

## 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