

=====

minimum wage
~~bitch~~ reality
stole my look

.....

Mother-in-Law's Tongue wagging carefree in an indoor pot.
New growth! Kigo, schmikigo.
Who cares what season it is?

.....

Hey, little yellow breasted bird bathing in the blue fountain,
where's your winter morning song?
In all that shimmering shimmy dip dip splasheroo!

.....

Orange dragonfly alights this Pampas Grass leaf afire
again this year.
Is your mother calling you home?

COMMENTARY:

There's the image of the dragonfly on the grass and particularly THIS leaf. The dragonfly is on the very same leaf "again this year" -- but adult dragonflies only can last as long as five or six months. This is not the same dragonfly! How did it know to make its home on the very same leaf as its mother. Hence the contrasting (metaphysical) idea, "Is your mother calling you home?"

.....

Song birds flirting on leafless Chinese Elm branches
along with mischievous scampering squirrels.
Watch your back, Uncle Jack!

COMMENTARY:

John Hale Finch (Uncle Jack) FROM Harper Lee's To Kill a Mockingbird

Character Analysis

Jack is the fun uncle. He may be a joker, but, unlike Atticus, he's not always fair. Scout points this out when he punishes her for beating up Francis without letting her tell her side of the story; when he hears what she has to say, he's ready to go beat up Francis himself, and possibly Aunt Alexandra to boot. Uncle Jack's willingness to admit he was wrong, and his loyalty in keeping his word to Scout (he promises not to tell Atticus why she was fighting Francis), put him in the category of adults who treat children with respect.

~ <http://www.shmoop.com/to-kill-a-mockingbird/john-hale-finch.html>

.....

Seven o'clock on the dot, out my bedroom window, the deep green Pepper Tree catches yellow-orange rays of sunlight in its arms -- "Maxfield Parrish!"
When does that ever happen?

COMMENTARY:

There's a small window of time when the morning sunrise passing over the mountains and through the desert dust to the east glows yellow-orange on a clear day. At my San Diego latitude "When does that ever happen?" is answered by the "Seven o'clock on the dot," which can only happen a few particular winter days in January.

.....

You are the water flowing across the wide desert,
pausing to sniff the goldmine of wondrousness.
I see the cashier, checking you out.

COMMENTARY:

"Water flowing" is movement in an otherwise barren desert land, and water can be the source of other life -- both swimming within it (inner life) or growing on its banks (the edge of its outer life) from seeds blown in from far away. As the river meanders, "pausing to sniff the goldmine," perhaps this is fertile ground for abundant new life, maybe an actual goldmine. We're told its "the goldmine of wondrousness," so we can only wonder and marvel at the mystery. We don't know. Is "the cashier" in a casino or a Whole Foods? We don't know. In any case, it's a store of goods and "you" apparently are flush with the medium of exchange as you are being checked out. But "checking you out" can have another meaning. It can mean the cashier is interested in you. Whether it's a lust or love interest, we don't know. True, a cashier is merely a function of accountability, not a high status station in life, but it's a curious human interest looking to know more about you.

.....

Cozy in flannel sheets against the biting cold,
drifting deliciously in the in-between reverie,
I risk going back to sleep.

COMMENTARY:

"The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you. Don't go back to sleep. You must ask for what you really want. Don't go back to sleep. People are going back and forth across the doorsill where the two worlds touch. The door is round and open. Don't go back to sleep." --Rumi

.....

She brings the outside in, all shades of green,
the bugs are caught and released back into the wild.
This is not what they taught in Home Economics!

COMMENTARY:

Self explanatory....my wife ignores her old Home Ec teacher and loves her indoor plants and the bugs that want to be freed....
~Carol Landrum

.....

One lone ant found wandering aimlessly
while making the bed. Could be ticklish.
No sweet foodstuff here, scout, try the kitchen.

COMMENTARY:

If a lone ant appears to be wandering aimlessly about with no definite trail it is actually a scout sent to forage a territory for a food supply. When worker ants have found a source of food, they will soon be seen following a clearly defined trail from the food back to their nest. The main purpose of the worker ant is to find food, preferably sweet foodstuffs, to take back to the nest. One of the most common places to find an ant infestation is in the kitchen.

.....

Furry critters digging up the backyard
for grubs. I have a different idea.
Can we talk?

COMMENTARY:

Who's that digging in my yard: Skunks, raccoons, opossums, squirrels? Gain a better idea of which critter is digging up your yard or garden by the damage they cause.

Shallow holes in the ground, surrounded by a ring of loosened soil

Skunks are often the cause of these clues. The soil disruption happens overnight because skunks are nocturnal feeders. The hole is approximately the size of a skunk nose. The skunk presses its nose to the soil and digs with its long, front claws. Skunk knows that just below the surface is a protein-rich treat, just waiting to be harvested. There can be so many holes that they coalesce into an area that looks like it has been tilled.

Chunks of sod that have been ripped up and flipped over

Raccoons enjoy diets that are almost identical to skunks, but raccoons use their front paws like hands. They will pull and flip pieces of sod. This behavior is quite common on newly laid sod or grass with shallow roots. Ripping and tearing is easier. Since skunks and raccoons can be feeding during the night in the same area, you may wake to a powerful skunk odor. The gentle skunk is being harassed by the backyard bully raccoon.

.....

Ten million desert pond crickets screaming
full moon crazy orgy ecstasy.
This lone villager sits bolt upright, riveted.

COMMENTARY:

"I am sorry"

I am sorry I am untrained,
undisciplined and wild.
I only speak vernacular.

Like the ten million crickets
that full moon night
by the desert pond
screaming crazy orgy ecstasy
all about, within and through me
as though I was some lone villager
without a village
sitting bolt upright, riveted.

I tell you it's not my fault
if the moon is full
and I lack letters
to match the intelligentsia.
It's not my calling,
and if you and the crickets
would kindly shut up
long enough that I could hear
myself think,
I would form a useful reply
to all your oh so many
unquestioned answers.

No, no, no I no poet am.
That's too heavy a burden.
I'm a slight ectomorph
(a type described within
a now discredited theory)
with a bad back.
My diet is sweetness & light.
Please don't darken my door
with myths & meaning,
words & revolution,
bowls of freshly picked over-ripe cherries
crushed by formerly misbalanced boulders.
Out, out before I grab the broom
and sweep the floor clear with you.

Come to your senses
somewhere else, learned man!
This is my turf to be buried in.

~Dan Landrum

.....
Wobbly, I paint outside the lines my winter hand drew
itself. Leave perfection to the Greeks!
I have a story to tell.

.....
When death finds fame, artist you make others rich, but
"it must be made" you said. It's not suffering
when you're doing is what you love.

COMMENTARY:

"You must suffer for your art," they say.
Is there any other way?

Can new art be guaranteed, born of certainty?
Without the crucible, what could be forged in the fire?

.....

Gay curious son of Samurai,
you can't transplant this Banana Tree
in high society.

COMMENTARY:

{Homage: Matsuo Basho!}

[SEE: Robert Haas' The Essential Haiku: Versions of Basho, Buson, and Issa
http://www.goodreads.com/book/show/1565561.The_Essential_Haiku]

.....

Labor day, at the picnic table eating mesquite-grilled
barbecue and fruity ice cream with seven Billionaires,
what does it matter who pays for lunch?

.....

It's just a number -- the number of times the earth
has gone around the sun since you've been
on this planet. Happy birthday!

COMMENTARY:

This one could double as a Hallmark greeting card.

.....

No salvation in the mail box again today.
Black type on bleached white paper only
says, "You owe me."

.....

You say, "You owe me!" But what
do I get for the debt? Bruised over-ripe
avocados with over-sized pits?

COMMENTARY:

What's the hope for the future (pit: seed), if I must pay in advance (before I know how much of the bruised fruit is good) incurring compounded interest on my debt?

.....

Talking to your dogs -- an over generous heart, but
society dictates that you express appropriately, or
no one can hear you.

.....

Sitting out front on the old cold silvered redwood bench,
back warmed by the rising sun, last summer's cob webs
catch passing haikus like hapless flying bugs.

.....

Happy brisk winter weekend, girl
running in a bright blue running suit,
"Good morning!"

COMMENTARY:

Homage: Yosa Buson:

The mad girl
in the boat at midday;
spring currents.

.....

At the museum drawing on found unfinished art, "Is this
yours?" "No, it's my sister's!" "Oh, sorry."
Didn't know I was stealing.

COMMENTARY:

During the San Diego Museum of Art's 'Gauguin to Warhol' exhibit:

"What makes the show great for kids is the fantastic interactive section that allows children to draw shapes they saw in the artwork, create gestural drawings on a white board and learn about texture through crayon rubbings. My seven month old daughter and I really enjoyed the dramatic colors and movement in the monumental Jackson Pollock painting in the Abstract Expressionist section that we tried to emulate on the white board and in our drawing."

~ <http://www.sandiegomuseumcouncil.org/blog/item/123-family-friendly-art-exhibitions-in-balboa-park-gauguin-to-warhol-at-the-san-diego-museum-of-art-and-ingenious-the-world-of-dr-seuss-at-san-diego-history-center>

.....

My waterless compost toilet clean burns my shit into rose
smelling electricity that powers my home and car.
In my dreams.

COMMENTARY:

Turning Human Waste into Power | March 22, 2012

<http://www.technologyreview.com/view/427303/turning-human-waste-into-power/>

Bill Gates's potty obsession, revisited.

"Researchers [...] will be developing a prototype device that they say can harvest energy and even potable water from fecal matter (this goes well beyond even NASA's plans to make urine into the astronaut's sports drink). The device will work, according to a release from Imperial, thusly: "The technology is based on a porous scaffold that holds bacteria and metal nano-particles. When fecal sludge is filtered through the scaffolding these particles will react with the waste mater to generate the recycled resources. These can either be used immediately or stored for later use." The researchers envision, in the long run, a device that can gather various types of resources: methane for energy; ammonia for fertilizer; electrolytes for energy."

.....
Honey Bees team work white five-pointed star bursting Jade flower
glory, busy in the warm dry winter afternoon radiant sun.
Please tell the bees it's my wife's birthday!

COMMENTARY:

Crassula ovata

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crassula_ovata

Crassula ovata, commonly known as jade plant, friendship tree, lucky plant, or money tree, is a succulent plant with small pink or white flowers. It is native to South Africa, and is common as a houseplant worldwide. It is sometimes referred to as the money tree; however, Pachira aquatica also receives this nickname.

The jade plant is an evergreen with thick branches. It has thick, shiny, smooth, leaves that grow in opposing pairs along the branches. Leaves are a rich jade green, although some may appear to be more of a yellow-green. Some varieties may develop a red tinge on the edges of leaves when exposed to high levels of sunlight. New stem growth is the same color and texture as the leaves, but becomes brown and woody with age. Under the right conditions, they may produce small white or pink star-like flowers in early spring.

As a succulent, Crassula ovata requires little water in the summer, and even less in the winter.

Telling the bees

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Telling_the_bees

The telling of the bees is a traditional English custom, in which bees would be told of important events in their keeper's lives, such as births, marriages, or departures and returns in the household. The bees were most commonly told of deaths in their master's family. The custom was prevalent all over England, as well as in a few places in Ireland and Wales but not in Scotland.[1][2] If the custom was omitted or forgotten then it was believed a penalty would be paid, that the bees might leave their hive, stop producing honey, or die.

Written January 24, 2015 -- Carol's 66th birthday.

.....

Sun light trails off into the Pacific Ocean,
long red shadows stretch east.
Sailors' delight!

COMMENTARY:

{Homage Yosa Buson:}

Light of the moon
moves west, flowers' shadows
creep eastward.

Red sky at morning

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Red_sky_at_morning

The common phrase "Red sky at morning" is a line from an ancient rhyme often repeated by mariners:

Red sky at morning, sailors take warning;
Red sky at night, sailors' delight.

The rhyme is a rule of thumb used for weather forecasting during the past two millennia. It is based on the reddish glow of the morning or evening sky, caused by haze or clouds related to storms in the region. If the morning skies are red, it is because clear skies over the horizon to the east permit the sun to light the undersides of moisture-bearing clouds. The saying assumes that more such clouds are coming in from the west. Conversely, in order to see red clouds in the evening, sunlight must have a clear path from the west, and therefore the prevailing westerly wind must be bringing clear skies.

.....

Give Buson a cool color bulb
for his lantern to keep his yellow
chrysanthemums from drowning.

COMMENTARY:

Lighting the lantern--
the yellow chrysanthemums
lose their color.

~Yosa Buson

.....

Squirrel pauses outside my studio door wanting
to come in. I know his cuteness
will take advantage of me.

.....

Being a professional artist runs the risk
of no longer surprising yourself. Better
keep the Spring love alive.

.....

Pearl Oyster mushrooms grown on spent
coffee grounds. Jump starting
an early Spring enterprise.

COMMENTARY:

How to Grow Mushrooms in Coffee Grounds

<http://homeguides.sfgate.com/grow-mushrooms-coffee-grounds-48913.html>

Mushrooms are a delicacy served either alone or as an ingredient in a variety of dishes, ranging from spaghetti sauce to omelets. While a variety of mushrooms is available for purchase from grocery stores and markets, growing mushrooms at home is not only possible but also rewarding. Edible mushroom varieties like the "Pearl Oyster" can

be container grown in coffee grounds with a minimum of effort. A suitable container and a few materials can get you on your way to growing your own mushrooms at home.

"an early Spring enterprise" -- an early adapter to a pioneer cottage industry

.....

After lunch, neighbor's cat musks up
our patio chair. Friendly, but
doesn't care who knows.

COMMENTARY:

Marking by rubbing

http://www.humanesociety.org/animals/cats/tips/marking_territory.html?credit=web_id97335545#rubbing

Felines have scent glands on their cheeks and flanks, and when yours rubs against something—a door, a chair, you—he puts his own personal scent on that object. This leaves the message for the next cat that he's been there and laid claim. Rubbing against you is a way of marking you as his and telling other cats to back off.

.....

Big painting drying in the open air.
Little bird shits on it.
So what?

.....

Chef knife thin slices organic green Irish cabbage,
a daily steamed antidote to leaky gut. Magic
enzymes go where grandma's love can't.

COMMENTARY:

What's New and Beneficial About Cabbage

<http://www.whfoods.com/genpage.php?tname=foodspice&dbid=19>

.....

Chefs and poets, then, as now, have the same status, Hass said,
which makes me wonder if restaurants and Universities
use the same Human Resources.

COMMENTARY:

[SEE: Robert Hass' Essential Haiku, page 77:

"(...then, as now, poets and chefs must have had about the same social position.)"]

.....

No bigger than a freckle, this bold spider
leaps the chasm between bricks, but
I don't know what it lives on.

COMMENTARY:

The mountain cuckoo--
don't know what
it lives on.
~Yosa Buson

.....

Cuckoo (kankodori)

<http://worldkigo2005.blogspot.com/2005/03/cuckoo-kankodori.html>

***** Location: Japan
***** Season: All summer
***** Category: Animal

.....

Spider (kumo)

***** Location: Japan
***** Season: All Summer
***** Category: Animal

.....

A tea party on Alcatraz Island is no bother.
Cold, strong, hazardous currents keep
the dragon from escaping the kettle.

COMMENTARY:

"On the whole, it's a bother to keep up relationships with people in this world."
~Yosa Buson

Alcatraz Island

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alcatraz_Island

"Because of its isolation from the outside by the cold, strong, hazardous currents of the waters of San Francisco Bay, Alcatraz was used to house Civil War prisoners as early as 1861."

@LARGE: AI WEIWEI ON ALCATRAZ

Ai Weiwei Explores Human Rights and Freedom of Expression
in Series of New, Site-Specific Installations Inspired by Alcatraz Island
Exhibition on View September 27, 2014 Through April 26, 2015

<http://www.nps.gov/goga/planyourvisit/aiweiwei.htm>

.....

On the whole, it's no bother to keep up
relationships with the people
you truly care about.

COMMENTARY:

"On the whole, it's a bother to keep up relationships with people in this world."

~Yosa Buson

.....

Answering the call of solitude.
Alonetime enhances intimacy,
is fuel for life.

COMMENTARY:

"On the whole, it's a bother to keep up relationships with people in this world."

~Yosa Buson

The Call of Solitude

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/articles/199802/the-call-solitude>

.....

Patterns on patterns, stripes black & white,
hot floral pink, snowmen in a mustard yellow field:
my wife's comfy winter house clothes.

.....

'Suits' very busy busy making money.
Ima Robot, "Alright! All step back,
I'm about to dance the greenback boogie"

COMMENTARY:

Suits -- TV Series (2011-)

<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt1632701/>

On the run from a drug deal gone bad, Mike Ross, a brilliant college-dropout, finds himself a job working with Harvey Specter, one of New York City's best lawyers.

Greenback Boogie is another way to describe getting money or doing work.

<http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=Greenback+Boogie>

Greenback Boogie by Ima Robot (lyrics)

<http://www.top40db.net/lyrics/?SongID=11331>

See the money wanna stay
For your meal

Get another piece of pie
For your wife

Everybody wanna know
How it feels
Everybody wanna see
What it's like

For baby wanna be a queen
Well alright
We all deserve the finer things
In this life

So working on a little job
In the night
That's forty dollars round when I
See the light

He must seem a little tired
And "oh my"
He'll be working in a small box
Till he die

Who knew that I'd be free
All my life I want a little green jeep
See my ride

Alright
Yeah!

[CHORUS]

All that time for you know that's
The greenback boogie
Love that boogie

[VERSE]

Now put on a big wig
Walking hall
Hanging with them big pigs
Walking tall

Got did up with our hair
Straight and dolled
I want a bean pie
Order me a bean pie

Even eat a bean pie
I don't like
Me and Missy is so a busy busy making mine
Alright!

[repeat CHORUS]

All that time imagine this
The greenback boogie
The greenback boogie

[repeat VERSE]

Boogie now for me
Hey!
Say oh hey oh!
We can get it away

.....

Empty inbox, notice post third interview
past due, prospective employer
saying no by saying nothing.

.....

White wiffle ball on the shed roof,
neighbor's kids hitting foul balls
for the umpteenth time.

.....

Her forehead on my temple,
my wife patting my butt as I
wash the breakfast dishes.

.....

I don't want to brag, but
the Jade plants are blossoming,
bursting with quiet glory!

.....

Let me soak you up like butterfly soup
with the bread's end piece. A soul mate!
One that hasn't been tamed.

.....

One lone red wiffle ball
in the rain gutter.
Out of reach.

.....

Piles of wiffle balls under
the neighbor's Yucca tree.

I threw'm there.

.....

Strong southern wind blows
a white wiffle ball
off the shed roof.

.....

Strong wind rustles palm fronds,
big southern storm bringing
much needed rain.

.....

Gas flames raging dragon, hissing,
spitting, roiling, boiling tropical
storm in a whistling kettle.

.....

Poet and editor
meet in the kitchen,
open a can of Salmon.

.....

Half moon, mid-day --
three Palms swaying in the breeze.
Winter is slipping away.

.....

Sees things more clearly than most, a people person
intimately in touch with her feelings.
My wife is a fount of Haikuness.

.....

Above the sink, two Buddhas, a blue Jay, crystals, small bowls
of semi-precious rocks -- pink & turquoise, gold flecked apple snow globe:
my wife's kitchen window sill.

.....

For the first two decades my wife spoke
my thoughts before I did.
Now it's my turn.

.....

My wife's succulent cuttings near the sidewalk
for neighbors to propagate.

Thriving free economy.
.....

Silverfish dried-up, buried
between cardboard corrugations.
Quest for sugar ends here.
.....

Runt of the kitty litter, my good friend
for fifteen fleeting years, now
a permanent part of the landscape.
.....

Soaking cardboard in the tub,
far corner not submerging.
"Move you to it!"
.....

"Growing up, I
never thought, I'd
be this person!"
.....

Styrofoam bathtub too fragile
to leave in the back yard.
Raccoons can wreak havoc.
.....

Sitting at the bus stop,
absorbed in her head-set,
"It goes without saying."
.....

Rocks in small ceramic bowls
glistening in water.
Steady as she goes.
.....

After dark, the studio screen door open.
A big flap-happy moth attacks the light bulb.
Some uninvited guests can be annoying.
.....

Squirrel on the telephone pole crossbar,
two crows cawing on the wires.
Morning conversation.

.....

Precariously balanced on the chain link fence,
curious, squirrel intently watches me paint,
Later, equally curious, I watch squirrel reach
for the last Orange at the end of the branch.
Cultural exchange.

.....

You're getting too cute, my wife says,
"I'm going to have to squeeze you!"
Morning warning.

.....

Red faced from tail lights,
complaining about slow bicyclists.
Night out on the town.

.....

My clothes are shabby, in debt,
couldn't be happier.
Making art.

.....

Breezy coastal clear warm dry desert --
beautiful summer days.
Such a lovely winter.
Breezy coastal clear warm dry desert --
such a lovely winter. But,
we could use more rain.

.....

Sitting on the dock by the bay.
When the master has left the room,
who are you bowing to?

.....

Bird poop on my car hood, again!
I have to park under the wires.
No choice.

.....

A bat mistaken for a bird,
then a mouse -- an artist:
my early years wandering.

.....

Kobayashi Issa, I'll share crickets with you, but
you can keep the mosquitoes and fleas.
For that matter, all biting bugs.

.....

"Is this yours?" Pointing
to dog shit
in the hardware store.

COMMENTARY:
Asked of owner of two Terriers on a leash at Home Depot.

.....

A flat headed bird we call "Harry"
eats the big moths
by the porch light.

.....

My exhale bursts, "Ha!", adding
to the distant landscape's shroud.
Early morning fog.

.....

Caterpillar eyebrows
in a wiggling arch,
struggle to be a butterfly.

.....

After a clear night the dense morning fog boldly whispers,
"Just because you're confused doesn't mean
you don't know what you're doing!"

COMMENTARY:
Here I am using "confuse" in the 1550's etymology: "mix or mingle things so as to render the elements indistinguishable;" ~ <http://www.etymonline.com/index.php?term=confuse>

That is "con-": word-forming element meaning "together, with," sometimes merely intensive; PLUS fusion, "union or blending of different things; state of being united or blended."

.....

You don't need an extensive vocabulary
to join the art conversation, just your authentic self
with its ever changing face.

.....

I can see from this 2 year olds
incessantly asking why
why Socrates was terminally annoying.

COMMENTARY:
Refers to an adult who stays forever young and fearlessly curious.

.....

.....