



Haiku by Our Sangha

*"Spring Breeze" Haiku Workshop
March 2021*

Nothing should exist
No nature, no here, no now
This is the koan

smile inside mouth
spreading to whole body
full of joy

Sun comes in my door
My cat jumps onto my lap
Sun comes in my heart

Breath ripples through chimes
Awakening from our slumber
Breakthrough the birdsong

Me then you then us
Us then them then peace then war
War then death then bones

Gnarled elder tree
Sitting among blossoms, shrubs, grass
Beloved community

Leafy twig in snow
Traces face of old woman
Mother, friend, both still

the tier gates open
returning to my teacher
for meditation

Sun sinks
streaking pink clouds
sign off

our mountain refuge
meditating with peacocks
we transform poison

tip of red Camilla
bud of passion
vulnerable

tai chi on the lawn
moving with the energy
of our sangha's love

bubbles sparking
bobbing hesitantly
splash gone

i take refuge here
at the feet of the mother
where her pine cone is resting

sunlight on my toes
blurry without my glasses
petals on my feet

a flutter of wings
scrap of paper in disguise
as a butterfly

daylight savings time
we forget to eat dinner
until it gets dark

the tier gates open
returning to my teacher
for meditation

birds chatter away
a friendly conversation
tree top cafe

lunch, a bowl of soup
confused dogs don't understand
no hand-outs today

walking on horse trail
sniffing dogs won't heel today
picking up pee-mail

worm that lost its way
dried up on the sidewalk
crunchy treat for dogs

dead racoon - road kill
near the site where Tiger crashed
a knot in my heart

mindfulness practice
no u-turn, yield, bumps ahead
road sign dharma

sunlight sketches
ephemeral wall art
changing by the second

wind ramped up today
nature's carnival arrives
trees get a wild ride

rosebud - baby's fist
opens petals to offer
handfuls of scent

housing's coming soon
where lupines are blooming now
truth of existence

husband's hearing loss
noble silence makes more sense
wisdom comes with age

my glasses fog up
bringing me present to breath
the Way of the Mask

equanimity
everything is in balance
riding on a bike

L.A. car culture
a different kind of drive-thru
vaccines on the go

a soldier fighting
in the war against covid
gently swabs my arm

soldiers take up arms
in the war against covid
i roll up my sleeve



Gen C school day starts
ten-year old with hand on heart
our kitchen classroom

distance learning school
the horror of the missions
haunts us in the kitchen

dandelion dharma
lush mane of petals turns to
charnel ground of seeds

Electronic beeping
Once it must have been the sounds
Of human cries

Full bladder
March roars outside
The joy of emptying

Miracles of Spring
A night of pure oxygen
The fog clears

