

## Haiku

A spark in the sun,  
this tiny flower has roots  
deep in the cool earth.

It is nice to read  
news that our spring rain also  
visited your town.

All day in gray rain  
hollyhocks follow the sun's  
invisible road.

Lightning flickering  
without sound...how far away  
the night-heron cries!

Above tides of leaves  
that drown the earth, a mountain  
at peace and alone...

How cool cut hay smells  
when carried through the farm gate  
as the sun comes up!

Above the mountain  
a singing skylark flies high  
breathing in sun-mist.

Butterfly, these words  
from my brush are not flowers,  
only their shadows.