

## 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)