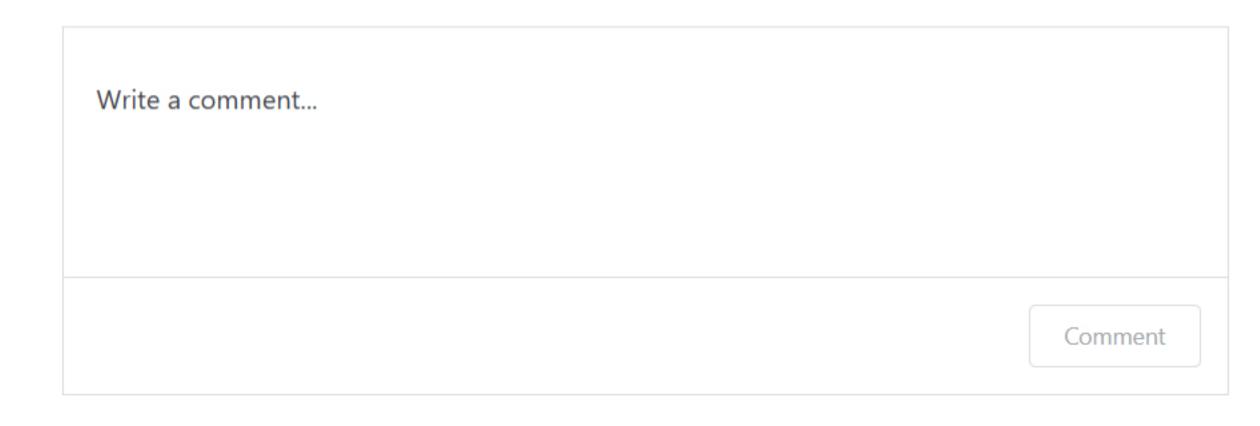


Dream Noir Magazine November 8, 2019 poetry haiku, nature, poems, poetry

One response to "Six Haikus"



Leave a Reply



ABOUT THE BLOG

We're dedicated to sharing enchanting tales from our globe-trotting adventures, bringing you authentic experiences, hidden gems, and practical travel tips.

NEWSLETTER

Subscribe now to fuel your wanderlust, and join our community of passionate explorers. Don't miss out – your next adventure awaits!

0