

COVID-19 HAIKU

Pear ornamental

fruits only for winsome joy:

lofty guardian

*

long haired Magdalen,

the cherry weeps winter tears,

awaiting blossom

*

cheerful endurers,

red geraniums augment

the song my garden

*

pink budded points

flame to late winter jasmine

white warming the scene

*

laden the branches

ripe with the ellipsoid gold

of nipples lemons

*

pleasant but plain

jacaranda stands until it

purples, astounding

STARLING

Each afternoon, late,
a starling,
whose apparent black
shifts to rainbow iridescent sheen,
sings westward on top of the naked
weeping cherry outside my window,
incanting the fleeting euphoria of blossom.
Sometimes I notice, sometimes I don't.

Truth

for E&A

Gaze at the sky;

The sky gazes at you.

Care for the trees;

The trees care for you.

Love the air

The air loves you.

Be still in this place,

Let it speak to your heart,

Speak to the trees and the air and sky.

*

You see, you are seen.

You care, you are cared for.

You love, you are loved.

Trees and air and earth and you are one.

*

The trees say, "How are you?"

The air says, "I care."

The earth says, "I hold you."

"Love," says the light.

And you say...

Mary Wickham's book *Being The Bird - New and Selected Poems*- can be ordered from most online booksellers. Her website is: <http://marywickhamrsm.org.au>

Shinrin-yoku haiku *

Stand bare under trees,
shed what has sore grimed your soul
and soak in green peace

*

leaf-luxuriate,
splash green exuberantly,
heal by tree once more

*

for warmth seek fire of
leaves falling at your feet
in undying love

*

stand under bare trees,
hold belief in revival
coax with love new green

*

dressed again, vivid,
trees tilting lovely in breeze
shimmy their richness

**The Japanese custom of Shinrin-Yoku, literally means forest bath. One immerses oneself in the forest environment in order to commune with the spirit and aesthetics of nature.*

Mary Wickham's book *Being The Bird - New and Selected Poems*- can be ordered from most online booksellers. Her website is: <http://marywickhamrsm.org.au>

neighbourhood

The pelicans progress this

pellucid evening

down the coast,

their flight a synthesis

of lumbering unlikeliness

and effortless gliding grace.

They are on their way back

from a Covid-19 socially distanced fish meet,

finding the skies refreshingly free of the jumbo jets

that seem so closely at first glance to resemble them,

but in truth lack the finesse and the nobility of the genuine bird.

Mary Wickham's book *Being The Bird - New and Selected Poems*- can be ordered from most online booksellers. Her website is: <http://marywickhamrsm.org.au>

BALM

If there is a use for the word halcyon

This is it:

Six o'clock on a windless,
sun infused, short sleeves afternoon,
high up on the cliffs of Malinbeg,
the silver strand below,
figures on the beach,
one or two along the cliff,
each one keeping distance,
solitary yet communal.

Me, the sun, the green of cliff edge.

Balmy. Balm to the bruised and barmy.

Green, gold, soak in the day.

Goodness flows.

Sheep defy gravity in steady appetite,

cliff clinging.

Goodness flows.

Silver sheet sea, the sun, the green.

One rabbit, then another appears.

There is no hunter, no hunted.

Safe place where all may feed.

Sheep may safely graze.

The Lord is my shepherd.

Fresh and green are the pastures

To revive my drooping spirit.

My cup overfloweth.

Look down, look out

To the silver sea,

Air unctuous.

What is curative in its own moment

Will be so on recollection.

Nothing surer.

Mary Wickham's book *Being The Bird - New and Selected Poems*- can be ordered from most online booksellers. Her website is: <http://marywickhamrsm.org.au>

FOR MY NIECE AT SEVEN MONTHS

I thought for you, the other day,
a desire not grand,
neither lucrative,
nor now much sought.

It rose winsomely in my mind unannounced
as I walked my way to study,
close by the university,
in a street sun-glinting and elm-kept,
air cheek-stingingly autumn crisp,
that I would wish for you
a due and deeply derived reverence
for the great simplicities
of leaf and bone and water,
as there I saw a sparrow,
full-bodied, earnest, well-tailored,
hop across the footpath
in reach of my feet.

He nonchalant yet watchful,

I paused and deferential.

For you, wakening one,

I wish similar fancies:

lifelong, untiring delight

in such minute acclamations.

SONGS OF BOUNTY

Where did you get the idea
for a daffodil, God-
the splendid, deep golden
trumpet kind?

I would like the freedom of the bee
to walk inside one
surrounded by glory.

*

Blackbirds: how could one
put into words
that inimitable
staccato furtiveness of feet,
the astute attentiveness of head,
the touch of gold on the shiny beak?

*

Opening my balcony door,
I walk into the eyelevel moon,
a tumescent yolk banded by cloud.
Defying appearances it bubbles slowly upwards
and I watch, waiting for it to burst.