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# 月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPPO

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SUPPLEMENT

C. Joy Haas, Editor

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## HAIKU WORKSHEET

- SHIGATSU -

. April KUKO

KIGO FOCUS: The scattering petals; Spring dust; blighting wind, apple blossoms

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 248. With a passing breeze<br>a <u>scattering of petals</u><br>down the garden path . . .                   | 249. Hand in hand they walk<br>young couple on unknown path:<br><u>scattering petals</u>     |
| 250. Next to tangled path<br>laden with <u>scattered petals</u><br>altar in the woods                       | 251. From an old playground<br>echos of laughter resound<br><u>scattering petals</u>         |
| 252. Silhouettes moving<br>over the rim of the earth<br><u>scattering petals</u>                            | 253. Down the white carpet<br>the smiling flower girl steps<br><u>scattering petals</u>      |
| 254. In the redbud tree<br>two small climbers sway branches<br><u>scattering petals</u>                     | 255. In <u>buckeye blossoms</u><br>the acrobatic squirrels feed<br>and <u>scatter petals</u> |
| 256. Sweet carillon notes<br>along with fragrant <u>petals</u><br><u>falling</u> in the rain                | 257. A retarded child<br>takes the <u>scattering petals</u><br>back to the <u>rosebush</u>   |
| 258. The double <u>cherry</u><br>at first <u>bloom</u> is too perfect . . .<br><u>the scattering petals</u> | 259. Beneath mother tree<br><u>the scattering petals</u> fall<br>time for housecleaning      |
| 260. Pink tecoma tree<br>lightly <u>scattering petals</u><br>over the bird bath                             | 261. Lingering storm winds<br>move the <u>scattering petals</u><br>across patio.             |
| 262. The breath of night breeze<br>carpets the earth with starlight<br><u>scattering petals</u>             | 263. A sudden shower;<br><u>azalea petals scatter</u><br>on the dark water . . .             |

264. Someone tunes a harp  
or improvises idly  
plum blossoms drifting
265. Around the henhouse  
the marks of something snaking  
over the Spring dust
266. No Spring dust this year  
only the endless rains fall  
the pollen is mush
267. The air fresh and crisp  
patio filled with Spring dust  
bird tracks form designs
268. The mare in her stall  
neighs to the frolicing foals  
out raising Spring dust
269. Raindrops on Spring dust  
percolate to sleeping seed  
-- what a potent brew!
270. Gnarled and broken tree  
suddenly apple blossoms --  
one last festival?
271. White clouds on blue skies  
Gazing -- in her scented hair  
Pink apple blossoms
272. Wings out and sqawking  
the red hen calls in her chicks --  
apple blossom's rain
273. Floating at twilight  
casting a luminous lane  
white apple blossoms
274. Quiet afternoon:  
tea caddy and pear blossoms --  
an open sketch book
275. Blown apple blossoms  
arrange themselves fearlessly  
in the porous pine
276. Pink apple blossoms  
to make a wreath for my friend  
blending with her smile
277. Memories now stirred  
trees filled with apple blossoms  
thoughts of Valley Forge
278. Falling on white hair  
petals from apple blossoms  
seem to disappear
279. A very poor year  
with pouring rains, blighting wind . . .  
nearing seventy
280. The blighting wind blows  
too hard for great-grandmother  
in bed with chest cold
281. Wait for traffic light  
pedestrian shadows bent  
against blighting wind
282. The smell of moist earth  
beneath violet petals  
an early Easter
283. On the playhouse roof  
the glow of a robin's breast  
an April sunrise
284. Dogwood bloom forms cross . . .  
flower center Crown of Thorns  
petals show nail prints
285. A blighting wind blows  
albatross sits on her nest . . .  
eyes are rimmed with sand
286. Spring dust in the air  
powdering the brass Buddha  
now cast in shadow
287. Aloft in the air  
transporting life giving force  
the cloud of Spring dust

288. Spring dust from Plains states  
or maybe a volcano . . .  
big mess, either way
289. Apple blossoms? No.  
Heavy snow flakes on the trees  
in crazy season
290. One tree on the block  
in a poor section of town --  
scattering petals
291. A blue sky above  
distant mountains of spring dust  
pulled by a tractor
292. The oriole's pouch  
low enough to peek into  
. . . an apple blossom!
293. Orphaned by the cat  
fledgeling serenades gathered  
in this small basket
294. A little Spring dust  
just as it touches the ground  
becomes this year's soil
295. The edge of the lake  
touched with yellow pollen  
a little Spring dust
296. The chrystalized snow  
is sinking very quickly  
the weight of Spring dust
297. A face that's aging  
good for another season  
a little Spring dust
298. A daughter's marriage  
the last of the children leave . . .  
scattering petals
299. In the shopping street  
a brisk Spring wind is skirting  
round about the girls
300. So many windows  
and each one has opened up  
for the fresh Spring air
301. Which is it to be?  
brushes sweeping or painting  
one day more Spring dust
302. It's Spring cleaning time  
letting in a change of air  
and a change of sound
303. Brilliant Spring sun  
like a magnet this morning  
the people, the sounds
304. Cloudless and so blue  
how brilliant the Spring sky  
and enough for all
305. How fine the Spring rain  
settling on every branch  
like pearl necklaces
306. The first pale green shoot  
staying momentarily  
to watch it growing
307. What becomes of them  
the things that go down the drain  
at the end of Spring?
308. Innumerable  
things that are washed away  
by the rains of Spring
309. With the last snow-fall  
there is no children's laughter  
the lingering cold
310. In the city street  
hearing sounds of it running  
winter down the drain
311. Small boys are dismayed  
strong east wind scuttles their boats  
Sunday at the lake

312. As midnight clock ticks  
against the dirty window  
Spring's gentle water
313. In the Springtime mist  
a mailbox stands gray and wet  
-- and again empty
314. Little hands reach out  
with legs push stroller closer  
child's first plum blossom
315. Seeking heavy coat  
I search from store to store -- Found  
Spring in Ladieswear!
316. Pulsating red light  
jeweled flashes through Spring rain  
Ambulance is here!
317. Siren -- red glare lights  
tire tracks etched in Spring rain  
Emergency Call!
318. Parking lot tiretracks  
glistening calligraphy  
records first Spring rain
319. Blaze of Spring sunset  
torches cumulus-cloud sky  
gray ash-smears remain
320. The walk to the woods  
following the rain puddles  
hold birds in the clouds
321. An open window  
the first wind heralding Spring  
drapes try to follow
322. Still here this Spring  
the log by the forest path  
where I stop to rest
323. Early Spring weather  
water and ice are settling  
old differences
324. Early Spring: kittens  
snuggling close to their mother --  
new pussy willows
325. Early Spring: the tom  
snooping near the new kittens  
lots of fun flying
326. Early Spring weather:  
walking in the warm downpour  
sloshing up and down
327. At the edge of town  
geese in the clouds are circling  
over the old swamp
328. Best to be East wind  
an advantage when playing  
the game of Mah Jong
329. Sun on the mountains  
shadows on the mountain-sides . . .  
all seen through Spring mist
330. Lone, large, black crow caws  
loudly from new house top -- Look!  
here is early Spring
331. The first wind softly  
heralding Spring change coming . . .  
Can I flow with it?
332. East wind blows gently  
this grey melancholy day . . .  
better things to come!
333. Far off I see sun  
on the towering mountains . . .  
the climb is long, hard

334. Birds in the clouds flock  
toward the source of rivers  
leaving the silence
336. In early Spring sun  
wild life creeps from dark places  
hawks circle the field
338. Smell of orange blossoms  
tickles my nose while daughter  
practices tap dance
340. In dark meat section  
two lovers steal a quick kiss . . .  
this Easter Sunday
342. This Easter Sunday  
salmon and rice richly shared . . .  
thankful moments pass
344. My mind soars with the birds  
in the clouds reaching high peak  
wishing not to land
346. Village in shadow  
yet in the farthest county --  
sun on the mountains
348. The uprooted grass  
around a tethered stallion --  
sun on the mountains
350. Now that old black stump  
shelters its first violet  
early Spring rain
352. First day of the year  
fills her single champagne glass  
and crystal ashtray
335. Topping the mountains  
vanishing in the valley  
the late Spring snowfall
337. In early Spring sun  
workers loiter on their way  
the wide open sky
339. This warm April day  
special anniversary . . .  
Good wishes abound!
341. The silent darkness  
blankets lovers grafting tree . . .  
avocado blooms
343. Something is eating  
my red, juicy strawberries . . .  
Oh! I missed pleasure
345. Scaling the treetops  
lumbering balloons in air  
crows rise in the clouds
347. Dancing daffodils  
applauded by Spring showers  
bow heads to the ground
349. Bright chiffon headscarf  
the first winds heralding Spring  
wrestle her for it
351. A grey-muzzled dog  
lays by the granite headstone:  
the lingering cold
353. For the first phone call  
her flowered teapot ready  
since early morning

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