

See also Blog Post "[On Haiku](#)"

fir forest  
distant scent  
stirs the nostrils of bear

old weeping willow—  
swaying branches  
leaping squirrels

gusty gale  
two eagles finesse  
a landing

dust swirls around the thud  
of a sequoia cone's  
plummet

butterflies alight  
with vermilion wings  
amongst ponderous sequoia

through the spacious crown  
of a winter elm  
a hawk swoops

stagnant summer air  
scarcely a puff  
colossal lead fails

bumble bee  
circumnavigates a bulging  
bud of peony

ruby throat wing beats  
flutter the ochre leaves  
of alpine aspen

cauldron of color  
inside  
bud of poppy

raccoon vanish through  
the cracked corner  
of an abandoned trailer

storm-blasted spruce  
merely jostles in the rush  
of avalanche

alpine storm—dusky  
skyscape of color above  
a tree's purple cones

caterpillar—one end  
wrapped to a rock by spider  
silk—writhes

precipitous cirque  
cradles a lush meadow—  
innumerable columbine

one owl dead—  
the other perches  
on a yellow line

solitary stand  
of cottonwood filters  
rising sounds of stream

twilight—  
innumerable mosquitoes—  
flitting bats

deep fresh powder—dawn  
floods everything but the hollows  
where rabbits leapt

dew drops slide down  
a linden leaf into  
a caterpillar's crawl

shadow of sequoia  
engulfs a lumbering  
black bear

aspen leaves quake  
from the tines  
of a snorting elk

red  
beneath the wing  
of blackbird

snake skin flutters  
faintly with November's  
brown leaves

spring thaw—a pine's  
icicles chime beneath  
the feet of songbirds

midsummer sun—  
in the bark's thick folds  
a bat hunkers

sugar pine cone  
green  
heavy with sap

coyote fur  
snagged in the two knives  
of barbed wire

catalpa blossoms—  
luminescent  
in midnight's moon

granite batholiths  
heavy summer rains  
infinite rivulets

ladybug crawls  
into shadows of a grey  
dusty Jeffrey cone

spindly branches  
reach through the lake's  
pre-dawn fog

dust settles  
on the shaggy flanks  
of bison

winged seeds of a  
ginella maple still clinging  
in a winter storm

5:00 a.m. stillness  
then a spider traverses  
her first strand

prairie dog—poised—  
misses the shadow  
of hawk

plowed mountain road (sides  
eight feet high)—beneath distant  
stars a moose trots

ripples splash  
over the noses  
of turtles

backbone of an elk  
sunk in the meadow's  
spring mud

eight turkey vultures  
dot the crown  
of a white oak

curvaceous limbs  
of a sumac fade to black  
in winter's twilight

edge of lake  
geese nestle amidst  
flurries of snow

moonlight catches  
the eyes of a fox lurking  
in a culvert

the haiku that  
escapes when the twitch of wing  
is missed

squirrels spiral  
around the serpentine leads  
of a green ash

an oak scrawls  
on the grey cedar  
shingles of a roof

4:00 a.m.—somewhere  
close the weight of an owl  
shifts

the goldfish glides  
upside down—getting used  
to the feel of death

the eagles sag  
the lithesome limbs  
of a poplar

beetles expose  
the curved backbone  
of a dead lizard

along a sidewalk  
a meadowlark's yellow  
song fills the grey drizzle

stagnant  
pond—raindrops  
splash

red pollen settles  
on a fidgety  
sparrow

dandelion seeds float  
a swollen stream amidst seeds  
from cottonwoods

dark blue clouds eastward—  
white poplars radiate  
in a thin sunset

Aaron M. Moe  
April 2010

spring blizzard— snow  
three inches deep on the side  
of a brick building

a robin bathes  
in a flurry of fallen  
snow

tall grasses sway  
from the shifting snout  
of coyote