

***there is
this moment
and
that moment***

haiku & tanka poems

miriam chaikin

my greatest regret ...
not being present
when i was there

this night ...
no moon no stars
up three times to pee

there is this moment
and that moment
but where is my life?

aging:
first go feet, then hips
then whimsy

a matter
for the police
in the shower today
an old lady
passes herself off as me

bored swimming alone
i turn on my back
swim with a cloud

between now
and not-yet-ness
a glimpse of nirvana

i step in for a peek
do not see myself
take fright, step out

carpets of calm
sweet-scented air
a goodly place
even so - i step out

“chinese scholar tree,”
said the guide
standing under it
i look up - to see it
i cross the street

my life
runs its course
i run along
beside it
trying to get in

that echo
in the silence
after the blackbird sings --
 footsteps first parents
 heard in the Garden

first they said
i was too young
then i was too old
 this life business
 makes me laugh

forbidden gin
i pluck a berry
from a juniper bush
pinch it –
 and sniff

from inn of no sorrow
yang
wrote poems
i, from walk-up
in greenwich village

a firefly
flits over
mother's grave
the candle
i forgot to bring

hey life
not so fast
let me get
my shoes on
comb my hair

her first date
at each window
a family member

i met an angel
face to face
this morning
 an almond tree
 in bloom

waking
to its silent crack
I watch dawn
creep across
my bedroom floor

walking
with my shadow
i notice
a change
in my gait

i would have been
better off
as someone else

but here i am
as me
(wordfield's haiku pub
bill higinson blog 2007)

last year
my mother's feet
stood in my shoes
this year her hand
leaves my sleeve

long-john bulges
in my school-girl stockings
-- waiting for spring

managing
leg pains
i try to walk
without stepping
on my feet

meditation class
i sit still
as a comma
 longing
 for OM

mama's
first-row seat
at the world --
 her folding chair
no call, no mail
so much nothing
after so much much

o- you moon!
last night
in jerusalem
tonight, new york
 -- stalking?

in the day
i can find my way
please don't
send for me
at night

on a stroll
through trim suburbs
i turn a corner
 a majesty, a live oak
 i am a pagan!

sweet bird
who sings to me
each evening
is that you
pecking in the dumpster?

they leap up
as i enter the bus
offering age
a seat
I am no longer me

watering plants
i bend to listen
to the bonsai drink

wilted red roses
in fall sweepings
- is it for them i feel sad?

wood and brook
tell their story
to the stone i hold
the stone i hold
tells their story to me

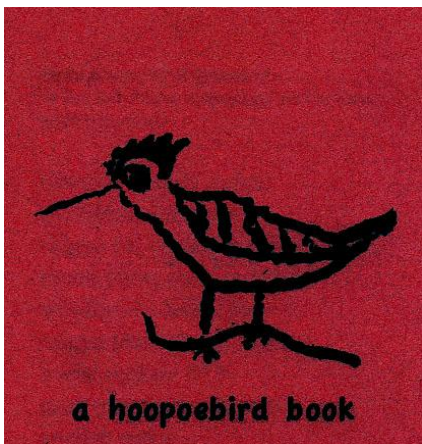
you there
how did it get
to be too late
when it hasn't yet
been before?

on the ground
a tiny stiffness
wrapped
in its own wings
o – to lose a singer

already --
how meaningless
the meaningful
moment
-- amazing

these poems have appeared
in the following magazines and internet
poetry journals—

ribbons, simply haiku,
red lights, ambrosia
saigyo 08, deronda review
prune juice, shiki monthly
wordfield's haiku pub
saigyo tanka, h.s.a. meetng,
bottle rockets #15
gaen tree press, modern
english tanka



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