



Page Half-Full Poems:

Haiku Quiet

short poems of the inner quiet moment

by Pearl Pirie

Little Brown Bats

Fingers tense and flying,
Living hand to mouth
The midnight tailors,
Loop threads of motion
Through the edge
Of a bulb's areola
To sew shut the tear
In abdominal darkness.

congestion

standing at the curb
a congestion of cars and buses
like unproductive coughs
vibrating my chest.

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Paddling

With the canoe swiftly sliding
On dawning glassy water
Mist roiling over it like clouds over trees,
Water grasses ripple beneath.

I feel gravity weaken
As my paddles just might be wings.
My long waiting bones
Slighten, lighten, hollow out
A place in peace.

Independent Souls

dedicated to Bearess, Russian Blue

She walked with the smooth imperceptible movement
Of clear midnight, striding from silence to silence,
Hair dipped in moonlight silver the day was her own.

But just when my mind's shadows clouded the sunshine,
She'd appear, her eyes, quills, widening to black moons,
Face buried into my chest. She murmured, bristles
softening,
She gave herself over to these arms that still reach for
her.
She would settle in, with a warm weighty solid trust that
was
Uniquely her own. . .At my touch
Her spine had all the struggling resistance
Of a lover's, a ragdoll, an afghan blanket,
She draped me without a baby's sweaty cling.
She would stay in my arms until she knew
She was no longer needed so much.
Then she'd slide away,
Slipped like a silk shirt off a hanger.

gaze, wink:
one face flushing,
one face paling.

grasping at water,
making ripples
I can't gather back.

Moon Grey (from the color series)

I am the bas-relief last quarter moon
a jockey riding bareback on the Black Beauty night,
clinging forward onto the sweat glazed skies
of June, heaving as one soul,
racing to the dewy solitude of dawn.

Lapis lazuli damselflies
hold fragile hearts-gymnastics
on wind rippled grasses.

In the middle of the field
clouds' shadows prove
they are closer than the trees

sweeping sunny floor,
two black rye breadcrumbs sprout legs
Hurry; napping ants.

It Takes So Few Watts (to erase the moon)

It takes so few seconds and so much courage
to turn off the lamps and let the moonlight stamp
an impression on the floor, let it show me
the ripples blown in the snow, banked at the grasses' base,
the raking textured face of poplars and ash.
clear, mild and still as if the wind itself is frozen.
it took so few watts to erase the moon
to turn window panes into black gypsy eyes
reflecting only me and my acquisitions
creating an unfathomable absence out there.

I can't read my books my page or my own pens' tracing.
I can't have it both ways; things of night or things of day
The typed straight line or the shrew trails traced
from a tunnel's mouth to the manna pile of kitchen scraps
visited and revisited. I see myself my words my tools my
face or
the context the time the place,
or the hour written on my watch face.
checking locks and windows shut,
looking out, locking out the night
I turn on the light to the stairs.