Fading Blue
Book of Haiku
and other poems
Volume II

A.K. Finch

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DEDICATION

To all those wordsmiths, word builders,
scribblers, ink slingers, poets, writers,
artists, and creators

Do not seek to follow in the footsteps of the wise.
Seek what they sought.
--Matsuo Bashō--

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I want to thank God, first of all, for the ability to finish this book, and for being the Master Creator of poetry. I also want to thank my family for putting up with me. Thanks for listening to me ramble on and on and make them count on their fingers. Also, thank you to my English students at Integrity Christian School. You guys are awesome. You keep me entertained for hours. Thank you for indulging in all my crazy poetry ideas.

CHAPTER 1

SO EASY…

The general thought is that Haiku is so easy. When I first described the poetic form of haiku to my English classes, the first comments out of their mouths were "Oh, that's it? That's so easy." However, after attempting to write a haiku, given the strict guidelines, they found it to be quite the opposite. Trying to find just the right word to fit into the 5 – 7 – 5 syllable structure, while describing the scene you want to communicate with your reader is quite a challenge. The concept of this form of poetry is to give your reader a picture in their mind of what your are trying to describe.

Of course, like everything else, throughout the years haiku has transformed into a more modern haiku which is not as strict in form. The three lines of 5 – 7 – 5 are not necessary as long as the idea is communicated using ***kigo*** words and must be about nature. Kigo means "season words." There are particular words that are associated with certain seasons and in traditional Japanese haiku those words should be used.

There is a form of poetry similar to haiku in structure, called senryú. The difference between haiku and senryu is that haiku is about nature and senryu is about human nature and is humorous. In this book you will see many forms of poetry, including haiku, senryu, palindromes, and others.

CHAPTER 2

GENERAL HAIKU

night

slowly setting sun

light gives way to the darkness

night engulfs the sky

poe

the raven and crow

easy to confuse the two

I will “Nevermore”

deep in the valley

a squirrel gathering chestnuts

winter coming

published in
the SoCal Haiku Anthology

canyon

the canyon below

mystical and alluring

hide in the moment

the hive

a hive in the tree

skilled craftsman busy at work

delicious results

published by
poetrypea.com

options

explore the options

many paths to consider

possibilities

this place

making my way through

how did I get to this place

I do not recall

emerge

little butterfly

watching it shed its cocoon

amazing first flight

underfoot

tumbling leaves crunch

winds of fall

published in
the SoCal Haiku Anthology

seagulls

seagulls overhead

now circling like vultures

their eye on their prey

blue skies

beautiful blue skies

the soothing sound of the waves

nothing can compare

waves

waves crash on the shore

bringing with it many things

seaweed on my leg

ocean air

long walk on the pier

the cool ocean breeze blowing

refreshes my soul

published by
The RavensPerch

https://theravensperch.com/ocean-air-by-a-k-finch/

numb

sand covers my feet

a rush of waves hits my legs

numb from the water

pursuit

master of my ship

a path that leads right to You

plot and in pursuit

summertime

sweltering summer

the crisp, cool ocean water

makes it bearable

ocean air

long walk on the pier

the cool ocean breeze blowing

refreshes my soul

sand crab

waves crash on the shore

tiny air holes in the sand

hi little sand crab

lily pads

floating lily pads

providing a hiding place

frogs rest in safety

shine

as night falls

city on a hill

let your light shine

the sound

startled by a sound

glancing over my shoulder

I see a raven

serene

tranquil and serene

hiding in my secret place

away from the world

cherish

cherishing the view

the last sunset of summer

so melancholy

cappuccino

so hot and frothy

the taste of the bitter brew

a hug in a mug

red sky

watching the sunset

what does “red sky at night” mean

shepherd’s delight

ripples

motionless water

rain falling from the Heavens

ripples in the pond

published by
The RavensPerch

https://theravensperch.com/ripples-by-a-k-finch/

puppy

breath fogging the glass

gazing out of the window

anticipation

california

california

the most beautiful sunsets

feasts for the eyes

the view

snow-capped mountains

against a brilliant blue sky

beautiful view

closed

roads closed

massive snowstorm

midwinter

pontoon

sunday afternoon

relaxing on a pontoon

worries float away

published by
The RavensPerch

https://theravensperch.com/pontoon-by-a-k-finch/

shades

shades of white

far as you can see

snow storm

rose

a perfect red rose

delicate and beautiful

silky to the touch

the wren

ultimate winter

mountains blanketed with snow

winter wrens call out

gray

a rainy day

when you passed away

shades of gray

time

time passes so quick

just raindrops on the windshield

slow down and enjoy

published by
The RavensPerch

https://theravensperch.com/time-by-a-k-finch/

birds gathering twigs

bees buzzing around the yard

spring has arrived

I drank your coffee

I know you were saving it

don’t be sad

peace flood over me

like water in a river

refresh my soul

late winter

in the late winter

paper white daffodils bloom

winter narcissus

blackbird on my fence

singing so beautifully

morning song

card shark

sleight of hand

the exchange

above the trees

birds ride the current

thermal updraft

I was commissioned by the Alicia Adams Alpaca company in New York to write a poem for their social media story on National Poetry Day.

www.aliciaadamsaplaca.com

gold of the andes

silky, smooth, sustainable

wool reserved for royalty

nothing less will do

CHAPTER 3

HAIKU DURNING QUARENTINE

the wish

a genie asked me

what was my one desire

endless tp please

signs

signs are everywhere

remember to wash your hands

are we that dirty?

pandemic

global pandemic

now all schools are taught online

welcome to 2020

stir-crazy

getting stir-crazy

I want to go outside now

call me a rebel

food

eating when you're bored

grocery shopping for the week

only lasts three days

commercial

an old commercial

zoom zoom was about a car

now it’s a meeting

CHAPTER 6

THE CHALLENGE

When the new school year stared, I knew that I wanted to challenge my English classes. I had heard a really good story that helped to confirm the idea about doing something repetitiously to improve on the results. I want to share the story with you. Here it is.

> The ceramics teacher announced on opening day that he was dividing the class into two groups. All those on the left side of the studio, he said, would be graded solely on the quantity of work they produced, all those on the right solely on its quality. His procedure was simple: on the final day of class he would bring in his bathroom scales and weigh the work of the "quantity" group: fifty pound of pots rated an "A", forty pounds a "B", and so on. Those being graded on "quality", however, needed to produce only one pot - albeit a perfect one - to get an "A".

> Well, came grading time and a curious fact emerged: the works of highest quality were all produced by the group being graded for quantity. It seems that while the "quantity" group was busily churning out piles of work - and learning from their mistakes - the "quality" group had sat theorizing about perfection, and in the end had little more to show for their efforts than grandiose theories and a pile of dead clay (Atwood, 2008).

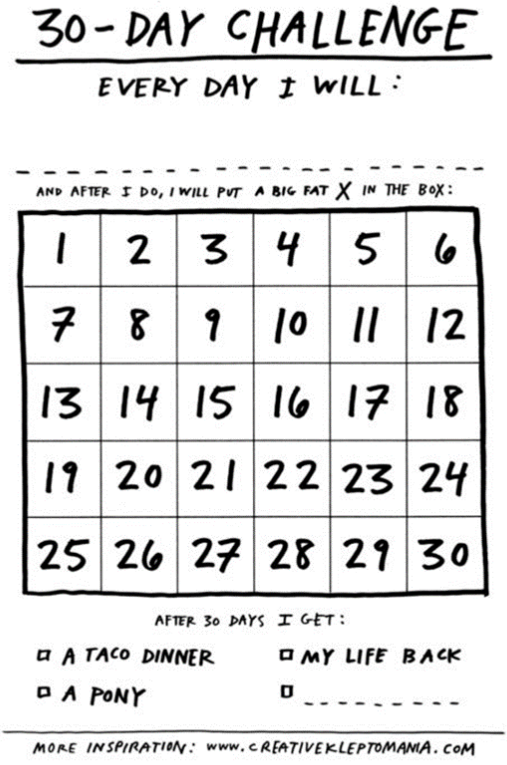
I decided to test the theory out on the English students at Integrity Christian School. I figured that the easiest, most painless, thing to try this with is haikus. Not that writing haikus are easiest. However, seventeen syllables shouldn't cause the world to come to an end or anything. In fact, they might improve as they go.

That is precisely what happened. The students produced some pretty good haikus. I decided to share some of the ones that I thought were creative and expressed their personalities.

Quite some time ago, I came across this

wonderful blog by a man named Austin Kleon. It was right around the time that everyone was starting to prepare for NaNoWriMo and thirty days of intense writing. In Austin's newsletter, he was talking about completing the NaNoWriMo challenge without missing any days.

Austin had a great PDF file of a 30 Day Challenge calendar in his newsletter. I thought it would be a good visual aid for the classes. I printed it out for each student, and the challenge began (Kleon, 2017).


30-DAY CHALLENGE
EVERY DAY I WILL:
AND AFTER I DO, I WILL PUT A BIG FAT X IN THE BOX:
1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30
AFTER 30 DAYS I GET:
A TACO DINNER
MY LIFE BACK
A PONY
MORE INSPIRATION: www.CREATIVEKLEPTOMANIA.COM

CHAPTER 7

INTEGRITY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL



I see a red bird

the red bird flies away fast

goodbye little bird

Nathan L. – Age 15

wintertime is here

snow falls and colored lights shine

wintertime is here

Meili R – Age 15

an endless ocean

beams across my joyful face

as the sun sets

Vada Q. age 14

sitting on the fence

suddenly it swoops downward

bird at the feeder

Amelia H. – Age 17

snow falls on mountains

pine trees are slowly freezing

frigid wind blowing

Devin B. – Age 17

as the sun went down

bats flew out of a small cave

it was quite scary

Michael S. age 15

a quiet brown deer

walks timid through the forest

alert from hunters

Justus H. – Age 14

drums have a cool beat

snare to tom the rhythm rocks

sounds vibrate through earth

Mike L. age 16

late in the dark night

a family of large deer

sleep inside a cave

Devin B. – age 17

soaring high above

colorful birds in the sky

they fly so freely

Mary A. age 14

flying in the dark

always at night or in caves

they do not scare me

Gabriel C. – age 16

honey from the hive

filling hexagonal combs

sticky, sweet nectar

Amelia H. – age 17

the snowy forest

whistled as the wind blew through

a sweet melody.

Isaac D. – Age 13

the huge thorn bush

its very prickly thorns

never ever touch

Rachel L. – age 13

blue shimmering pool

water flowing down the bricks

refreshed and soothing

Mike L. age 16

butterflies

flying away

come back soon

Johanna H. age 14

sitting in the sand

sun sinks down the horizon

blush, amber, plumb mix

Grace P. – age 16

tiny soldiers hunt

hunt for food the size of crumbs

the life of an ant

Helena B. – Age 15

the big dog runs fast

he runs all over the yard

the dig takes a nap

Nathan L. – Age 15

under the Christmas tree

singing gathered with loved ones

drinking hot cocoa

Vada Q. – age 14

how tall are you trees

wondering what your height is

why are you so tall

Edgar R.– age 14

baby birds chirping

animals awake from their slumber

spring has now arrived

Nathan M. – age 14

majestic creatures

gliding through the deep blue sea

mermaids

Johanna H. Age 14

green prickly plants

lie in their dry desert home

waiting for water

Helena B – Age 15

the tiny flower

blooming around flowers

and smelling so good

Edgar R. – Age 14

seven bright colors

symbolizing God’s promise

a great big rainbow

Mary A. – Age 14

the tall Christmas tree

the beautiful evergreen

such a pretty sight

Rachel L. – Age 13

the thick fog rolls in

you can cut it with a knife

and you can eat it

Rudy F. – Age 14

sun shines from above

the sand rests between my toes

some relaxation

Nathan M. – Age 14

frosty white trees

rustled swiftly in the breeze

snow, soft and frosty

Isaac D.– Age 13

sitting in the woods

the pine trees moved with the breeze

and a dark night sky

Kaitlyn A. – Age 16

a tranquil aspen

leaves rustling in the wind

a simple pleasure

Justus H. – Age 14

coffee bean

growing green and red

harvested, roasted, ground, brewed

bitter black steaming

Grace P. – Age 16

deep within Japan

Sakuras sing the spring breeze

With its bright pink leaves

Meili R. – Age 15

the woods are quiet

all you could hear were crickets

it sounded so calm

Michael S. – age 15

Spotify Playlist

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3zvUgSTJu79v6uWz8vhM84?si=9b77650e489c4d25

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A.K. Finch is a writer, poet, and teacher. Her work has been published by The Poetry Pea, The Raven's Perch, Haiku Hub, and The International Poetry Society. Finch is a member of the Haiku Society of America, the International Association of Professional Writers and Editors, and a writer for the Haiku Hub. She lives in California with her husband and daughter. You can find her on social media:

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