
Fall 1960

Haiku

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ALBERT

November

Our roofwater-rainwater drips
Into the brownleaf bed.
The slate sky settles, wetting
The leaves now dead.
The trees whip, nodding truth
To the steady wind blowing
Down from the
Northern latitudes.

The seawater-slatecolor clouds
Run before the steady wind.
It dries the leaves and
Leaves the tree still bowed.

I wait the rising moon.
It comes, tacking against
The Northern wind,
Watching the land and me.

DIANA SCHELLENBERG

Haiku

Cool morning, The air
Is crystal above the lake.
The red leaves whisper.

Yellow field. The leaf,
The worm, the faded grasses
Are of one color.