

Haiku

John Brandi

at the hot springs
the Quiet Zone filled
with texting bathers

through falling cherry blossoms
pickle shops
all in a row

a bell
in the window
shaped like a bell

cry of a deer
how fresh, how ancient
Basho's hut

Zen garden
camellias falling
to sound of jackhammers

stone lantern
lit
with the eyes of a cat

tour over
the moss garden
begins to breathe again

Nara Express
the sleeping schoolgirl
clutching her exam scores

waves of heat
each stroke of the bell
brings the mountains closer

we humans
grumbling about everything
under blooming plums

plum blossoms swelling
schoolgirls almost grown
out of their uniforms