Haibun at Dusk at Water’s Edge

Sailboats slip into their docks for the night. Droopy lidded curtains cross windows. The music of a party yacht boasts its entry, dog onboard a nearby slip barking and howling. The neighbor’s cats corral and screech, ruffle bushy blossoms of marigolds perfuming dusk.

A peachy sky turns weighty, slate of gray mourning, sunken corpses in rough channels.

A continent away, cities darken and public places empty. Sidewalks littered with shattered glass and broken hearts remain in vigil along streets of the dead and wounded, laughter and conversation buried beneath night covers where lovers should turn and touch and talk.

Tip your wine glasses to sky, toast the moon’s craters, even with its smile turned downward.

Alaskan Haibun (Sailing past Tracy Arm, Juneau)

Spruce and hemlock pepper sheared granite cliffs sculpted by ice age glaciers where waterfalls trickle and an avalanche rumbles and tumbles down in crumbling walls of snow, in a summer melt, surface of the fjord dusted brown, crackling and popping.

at water’s edge seals mount blue rafts, teach pups to swim and rest, swim and rest

Blood Moon Haibun

Unlike the span of light from the harvest moon of Algonquin lore during the turn of leaves in October, this blood moon slips in on a gusty April wind in lingering twilight, ducks squawking at their brood beneath the blowsy clouds.

This blood moon enters without hysteria of prophetic revelation, or proffered theories for asteroids or meteorite storms—it is enough to be this big bright planet

in the Earth’s shadow blood moon blazes red-orange sunbeams at its edges.

Haibun at dusk at water’s edge

Blood Moon Haibun

“Haibun imagery follows two paths: the external images observed en route, and the internal images that move through the traveler’s mind during the journey.”

Poetry Foundation