

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.