**Hearing Bashō by Rod Whitworth**

the leaves that shake

to a faster rhythm —

about to fall?

Last Post and mist

lest memory’s not enough —

imagine then

red-berry bright night

stone front step — frog

tennis-ball plump

piebald horses by the track —

green of grass and leaves

glowing in the rain

in the hospital

waiting room — television

and medical shows

acorn in beak, magpie

walks downhill — pigeon too

into the east wind

Kirkwall morning walk

cathedral apron ice-sheet —

the journey’s ending

unprecedented

he said — then told us about

its last occurrence

from a green cornfield —

a deer’s head

turns to watch

quiet climb through trees

smoothness of pedals’ turning —

black bird staking claim