

Jack Kerouac Collected Haikus*

*Haiku is both singular and plural. Kerouac's usage of "s" is unusual.

"He's the only one in the United States who knows how to write haikus... Kerouac thinks in haikus, every time he writes anything—talks that way and thinks that way. So it's just natural for him... He's the only *master* of the haiku."

Interview with Allen Ginsberg, *The Paris Review*, 37 (Winter, 1966), 52-53.

"The American Haiku is not exactly the Japanese Haiku. The Japanese Haiku is strictly disciplined to seventeen syllables but since the language structure is different I don't think American Haikus (short three-line poems intended to be completely packed with Void of Whole) should worry about syllables because American speech is something again... bursting to pop. Above all, a Haiku must be very simple and free of all poetic trickery and make a little picture and yet be as airy and graceful as a Vivaldi Pastorella."

Jack Kerouac

Then I'll invent
The American Haiku type
The simple rhyming triolet:--
Seventeen syllables?
No, as I say, American Pops:--
Simple 3-line poems
Jack Kerouac - *Reading Notes*, 1965

Renowned for his groundbreaking Beat Generation novel *On the Road*, Jack Kerouac was also a master of the haiku. He incorporated his nearly 1,000 *American haiku pops* in novels and in his correspondence, notebooks, journals, sketchbooks, and recordings. A selection is listed in alphabetical order below.

Jack Kerouac spent 63 days during the summer of 1956 as a fire lookout on Desolation Peak. He wrote about his experiences in the books *Lonesome Traveler*, *The Dharma Bums* and *Desolation Angels*. The 'Desolation Pops' manuscript is a collection of seventy-two haiku experiments, numbered by the author, represent Kerouac's effort in relating his mountain loneliness to nature and mystical experience.

2 traveling salesmen
 passing each other
On a Western road

50 miles from N.Y.
 all alone in Nature,
The squirrel eating

A balloon caught
 in the tree - dusk
In Central Park zoo

Abbid abbayd ingrat
 - Lighthouse
On the Azores

A black bull
 and a white bird
Standing together on the shore

A big fat flake
 of snow
Falling all alone

A bird hanging
 on the wire
At dawn

A bird on
 the branch out there
- I waved

A bird pecking kernels
 on a grassy hillside
Just mowed

A bottle of wine,
 a bishop -
Everything is God

A bubble, a shadow -
 woop -
The lightning flash

A car is coming but
 the cat knows
It's not a snake

A current pimple
 In the mind's
Old man

After a year and a half
 finally saw the rat
Big and fat

After supper
 on crossed paws,
The cat meditates

After the earthquake,
 A child crying
In the silence

After the shower,
 among the drenched roses,
the bird thrashing in the bath

After the shower
 my cat meowing
on the porch

After the shower
 the red roses
In the green, green

A full November moon
 and mild,
Mary Carney

Ah, Genghiz Khan
 weeping - where
did Autumn go?

Ah Jerusalem - how many
 Autumn saints slaughtered
Thee with Christ?

Ah the birds
 at dawn,
my mother and father

Ah, the crickets
 are screaming
at the moon

Ah who cares?
 I'll do what I want -
Roll another joint

All day long wearing
 a hat that wasn't
On my head

All I see is what
 I see -
Red fire sunset

All that ocean of blue
 soon as those clouds
Pass away

All the insects ceased
 in honor
Of the moon
(Desolation Pops, 28)

All these sages
 Sleep
with their mouths open

All the wash
 on the line
Advanced one foot

Alone at home reading
 Yoka Daishi,
Drinking tea

Alone, in old
 clothes, sipping wine
Beneath the moon

A long island
 in the sky
The Milky Way

A long way from
 The Beat Generation
In the rain forest

Alpine fir with
 snowcap't background -
It doesn't matter

America: fishing licenses
 the license
To meditate

Am I a flower
 bee, that you
Stare at me?

A million acres
 of Bo-trees
And not one Buddha
(Desolation Pops, 51)

Among the nervous birds
 the morning dove
Nibbles quietly

A mother & son
 just took a shortcut
Thru my yard

Ancient ancient world
 - tight skirts
By the new car

And as for Kennedy -
 in Autumn he slept
By swishing peaceful trees

And the quiet cat
 sitting by the post
Perceives the moon

Answered a letter
 and took a hot bath
- Spring rain

Apassionata Sonata
 - hiballs, gray
Afternoon in October

April mist -
 under the pine
At midnight

A pussywillow grew there
At the foot
Of the breathless tree

A quiet Autumn night
and these fools
Are starting to argue

A quiet moment -
low lamp, low logs -
Just cooking the stew

A raindrop from
the roof
Fell in my beer

Arms folded
to the moon,
Among the cows

A spring mosquito
dont even know
How to bite!

As the cool evenings
make themselves felt,
Smoke from suburban chimneys

Asking Albert Saijo
for a haiku,
He said nothing

A stump with sawdust
- a place
To meditate
(Desolation Pops, 7)

At a Coney Island
hamburger
In Vancouver Washington
(Desolation Pops, 3)

At night
The girl I denied
Walking away

A turtle sailing along
on a log,
Head up

Aurora borealis
over Mount Hozomeen -
The world is eternal
(Desolation Pops, 70)

Aurora Borealis
over the Hozomeen -
The void is stiller
(Desolation Pops, 33)

Autumnal cowflops -
a man
Makes a living.

Autumnal
Cowflops -
but a man must
make a living.

Autumn eve - my
mother playing old
Love songs on the piano

Autumn night in New Haven
- the Whippenpoofers
Singing on the train

Autumn night
low moon -
Fire in Smithtown

Autumn night
Salvation Army sign
On a cold brick building

Autumn night stove
- I've never been
on a farm before.

Autumn nite
- Lucien leans to Jack
on the couch.

Autumn nite -
Lucien's wife
Playing the guitar

Autumn nite -
my mother cuts her throat

Autumn nite -
my mother remembers
my birth

Autumn nite -
the boys
playing haiku.

August in Salinas -
Autumn leaves in
Clothing store displays

August moon - oh
I got a boil
On my thigh

August Moon Universe
- neither new
Nor old

A whole pussywillow

over there,
Unblown

A yellow witch chewing
a cigarette,
Those Autumn leaves

Bach through an open
dawn window -
the birds are silent

Barefoot by the sea,
stopping to scratch one ankle
With one toe

Barley soup in Scotland
in November -
Misery everywhere

Bee, why are you
staring at me?
I'm not a flower!

Beautiful young girls running
up the library steps
With shorts on

Beautiful summer night
gorgeous as the robes
Of Jesus

Big books packaged
from Japan -
Ritz crackers

Big drinking & piano
parties - Christmas
Come and gone -

Big wall of clouds
from the North
Coming in - brrrr!
(Desolation Pops, 69)

Bird bath trashing,
by itself -
Autumn wind

Birds chirp
fog
Bugs the gate

Birds flew
Over the shack
Rejoicing

Birds flying north -
Where are the squirrels?
There goes a plane to Boston

Birds singing

in the dark
In the rainy dawn

Bird suddenly quiet
on his branch - his
Wife glancing at him

Bird was gone
and distance grew
Immensely white
(Desolation Pops, 64)

Black bird - no!
bluebird - pear
Branch still jumping

Blizzard in the suburbs
- the mailman
And the poet walking

Blizzard in the suburbs
- old man driving slowly
To the store 3 blocks

Blizzard's just started
all that bread scattered,
And just one bird

Blowing in an afternoon wind,
on a white fence,
A cobweb

Blueberry dubbery
the chipmunk's
In the grass
(Desolation Pops, 68)

Bluejay drinking at my
saucer of milk,
Throwing his head back

Breakfast done
the tomcat curls up
On the down couch

Bred to rejoice,
the giggling
sunshine leaves
(Desolation Pops, 14)

Brighter than the night,
my barn roof
Of snow

Brokenback goodshit
Heap bigshot
among the Birchtrees.

Buddha laughing
on Mt. Lanka!
Like Jimmy Durante!

Buddhas in moonlight
- Mosquito bite
thru hole in my shirt

Buds in the snow
- the deadly fight
between two birds

Butterfat soil
of the valley -
Big black slugs

But the Lost Creek trail
they dont believe
Is in existence any more
(Desolation Pops, 67)

Came down from my
ivory tower
And found no world

Cat eating fish heads
- All those eyes
In the starlight

Catfish fighting for his life,
and winning,
Splashing us all

Cat gone 24 hours
- A piece of his hair
Waving on the door

Change Su Chi's art
studio, a silent
Shade in the window

Chief Crazy Horse
looks tearfully north
The first snow flurries

Chipmunk went in
- butterfly
Came out
(Desolation Pops, 71)

Chou en Lai, his briefcase
should be fulla leaves,
For all I know

Christ on the Cross crying
- his mother missed
Her October porridge

Churchbells ringing in town
- The caterpillar
In the grass

Close your eyes -
Landlord knocking

On the back door

Closing the book,
 rubbing my eyes -
The sleepy August dawn

Cloudy autumn nite
- cold water drips
in the sink.

Coffee beans!
 - Methinks I smell
The Canaries!

Cold crisp October morning
 - the cats fighting
In the weeds

Cold gray tufts
 of winter grass
Under the stars

Coming from the West,
 covering the moon,
Clouds - not a sound

Concatenation! - the bicycle
 pulls the wagon
Because the rope is tied

Content, the top trees
 shrouded
In gray fog
(Desolation Pops, 13)

Cool breeze - maybe
 just a shillyshallying snow
That'll ruin everything

Cool breezy morning
 - the cat is rolling
On his back

Cool sunny autumn day,
 I'll mow the lawn
one last time

Cradled and warm,
 the upper snow,
The trackless
(Desolation Pops, 15)

Crisp wind
 My tired limbs
Relaxed before the coals

Crossing the football field,
 coming home from work,
The lonely businessman

Dawn, a falling star

- A dewdrop lands
On my head!

Dawn - crows cawing,
ducks quack quacking,
Kitchen windows lighting

Dawn - the first
robins singing
to the new moon

Dawn - the tomcat
hurrying home
With his tail down

Dawn - the writer who
hasn't shaved,
Poring over notebooks

Dawn wind
in the spruces
- The late moon

Debris on the lake
- my soul
Is upset
(Desolation Pops, 22)

Desk cluttered
with mail -
My mind is quiet

Desolation, Desolation,
so hard
To come down off of

Desolation, Desolation,
wherefore have you
Earned you name?

Disturbing my mind essence,
all that food
I have to cook

Do you know why my name is Jack?
Why?
That's why.

Drinking wine
- the Queen of Greece
on a postage stamp

Drizzle -
Midnight pine,
I sit dry

Drunk as a hoot owl
writing letters
By thunderstorm

Drunken deterioration -
 ho-hum,
Shooting star

Dusk - boy
 smashing dandelions
With a stick

Dusk in the holy
 woods -
Dust on my window

Dusk now -
 what's left of
An ancient pier

Dusk - the bird
 on the fence
A contemporary of mine

Dusk - The blizzard
 hides everything,
Even the night

Early morning gentle rain,
 two big bumblebees
Humming at their work

Early morning with the
 happy dogs -
I forgot the Path

Early morning yellow flowers
 - Thinking about
The drunkards of Mexico

Elephants munching
 on grass - loving
Head side by side

Eleven quick skulks
 to Fall
And still cool

Emptiness
 of the Ananda glass bead,
Is the bowing weeds

Empty baseball field
 - A robin,
Hops along the bench

Evening coming -
 The office girl
unloosing her scarf

Everlastingly loose
 and responsive,
The cloud business
(Desolation Pops, 16)

Every cat in Kyoto
can see through the fog

Everyone of my knocks
disturbs my daughter
Sleeping in her December grave

Everywhere beyond
the Truth,
Empty space blue
(Desolation Pops, 17)

February dawn - frost
on the path
Where I paced all winter

February gales - racing
westward through
The clouds, the moon

Fiddlydee! -
Another day,
Another something-or-other!

Fighting over a peach
stone, bluejays
In the bushes

First December cold
wave - not even
One cricket

First frost dropped
all leaves
Last night - leafsmoke

Flowers
aim crookedly
At the straight death

For a moment
the moon
Wore goggles

Following each other,
my cats stop
When it thunders

Forever and forever
everything's alright -
midnight woods

Four bluejays quiet
in the afternoon tree,
Occasionally scratching

Four in morning -
creak my mother
In her bed

Free as a pine
 goofing
For the wind

Frogs don't care
 just sit there
Brooding on the moon

Front hooves spread,
 the mule scratches his
Neck along a log

Frozen
 in the birdbath,
A leaf

Full moon in the trees
 - across the street,
the jail

Full moon of October
 - The tiny mew
of the Kitty

Full moon -
 Pine tree -
Old house

Full moon, white snow, -
 my bottle
Of purple jello
(Desolation Pops, 30)

Gary (Snyder) gone from the shack
 like smoke
- My lonely shoes

Gary Snyder
 is a haiku
far away

Gee last night -
 dreamed
Of Harry Truman
(Desolation Pops, 23)

Geronimo, in Autumn
 says no to peaceful
Cochise - Smoke rises

Get to go -
 fork a hoss
And head for Mexico
(Desolation Pops, 39)

Ghengis Khan looks fiercely
 east, with red eyes,
Hungering for Autumn vengeance

Girls' footprints
 in the sand

- Old mossy pile

Girl trapped beneath the
steering wheel, beautiful
As the Dalai Lama's dream

Girl with wagon -
what do
I know?

Giving an apple
to the mule, the big lips
Taking hold

Glow worms
brightly sleeping
On my flowers

Glow worm sleeping
on this flower,
Your light's on!

God's dream,
It's only
A dream

Grain Elevators are tall trucks
that let the road
approach them

Grain Elevators on
Saturday waiting for
The farmers to come home

Grain elevators, waiting
for the road
To approach them

Grass waves,
hens chuckle,
Nothing's happening

Gray day -
the blue spruce
Is green

Gray orb of the moon
behind silver clouds -
The Spanish moss

Gray spring rain
- I never clipped
My hedges

Greyhound bus,
flowing all night,
Virginia

Gull sailing
in the saffron sky -
The Holy Ghost wanted it

Haiku! Haiku!
Still wears a bandage
Over his injured eye!

Haiku my eyes!
my mother is calling!

Haiku, shmaiku, I cant
understand the intention
of reality

Halloween colors
orange and black
On a summer butterfly

Hand in hand in a red valley
with the universal schoolteacher -
the first morning

Haunted Autumn visiting
familiar August,
Those last 2 days

Haydn's creation or
Coleman Hawkins, I can
Fix em just right

Here comes
My dragon -
goodbye!

Here comes the nightly
moth, to his nightly
Death, at my lamp

Her yellow dolls bowing
on the shelf -
My dead step grandmother

Highest perfect fool -
the wisdom
Of the two-legged rat

High in the Sky
the Fathers Send Messages
From on High

High noon
in Northport
- Alien shore

Hitch hiked a thousand
miles and brought
You wine

Hmf - Ole Starvation Ridge
is
Milkied o'er
(Desolation Pops, 27)

Holding up my purring
cat to the moon,
I sighed

Holy sleep
- Hanshan
Was right
(Desolation Pops, 72)

Horse waving his tail
in a field of clover
At sundown

Hot coffee
and a cigarette -
why zazen?
(Desolation Pops, 32)

Hot tea, in the cold
moonlit snow -
a burp

How cold! - late
September baseball -
The crickets

How'd those guys
get in here,
those two flies?

How many cats they need
around here
For any orgy?

How flowers love
the sun,
Blinking there!

How that butterfly'll wake up
When someone
Bongs that bell!

Cf. Yosa Buson (1716-1784): The butterfly / Resting upon the temple bell, / Asleep.
(trans. R.H. Blyth, Haiku, Vol. 2: Spring, Hokuseido, 1950, p. 258.)

Huge knot in the
Redwood tree
Looking like Zeus' face

Hummingbird hums
hello - bugs
Race and swoop

Hurrying things along,
Autumn rain
On my awning

I called - Dipankara
instructed me
By saying nothing
(Desolation Pops, 60)

I called Hanshan

in the fog -
Silence, it said
(Desolation Pops, 59)

I called Hanshan
in the mountains
- there was no answer
(Desolation Pops, 57)

I close my eyes -
I hear & see
Mandala
(Desolation Pops, 10)

I don't care -
the low yellow
Moon loves me

I don't care
what
thusness is

I drink my tea
and say
Hm hm

If I go out now,
my paws
will get wet

I found my
cat - one
Silent star

Ignoring my bread,
the bird peeking
In the grass

I gotta make it in terms /that anyone can understand/
Did I tell ya about my nightmare?

I hate the ecstasy
Of that rose,
That hairy rose

I'll climb up a tree
and scratch Katapatafataya

I made raspberry fruit jello
The color of rubies
In the setting sun

I'm back here in the middle
of nowhere -
At least I think so
(Desolation Pops, 35)

I'm so mad
I could bite
The montaintops
(Desolation Pops, 31)

In a Mojave dust storm
Albert said: "Senzeie,
Was a Mongolian waif"

In Autumn Geronimo
weeps - no pony
With a blanket

In back of the Supermarket,
in the parking lot weeds,
Purple flowers

In enormous blizzard
burying everything
My cat's out mating

In enormous blizzard
burying everything -
My cat turned back

In Hakkaido a cat
has no luck

In London-town cats
can sleep
In the butcher's doorway.

In my medicine cabinet
the winter fly
Has died of old age

In the chair
I decided to call Haiku
By the name of Pop

In the desert sun
in Arizona,
A yellow railroad caboose

In the late afternoon
peaks, I see
The hope
(Desolation Pops, 25)

In the lovely sun
reading lovely
Haikus - Spring

In the middle of
the corn, a new
Car slithering

In the morning frost
the cats
Stepped slowly

In the quiet house,
my mother's
Moaning yawns

In the sun
the butterfly wings
Like a church window

Iowa clouds
following each other
Into Eternity

I rubbed my bearded
cheek and looked in
The mirror - Ki!
(Desolation Pops, 61)

I said a joke
under the stars
- No laughter

I should have scratched
that spot before
I started to sleep

I've turned up
the lamp again
- The sleeping moth

I went in the woods
to meditate -
It was too cold

I woke up
- two flies were boffing
On my forehead

Jack reads his book
aloud at nite
- the stars come out.

Juju [=juzu] beads on the
Zen manual -
My knees are cold

June - the snow
of blossoms
On the ground

Just woke up
- afternoon pines
Playing the wind

Kicked the cupboard
and hurt my toe
- Rage
(Desolation Pops, 43)

Kneedeep in the
blizzard, the ancient
Misery of the cat

Kneedeep, teeth
to the blizzard,
My cat gazing at me

Late afternoon -
 it's not the void
That changed
(Desolation Pops, 44)

Late afternoon -
 my bare back's
Cold
(Desolation Pops, 41)

Late afternoon -
 the lake sparkle
Blinds me

Late afternoon -
 the mop is drying
On the rock
(Desolation Pops, 40)

Late April
 dusk bluster -
Lions & lambs

Late autumn nite
the last faint cricket.

Late moon rising
 - Frost
On the grass

Lay the pencil
 away - no more
thoughts, no lead

Leaf dropping straight
 In the windless midnight:
The dream of change

Leaves falling everywhere
 in the November
Midnight moonshine

Leaves skittering on
 the tin roof
- August fog in Big Sur

Lilacs at dusk
 - one petal
fell

Listen to the birds sing!
 All the little birds
Will die!

Listening to birds using
 different voices, losing
My perspective of History

Little frogs screaming
in the ditch
At nightfall

Little pieces of ice
in the moonlight
Snow, thousands of em

Lonely brickwalls in Detroit
Sunday afternoon
piss call

Lonesome blubbers
grinding out the decades
with wet lips

Looking around to think
I saw the thick white cloud
Above the house

Looking for my cat
in the weeds,
I found a butterfly

Looking up at the stars,
feeling sad,
Going "tsk tsk tsk"

Looking up to see
the airplane
I only saw the TV aerial

Lost cat Timmy -
he wont be back
In a blue moon

Loves his own belly
The way I love my life,
The white cat

Made hot cocoa
at night,
Sang by woodfire
(Desolation Pops, 56)

Man dying -
Harbor lights
On still water

Man - nothing but
a
Rain barrel
(Desolation Pops, 21)

Mao Tse Tung has taken
too many Siberian sacred
Mushrooms in Autumn

May grass -
Nothing much
To do

Mayonnaise -
 mayonnaise comes in cans
Down the river

Memère says: "Planets are
 far apart so people
Can't bother each other."

Me, my pipe,
 my folded legs -
Far from Buddha
(Desolation Pops, 9)

Men and women
 Yakking beneath
the eternal Void

Mexico - After the dim
 markets, bright
San Juan Letran

Me, you - you, me
 Everybody -
He-he

Middle of my Mandala
 - Full moon
In the water

Mild spring night -
 a teenage girl said
"Good evening" in the dark

Missing a kick
 at the icebox door
It closed anyway

Mist before the peak
 - the dream
Goes on

Mist boiling from the
 ridge - the mountains
Are clean

Mist falling
 - Purple flowers
Growing

Mists blew by, I
 Closed my eyes, -
Stove did the talking
(Desolation Pops, 62)

Misurgirafical & plomlied
 - ding dang
The Buddha's gang
(Desolation Pops, 65)

Moon behind
 Black clouds -
Silver seas

Moon in the
 bird bath -
One star too

Morning meadow -
 Catching my eye,
On weed
(Desolation Pops, 1)

Morning sun -
 The purple petals,
Four have fallen

Moth sleeping
 on the newly plastered wall
- the spring rain

M'ugly spine - the loss
 of the kingdom
Of Heaven
(Desolation Pops, 46)

Mule on the seashore
 One thousand foot
Bridge above

My blue spruce
 in the pale
Haze dusk

My butterfly came
 to sit in my flower,
Sir Me

My cat eating
 at his saucer
- Spring moon

My cat's asleep
 - poor little angel,
the burden of flesh!

My Christ blinds
 are down -
I'm reading about Virgin

My cornucub pipe
 hot from
the sun

My critics jiggle
 constantly like
Poison ivy in the rain

My flashlight,
 where I put it this afternoon
Twisted away in sleep

My friend standing
 in my bedroom -
The spring rain

My hand,
 A thing with hairs,
rising and falling with my belly

My hands on my lap
 June night,
Full moon

My Japanese blinds
 are down -
I'm reading about Ethiopia

My rumpled couch
 - The lady's voice
Next door

My rose arbor knows more
 about June
Than it'll know about winter

My pipe unlit
 beside the Diamond
Sutra - What to think?

Napoleon in bronze
 the burning Blakean
mountains

Nat Wills, a tramp
 - America
In 1905
(Desolation Pops, 34)

Neons, Chinese restaurants
 coming on -
Girls come by shades

New aluminum
 grammar school
In old lamplight

New neighbors
 - light
In the old house

Nibbling his ankle,
 the mule's teeth
Like kettle drum

Nightfall,
 boy smashing dandelions
with a stick

Nightfall - too dark
 to read the page,
Too cold

Night fall - too dark
to read the page,
Too dark

Night rain - neighbors
Arguing loud voices
In next house

Night - six petals
have fallen from
Bodhidharma's bouquet

Nirvana, as when the rain
puts out a little fire

No imaginary judgments
of form,
The clouds

No telegram today
- Only more
Leaves fell

Nodding against the wall,
the flowers
Sneeze

Nose hairs in the moon
- My ass
Is cold

November - how nasal
the drunken
Conductor's call

November's New Haven
baggage master stiffly
Disregards my glance

November the seventh
The last
Faint cricket

Nored the Atlantican Astrologer
weeps because the King
Laid his Autumn girl!

October night, lights
of Connecticut towns
Across the sound

O for
Vermont again -
The barn on an Autumn night

Oh another weekend's
started - people squeaking
On U-turning tires

Oh I could drink up
The whole Yellow River
In my love for Li Po!

Oh moon,
such dismay?
- Earths betray
(Desolation Pops, 52)

Old man dying in a room -
Groan
At five o'clock

Old man of Aix
white hair, beret -
Gone up the Cezanne street

On Desolation
I was the alonest man
in the world

One drop from
the blue spruce -
two more drops

One flower
on the cliffside
Nodding at the canyon

One foot on the bar
of soap,
The Bluejay peeking

On Starvation Ridge
little sticks
Are trying to grow

On the sidewalk
A dead baby bird
For the ants

OO a continent
in a birdbath -
April full moon

Ooh! they kicked up
a cloud of dust!
The birds in my yard

Or, walking the same or different
paths
The moon follows each

O Sebastian, where art thou?
Pa, watch over us!
Saints, thank you!

Peeking at the moon
in January, Bodhisattva
Takes a secret piss

Perfect circle round
the moon
In the center of the sky

Perfectly silent
in the starry night,
the little tree

Perfect moonlit night
marred
By family squabbles

Phantom Rose
Lust
Is a Leopard

Pink petals on
gnarly Japanese twigs
In rain

Playing basketball
- the lady next door
Watching again

Poor gentle flesh -
there is
No answer
(Desolation Pops, 36)

Poor tortured teeth
under
The blue sky
(Desolation Pops, 2)

Protected by the clouds,
the moon
Sleeps sailing

Prayerbeads
on the Holy Book
- My knees are cold

Praying all the time -
talking
To myself

Propped up on my shoe
the Diamond Sutra -
Propped up on a pine root

Puddles at dusk
- one drop
fell

Quietly pouring coffee
in the afternoon,
How pleasant!

Quiet moonlit night -
Neighbor boy studying
By telescope; - "Ooo!"

Racing westward through
the clouds in the howling
wind, the moon

Rain in North Caroline
- the saints
Are still meditating

Rain-in-the-Face
looks from the hill:
Custer down there

Rain's over, hammer on wood
- this cobweb
Rides the sun shine

Rainy night,
the top leaves wave
In the grey sky

Rainy night
- I put on
My pajamas

Reading my notes -
The fly stepping from
The page to the finger

Reading the sutra
I decided
To go straight

Red roses, white
clouds, blue sky,
In my birdbath

Red trees -
the dog tears at
an old itch.

Reflected upsidedown
in the sunset lake, pines,
Pointing to infinity

Resting watchfully, the cat
and the squirrel
Share the afternoon

Rig rig rig -
that's the rat
On the roof
(Desolation Pops, 55)

River wonderland -
The emptiness
Of the golden eternity

Rock rosed - behind the Casbah
- the sun has disappearing act

Roses! Roses!
 robin wants his
Evening bath!

Run after that
 body - run after
A raging fire
(Desolation Pops, 4)

Run over my lawnmower,
 waiting for me to leave,
The frog

Samsara in the morning
 - puppy yipping,
Hot motor steaming

Satisfied, the pine
 bough washing
In the waters
(Desolation Pops, 12)

Second thundershower
 over - the sun
Is still high

September raindrops
 from my roof -
Soon icicles

Seven birds in a tree,
 looking
In every direction

Sex - shaking to bread
 as
Providence permits
(Desolation Pops, 45)

Shall I break God's commandment?
 Little fly
Rubbing its back legs

Shall I heed God's commandment?
 - wave breaking
On the rocks -

Shall I say no?
 - fly rubbing
its back legs

She loves Lysander
 not Demetrius -
Who? - Hermia

Ship paint
 on
An old T-shirt
(Desolation Pops, 19)

Shooting star! - no,
lightning bug! -
ah, well, June night

Sitting Bull adjust
his girdle: the smell
Of smoking fish

Silent pipe -
peace and quiet
In my heart

Sitting in the sun,
no bugs yet -
Yellow clover

Sixty sunsets have I seen
revolve on this perpendicular hill

Skhandas my ass!
- it's not
Even that
(Desolation Pops, 53)

Sleeping on my desk
head on the sutras,
my cat

Smell of burning leaves,
The quiet pool at evening
In August

Snap your finger
stop the world!
- Rain falls harder

Snow in my shoe
Abandoned
Sparrow's nest

Snow melting,
streams rushing -
Lookout leave the valley
(Desolation Pops, 20)

Snow on the grape
arbor - the little
dead raisins

So humid you cant
light matches, like
Living in a tank

Somebody rang my bell
I said who?
O it doesn't worldly care

Sometimes they sleep
with their lights on,
the June bugs

Some trees still
 have naked winter look
- Spring day

Spring day -
 in my mind
Nothing

Spring dusk
 on Fifth Avenue,
A bird

Spring evening -
hobo with hard on
Like bamboo

Spring evening -
 the two
Eighteen year old sisters

Spring is coming
 Yep, all that equipment
for sighs

Spring moon
 on 2nd Avenue
- girl in white coat

Spring night -
 a leaf falling
From my chimney

Spring night - the gleam
 of the fish head eye
In the grass

Spring night
 the silence
Of the stars

Spring night - the sound
 of the cat
Chewing fish heads

Spring night -
 the neighbor hammering
In the new old house

Spring rain,
 Kicking stones
An arrowhead

Standing on the end
 on top of the tree,
The Big Dipper

Stare intently
 at my candle
- Pool of wax

Staring at each other,
Squirrel in the branch,
Cat in the grass

Stop slipping me
Your old Diamond Sutra
You illimitable tight-ass!

Straining at the padlock,
the garage doors
At noon

Suddenly the official
goes cross eyed
And floats away

Summer afternoon -
impatiently chewing
The jasmine leaf

Summer night -
I put out
The empty milk bottle

Summer night -
the kitten playing
With the Zen calendar

Sunday in a bar
in Woodland Calif.
- One noon beer

Sunday -
the sky is blue,
The flowers are red

Sunny day - bird tracks
& cat tracks
In the snow

Sun on the rocks -
a fighting snag
Holds on
(Desolation Pops, 6)

Sun shining on
A distant mountain
- the low moon

Surprising cat fight
in the parlor on a
Blustery September night

Sweet birds, chordless
except in another
Clime

Swinging on delicate hinges
the Autumn Leaf
Almost off the stem

Taghagata [=Tathagata] neither loathes
nor loves
His body's milk or shit

Take up a cup of water
from the ocean
And there I am

Temple trees
across the creek
- Fog blowing

Terraces of fern
in the dripping
Redwood shade

Thanks to Coolidge,
Hoover - Hoover - but Autumn,
Roosevelt done America in

That's an unencouraging sign,
the fish store
is closed

The Angel's hair
trailed on my chin
Like a cobweb

The ant struggles escaping
from the web -
The spider's non-comment

The backyard I tried to draw
- It still looks
The same

The barking dog -
Kill him
With a bicycle wheel

The barn, swimming
in a sea
Of windblown leaves

The beautiful red
dogwood tree
Waiting for the cross

The bird came on the branch
- danced three times -
And burred away

The birds start singing
but he is in the cat meadows

The bird's still on top
of that tree,
High above the fog

The birds
surprise me

On all sides

The book
 stands all by itself
on the shelf

The bottoms of my shoes
 are clean
From walking in the rain

The carpenter of spring
 the Zen
of hammer and nail

The castle of the Gandharvas
 is full of aging
Young couples

The cat: a little
 body being used
By a little person

The cat musing
 along the ground -
cold gray day

The clouds are
 following each other
Into Eternity

The clouds assume
 as I assume,
Faces of hermits
(Desolation Pops, 11)

The cows of Autumn -
 laughing along the fence,
Roosters at Dawn

The cow, taking a big
 dreamy crap, turning
To look at me

The creamer gives,
 the groaner quakes -
the angel smiles
(Desolation Pops, 50)

The cricket in my cellar window, this quiet
 Sunday afternoon

The crickets - crying
 for rain -
Again?

The days go -
 They cant stay -
I don't realize
(Desolation Pops, 49)

The dog yawned

and almost swallowed
My Dharma

The dregs of my coffee
Glisten
In the morning light

The droopy constellation
on the grassy hill -
Emily Dickinson's Tomb

The earth keeps turning
like a dreary
Immortal

The earth winked
at me - right
In the john

The falling snow -
The hissing radiators -
The bride out there

The flies on the porch
and the fog on the peaks
Are so sad

The flowers don't seem
to mind
the stupid May sunshine

The fly, just as
lonesome as I am
In this empty house

The full moon -
the cat gone -
My sleeping mother

The gently moving
leaves
Of the August afternoon

The Golden Gate
creaks
With sunset rust

The hermit's broom,
the fire, the kettle
- August night

The housecats, amazed
at something new,
Looking in the same direction

The jazz trombone,
The moving curtain,
- Spring rain

The leaves, fighting
the empty sky -
No clouds helping

THE LIGHT BULB
SUDDENLY WENT OUT -
STOPPED READING

The little sparrow
on my eave drainpipe
Is looking around

The little sparrow on the eave drainpipe
My heart flutters

The little white cat
Walks in the grass
With his tail up in the air

The little worm
lowers itself from the roof
By a self shat thread

The low yellow
moon above
The quiet lamplit house

The mansion of
the moon
Has hidden faces

The microscopic red bugs
in the sea-side sand
Do they meet and greet?

The mind of the flower
regards my mind
Externally

The mist in front
of the morning mountains
- late Autumn

The moon had
a cat's mustache,
For a second

The moon
is a
Blind lemon
(Desolation Pops, 54)

The moon is moving,
thru the clouds
Like a slow balloon

The moon is white -
the lamps are
Yellow

The moon,

the falling star
- Look elsewhere

The mountains
are mighty patient,
Buddha-man
(Desolation Pops, 18)

The mule, turning
slowly, rubbing his
Behind on a log

The national scene
- late afternoon sun
In those trees

The new moon
is the toe nail
Of God

The night
is red
with stars

"The old pond, yes!
- the water jumped into
By a frog"

The other man, just as
lonesome as I am
In this empty universe

The pine woods
move
In the mist

The poppies! -
I could die
In delicacy now

The postman is late
- The toilet window
Is shining

The purple wee flower
should be reflected
In that low water

The racket of the starlings
in the trees -
My cat's back

The raindrops have plenty
of personality -
Each one

The rain has filled
the birdbath
Again, almost

The red paper

waves for the breeze
- the breeze

The red roof of the barn
is ravelled
Like familiar meat

There is no deep
turning-about
In the Void

There's no Buddha
because
There's no me

There's nothing there
because
I dont care
(Desolation Pops, 24)

The robin on
the television antenna,
Something on his beak

The rose moves
like a Reichian disciple
On its stem

These little gray sparrows on the roof
I'll shot my editor

The sky is still empty,
the rose is still
On the typewriter keys

The sleeping moth -
he doesn't know
The lamps turned up again

The smiling fish -
where are they,
Scouting bird?
(Desolation Pops, 8)

The smoke of old
naval battles
Is gone

The son packs
quietly as the
Mother sleeps

The son who wants solitude,
Enveloped
In his room

The sound of silence
is all the instruction
You'll get

The Spring moon -

How many miles away
Those orange blossoms!

The stars are racing
real fast
Through the clouds

The storm,
like Dostoevsky
Builds up as it lists
(Desolation Pops, 37)

The strumming of the trees
reminded me
Of immortal afternoon

The summer chair
rocking by itself
In the blizzard

The sun keeps getting
dimmer - foghorns
began to blow in the bay

The Sunny Breeze
will come to me
Presently

The taste
of rain -
Why kneel?
(Desolation Pops, 29)

The top of Jack
Mountain - done in
By golden clouds
(Desolation Pops, 26)

The train speeding
thru emptiness
- I was a trainman

The tree looks
like a dog
Barking at Heaven

The tree moving
in the moonlight
Wise to me

The trees, already
bent in the windless
Oklahoma plain

The trees are putting on
Noh plays -
Booming, roaring

The vigorous bell-ringing priest
the catch in the harbor

The white cat
Is green in the tree shade,
Like Gauguin's horse

The white chair is
holding its arms out
to Heaven - dandelions

The whiteness of the houses
in the moon
Snow everywhere

The windmills of
Oklahoma look
In every direction

"The wind agrees with me
not the sun" -
Washlines

The wind sent
a leaf on
the robin's back

The word HANDICAPPED
sliding over snow
On a newspaper

The yellow dolls bow -
Poor lady
Is dead

This July evening,
A large frog
On my doorsill

This October evening,
the velvet eyes
Of Manju[sh]ri

Those birds sitting
out there on the fence -
They're all going to die.

Three little sparrows
on the roof
Talking quietly, sadly

Three pencils arranged,
Three minutes,
Sambaghakaya [=Sambhogakaya], Nirvanakaya [=Nirmanakaya], Dharmakaya

Thunder and snow -
how
We shall go!
(Desolation Pops, 48)

Thunder in the mountains -
the iron
Of my mother's love
(Desolation Pops, 47)

Thunderstorm over
- there! The light
is on again

Time keeps running out
- sweat
On my brow, from playing

To the South,
in the moonlight,
A sash of cloud

Tonight I'll lower
my tail -
I've seen them around town

(Tonight)that star
is waving & flaming
Something awful

Too hot to write
haiku - crickets
and mosquitoes

Train on the horizon -
my window
rattles

Train tunnel, too dark
for me to write: that
"Men are ignorant"

Trees cant reach
for a glass
Of water

Trying to study sutras,
the kitten on my page
Demanding affection

Tuesday - one more
drop of rain
From my roof

Twilight - the bird
in the bush
In the rain

Two ants hurry
to catch up
With lonely Joe

Two cars passing
on the freeway
- Husband and wife

Two clouds kissing
backed up to look
At each other

Two Japanese boys
singing
Inky Dinky Parly Voo

Useless! useless!
- heavy rain driving
Into the sea

Velvet horses
in the valley auction -
Woman sings

Voices of critics
in the theater lobby -
A moth on the carpet

Walking along the night beach,
- Military music
On the boulevard.

Walking down road with Allen -
Walking down the road in Autumn.

Walking down the road
with Allen
- An old dream
the same dream.

Walking down the road/a crushed snake.
autumn
Red trees -

Walking down the road with dog
- a crushed leaf

Walking down the road
with dog -
a crushed snake.

Walking down the road with Jack -
a crushed snake

Walking with the dog on the road
- a crooked leaf.

Walking on the water wasn't
Built in a day

Walking over the water
my shadow,
Heavier than lead

WARM WIND
makes the pines
Talk Deep

Wednesday blah
blah blah -
My mind hurts
(Desolation Pops, 42)

Who cares about the pop-off trees
of Provence?
A road's a road

Why'd I open my eyes?
because
I wanted to

Winking over his pipe
the Buddha lumberman
Nowhere

Work of the quiet
mountain, this
Torrent of purity
(Desolation Pops, 5)

Worm is looking
at the moon,
Waiting for me

Wash hung out
by moonlight
- Friday night

Washing my face
with snow
Beneath the Little Dipper

Waiting for the leaves
to fall; -
There goes one!

Waiting for the Zipper
4 PM -
Sun in West clouds, gold

Water in the birdbath
- a film of ice
On the moon

Waiting with me for
the end of this ephemeral
Existence - the moon

Water in a hole
- behold
The soddden skies

Waving goodbye,
the little girl,
Backing up

Well here I am,
2 PM -
What day is it?

Wet fog
shining
In lamplit leaves

Whatever it is, I quit
- now I'll let my
breath out -

What could be newer? this
new little bird
Not yet summer fat!

When the moon sinks
down to the power line,
I'll go in

What is a rainbow,
Lord? - a hoop
For the lowly
(Desolation Pops, 38)

What is Buddhism?
- A crazy little
Bird blub

What passes through
is amusing
Himself being dew
(Desolation Pops, 58)

While meditating
I am Buddha -
Who else?

White clouds of this steamy planet
obstruct
My vision of the blue void

White rose with red
splashes - Oh
Vanilla ice cream cherry!

Who wd have guessed
that a January moon
could be so orange!

Why explain?
bear burdens
In silence

Wild to sit on a haypile,
Writing Haikus,
Drinkin wine

Wind too strong
- empty nest
At midnight

Windows rattling
in the wind
I'm a lousy lover

Wine at dawn
- The long
Rainy sleep

Winter - that
 sparrow's nest
Still empty

Wish I were a rooster
 and leave my sperm
On the sidewalk, shining!

"Woo!" - bird of perfect
 balance on the fir
Just moved his tail
(Desolation Pops, 63)

Wooden house
 raw gray -
Pink light in the window

Woke up groaning
 with a dream of a priest
Eating chicken necks

Yard tonight an eerie
 moon leafshroud
A midsummernight's dream

Yellow halfmoon cradled
 among the horizontal boards
Of my fence

"You and me"
 I sang
Looking at the cemetery

You'd be surprised
 how little I knew
Even up to yesterday

You paid yr homage
 to the moon,
And she sank

Your belly's too big
 for your
Little teeth
(Desolation Pops, 66)