

# HOLIDAY HAIKU

Often in the busyness associated with festivals we can lose their essential meaning because of our hectic pace. An interesting project for an individual, family, spiritual community or any group is to select a few moments at important times in their year to write haiku. It quiets us down, makes us more aware, lets sacred space and time grab us. Here are a few examples from our Starcross Community experience. The haiku with \* are by children gathering with us.

## *New Year*

Music. New Year's Eve.  
Looking at thick mist outside.  
Christmas lights on trees.\*

Galloping ponies  
wary stallions run like wind  
gulping clear water.\*



## *Valentine's Day*

Outside my window  
on the young camellia bush  
one bright red flower.



## *Lent*

The lonely bird calls  
into the unknown silence  
searching for a mate.

The dirty gardener  
is showered with plum petals  
while he meditates.

Raindrops hit my coat  
as I shuffle up the hill.  
Soft music calms me\*



### *Palm Sunday*

On waking I hear  
a crow calling as she flies –  
Holy Week begins.

Behind the wire fence  
wild iris blooming freely,  
Holy Week morning.

### *Easter*

A new spring flower  
quietly blooms in the ruins  
of the burned cabin.



### *Pentecost*

Silently it comes  
in the early light of dawn  
the first squash blossom!

Around the chapel  
flies the orange butterfly –  
Come Holy Spirit.

Red guava blossoms.  
Ordinary time begins  
in chapel and field.



### *Memorial for a child*

In this now-moment  
lavender wildflowers raise  
faces to the sun

### *Independence Day*

Melting Häagen-Dazs,  
The meal is almost over.  
Warm conversation.\*



### *Thanksgiving*

In the early light,  
frosty path through golden leaves —  
old farm with new dreams.

### *Dia de los Muertos*

This Day of the Dead  
I watch sunbeams twirl and dance  
in my mother's ring.

A bug on a branch  
Swept away down the river  
Still singing her song.



## *Advent*

Steaming hot tea mug  
on a frosty window sill,  
a now-memory.

The tall Christmas tree  
stands quietly observing  
the busy people.

Big black, starry sky  
Waiting for us to wish on.  
Cool wind, milky way.\*

The young deer and I  
stand still on the hillside and  
watch the winter sky.



## *Christmas*

The bright Christmas star  
reflects in the soft brown eyes  
of the silent boy.

This winter my child  
reads the stories and I sit  
and look at the fire.