



Alphabetical Basho

Mark Cunningham

ALPHABETICAL BASHO

by
Mark Cunningham

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abandoned nest,
a-buzz with haiku
after the reaping

aged—eating—
ah, wisteria,
air's cherry-rich

among dawn flowers,
an island
and barley

atop the mushroom
atop the trees
autumn evening

autumn night
autumn storm—
autumn wind

autumn—even
awaiting snow,
bagworm's song?

behind the virgins,
behind the willow,
bell's faded

bending
between Suma's waves
between them has lived

beyond potato fields,
beyond waves—
bird of time

blasting the stones,
blooming
blossom salad

bucking the oven,
buckwheat flowers—
Buddha's death-day

budding
burning sky
bursts the sunrise

by the sliding door,
by woodpeckers—
caged cricket dangling

cast out in autumn wind—
castle ruins
castle ruins

cedar umbrella, off
chance to dodge
cherry blossoms

chestnuts of Kiso—
child squints up,
children lined up along

chorus from nowhere
chrysanthemum
cicada's cry

dried salmon
drifts to the moon—
drizzly June

farmer waits the moon
feeling broody,
Festival of the Otter

first winter rain
fish shop
fish stench

frozen shadow—
Fuji through mist
Fuji wind calm

gusts—rocks,
gusts freeze,
hail beats on

heat waves,
heat-waves shimmer,
heaven's stream

higher than the skylark,
horsefly
house of fancy

I heard dawn
I lie awake
I never change

incense into
inch of whiteness,
insect song—over

it's been compared to
it's been compared to—
it's late, we've miles

lips too chilled
locust-shrill
lone nun

lost in cloud
lost in goose-grass
low tide

moonviewing—
moor: point
more vague even

mountain path,
muddy *sake*, black rice—
mud-fresh

musk melons
must be moon-viewing
my feet

Haibun

of cherry blossoms, of chrysanthemum, of cloth-pounding, of garden willow, of horse-radish, of Hubaku, of last year's rice, of Mount Asama, of my paper robe, of non-attachment, of pasania blooms, of pheasant, of poem-cards, of salted bream, of Stone Mountain, of the mountain rose, of the peony, of this painful world, of travel

of years past
old fan scribbled
old legs, still eager

one blossoming plum
one by one—
one crow

one of the joys—
one voice
one, two inches high

pheasant's call—
pew—
pierces rock

pine needles wildfire,
pine of Karasaki:
pine-tree Law

poor boy
pretending to drink
pure water from the old well

rhyming imitators—
rice field, ocean,
rice wine

single term “the past”
sips his morning tea
sixteen-foot Buddha

snow-clouds forming,
snow-viewing,
snow-whisk sweeping

ssh in the next room
stabs darkness,
Star Festival

weathered—
well!
well, well!

wings curve into
winter downpour—
winter peonies

world's dust?
woven moon
year by year

MARK CUNNINGHAM'S recent book *Helicotremors* (Otoliths) includes a section which originally appeared in *Beard of Bees*.

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