

## “Soaking”

Fierce rain cold to the bone marrow  
blossoming void  
of mist now gently luminous...  
Water-bejewelled leaves bow,  
lushly green with splendour.  
Wet suchness, the retribution of karma, re-fills.

## “Huang Po’s Haiku”

Pine cone whistling  
through the dark, still night...  
Ominous thoughts, full gloom.

## “Winter Haiku”

Despair is just Coyote  
nipping at your heels...Footprints  
lost in snow, falling.

## “For the Road”

Empty bottle  
glinting in the cold  
morning sun...Heart  
full of thought.

("Huang Po's Haiku" originally Platform Haiku,"  
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    by his agent, Maxine Hong Kingston,  
        "Soaking" written 11/15/96)