



**BLOO**

**Outlier Journal**

**issue #3 (Summer 2022)**

**ed. Alan Summers**

**B|ŌŌ** **Outlier Journal** *issue #3 (Summer 2022)*  
**ed. Alan Summers**

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Alan Summers  
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Lovette Carter  
Sue Courtney  
Pris Campbell  
Joseph P. Wechselberger  
Lorraine Pester

Bl̄ō Outlier Journal issue 3  
natural history haiku  
ed. Alan Summers

dedicated to Gene Murtha

H. Gene Murtha

(19 October 1955 – 9 October 2015)

H. Gene Murtha, a poet and naturalist, was born on 19 October 1955 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Gene had a difficult childhood when he and four of his siblings were placed in foster homes between 1960 and 1962. Thankfully later they were reunited with their birth mother. In the early 70's he was a model, and male dancer, and later became a Naturalist and Environmentalist. His primary interest was the preservation of the New Jersey wetlands, and specifically the prothonotary warbler, that migrates to the USA.

*The Prothonotary Warbler*

<https://www.audubon.org/news/a-tale-two-migration-routes-how-prothonotary-warblers-make-their-way-home>

Do please enjoy:

**BIDING TIME**

Selected Poems 2001-2013

H. Gene Murtha

<https://tinyurl.com/BidingTimeGeneMurtha>

...and his Living Legacy (curated by Iliyana Stoyanova)

<https://livinghaikuanthology.com/index-of-poets/livinglegacies/2701-h-gene-murtha.html>

Please do consider using the search engine that **plants trees** each time we look up or a word or term:

[www.ecosia.org](http://www.ecosia.org)



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## Catalysts for this natural history haiku issue:

**Mary Jo Balistreri** and her various natural history haiku that on occasion get rejected, including one of my all time favourites, which was finally picked up by a wonderful haiku journal publication. It was also selected as one of the finest haiku ever written in English. Not bad for a haiku rejected many many times!

There is a *Mary Jo Balistreri Blōō Outpost Special Profile Feature* in this issue that explains how that one haiku kickstarted Blōō Outlier Journal to happen!

### **Gene Murtha** (see above)

Gene Murtha included me when he was working on an *American Birds in Haiku* project until his untimely death. We also planned to do one or more live performances together over in the USA that would have been amazing. We have both done live performances, as well as readings in front of audiences large and small. He is still greatly missed.

### **Karen Hoy**

My muse, inspiration, and reasons to be. And also my *Call of the Page* colleague:  
<https://www.callofthepage.org/about-1/> See her haiku from the Serengeti Plain in:  
*'What is Natural History?'*

**Muttering Thunder** (two issues) ed. Allan Burns with artwork by Ron Moss  
**Issue 1** contains the essential essay by Robert Spiess *Specific Objects in Haiku*.  
**Issue 2** also contains great essays/articles by Ruth Yarrow, and Cherie Hunter Day.

*Muttering Thunder* issues 1& 2 ed. Allan Burns  
<https://thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/items/show/3087>

# What is natural history haiku?

I've been asked this quite a few times during submissions for this issue of *Blōō* Outlier Journal. I hope you enjoy the outcome!

*Natural history is a domain of inquiry involving organisms, including animals, fungi, and plants, in their natural environment, leaning more towards observational than experimental methods of study. A person who studies natural history is called a naturalist or natural historian. —WIKIPEDIA*

The relevance of natural history is challenged and marginalized today more than ever. Natural history can be broadly defined as the observational study of organisms *in their environment. For those who may call themselves naturalists, its practice spans a wide range and intensity of activities, from recreational bird watching and botanizing to following structured protocols while collecting data on the presence, abundance, and distribution for any measure of biodiversity. Within a scientific framework, natural history fosters the establishment of transdisciplinary connections among species, habitats, and ecosystems...*

At a Crossroads: The Nature of Natural History in the Twenty-First Century  
Cameron W. Barrows, Michelle L. Murphy-Mariscal, and Rebecca R. Hernandez  
<https://tinyurl.com/naturalhistorycrossroads>

So why not include the writing of haiku, those sharp observational poems often replete with concrete imagery, as part of natural history observation?

It could be said that haiku are simply powerful nature poems, and raw nature poems. Is there still a wilderness in you that connects with the one outside?

Wilderness haiku: from birds overhead, on our buildings, or in the trees or fields. Clouds, where bacteria decide to take the elevator of rain to come back to earth. Insects, we might consider them a nuisance, though humans would not survive for more than a month or two if they all disappeared (especially but not exclusively flies etc...). Types of moss, lichen, the rivers, streams, the various winds and breezes, rocks, woodlands, and forest, to those pockets of nature even surviving or thriving in human habitations (towns & cities) where *'the other nature'* has managed to stay free, and adapted into a kind of safe symbiosis.

We, as humans, are not alone. We are, in ourselves, colonies to micro-life, and we co-habit the planet, with so many neighbours, from ones too small to see or feel, to the gigantic whales or majestic elephants. All of them are fast

disappearing, though there is still time to write about your experiences and record them.

Here we have some haiku from Karen Hoy, who worked with Hugo van Lawick, at Ndotu in the Serengeti, Tanzania. *Hugo van Lawick* won eight Emmy awards for his natural history documentary films, and was the ex-husband of Jane Goodall:

<http://www.hugovanlawick.com>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hugo\\_van\\_Lawick](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hugo_van_Lawick)

looking down on Manyara–  
the thousands of Cape buffalo  
and ghost elephants

Karen Hoy

See: <https://www.randilen.org/elephants/>

long dry season –  
the last flower  
a baboon snack

Karen Hoy

*This Lion Country* haiku sequence (Serengeti, Tanzania)

published: Presence journal issue 57 (2017)

Tanzania: the long dry season runs through July to September

<https://www.brilliant-africa.com/tanzania/when-to-visit>

clipped grass plains  
the intricacy  
of the dung beetle's chamber

Karen Hoy

British Haiku Society "Wild" Anthology ed. Andrew Shimield 2018



trying hard to sleep—  
a single gazelle being eaten  
on both sides of the tent

Karen Hoy

*This Lion Country* haiku sequence (Serengeti, Tanzania)  
Presence issue 57 (2017)

## Natural history haiku can be about our backyard:

a wisp of day moon  
the stand-out blue  
of Viper's Bugloss

Karen Hoy

THF *Per Diem* ed. Madhuri Pillai  
(September 2019)

Crow Moon  
the shades of a feather  
tangled in the holly

Alan Summers

Poetry Pea Journal of haiku and senryu (Spring  
2021) ed. Patricia McGuire

**note:** Crow Moon is the March moon.

## Even our pet animals:

a new month –  
different seeds  
on the spaniel's ears

Karen Hoy

Anthology credits:

Another Trip Around the Sun: 365 Days of Haiku for Children Young and Old ed. Jessica Latham (Brooks Books 2019)

naad anunaad: an anthology of contemporary international haiku  
ed. Shloka Shankar, Sanjukta Asopa, Kala Ramesh (India, 2016)

## The *phenomena* of nature:

heat lightning  
the rain on the grass  
reflects each strike

Alan Summers

1st Prize, The Liverpool Virtual Book Fair Twitter Haiku Contest 2014  
(part of *The International Festival of Business*)  
Publication Credit: tinywords 14.2 (November 2014)

hard frost –  
the snail-hammerings  
of a song thrush

Alan Summers

Muttering Thunder vol. 1, 2014 ed. Allan Burns

spun spider silk  
the long-tailed titmice  
on a river breeze

Alan Summers

Presence #68 (November 2020)

## How long-tailed titmice work together

The Long-tailed Tit society has the phenomenon of '*helpers at the nest*', where extra adults, will help to feed and raise the brood. This kind of co-operative breeding is known in various bird species around the world, but is always quite unusual. *Long-tailed Tits* generally only breed once in a season, and if a nest fails the adults will go and help at another nest.

Long-tailed Tit  
species focus by Kate Risely (Winter 2014)  
[www.bto.org/birdfacts](http://www.bto.org/birdfacts)

see also <https://www.gwct.org.uk/wildlife/species-of-the-month/2010/march/>

The incredible nest building of the Long Tailed Tit  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cKYH1\\_MCaDM&t=3s](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cKYH1_MCaDM&t=3s)

postman's whistle the starling's bill changes to black

Alan Summers

Presence #68 (November 2020)

**Note:**

*The starling's bill changes to yellow in Spring, and to black in Autumn. And yes we had a postie that whistled!*

vesper flights  
the ever-falling blue  
of swifts

Alan Summers

THF Haiku Dialogue – Opposites Attract – day/night ed. kjmunro (September 2020)

**Note:**

*The “ascents” of Swifts are often called vesper flights, named after the Latin vesper for evening.*

over the nettles  
where I know I just can't go  
orange-tip butterfly

Alan Summers

great titmouse...  
the gate also tested  
for good measure

Alan Summers

wild peppermint  
a bee clings  
to its shadow

Alan Summers

## credits:

*over the nettles*

Presence 42 (2010) ed. Martin Lucas

Selected: <https://haikupresence.tumblr.com/tagged/Alan%20Summers>

*wild peppermint* (original version)

**Award credit:**

Commended, The Basho Museum Memorial Anthology, Ueno, Japan 2001

selected by Tadashi Kondo

**Article:**

*The Moon is Broken: Juxtaposition in haiku* article

Scope vol. 60 no. 3 (Fellowship of Australian Writers, Queensland, April 2014)

*great titmouse*

*ginko writing walking haiku guide* by Alan Summers

I hope this inspires further natural history haiku to appear regularly in publications.

Alan Summers

founder, Bl̄ōō Outlier Journal

founder, Call of the Page

[www.callofthepage.org](http://www.callofthepage.org)



night trail–  
calls of a leopard  
graze our skins

Sushama Kapur

**Note:**

A jungle trail (camp) at the Ranthambore Sanctuary, in the state of Rajasthan, India.

Tadoba Sanctuary  
a barking deer warns  
from the dry bush

Sushama Kapur

**re: Tadoba Sanctuary**

Sushama Kapur said:

*Oh, the full form of the name is "Tadoba Andhari Tiger Reserve" or TATR, Maharashtra. It is popularly called just "Tadoba".*

another cat caught  
in the greenbelt—  
howling coyotes

Geoff Pope

water moccasin  
boys  
poised with paddles

Geoff Pope

rainforest moose  
a peeking elk  
with a moss beard

Geoff Pope

sea stack cormorants  
a bright blue mouth  
zooms in

Geoff Pope

dead set on another colony thief ants

Geoff Pope





alone in a pine grove butterfly eyespot

Daniela Misso

shrill cry  
of rondini  
sirocco

Daniela Misso

a falcon  
over the sea...  
changing wind

Daniela Misso

a beached squid  
breathes in dawn light...  
lava sand

Daniela Misso

beech forest  
the fleeting shadow  
of a red fox

Daniela Misso



cutting back  
the old cedar—  
a blue jay's scold

Jill Lange

Lake Michigan  
and the dune-sand beach  
nothing more

Jill Lange



catching the light  
trumpet vines  
with robin

Jill Lange

ravens on a carcass  
the casual indifference  
of this universe

Jay Friedenberg

first freeze  
koi swim slowly  
under an ice ceiling

Jay Friedenberg



dappled light  
across the forest floor  
a newborn fawn

Jay Friedenberg

high noon  
an ant crawls out  
of a cow skull

Jay Friedenberg

autumn sun  
the vinegar smell  
of rotten apples

Jay Friedenberg

winter fountain  
a wish becomes a bird

Réka Nyitrai

spring haze  
rosebushes lean  
into a chirp

Réka Nyitrai



setting sun  
cutting it in half  
Snow geese

Mona Bedi

sundown  
the sudden splash  
of a water vole

Mona Bedi

# Blōō Outpost feature: Karen Harvey



photograph©Karen Harvey

the Mallard skids  
to a halt on a glassy pond  
winter freeze

Karen Harvey

rocking the heron's nest Pwllheli breeze

Karen Harvey

**Karen Harvey says:**

*Here in Pwllheli (Wales, UK) we have a close up view of the heronry (just around the corner) which is conveniently close to a road. There's a low wall, a small drop onto a narrow strip of marshland, it's very close to the tall trees/river but they feel protected. There are always lots of occupied nests. We look out for their return from early February. Here's our man Iolo to tell you about it... P.S. We also have a couple of egrets but they nest out of sight.*

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p00dvh6h>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ORtUl9ZpTg4>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1vXpzEeYHO8>

I like specific names, my only question is, will using a word that most people can't read/pronounce be a drawback?

<https://www.howtopronounce.com/welsh/pwllheli>

Just for fun... have a look at page 11 onwards, 'Wild,' it's about yours truly. The sea is my happy place, the place I unwind. It's also therapeutic. I went swimming this morning and saw three egrets at the water's edge. I gently swam towards them and watched them for a while. I think one was a juvenile, the plumage was still pale grey. They were beautiful.

[https://issuu.com/northwalesmagazine/docs/nwm\\_april\\_2021/11](https://issuu.com/northwalesmagazine/docs/nwm_april_2021/11)





school out, walking  
the Paluxy riverbed  
theropod footprints

Claire Vogel Camargo

balcony level  
the black bear cub climbing  
a leafy aspen

Claire Vogel Camargo



bogong moth  
the backyard daffodils  
dip at dusk

Bee Jay

# Blōō Outpost feature: Meredith Ackroyd

before the rainbow dissolves the thrum of a ruby-throated hummingbird's wings

Meredith Ackroyd

*"I do often like to include species names in my haiku (and feel that it's fairly important for those of us writing in the Anthropocene, when so many species are going extinct)..."*

Meredith Ackroyd

**Meredith further said:**

*"I'd be happy for you to include my statement about using species names as a quote in the journal. I have been thinking for a while now that this is an important part of why I write haiku.*

*Any haiku poet can end up writing a local field guide of sorts, in writing natural history haiku that are rooted to place, but in this particular moment in time, with climate change accelerating and species going extinct, I think this takes on an extra level of importance.*

*The haiku become an act of witnessing and maybe an act of hope.*

*Just this week, the United States declared ten species newly extinct.*

*So I do include species names in my haiku in part because of this.*

*The writing becomes a record."*

becoming the pool  
of shadow in my footstep  
snowy plover

Meredith Ackroyd

bird's eye speedwell  
all the march clouds  
blown to blue

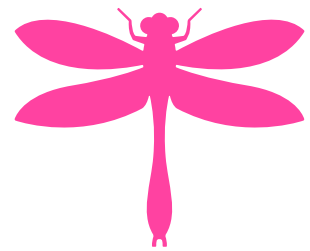
Meredith Ackroyd

the dark dream moving  
beneath a slick of pond ice  
damselfly

Meredith Ackroyd

the way we make space  
the downward-facing cups  
of the paper wasp's nest

Meredith Ackroyd





Hembury woods  
the sky has floated  
down to earth  
bluebells

Julia Wakefield

National Trust links:

<https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/hembury-and-holne-woods/features/hembury-woods>

<https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/hembury-and-holne-woods>



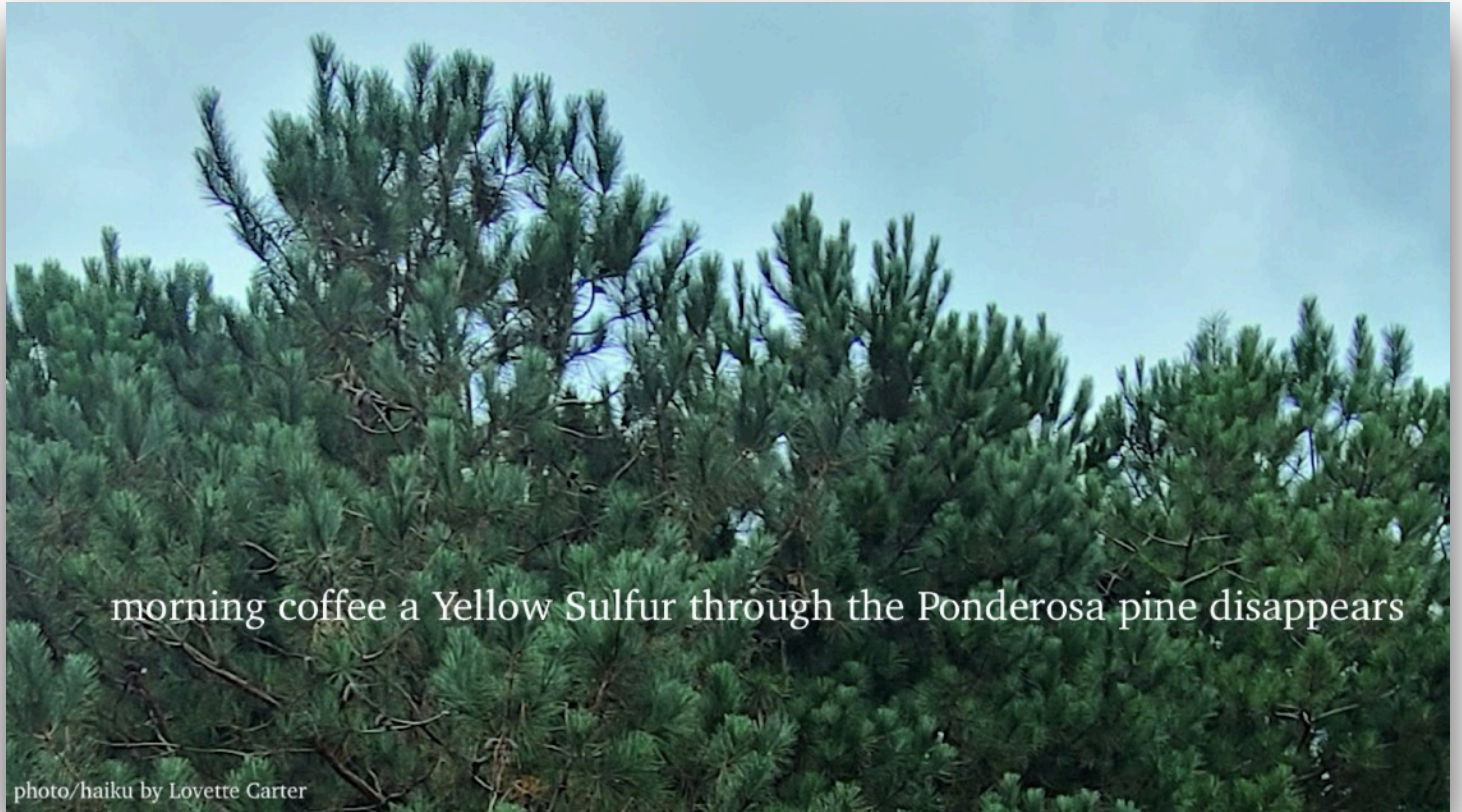
spring sunshine  
roosting  
near the back door  
little owl

Julia Wakefield

Julia said:

*"It also gives the feeling of spring sunshine roosting, which is a nice little quirky idea."* <https://www.rspb.org.uk/birds-and-wildlife/wildlife-guides/bird-a-z/little-owl/>

# Blōō Outpost feature: Lovette Carter



goodbyes...  
the Julie Longwings  
& Yellow Sulfurs

Lovette Carter

**Lovette said:**

*"Wow... Autumn is here, and I love the seasonal change! The Julie Longwings & Yellow Sulfurs are still floating & waving their goodbyes. Amazingly, I've never seen any before September, including this year."*

whistling trees–  
a barn owl locks down  
the weathervane

Lovette Carter

the nightingale...  
if only it has  
promises to keep

Lovette Carter

bone-chill cry,  
another winter mood  
of a herring gull

Lovette Carter



river bend  
the sandpiper picks up  
its three note call

Lovette Carter

moonlight–  
a fox brings the shadow  
through its hole

Lovette Carter





Lake Pepin a Bald Eagle rides the Mississippi river

Sangita Kalarickal

marsh marigold...  
a common eastern bumble bee  
waits to be petted

Sangita Kalarickal

morning rush hour  
a line of cars waits...  
snapping turtles

Sangita Kalarickal



autumn leaves  
the familiar crunch  
under hiking boots

Sangita Kalarickal

heavy snow  
all the animal tracks  
never before seen

Nancy Brady



magicicadas  
how do they know  
when to emerge

Nancy Brady

### **A note on magicicadas by Nancy Brady**

The periodical cicadas known as Brood X descended upon the forests of Dayton, Ohio in June 1987. Crawling out, molting, laying eggs, and listening to deafening, continuous buzzing was our family experience during that month. At the time, my three-year-old would pick them up so gently, not intimidated by the red-eyed insects at all.

a goldfinch pair  
the pluck of seed after seed  
from the sunflower

Nancy Brady

mating ritual...  
bald eagles' talons entangle  
spiraling in freefall

Nancy Brady



its voice  
and its echo...  
mating elk

Maya Daneva

unaware  
of her shadow  
the giant turtle

Maya Daneva

mud-snail in its beak  
a crow cocks an eye...  
bullet-train

Philip Whitley

**shinkansen...**

*On the train rides, I remember the omnipresent rice paddies flashing past, often a crow or two, though I confess I couldn't tell if they were eating mud snails. Didn't Bashō say something like crows and mud snails are the proper subject matter of haiku?*

*My idea was to contrast the time honored way of life...the rice fields...and the new fast trains hurtling past, eliciting only a suspicious glance from a crow. Thanks for asking.*  
Philip Whitley

deep snow the twin exclamation points of a red fox's ears

Philip Whitley

moonlighting tears a monarch butterfly in disguise

Sherry Grant



drifting leaf grandmother's cold embrace colder

Sherry Grant

Fuji climbing my 2D lockdown

Sherry Grant

beneath a canopy  
of redwood trees  
my spine unfurls

Genie Nakano

Matsutake under a pine tree secret offering

Genie Nakano

white-tailed deer  
nose and ears twitch...  
downwind hunters

Genie Nakano



Kanchenjunga  
the white beards get  
a golden cap

Lakshmi Iyer

branch to branch  
a hornbill's giant flaps  
displace winter

Saumya Bansal

patterns on a willow trunk  
the child's hand  
a perfect fit

Saumya Bansal

squeak of mice  
a circling buzzard  
over the field fog

Henryk Czempiel



two fawns  
close enough to touch  
...my heartbeat

Wilda Morris

spring dawn –  
a redstart mistakes my sill  
for his concert hall

Cristina Povero

night carries away  
the desert cricket's song  
waning moon

Nadejda Stoilova

swinging branch  
out of the green oak leaves  
flies a magpie

Nadejda Stoilova

a robin chirping  
on a hornbeam tree  
stranger's smile

Nadejda Stoilova



dandelion fluff  
a seaweed scented breeze  
from the Black Sea

Nadejda Stoilova

**Nadejda Stoilova:**

*"...there is a specific strong smell of the Black Sea probably coming from the different seaweed types and the water itself. But to me it is a distinguished smell not like other seas I have been to...which I associate with my childhood memories"*

bird of paradise flower poised for flight crest high

Greer Woodward

green sea turtles slow waltz the archipelago beach sand

Greer Woodward



family sleepover  
at the Deep Time Fossil Hall  
under the T-Rex

Greer Woodward



climate warnings  
carved out by heretics  
bark beetles

Sandra St-Laurent

full moon  
loon call  
in the mist

Sandra St-Laurent

Edith's checkerspots  
flying over northern ridges  
climatic gold rush

Sandra St-Laurent



The tale of the Edith's checkerspot: Butterflies caught in an evolutionary trap

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nIQWpsyoeoo>

mountain stream  
a flailing trout—  
the snake holds on

Cynthia Anderson

catclaw thick with mistletoe a phainopepla's whistle

Cynthia Anderson



wrapping her nest  
the Anna's hummingbird  
tugs spider silk

Cynthia Anderson

Topatopas—  
a diamondback dangles  
from red-tail's talons

Cynthia Anderson

nameless lake  
...waiting on fishes  
a painted stork

G.Akila

*This nameless lake is located in Bidar, Karnataka, India, a home to painted storks and herons. The ones we saw were grey herons.*

G.Akila  
Hyderabad, India



lightning bolt–  
a fox squirrel topples  
from the tuliptree

Valentina Adams

full stomach–  
catbird feathers found  
on the lawn

Valentina Adams

Eastern Chipmunk  
the Red-shouldered Hawk's  
backyard kill

Valentina Adams

bullseye  
a diving Cooper's Hawk snags  
the cottontail rabbit

Valentina Adams

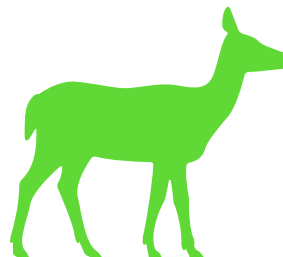
foehn storm at dawn  
passing by the Babylon willow  
flocks of crows

Michael Lindenhofner

*foehn or "foehn storm", is a common term in German.  
Provided you have the mountains nearby...*  
—Michael Lindenhofner

morning mist  
one muster of crows criss-  
crossed by gulls

Michael Lindenhofner



in listening we meet alert roe deer

Michael Lindenhofner

in the shadow  
of a vagrant dog  
poison sumac

Mona Jordan

**porch rain**

beads of water pool  
in the palm of my right hand—  
the left holds nothing

Tohm Bakelas

snowmelt  
white blossoms  
from the pear tree

Maureen Sudlow

dry meadow  
walking far behind  
to avoid your dust

Patrick Gallagher

sloshing through the creek  
too tired  
for stepping stones

Patrick Gallagher

the buzz!  
this must be a very important  
fly

Patrick Gallagher

quaking aspen  
moss softening stumps  
near the beaver dam

Billie Dee

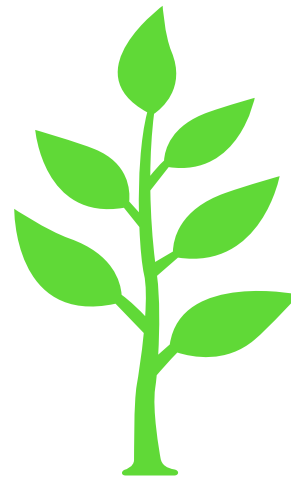


redwood dawn gathering fiddlehead dew

Billie Dee

woodpecker feather  
a row of oak seedlings  
sprout from the eaves

Billie Dee



twilight murmurations ripple the sound

Billie Dee

wild lupine  
Harleys lean through a curve  
in the road

Billie Dee

deepening silence  
a new leaf on the bough  
in a grove of oaks

Kenneth Mullen

dawn roof-top cries  
first seagulls of spring  
return from the coast

Kenneth Mullen



sycamore 'copters  
a sharp breeze, change  
cool and calm

Kenneth Mullen

a cobbler under  
the neem tree  
in the weather

Kenneth Mullen

cool and calm  
a cobbler under  
the neem tree

Yasir Farooq

deepening dusk—  
the silent echo  
of bats

Nick T



sleepless night -  
the tawny owl's call  
still unanswered

Nick T

t'ai chi at dawn -  
a woodpecker's laughter  
stirs the silence

Nick T

late september  
swallows and my youth  
flying south

Samo Kreutz

twitcher...  
an ordinary sparrow  
observing him

Samo Kreutz



hot savannah...  
a blur of leopard spots  
gain on the antelope

Mohammad Azim Khan

ivory-billed woodpecker  
from endangered  
to extinct list

Mohammad Azim Khan





tekdi winter morning–  
the shiver in the tail  
of a black redstart

Alaka Yeravadekar

*“Vetal tekdi is a small hill range in the heart of Pune city. It is popularly called tekdi and is a destination for many migratory birds in winter.”*

sunday meet–  
rose ringed parakeets take positions  
on an african tulip



Alaka Yeravadekar

*“the african tulip and these parakeets are found in Pune”*

dabhol jetty–  
little egrets await  
the fish auction

Alaka Yeravadekar

*“Dabhol is a port town on the west coast of India”*

bhigwan backwaters–  
a great egret steadies itself  
on a moored rowboat

Alaka Yeravadekar

*“Bhigwan is a reservoir near Pune and a wetland popular for migratory birds”*

vrikshasana–  
the one-legged resting  
of greater flamingoes

Alaka Yeravadekar

*“Vrikshasana is a tree pose in yoga, where you stand on one leg. Greater flamingoes come to Bhigwan every winter.”*

Enchanted Rock  
the fairy shrimp pooling  
with pink granite

Scott Wiggerman

monk parakeets  
descend on a post oak  
green into green

Scott Wiggerman



murky pond  
koi in shadow  
swim backwards

Scott Wiggerman

# Blōō Outpost feature: Sue Courtney

asperitas clouds  
an albatross swoops  
between the waves

Sue Courtney



photo by Sue Courtney

**From Sue:**

*A Royal Albatross that I took in December 2020 when cruising the south west coast of the South Island, in the southern Tasman Sea off Fiordland, somewhere between Preservation Inlet and Dusky Sound.*

instar  
a discarded-gram  
in the Wētā house

Sue Courtney

Arthropods must shed the exoskeleton  
in order to grow or assume a new form.  
WIKIPEDIA

The *Te Reo Māori* translation: Wētā

**Wētā** (also spelled weta) is the common name for a group of about 70 insect species in the families Anostomatidae and Rhabdophoridae, endemic to New Zealand. They are giant flightless crickets, and some are among the heaviest insects in the world. And were around in the time of dinosaurs.



photograph by Sue Courtney

**Sue says:**

*I attach a photo of the house that triggered this haiku. They are often seen on educational bush walks, attached to trees, and it is wonderful to hear kids' excitement (both young and old) when the door is opened and a weta is inside behind the perspex screen. In this house, however, there was only the exoskeleton.*

snowmelt ...  
a white gentian  
clings to rock

Sue Courtney





Kalahari ephemerals the tap of rain

Meera Rehm

winter arrives  
with the demoiselle cranes  
Himalayan sky

Meera Rehm

morning trail  
two fox cubs  
unsee us

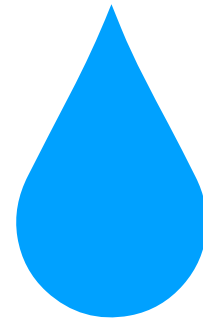
Harshada Kulkarni

full moon  
cascades through a river  
the fish owl's call

Harshada Kulkarni

early fall  
a yellow leaf protects  
the tiger's pugmark

Harshada Kulkarni



winter morning...  
Kapurwadi lake blanketed  
in sleepy pochards

Harshada Kulkarni

**Kapurwadi lake**

*The lake is located near my city (Ahmednagar, Maharashtra, India). The haiku is based on personal experience. Every year large flocks of migratory ducks and geese (red-crested pochard, common pochard, teal, bar-headed goose etc.) spend their winters here. Red-crested pochards are especially a delight to watch.*

Negambo beach  
the cooling waves  
of King coconuts

Hla Yin Mon

among giant teaks  
the "I" in me  
no more

Hla Yin Mon

insomnia the glare of the street's fox

Dorothy Burrows



Saxon church ruins  
a sparrowhawk unravels  
its prey

Dorothy Burrows

# Blōo Outpost feature: martin gottlieb cohen

forest  
    river  
        a ghost  
          moth  
      meanders  
    with  
        the  
moon

com mute r  
wind ow(l)  
foll o...  
wing  
me  
down  
the  
isle  
full  
(of the)  
moon

street  
lights  
in  
and  
out  
the  
coywolf

Enceladus  
geysers  
the  
long  
leap  
of  
a  
jumping  
spider



moonless  
biome  
the  
puckering  
up  
of  
my  
belly

martin gottlieb cohen





motel night  
thin walls, noisy neighbours  
cicadas in heat

Tony Steven Williams  
(Australia)

hunter spider  
on my shower floor  
you go first

Tony Steven Williams

wedgetail wings shatter  
the frosty morning air  
must we argue again?

Tony Steven Williams

frog chorus  
spawning galaxies

Judith Stoddard  
(duostich)

the flicker zip  
of a hummingbird  
open blossom

Judith Stoddard

buzzing becomes the promise of summer  
solitary fly

Judith Stoddard  
(duostich)

# Blōo Outpost feature: Marion Clarke

feathered company until the end pine dunes

*for Gene*

Marion Clarke

Kilbroney forest  
scraps of dusk drop  
into ancient oaks

Marion Clarke

**Kilbroney forest** "has a large collection of rare and historic trees, including "Old Homer", a holm oak that was voted *Northern Ireland's Tree of the Year* in 2016. A glacial erratic in the park is connected with the legend of the giant *Finn Mac Cool*."

Marion said:

**Old Homer**—this tree is very dear to the natives of *Rostrevor*

<https://www.google.co.uk/amp/s/www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-northern-ireland-55550106.amp>

*I've heard the area described as being an ancient oakwood.*

*My mother remembers soldiers (US?) staying in Nissan huts in Kilbroney Park as it was a prisoner of war camp during the Second World War. Although she was born in Dublin when her father's construction firm was based there, they moved back to Rostrevor when she was very little and she went to primary school there. So she didn't have access to the park like we did as children because of it being was a private estate. In fact, I've just been researching it...*

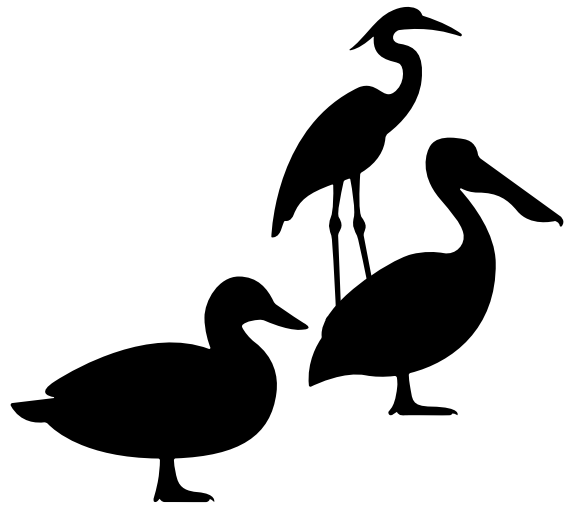
[Kilbroney Forest Park, Rostrevor, Co. Down - WartimeNI](#)

*I went on the 'tree trail' in Kilbroney park with a local tree expert a few years ago as part of a book project, and my haibun, inspired by the giant fir and my son's, inspired by the oak 'Old Homer' were published in their book.*

Marion

a gull's broken dream mussel

Marion Clarke



accustomed  
to locals on the seafront  
black guillemots

Marion Clarke

our forest flame trembles a party of starlings

Marion Clarke



an exchange  
of vibrations  
the wild iris

Pat Davis

drifting wood  
the weight of a kingbird  
inconsequential

Pat Davis

mill pond  
a great blue heron  
in the shallows

Susan Plumridge

milkweed  
a restricted flower  
for monarchs

Susan Plumridge

# BlOO Outpost feature: Maureen Weldon

Ringabella Bay  
and shoals of sprat ...  
herring gulls

Maureen Weldon

cruising the Shroppie  
coots waterhens mallards  
we slow the narrowboat

Maureen Weldon

**Shropshire Union Canal**

<https://canalrivertrust.org.uk/enjoy-the-waterways/canal-and-river-network/shropshire-union-canal>

Coed Nant Gain  
badgers play in moonlight  
near the bridge

Maureen Weldon

Shropshire Union Canal  
his eye and mine passing  
on the bank a heron

Maureen Weldon

**Shropshire Union Canal**

<https://shropshireunion.org.uk>

Ballycotton Pier  
fishermen fix lug to hook  
and cast for mackerel

Maureen Weldon



gibber desert  
one raven  
mourns the dawn

Julie Constable

before the rain  
red ripe rosellas  
bobbing in the bowl

Julie Constable

copious crickets  
grey currawong's had a bellyful

Julie Constable

Hoddle Range  
gang-gangs cracking  
bog gum nuts

Julie Constable

*"The forest is in the **Hoddle Range**. It doesn't have a particular name. The gum nuts they are cracking and crunching are kitsoniana (bog gum or Gippsland mallee). I tried many combinations attempting to include the type of nuts, type of forest, place but the haiku became too dense; the rhythm awkward. I opted for the sound which was so predominant of the nut crunching and their constant raspy voices chattering to each other. Have you heard them? They croak and creak like an old door or branches in the wind."*

# Bl̄oo Outpost feature: Deborah P Kolodji

## Under the Surface

canopy shyness  
why do I feel  
radioactive

fault line  
the solace  
of a fan palm oasis

clouded out a total eclipse

seed burst milkweed pod orgy

no moon to howl at  
under the surface  
fangs of a seawolf

Deborah P Kolodji



sharp scent of conifers  
sparrow's pitch  
higher than pines

E. L. Blizzard

dew shines on scraps  
of a weaver's art  
her egg sac hangs in the balance

E. L. Blizzard

nuthatch  
this time gathering—gliding  
towards a hole

E. L. Blizzard

hum of brisk morning rush  
a rufous zips by  
the crossing guard

E. L. Blizzard

mackerel sky  
a sudden scold of crows  
makes room for sunset

E. L. Blizzard



# Blōō Outpost feature:

## Homage to a Heronry by John S Green

### Homage to a Heronry

a hundred feet up  
great blues build their heronry  
osoberries

ginko walk with friends  
the heron's stick  
too long for her nest

I count twenty-four  
of the over forty nests  
each day longer

the heron  
holds a wiggly minnow  
as mergansers dive

the prattle of nestlings  
circling the rookery  
an eagle

a baby blue fallen  
wildlife rescue aids  
search the forest brush

sundown  
the heron's wings  
stroke the bay

tree to tree  
fledglings flutter  
further from home

unipedal  
a great blue heron  
lulls in a tide pool

John S Green



shola forest  
the kohl-rimmed eyes  
of a spotted deer

Geethanjali Rajan

autumn funeral –  
garden ants bear away  
a rhino beetle

Geethanjali Rajan

organic garden  
weaver-ants nest  
in mango-leaf boxes

Geethanjali Rajan

shimmering  
blue-green green-blue  
Buddha Mayoore

Geethanjali Rajan

picking elderflowers  
to the whistle of a robin–  
an old rail line

Wendy Gent

birch tree leaves  
scatter across the path  
as the seasons switch

Wendy Gent

trying times...  
a lapse in the rings  
of the old oak tree

Wendy Gent

fifteen minute walk  
the wonder in their eyes  
as a worm unfurls

Wendy Gent

protected...  
the last passenger pigeon  
stuffed, behind glass

Ed Bremson

leaning into the next hug    desert willow

Peter Jastermsky

wedge tail  
a car kills  
her shadow

Barry Sanbrook



water strider  
the curve of  
a meniscus

Barry Sanbrook

A solid blue sky  
and memory fades to  
a coyote outline.

Jeffrey Taylor

bark lichen  
the shadow green  
of silence

Barrie Levine

circling crow  
the geometry  
in darkness

Barrie Levine

flattened sand . . .  
a turtle  
returns to the sea

Barrie Levine

a tickle climbs  
the small boy's leg...  
Japanese beetle

Barrie Levine

The Japanese Beetle  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Japanese\\_beetle](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Japanese_beetle)

mountain lake  
a scots pine grows out  
of its own reflection

chris dean

sea cave  
the darkness within  
a mermaid's purse

chris dean

red sunrise  
a fox cub digging  
in the cemetery

chris dean

the dark flash  
of a slow worm's tongue  
summer storm

chris dean

buried between the words of a stranger an autumn crocus

Eva Limbach

a magpie  
drinking from the gutter  
lenten moon

Eva Limbach

nothing but a stranger's dream southbound barnacles  
Eva Limbach

puddle splash a titmouse

Susan Beth Furst

blue sky a finch breaks the surface

Susan Beth Furst

black umbrella a circle of cows under the willow

Susan Beth Furst

bright red feet  
a mourning dove waddles  
to the puddle

Susan Beth Furst

honeysuckle summer  
sipping  
one sweet drop

Margaret Walker

porch mat  
coiled  
copperhead

Margaret Walker

blackwater swamp  
gators glide  
through Cypress knees

Margaret Walker

over ripe apples yellow jackets on the ground

Margaret Walker



# Blō Outpost feature: Susan Nordmark

[ winter heron's stone  
watch. twilight palls. stillness.  
her unmoving gaze ]

## **the night heron:**

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nycticorax>

*This was late afternoon in November. The sun's going down that time of day in that week of the year in northern California. My father was slowly dying in a hospital.*

*My partner, my sister and I didn't know what to do—there was nothing to do. We'd go to the hospital, sit with him. But you can't be there all the time. I live near the inland bay, San Francisco Bay. A freeway—a major highway—is built along the perimeter, and a lagoon is built on the other side of the freeway, and a park. Water birds gather there—egrets, ducks. That day we went to walk in the park. I saw a bird I hadn't seen. It sat on a rock on the edge of the water, staring into the water. Utterly motionless.*

*The bird seemed to me a spirit of the death stalking my father, quietly waiting. Not evil, of course. But darkness falling, bird watching for a creature to see moving and then eat, waiting to strike—but patiently.*

[ monarch caterpillar  
born in north chill, flies south path  
never seen, toward sun ]

### **monarch butterflies:**

"It is believed to take four or five leapfrogging generations for the monarchs to return as far north as the Canadian border. Then, once again, a generation will be born with the longer life span, greater strength and instinct to migrate to a place that those particular butterflies have never been before."

<https://www.latimes.com/california/story/2022-02-02/monarch-butterflies-lift-spirits-in-return-to-california-central-coast>

<https://www.tripsavvy.com/monarch-butterflies-in-california-1474048>

[ ladybug field guide:  
follow the ancestors perfume  
into frost redwoods ]

*“I wanted to convey the apparent mystery of how they find each other each winter. A scent perceptible only to them, a season of year, a feeling of temperature/cold, all via an arc from beginning lack of knowledge--needing a ‘field guide’—to a resting place in a ‘refuge’.*

*The ladybugs find their group hibernation site in the forested hills. I read further about them in Wikipedia—indeed they do follow the odor of pheromones deposited there by the previous generation of beetles. That is, they are NOT smelling each other flying, not returning to a place they overwintered before, but following the olfactory markers left a year previous, by their ancestors.”*

### **ladybugs:**

The insects need to find a refuge from colder temps. They converge in areas in the East Bay hills, a small range part of the long range of mountains along the California coast. These hills have a native oak habitat, and redwoods are also mixed in here. Both are native to this areas. Oaks mostly predominate in the drier areas, redwoods flourish where there’s coastal fog. Redwoods actually create the fog in a way also, as they actively hold moisture and serve as a reservoir for it. This is the coastal redwood [*Sequoia sempervirens*].

<https://www.mercurynews.com/2016/02/10/clusters-of-ladybugs-hibernating-in-redwood-regional-park/>

[https://www.sfgate.com/travel/article/Ladybugs-descend-on-Bay-Area-park-16615428.php?utm\\_campaign=CMS%20Sharing%20Tools%20\(Premium\)&utm\\_source=share-by-email&utm\\_medium=email](https://www.sfgate.com/travel/article/Ladybugs-descend-on-Bay-Area-park-16615428.php?utm_campaign=CMS%20Sharing%20Tools%20(Premium)&utm_source=share-by-email&utm_medium=email)

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coccinellidae>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hibernaculum\\_\(zoology\)#Lady\\_beetles](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hibernaculum_(zoology)#Lady_beetles)



Mount Kailash  
the dark coves of rock  
unsettling thunder

Radhamani Sarma

farmer's dust bowl  
the top soil going away  
into another session

Radhamani Sarma

a monkey moth's wings  
catch the sun...  
pink ravenia

Neera Kashyap

ripples rise  
a pied kingfisher...motionless

Neera Kashyap

bearded iris their blossoming pronouns

Lorraine Padden

felling in lockstep woodpecker arrhythmia

Lorraine Padden

snapdragon honey bee the deep throat

Lorraine Padden

watering hole  
the pop up  
tongue menagerie

Lorraine Padden

first snow  
the squirrel devours  
a white strawberry

kjmunro

river this urge to not look back

kjmunro

the honking  
of low-flying geese  
one flies the other way

kjmunro

the magpie  
has a lot to say  
to the four ravens

kjmunro

viewing northern lights  
is also  
a pain in the neck

kjmunro

after Sōin "viewing cherry-blossoms",  
from Addiss, Stephen. The Art of Haiku. Shambhala, 2012 (p. 69)

Permission granted by Steve Addiss, September 2021

Sadly Steve Addiss passed away in May 2022:

**Stephen Addiss: 1935-2022**

<https://www.shambhala.com/stephen-addiss/>

wren song ...  
the cloudless sky  
in a dewdrop

Chen-ou Liu

redwood forest  
the breeze through leaves  
shedding light

Chen-ou Liu

ravens  
clotting the wind ...  
flood ruins

Chen-ou Liu

a tornado of fish  
off Aguni Island  
scuba diving

Chen-ou Liu

weareallinthisogether  
a ring of sharks ripping chunks  
from the humpback's carcass

Chen-ou Liu

goldfinches  
September sun lights  
the silver birch

Alison Breewood

hazel leaf  
a speckled wood finds  
a dapple of sun

Alison Breewood

a bend in the steep farm road  
sea sounds give way  
to crows

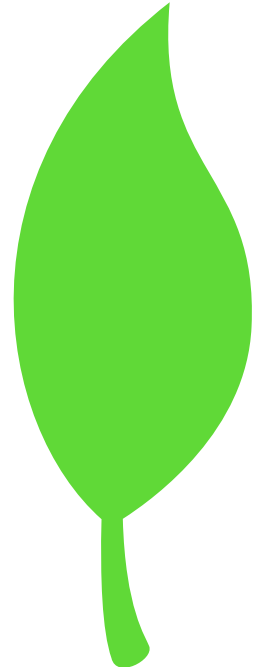
Alison Breewood

sea breezes  
a kite's blue tail loops around  
the crescent moon

Alison Breewood

Brimham Rocks  
another year's oak leaves  
begin to fall

Alison Breewood





wild moon grasslands  
eastern barred bandicoots  
back from the brink

Robyn Cairns

heart becoming open sky a blue winged parrot

Robyn Cairns

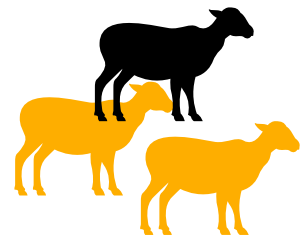


migration flyways  
of the future  
godwits go interstellar

Robyn Cairns

lucky ace of diamond firetails

Robyn Cairns



murnong      yam daisy sheep yam daisy      sheep      sheep

Robyn Cairns

alpine lake –  
among mountaintops  
the tadpoles swim

Oscar Luparia

deeply rooted  
the mother tongue  
of trees

Marianne Paul

cast antler  
a sunburst lichen  
in the tines

Marianne Paul



tundra pre-fixes the woolly mammoth's de-extinction

Marianne Paul

bonobo in the middle big sister little sister

Marianne Paul

the shrill fury of her swoop nesting mynah

Madhuri Pillai

river red gum...  
from her chiselled home  
a lorikeet peeks

Madhuri Pillai

the twists and turns  
of a red gum's journey..  
glass creek

Madhuri Pillai

falling stars–  
a midsummer cricket's song  
between trees

Benedetta Cardone

tearing down the hornets' nest couples counseling

Susan Burch

twilight  
a race of swallows  
across the corn

Bryan Rickert

morning grey  
the marsh's slow pull  
along the reeds

Bryan Rickert

before and after me the cycle of tides

Bryan Rickert

silencing us  
a screech owl's call  
a screech owl's reply

Bryan Rickert

breaking free  
at the hummingbird's touch  
last hosta bloom

Bryan Rickert

cooling off  
the first leaf turns orange

Isabella Kramer

lotus sutra  
the falling sound  
of apples

Isabella Kramer

first frost  
the prickly legs of a mantis  
on my finger

Vladislav Hristov

night in Galilee  
frozen  
by the wail of jackals

Lev Hart

no lockdown for them  
wintering flamingos  
return in thousands

Rohini Gupta

forest tea shop  
monkeys forage among  
our parked jeeps

Rohini Gupta

# Blōō Outpost Special Feature:

## *Finding the wild* by Shane Pruett

### Finding the wild

I'm a bit removed from my life as a wildlife biologist, wilderness ranger, and wildfire fighter. I have a city job and a city life and my days of throwing a blanket into the sand or hanging in a hammock somewhere far off the grid for a few hours' sleep are fewer now. However, I've been fortunate to live in eastern deciduous forests, southwestern deserts, the central Florida scrub, and the pacific northwest of the U.S. and on the small Mariana Island of Rota. I've traveled in the plains, the tropics, and the taiga and I'm beginning to revisit those adventures with an eye to capturing them in haikai related genre. There are so very many minutes I want to memorialize, but the bulk of my currently published haiku derive from more recent, more mundane moments... walks in the park, camping trips, beach days, time in my back yard, and even the city streets. I always use my past as a lens for how I view these moments, but one needn't be a biologist to appreciate the humble beauty of a bumblebee, the poignancy of a flower growing in a sidewalk crack, or the clamor of the morning commute. Wilderness, or at least wildness, is often a matter of scale.

What I hope to share here are just a few of the ways I try to see the "wild" even in the mundane.

Nothing will correct your perspective on your place in the world like spending time in remote canyons, among old mountains, or staring at the vast ocean from an empty beach. I spent most of my life studying birds, often endangered ones... prothonotary warblers and indigo buntings along the Mississippi River, Mariana crows, Florida scrub-jays and spotted owls, and a host of other species. Some of the most profound moments of understanding my place in the world occurred in the deep canyons of Utah while searching night and day for spotted owls and peregrine falcons alone, or in the company of any number of curious animals. My affinity for feathered things continues and I still spend hours studying them and their habits. Flight, the complexity and beauty of feathers, and social dynamics within and between species provide endless fodder for writing, even if one focuses on the common, easily observed species in our yards and parks, or even at an outdoor restaurant.

table for two  
a crow and his new lady  
eye the special

Getting as specific as possible will often enrich and deepen the poem by playing on the stereotyped behavior of a species. Learning the names of the plants and animals and something of their natural history can give a poem nuance and depth. Certainly, there is the risk of writing haiku so localized that a world audience might miss the specific association, but most of us carry entire libraries around in our pockets. Providing readers with a footnote or link to further information is acceptable in at least some publications, and particularly when publishing on social media.

Describing what animals or plants are doing in their environment can take your haiku in different and interesting directions. I try to avoid anthropomorphism, but simply let them be what they are. For example, I've watched a variety of bird species appear to lament the loss of a partner. A goose flies up and down a lake during the hunting season calling in what could only be described as forlorn tones. A western gull similarly wails as I approach her newly dead mate while their chicks beg to be fed. A group of jays surrounds a recently deceased sibling, uttering soft, guttural song and gently prodding at the corpse. These behaviors are easy to ascribe human emotion, but strong haiku open a scene to the reader; they don't tell her what the bird or tree may be feeling.

new moon—  
the jay again carries food  
to his empty nest

Finally, there are many ways to interpret an observation. When confronted with a moment that I can't seem to bend into the haiku I have in mind, I step back and ask myself about the whole moment. I saw something that caught my attention, but what did I hear, feel, or smell at the same time? Is there a way to leverage this other information? This is a relatively new habit that I'm trying to build into my writing and I'm finding it particularly productive in those city situations where my wildlife tendencies often fail me.

traffic light  
the impatient honking  
of migrating geese

– Cattails, April 2020

As a scientist I often find that my first reaction to an observation is, well, scientific. But as I grow more comfortable in my writer's cap I find myself trying to use professional knowledge to turn my poems in more interesting directions. I use my pocket library to research identities, species (or colloquial) names, and interesting natural history tidbits. My camera or sound recorder captures moments I hope to return to later. And there are a wealth of apps out there for gathering and sharing observations valuable to me and to the broader community under the umbrella of citizen science. I'll list a few below if anyone would find them useful. All are available from standard app stores.

I would love to hear from you via social media with questions, comments, disagreements, or suggestions.

I can be found on Twitter (@HaikuMyBrew) and Instagram (@pruman416).

*iNaturalist* – great citizen science app that lets you submit photos of plants and animals and provide information to crowdsource an identification. I know there are others; this is simply the one I use and am familiar with.

*eBird* – the go-to app for recording your bird observations, trip lists, etc. and contributing to a truly huge international effort to capture information on bird occurrence and distribution. Both web and phone based you can capture your observations on the go and then submit them to Cornell University's Ornithology lab where they are reviewed (you'll be contacted about unlikely observations for more detail) and added to the growing data on bird movements and numbers.

*Audubon Birds* and *Merlin* – Two fine bird identification apps that have ID help, lots of pictures, sounds, range maps and more. There are others for different regions but these two cover most areas, depending on what packs you get.

*BirdsEye* – Connects to your ebird account and helps you find the birds you haven't seen yet. If you are interested in growing a regional life list, or are visiting an unfamiliar area, this can be a hugely helpful app.

And there are many more – for mushrooms (but be careful! Don't eat what you aren't willing to risk your life and health on), insects, flowers, etc. And of course there is searching the internet, but be critical of the information there unless it is from a trusted source.

m. shane pruet





mountain stream  
talking  
louder than ever

Bakhtiyar Amini

another day marsh swallows yesterday's story

Vandana Parashar

an arabian oryx  
photobombs—  
desert safari

Precious Oboh

hanging on  
a milicia regia tree  
shells of cicada

Precious Oboh

mother's grave—  
a wandering Acraea butterfly  
takes a rest

Precious Oboh

downdraught –  
the wings of a buzzard  
chasing a bobbing tail

Paul Beech

natterjack toads  
the breeding pool males  
deafen us a mile away

Paul Beech

ravens at Flint Castle  
their gruff gronk ringing  
down centuries

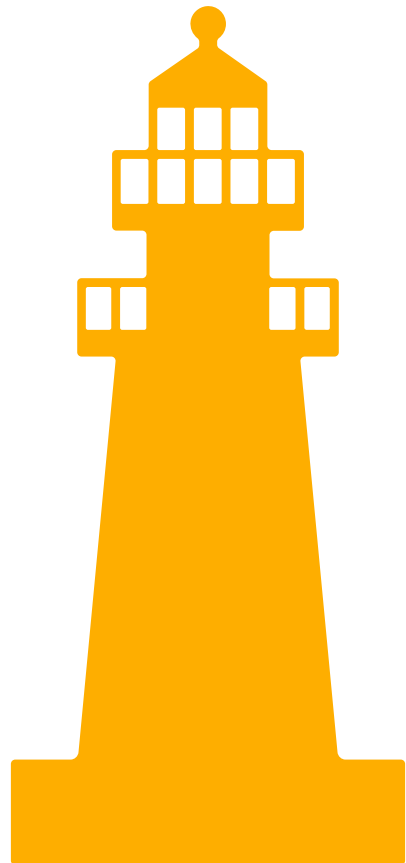
Paul Beech

stranded on a sandbank  
the fin whale calf

Paul Beech

Point of Ayr lighthouse  
little terns chatter  
diving for fish

Paul Beech



wind leaves the sound of the violin beetle's forest

Richard Thomas

slum hush...  
not even a leopard's  
soft paws through the dust

Richard Thomas



winter moving  
moss spores  
on each millipede leg

Richard Thomas



cake top evening...  
macaques huddle  
with frosting

Richard Thomas

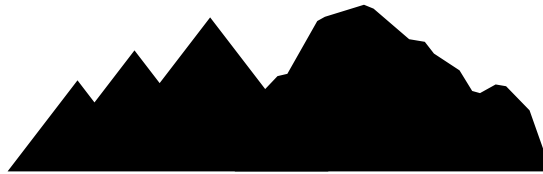


seeing in the night  
with its upside down  
plain squeaker

Richard Thomas

Caucasus mountains  
a viper repeats  
the path's curves

Nikolay Grankin



Caucasian meadow  
up to my knees  
the wildflowers

Nikolay Grankin

Teberda Reserve  
an unknown bird responds  
to every word

Nikolay Grankin

<https://en.unesco.org/biosphere/eu-na/teberda>

Kuban river  
the greenery  
on the other shore

Nikolay Grankin

*The Kuban river flows between two Russian regions. Krasnodar region is on the one shore and The Republic of Adygea is on the other shore. And it turns out that the rural landscape of Adygea is located opposite the Krasnodar City.*



from the mouth  
of a stream afar . . .  
harvest moon

Milan Rajkumar



far-off ice floe. . .  
a mute swan  
raises her head

Barbara Sabol

motion sensor lights the path the wolf once walked

Barbara Sabol



alone composing the sky booted eagle

Hemapriya Chellappan



a blade of grass  
gliding on the breeze  
spotted munia

Hemapriya Chellappan

distant train the sound of peacock love

Hemapriya Chellappan



a rhesus monkey  
snatches a bag of Lay's. . .  
Palani temple

Hemapriya Chellappan



rainy night  
I am listening  
till it stops

Ram Chandran

a coywolf strides through  
the front yard wild grasses  
ancestral trail

Donna Fleischer

concrete park walkways  
a trail of crackers leads me  
to the way of birds

Jackie Chou

orangutan  
the forest has become embers  
left on the calendar

Nani Mariani

frosty morning  
a distant flock of starlings  
twists in the wind

Bill Waters

banking  
this way and that:  
turkey vultures

Bill Waters

# Blōō Outpost feature: Marietta McGregor

grumbling thunder  
the bullfrogs' jug-o-rum  
crescendoes

Marietta McGregor

desert floodwaters  
encircling a billabong  
green budgerigar enso

Marietta McGregor

coming up night  
the chatter-rustles  
of a roost tree

Marietta McGregor

around its neck  
a ghost-net noose  
dying leatherback

Marietta McGregor



wiccan circle  
among pines an eldritch glow  
of ghost fungi

Marietta McGregor

**Note:** ghost fungi: *Omphalotus nidiformis*

**Marietta:**

When I worked at Mount Stromlo Observatory near Canberra, around solstice time we would often discover a stone circle at the mountain's summit, not far from the pine-tree-shaded grave of one of Australia's pioneering astronomers, Dr. Walter G. Duffield (1879-1929).

He was the first Director of Australia's Commonwealth Solar Observatory, who sadly died at only 49 of pneumonia during a 1929 flu epidemic.

His grave, in consecrated ground, bears the epitaph: *Per Ardua Ad Astra* (Through Adversity to the Stars).

While I never saw ghost mushrooms on Mount Stromlo, they can be found in damp pine forests along Australia's east coast.

There are no thick pine forests on Stromlo now, since the fires of 2003 devastated the mountain and the Observatory, and probably no Wiccans either. Duffield's grave, as well as the Observatory buildings (the Australian National University's Research School of Astronomy and Astrophysics), have been restored.

[https://www.archives.act.gov.au/find\\_of\\_the\\_month/2018/june/previous-find-of-the-month-62018](https://www.archives.act.gov.au/find_of_the_month/2018/june/previous-find-of-the-month-62018)

<https://www.theguardian.com/environment/2017/apr/15/hunting-the-ghost-fungus-glowing-mushrooms-in-australias-forests>



I shade my eyes  
for a better look . . .  
northern shrike

Debbie Strange

water-shimmer  
the gular fluttering  
of a heron

Debbie Strange

the fault  
in my landing gear . . .  
mud hens

Debbie Strange

northern harrier  
the high-speed internet  
of prairie dogs

Debbie Strange

plovers  
turning with the tides . . .  
rust-pocked helm

Debbie Strange

summit chairlift:  
brushing snow  
from the Engelmann spruce  
with my skis

Julie Bloss Kelsey

frozen creek bank  
waiting for wood frogs  
to thaw

Julie Bloss Kelsey

snow softens the edges  
of a Quercus stump—  
winter solstice

Julie Bloss Kelsey

undulating waves  
in a sandy creek bed—  
what the snake left behind

Julie Bloss Kelsey

summit chairlift  
brushing snow from the spruce  
with my skis

Julie Bloss Kelsey

drought days  
Lake Williams folding  
into water lilies

Joshua St. Claire

ruffed grouse rutting  
the starbursts between  
colliding galaxies

Joshua St. Claire

heartwood  
carpenter ants  
carving chambers

Joshua St. Claire

**Blōō** Outpost feature:

## **The Big Year**

by **Kristen Lindquist & Brad Bennett**

### **The Big Year**

winter cattails  
a mallard's call  
tails off

exhalations  
from the beaver lodge

a field  
of empty bluebird boxes  
winter clouds

alone by the window  
at twilight

equinox  
the comings and goings  
of a phoebe

a pine branch  
bobs in the wind

April fool's  
a blue jay imitates  
a red-tail

light rain  
turns to sleet

you never know  
what he's going to say  
catbird

we talk together  
of New England weather

song song  
song sparrow's song...  
the longest day

after dark the wind  
picks up a new note

chimney swifts  
the arrival of twilight  
in their flight

silhouettes  
and silence

at the end of summer  
at the end of a spit  
a cormorant

which ruffles are wind  
and which schools of fish

a mourning dove  
cuts through the orchard  
windfall cider

sunset pooling  
on the horizon

harvest moon  
same old calls of geese  
and yet...

singing along  
with the car radio

the snap  
of a heron's beak  
cloudless sky

in a certain light  
its blue feathers black

goldfinches  
find a seed tray  
winter sun

lighting candles  
for the longest night

Brad Bennett & Kristen Lindquist  
A tan-renga sequence



trophy hunting—  
scent of the musk deer  
deepens the silence

Hifsa Ashraf

shaking off dew  
from acacia blossoms . . .  
tufted titmice

Nicholas Klacsanzky

salal leaves—  
I begin to take  
the forest's name

Nicholas Klacsanzky

beach walk . . .  
in the form of darkness  
seaweed touches my feet

Nicholas Klacsanzky

witch hazel blossoms . . .  
the gods lost  
to reason

Nicholas Klacsanzky



rocky shore  
the kek kek of seagulls  
dropping quahogs

Kat Lehmann

midday heat  
the shades of whitetail deer  
dot a thicket

Kat Lehmann

vernal pond  
the wood frogs practice  
their iambs

Kat Lehmann

old growth woods  
a maple leaf springs back  
from each raindrop

Kat Lehmann

thick oak canopy  
a dappled fawn lost  
among spots

Kat Lehmann

awakening to rain  
I lather my hands  
with a cloud

Kat Lehmann

willow herb seed  
a blackbird's song  
floating on air

Tony Williams  
(Scotland)

sap rising  
a blue tit and his reflection  
go head-to-head

Tony Williams

a song  
to end this rain  
blackbird

Tony Williams

rushing tasks  
before twilight comes—  
peacock butterfly

Tony Williams

rain mist  
spiders' beds  
sag in the privet

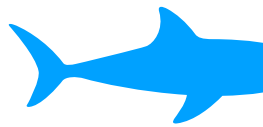
Tony Williams

river pose  
Great egret's tail feathers  
mirror the sun

Rose van Son

after the storm  
a fan-tailed cuckoo's  
forest song

Rose van Son



promised whales  
someone sees a tiger shark  
there!

Rose van Son

stacking turtles  
swamp's secrets  
undercover

Rose van Son  
<https://www.turtleholic.com/why-turtles-pile-top-other/>

monitor lizard  
even its shadow  
sits upright

Rose van Son

# Blōō Outpost feature: Kristen Lindquist

persistent drought  
the dammed canyon's walls  
reddened by sun

Kristen Lindquist

*The canyon haiku is about Glen Canyon, a stretch of the Colorado River which was flooded by Glen Canyon Dam after much protest by environmentalists in the 1950s. Now the water levels of Lake Powell (the lake that formed behind the dam) and the Colorado River have dropped so much that the old canyon walls are emerging and some of the side canyons, lost for decades, are re-emerging. There was a great article on it in a recent New Yorker magazine.*

## **The Lost Canyon Under Lake Powell**

Drought is shrinking one of the country's largest reservoirs, revealing a hidden Eden  
by Elizabeth Kolbert August 9, 2021

**The Control of Nature August 16, 2021 Issue**

<https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2021/08/16/the-lost-canyon-under-lake-powell>

*My most common feeder birds here are House Finch, Tufted Titmouse (relative of your UK Tits), Black-capped Chickadee (ditto), American Goldfinch, Blue Jay, Northern Cardinal, White-breasted Nuthatch, Grey Catbird (on the suet), and Song Sparrow, with an occasional visit by Carolina Wrens, a southern species that has moved into northern New England in recent years, and at least three species of woodpecker on the suet, as well.*

*As a nature essayist/naturalist who has worked for an environmental nonprofit, I especially look forward to this issue!*

brief transit  
of an alien comet  
feeder birds

Kristen Lindquist

you had one job  
the wings all that remain  
of the luna moth

Kristen Lindquist

bearberries at the summit  
how much wilderness  
can we take

Kristen Lindquist

shadows of clouds  
crossing the ocean floor  
octopus thoughts

Kristen Lindquist



tiger corpse  
a range officer counts  
the stripes on its skin

R. Suresh Babu

jungle safari...  
an oxpecker rides a rhino's nose

R. Suresh Babu

baby elephant's baptism  
the mother gives him  
a shower bath

R. Suresh Babu

ruffed grouse  
the rapid fluttering  
deep inside

Myron Arnold  
[Sharing Haiku Knowledge FB page Aug 21/21]

a fluff of seeding  
thistles and willow herb  
disturbed by traffic

Elaine Patricia Morris

late summer  
nicotine stained fingers  
of horse chestnut leaves

Elaine Patricia Morris

the beech hedge  
slowly marmalades  
into autumn

Elaine Patricia Morris

mockingbird  
tomatoes pecked  
and torn

Christa Pandey

switchgrass  
a leafhopper drinks  
on the run

Margaret Tau

Koubru trek...  
a dip into the icy pond  
washes off my aches

Subir Ningthouja

*Koubru is a sacred mountain in Manipur state of India. Trekkers climb to the peak to offer rituals. The pond is at the peak.*

water songs  
blend with the mist ...  
Leimaram Falls

Subir Ningthouja

*Leimaram Falls is an attractive natural waterfall in Manipur, India.*

Keibul Lamjao ...  
migratory birds bring  
a whiff of Siberia

Subir Ningthouja

*A large number of migratory birds come to the Keibul Lamjao National Park annually from far off places. The park is in Manipur, India.*



Seeking more status  
he moves to a bigger pond  
paramecium

Shelli Jankowski-Smith

After my strange dream  
outside the door three feathers  
waiting on the mat

Shelli Jankowski-Smith

Backlit by the sun  
a swarm of bugs apparates  
from all the vast realms

Shelli Jankowski-Smith

In a bright canoe  
my big problem now is can  
I outpace this duck?

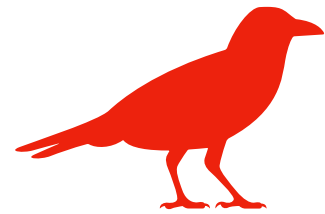
Shelli Jankowski-Smith

an egret stretching the white elbow of a rain gutter

Marcie Wessels

fresh asphalt crows blister the summer street

Marcie Wessels



the wind also tugs  
on the cold sparrow  
hawthorn tree

Marcie Wessels

an acorn woodpecker hammering the holes from trekking poles

Marcie Wessels

half light–  
the sudden movement  
of the gecko

Pasquale Asprea

the thresher  
redraws the barley field–  
croak of a crow

Pasquale Asprea

Great green bush-cricket  
a taste of grass  
after the rain

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

summer wind  
only a snail still  
in the garden

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

a new path  
through town  
wilding river

Peggy Hale Bilbro

juvenile magpies  
at the bedroom window  
dawn call

Carol Jones  
(Wales)

night stalker  
a lamplight silvers  
the mallard's eye

Carol Jones

camera obscura  
a fox shape-shifting  
into night shadows

Carol Jones

hibernation  
the silent underworld  
of hazelnuts

Carol Jones

And of course the hidden controversy:  
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hazelnut#Controversy>

raining ropes —  
Murdering Creek Road  
is a river

Alan Peat

climbing  
Skiddaw  
cirrus fingers

Alan Peat

city train the bluebells backwards

Alan Peat

deadheading a butterfly bracket fungi

Alan Peat

another dawn  
my backbone  
birdsong

Alan Peat

the narrowing of the day thunder

Pere Risteski

one more curve of the sun the crow

Pere Risteski

all wrong stations night heron

Pere Risteski

corona note bumblebee

Pere Risteski

the frozen raindrops  
hitting the warm fallen snow  
a day turns to slush

Michael Feil

Movement in the reeds  
the flash of colour and gone  
the kingfisher dives

Andy Green Mann

afternoon heat  
a switch of direction  
for sunflowers

Mal Ward

sunlight on water  
the movement of ripples  
carries a kingfisher

Mal Ward

seaside drawing ...  
the pencil too short  
to sharpen

Sanela Pliško

evening birdsong —  
the more mellow tone  
of wine

Ernesto Santiago

rock balance . . .  
the father taps  
his shoulder

Ernesto Santiago

lunch on the porch  
a sack of spider eggs  
quivers then stills

Craig Kittner

a herd of dinosaur dreams  
grazing geese beside the road

Craig Kittner

granting the mosquito a drop of blood  
how we tend to complicate things

Craig Kittner

invisible  
but for a shaft of morning light  
a line of spider silk

Craig Kittner



world of taste  
and touch – the snail's  
14,000 teeth

Alice Wanderer

southerly buster  
the squabble of gulls  
skims the breakers

Marilyn Humbert

*southerly buster, the sudden weather change brings strong winds to east coast Australia*

a vixen's bark  
between the tussocks  
starry night

Marilyn Humbert

tarmacadam haze  
buzzards shimmer through  
hidden crossroads

John Hawkhead

wasp nest  
an electric storm  
in its eye

John Hawkhead

summer heat  
a tomato  
slips its skin

Terri L. French

scorpius rising  
a starling's screech  
reaches the moon

Terri L. French

autumn pasture  
the mare's nostrils flaring  
in green apple air

Terri L. French

no reason  
not to smile  
sunflowers

Terri L. French

hot day walking to work with busy ants

Mariangela Canzi

summer dusk  
a choir of honeybees  
in the letterbox

Mariangela Canzi

quarantine  
Black Forest  
on my mind

Mariangela Canzi

# Blōō Outpost feature: Pris Campbell



*Hitchcock gulls photograph by Pris Campbell*

darkness creeps  
the pond slowly absorbs  
the fishing egret

Pris Campbell

hull cleaning  
not a shark nudging  
but a manatee

Pris Campbell



gulls photograph by Pris Campbell



house sold  
her lilies die (like her)  
in Florida's heat

Pris Campbell

barely dawn  
sandpipers rush  
with the surf

Pris Campbell



gulls photograph by Pris Campbell

# blōō Outpost: quirks

blōōbottles on the beach  
no message

Mona Jordan



## **blōō notes**

*Occasionally an insect escapes the journal!*

—Alan Summers

plastic pond  
a frog leaps in  
before it's filled

Tony Williams

## **blōō notes**

*Matsuo Bashō is possibly the most popular haikai poet (he wrote hokku) that haiku poets create a riff off 'old pond' in particular!*



parked under a light —  
tick marks on the legs  
of a white satin moth

rs

ascending the mountainside height of the hermit thrush song

rs

summer fervor azure pollinates late into afternoon

rs

from the crevices of winter mourning cloaks gilded with light

rs

N o r t h e r n H a r r i e r  
empty field after empty field after

rs



above the river beat the sound of drumming snipe

Clive Bennett

after the storm  
gathering windfalls ...  
pinkfeet calling

Clive Bennett

distant bells  
deep in the holly  
robinsong

Clive Bennett

# Bloo Outpost feature: Joseph P. Wechselberger

gibbous moon ...  
trills of a screech owl  
marking its turf

Joseph P. Wechselberger

the bay of Dad's hounds chasing fox  
through a hole in the sky ...  
night woods

Joseph P. Wechselberger

picking ticks  
off the dog  
honeysuckle heat

Joseph P. Wechselberger

the uncertain flutter  
of a young starling's wings  
morning mist

Joseph P. Wechselberger

grandfather's suicide  
fireflies hold vigil  
over his field

Joseph P Wechselberger



Grandpop Wechselberger

## grandfather's suicide

This is an image from my past. My grandfather grew flowers and vegetables for sale, he committed suicide. This is an homage to him. He is the "suicide" in the poem and the fireflies hold vigil over his field.

I have attached a picture of my grandfather and me, 1947, and one of just him.

I never knew my mother's parents. They died in 1913 and 1914, and I had so little time with my Grandpop and Grandmom Wechselberger. They were immigrants from Yugoslavia, in what is now Serbia. I was named after Grandpop Wechselberger, Joseph Wechselberger, Sr., the man in the poem, and my mother's father, Peter Barthold.



Joseph Wechselberger Sr & Joseph P. Wechselberger 1947

# Blōō Outpost:

## How To Identify White Butterflies

<https://www.nhsn.org.uk/a-beginners-guide-to-white-butterflies/>

<https://butterfly-conservation.org/news-and-blog/how-to-identify-white-butterflies?fbclid=IwAR0VGfzFpDi6OczW2b17b2gs5uj2GJPDgrQ2VizjWPjZ2CJinwiFZiJq6fE>

<https://scottishwildlifetrust.org.uk/2017/04/how-to-identify-white-butterflies/>

*It is my hope that this essay will offer you a better understanding of white butterflies and provide you with answers... [and] a clear representation of white butterflies.*

—Erica Jensen, editor of iPublishing - Science and Spirituality Journal Publication.

<https://www.ipublishing.co.in/seeing-a-white-butterfly-meaning-spiritual-symbolism>

Can you spot and identify the white butterfly in Karen Hoy's photograph?



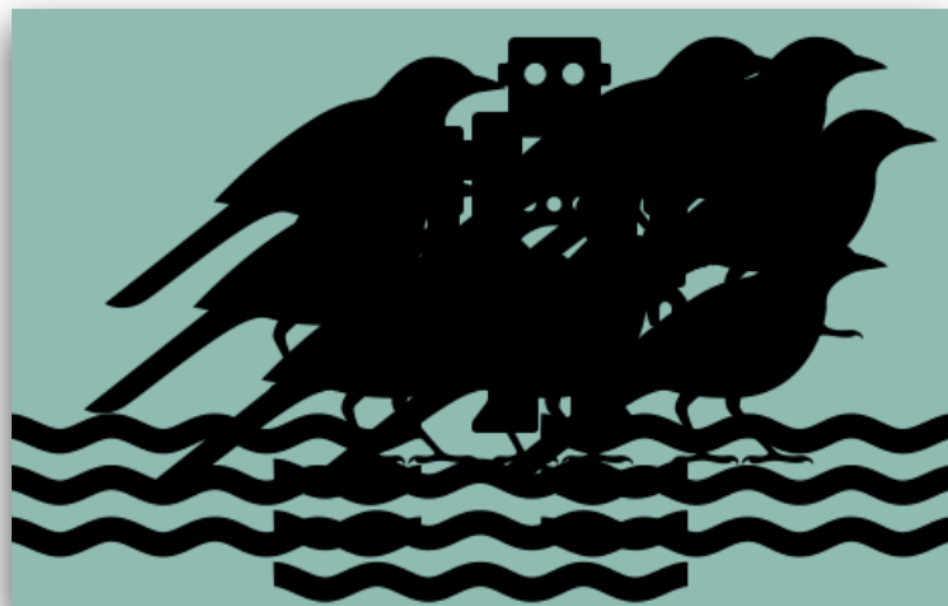
Karen Hoy's white butterfly settling place

# Bl̄ō Outpost

## Special Guest Poet Profile Feature:

# Mary Jo Balistreri

The haiku that started the Bl̄ō Outlier journal!



sanderlings...  
a boy's wind-up robot  
chases the surf

Mary Jo Balistreri

sanderlings...  
a boy's wind-up robot  
chases the surf

Mary Jo Balistreri

**First publication:**

**bottle rockets** #44 (January, 2021) ed. Stanford Forrester

<https://www.bottlerocketspress.com/journal>

**Features:**

*re:Virals* 291 (April, 2021)

*The Haiku Foundation commentary feature on some of the finest haiku ever written in English.*

*Schrödinger's MA and the segue axis* by Alan Summers

(Haiku North America Conference 2021)

A quick read gives us birds by the seashore, and a boy with his current favorite toy. Can we read more? In fact can we lend ourselves permission to read more? This is a snapshot of a moment, but is it two moments, one in the present, and one from the past? The author is remembering the past through the present. We've all lost someone, to time and circumstances. If we could wind back time, what would re-emerge from the white space?

This haiku, rejected quite a few times, inspired me to be the founder of the Blōō Outlier Journal. The haiku was finally taken by a quality print publication, and yet I still wanted to continue to create the journal. The haiku makes me feel good every time I've read it, which must be a few hundred times by now.

**The opening line** gives us the sanderlings, delightful birds that chase and in turn appear to be chased back, by the tide. **The ellipsis works** as a lovely visual touch of their tiny "footprints" that continue to appear disappear appear and at the close of the day will disappear until the next time.

**The second part of the haiku** gives this reader, myself, another wonderfully upbeat image.

**The second line** gives us "a boy's wind-up robot" which makes me smile and takes me back to childhood and those jerky robots that give endless simple pleasure, as you activate and then re-activate them, a little like the tide does to the sanderlings in fact. I remember an oversized wind-up key and everything unsophisticated if it was a big rubber band, and not clockwork with multiple cogs.

**The third line** brings us momentarily back to the sanderlings, but also there is a toy robot being chased too. I see a boy constantly winding up the toy, which hopefully is mostly plastic and waterproof. The boy is enjoying the fact that his treasured toy can imitate those wind-up toys called sanderlings.



## Here is what the author has to say:

**Mary Jo:**

Sanderlings—the way they run like little wind-up toys to avoid the waves—they need wet ground to feed, but without knowing that they are like kids too, teasing the waves, daring the waves to get them wet. Their little stick legs go so fast...

One day a little boy was winding up a tiny robot—he put it among the sanderlings and it was like God parting the Red Sea—But the boy did it over and over and it looked so much like one of them when it walked that the sanderlings soon ignored it and they all took off together toward the surf...

it drew a crowd as it was so much fun to watch.

That little boy on his belly winding up his robot again and again—everyone had a smile, stopping to watch before moving on.

I forgot to tell you the best part for me!

I saw this little boy and what he was trying to do, so stood there a long time. His Mom came to stand beside me as we were cheering him on. Then she walked back to her chair and I sat down with the child. He gave me turns with the robot too and we were playing and figuring out different ways to send it.

I was a child again.

## I have to add this last note after Mary Jo's magical disclosure:

And that's what is so magical for me too, it's about 'natural history' of course but also our *starting gate* as humans. We commence as baby humans, the honest and innocent *naïve* engaging with the natural world.

It's really healthy for a fully adult human to remember a little about being a "child" and that it's always there, if we want to reconnect, we need not be ashamed.



Here is what one top bird expert has to say about Sanderlings, plus magically lose yourself in his photographs too.

**THE BIRD THAT RUNS FROM WAVES** by Corey Finger

*“If you see shorebirds on a coastal beach in North America they are most likely Sanderlings (Calidris alba). If they are running back and forth as the waves ebb and flow they are almost assuredly Sanderlings. They are the “clockwork toy” birds according to Sibley, “The Bird That Plays Tag with the Waves” according to Pete Dunne, and The Shorebird Guide points out that Sanderlings are “probably the most widespread shorebird in the world.” They appear on all the continents except Antarctica and migrate anywhere from 3,000 to 10,000 miles from breeding grounds on the tundra to temperate and tropical beaches.”—Corey Finger*

Corey Finger,  
author of the American Birding Association Field Guide to the Birds of New York.  
<https://www.10000birds.com/the-bird-that-runs-from-waves.htm>



Shiloh's fields  
the stilled scent  
of peach

Mary Jo Balistreri

### **The Battle of Shiloh and peach blossoms**

Their whiteness remembers a signature episode from the fighting:  
On April 6, 1862, the peach blossoms near Shiloh Church, shocked from their  
branches by bullets and cannons, fell like a snow on the dead bodies of the Northern  
and Southern soldier alike.

<https://richardnilsen.com/2014/04/14/the-battle-of-shiloh/>

and

<https://www.nps.gov/shil/learn/news/new-sites-on-the-old-battlefield.htm>

weather-faced angels hemlocks heavy with snow

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the shadow jittering a blackbird

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snow melting deer into lichen

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silent Sunday      space for serviceberries      to speak

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eavesdropping beneath the window a party of cardinals

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pouring rain  
the curtain parts  
in an oriole

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blue moonlight on snow ticking the woodstove

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the nearby fields brittle hooves clattering on cobblestones

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tree frogs leaf to leaf leaping joe pye

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the inflorescence of honeysuckle puddled in moonlight

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scrape of the snowplow burrowing into morning

Mary Jo Balistreri

languorous wheels  
hawks and buzzards  
over morning

Mary Jo Balistreri

## A sample of Mary Jo Balistreri's previously published work

mangroves  
the ibis rising as one  
from sleep

Mary Jo Balistreri  
"Chances are..." haibun  
Presence 69 (March 2021)

migration  
without borders  
monarchs

Mary Jo Balistreri  
Frogpond. vol. 41:3 fall 2018  
(Haiku Society of America journal)  
Anthology: *a hole in the light: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2018*

nestled into oak the urge of white trilliums

Mary Jo Balistreri  
TINYWORDS haiku & other small poems  
issue 21.1 (April 2021)

within rain...  
just the fluted song  
of a wood thrush

Mary Jo Balistreri  
TINYWORDS haiku & other small poems  
issue 19.1 (April 2019)

dusk crawls across the field crickets

Mary Jo Balistreri  
TINYWORDS haiku & other small poems  
issue 19.1 (July 2019)

goslings  
a gander's sudden honk  
roams the backyard

Mary Jo Balistreri  
bottle rockets  
issue 43/august, 2020

the ash tree silver from sun rising crows

Mary Jo Balistreri  
modern haiku, 51.2, spring, summer, 2020

in the spiral  
of a rose  
bluet damselfly

Mary Jo Balistreri  
Blithe Spirit issue 30.3, 2020

puddling...  
a swarm of swallowtails  
after the storm

Mary Jo Balistreri  
hedgerow, june 2020

a berry in its beak  
dangling from the juniper—  
cedar waxwing

Mary Jo Balistreri  
Selected Haiku: Chicago Illinois botanical garden, 2020/2021  
(curator Julie Schwerin)

harmonizing  
with the hemlock wind...  
winter wren

Mary Jo Balistreri  
Holden Arboretum Season of Haiku Trail, 2018  
(curator Julie Schwerin)  
Chicago Illinois botanical garden, 2020/2021  
(curator Julie Schwerin)

# Blōō Outpost: Alan Summers

hawthorn in berry  
an adult robin teaches  
its mating call

Alan Summers

*A happy incident, as Karen Hoy pointed out that the adult male robin was teaching its junior male robin about the mating call.*

About the European Robin aka Robin Redbreast, and a Christmas icon!

<https://www.garden-birds.co.uk/birds/robin.html>

changing skylines . . .  
a tree bumblebee climbs  
the heuchera flower

Alan Summers

*Our small and narrow strip of garden!*

Tree bumblebee (*Bombus hypnorum*)

<https://www.bumblebeeconservation.org/white-tailed-bumblebees/tree-bumblebee/>

creeping sepia  
the gravity inside  
beech masts

Alan Summers

Creeping Sepia: saijiki notes by Alan Summers

<https://haikubasecamp.wordpress.com/2022/06/12/96/>

Beech masts: <https://www.woodlands.co.uk/blog/woodland-economics/mast-and-mast-years/>



vortex shedding a meadow brown hunkers down

Alan Summers

meadow brown butterfly

<https://butterfly-conservation.org/butterflies/meadow-brown>

**vortex shedding incident** in local fields during last year's heatwave when a 30–40 foot high vortex was created: a tunnel of dust and mown grass.

the way to the woods foxgloves vanishing tails

Alan Summers

foxgloves:

<https://www.wildlifetrusts.org/wildlife-explorer/wildflowers/foxglove>

Tales say that foxes wore the flowers as gloves so they could sneak silently into homes to steal food... In Scandinavia, legend has it that fairies taught foxes how to warn each other of encroaching hunters by ringing foxglove bells.

<https://www.petalrepublic.com/foxglove-flower-meaning/>

# Bloo Outpost feature: ~~Extraterrestrial~~ haiku

first Martian forest  
clear-cut for paper towels  
on earth

Greer Woodward

## **natural history on Mars**

martian breeze kisses hot rover microphone not cherry blossoms—yet

coyote and hound mistranslate each other's scent marks

green coils glisten snake slain beneath contrails' glide into sunset

Tyson West



# Blōō Outpost

## Special Profile Feature:

### Lorraine Pester



lorraine and abbey schnauzer at zion national park, utah usa

**:::field note:::**

due to abbey's contemplative, meditative way of interacting with nature, my own participation with the natural world is richer as i try to make my senses match hers. on our walks, abbey tosses me a look that says "*hey! mom! over here! notice THIS!*"

protecting abbey  
. . .my hand grazes  
this passing raven

**:::field note:::**

"Birds make you step out of your life and into theirs."  
The Anthropology of Turquoise: Reflections on Desert, Sea, Stone and Sky  
by Ellen Meloy

white-winged dove  
a downy feather catches  
on my shirt. . .*i'm IT*

**:::field note:::**

this dove is one of the three main pollinators of the saguaro (sah-wah-ro) cacti in the sonoran desert of southern arizona and northern mexico. the other two pollinators are honey bees and bats.

great-tailed grackles  
swooping and chattering  
my daily 7am play date

**:::field note:::**

unlike other birds who go quiet when people appear, these grackles take the opportunity to socialize. after eavesdropping on my conversations with abbey the first few mornings, they soon look forward to my voice. i'm always eager to see them, and they engage me as one of them.

birdless sky whistling its black-bellied ducks into view

**:::field note:::**

black-bellied ducks do not quack to communicate. they whistle. at first, i frequently stood in the early morning, listening to the sky whistle. first the whistling. then their appearance as they landed. they do not fly in large groups but in 2 or 3 pairs at a time. all told, about 3 dozen land.

they have a very narrow range in southern texas. i first saw them near the gulf of mexico. but. . . here in the rio grande valley, we have a pair that drop in from time to time. there is an old tree they perch in (yes, audubon says this is normal behavior.) when worried, they perch on a neighbor's roof. watching.

**:::field note:::**

for native americans, birds are God's messengers. they deliver human prayers to God and bring back His answers. birds are also thought to be the vessels for dead souls that use the birds as transportation to heaven. i have seen the disturbance in the light as birds approach the open portal to heaven and then close again after the bird has passed through. very specific points in the sky, their comings and goings throughout the day.

winnie-the-pooh blustery day rat tail cactus

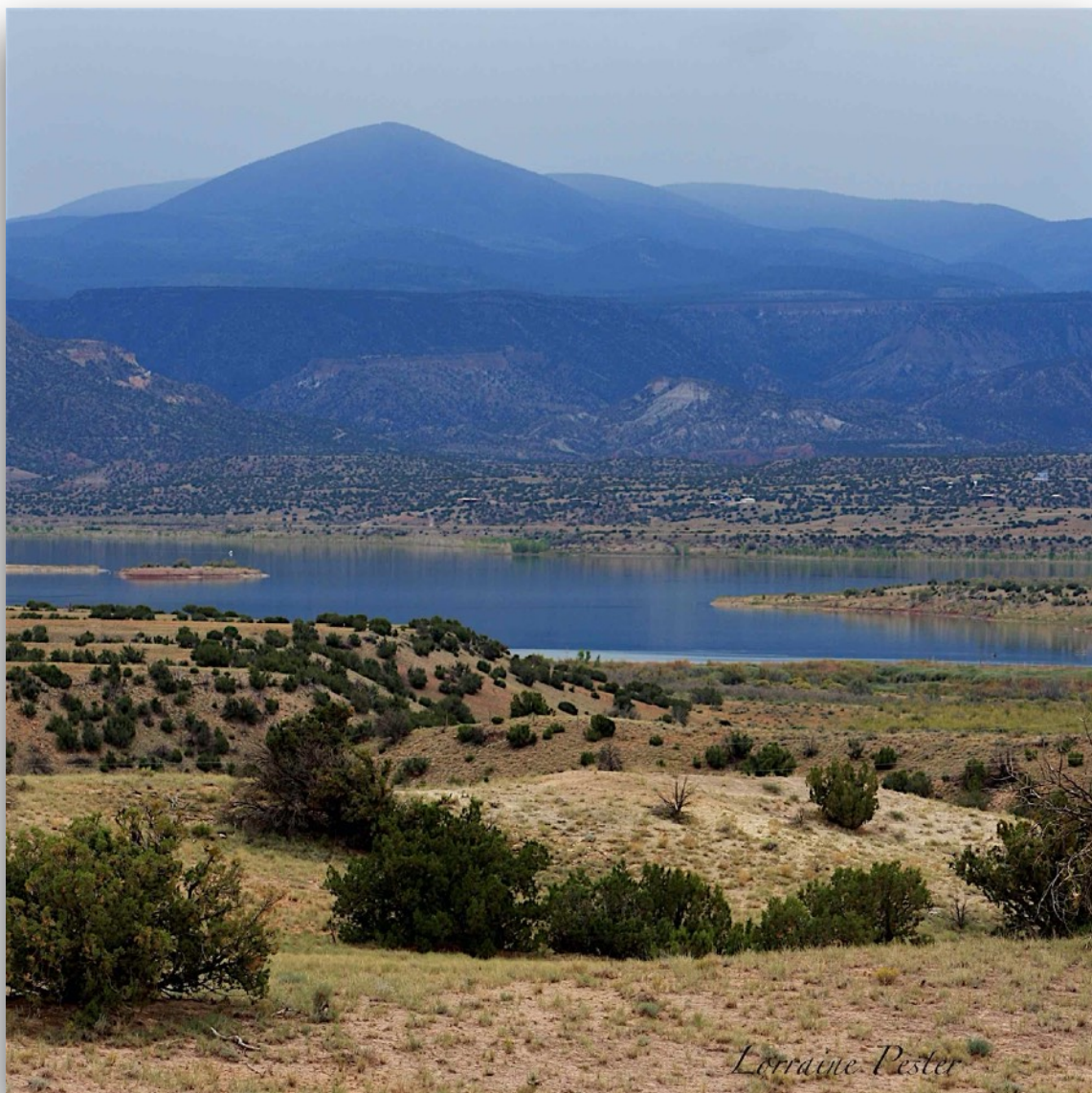
**:::field note:::**

many native americans believe that the wind is God's breath. i think about that: inhaling and exhaling along with the rest of nature. awesome!

new mexico, usa these marks on my heart

**:::field note:::**

a roadmap of images. this is how the zuni indian artists of new mexico are making maps of their lands these days. they draw a pictographic map showing the location of important landmarks for their personal life, their family or their tribe.



ghost ranch landscape near santa fe, new mexico, usa

:::field note:::

this is what the high desert of santa fe looks like. until september, 2008, i had never seen this high desert in person or in photographs. but as a child of 10, i painted this very scene over and over using watercolors. today, this experience reminds me of the movie Close Encounters of the Third Kind.

the poem i've included here that explains my feelings about this area was originally written in 2007. eerie!

Deja Vu (or is it?)

purple hillsides  
opulent pincushions studded by juniper bushes  
faraway mesas dissolved into sky  
cacti-populated, parched ecru stratum  
the high desert, Santa Fe

panic, fueled by confusion, descends  
my knowledge of the low desert in Tucson  
would never have begotten the countless  
childhood watercolor paintings  
deftly executed from memory  
of this landscape spread out before me

vuja de

Lorraine Pester  
Motley Press, 2012





view from the back porch at bobcat inn, santa fe, new mexico usa

::field note:::

this is early september in the high desert of santa fe, new mexico. the wildflowers, walled into a courtyard, welcome the approaching storm. soon the desert and i will be bathed in petrichor.

trace evidence

yesterday  
the rat-a-tat-tat of summer rain  
tattooed  
a stippled crust on the desert dust  
that crunches now like sugar underfoot

Lorraine Pester  
Motley Press, 2012





church cemetery santa fe, new mexico usa

**:::field note:::**

this is the old cemetery in back of a church under renovation in the old town district of santa fe.

i wonder if the spirits of the dead remain even as the forgetfulness of weeds overrun their burial site.

**the sacred sonoran desert: a photo essay**

i have frequently commented that the only way to know a place is to walk it. with each step, my right foot finds an experience different from the next step of my left foot. i've been fortunate to have walked the deserts of arizona, utah, new mexico, california, nevada. each one has its own personality.

my favorite is the sonoran desert of southern arizona. it's inhabited by the tohono o'odham indians who claim to be the descendants of the hohokam indians who settled central and southern arizona in prehistoric times. i stand in its dry washes.

dodge the holes that mark rattlesnake dens. honor each insect and lizard that checks me out. walk among the cacti: cholla, ocotillo, prickly pear, saguaro.

the tohono o'odham consider the saguaros to be part of their people and their ancestors. as such, the cacti are revered.



saguaro nursery area picacho peak state park north of tucson, arizona

shhhhh. the baby's sleeping.

wild saguaro cacti grow under three main nurse plants: the mesquite tree shown here, the palo verde tree and the ironwood tree. when the saguaro is ten years old, it stands 1.5 inches tall. as the saguaro grows, the nurse tree withers and dies.

the saguaro has a very limited range: the sonoran desert of northern mexico and southern arizona with a few of the giant cacti in the very southern california.





saguaro national park outside of tucson, arizona

stepping out of the car and setting foot among the saguaro feels like entering a church in the middle of the service. that same sense of prayerful worship. the saguaros and i inhale and exhale the desert. standing next to a saguaro, i look out across the wash into the valley. i'm seeing what they see every day.

these saguaros in the photo above are likely 100 years old or more. as they approach 100, they start growing arms. the more arms, the older the saguaro. they can grow up to 25 arms. their average life expectancy is around 200 years.

you can see the crown/halo at the top of each arm where the blossoms are.



valley of the sun rv park marana, arizona outside of tucson, arizona.

a saguaro in a resident's yard. the mobile home has been placed carefully so not to disturb the giant cactus.

a close-up of what i call the saguaro's blossom basket. the flowers bloom only at night. by the middle of the next day, they close, never to bloom again. the blossoms open several at a time so that over the course of a month, all the blossoms have opened and fruit has set. the bright red fruit is picked by the tohono o'odham and made into wine, syrup and jams used in ceremonies. i was told that becoming drunk on saguaro cactus wine is considered a holy experience.



picacho peak state park north of tucson, arizona

the gila woodpecker, 8-10 inches in size, creates these massive holes as part of its nest building. the saguaro produces sap which dries to a waterproof gray that protects the wound. when the saguaro flesh dies, the tohono o'odham harvest the remaining bowl-like sap structure they call a boot. they use the boot to collect and store water and foodstuffs.

the brown that you see in the back part of the hole is the saguaro's vascular system. i reached in and touched them. these are also harvested when the cactus dies. the tohono o'odham use this wood for fencing and for making the tool they use to collect the saguaro's fruit.

i especially like this photograph. i easily see the saguaro with its mouth open, speaking with the desert.

**:::field note:::**

*"I will fill myself with the desert and the sky. I will be stone and stars, unchanging and strong and safe. The desert is complete; it is spare and alone, but perfect in its solitude. I will be the desert."*

— Kiersten White, *The Chaos of Stars*

# EPÍLOGOS

We don't fully know the future of terrestrial nature, as an ever increasing human population is a powerful effect on our fellow denizens, on this still very blue planet as seen from deep space. It's incredible that the planet appears so robust and beautiful.

What will become or what else will become a footnote in the planet's history, I wonder?



photograph a bolted sign in the ground in Mortimore's ancient woodland  
by Alan Summers

<http://www.mortimores.org.uk/about.html>

You will have discovered lots of strange-seeming names in a number of the haiku and notes. I feel that sometimes we need to know more about the areas of our planet, even if they are human-made names and terms.

A search can reveal a whole new world in under a second, and you can help by planting more trees if you use: [www.ecosia.org](http://www.ecosia.org)

a riverbed  
of unfulfilled wishes  
starry starry night

Alan Summers

the slow snow  
drifting into eaves...  
earl grey & lemon

Alan Summers



All issues of **Blōo Outlier Journal** will be found at:

<https://www.callofthepage.org/boj/>



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