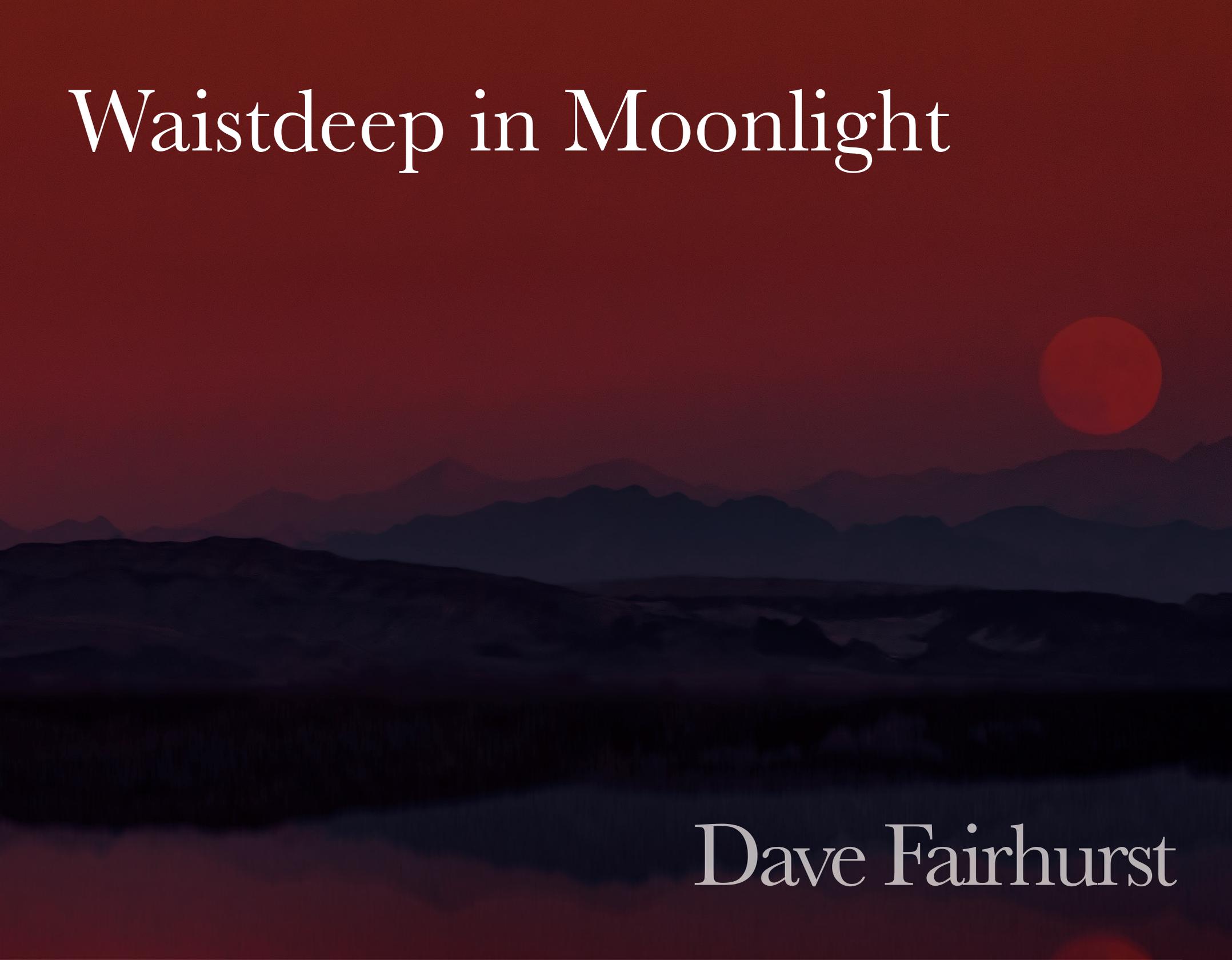


Waistdeep in Moonlight

The background of the slide is a dark, atmospheric landscape. It features a large, solid red circle in the upper right quadrant, representing the sun or moon. Below it, there are several layers of dark, silhouetted mountains or hills, creating a sense of depth and a moody, twilight atmosphere. The overall color palette is dominated by deep reds, dark blues, and blacks.

Dave Fairhurst

Waistdeep in Moonlight

Collection of Haiku Poetry by Dave Fairhurst



Redheaded Press

Waistdeep in Moonlight

Edited by Jamie Wimberly, Picture Poems by Dave Fairhurst

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*To Jane, Katie, Jenna and Sophie who inspire, support
and sometimes even like my poetry*

Acknowledgements

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Foreword

Being a painter, there is a quality of light that infuses the haiku poetry of Dave Fairhurst which first attracted me to his work. At times, the light is of moonshadow, of “pale faces” in the sunlight, or even a “starless” night bringing us back to the very light that is missing. At his best, Dave’s poems simply sparkle with life. They make you pause, to reflect, and laugh at how such simple, sparse words can be so true in the light he has created.

Dave’s work reminds me of Basho in two respects. There is a playfulness to the poetry balanced with purpose. I appreciate how he has absorbed the lessons of the haiku practice to the point that he has created his own style.

Like Basho, there is also a sense of character and metamorphosis in his poems. The moon becomes a can opener. Jazz takes a walk down the street. Those are just a few examples of how a concrete image can be the clay for something else in a poet’s hands.

I hope you enjoy the poems of Dave Fairhurst as much as I do.

Jamie Wimberly, Managing Editor of Redheaded Press

MORNING RUN THROUGH SPRING

sleepless night
scraping off
the hoar frost

in the corner
of my bedroom window
my breath still sleeping

stifling
a yawn half
the moon

morning run
led by my shadow
and a butterfly

mist
a day without
ends

huddled
around the grave
snowdrops

on the breath
a single feather
out of reach

falling
rain
blossom
falling

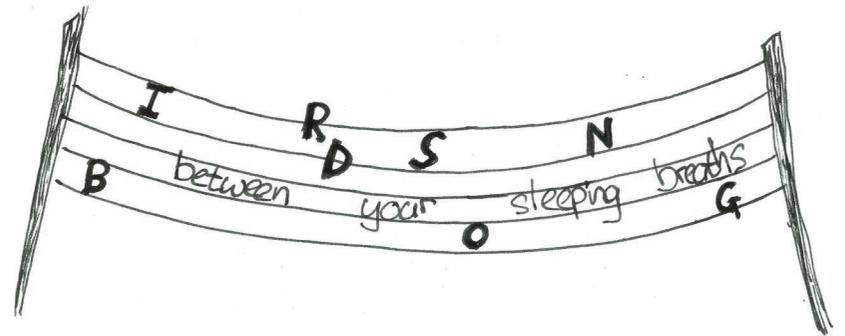
along the bypass
bumper to bumper
dandelions

on a leaf
the moving shadow
of a leaf

argument's over
I sit by
the gentle river

startled
the horses race
themselves

jumping off
the bridge
just my shadow



SUMMER RAIN

all day
working at home
goldfinches

dancing to the cove
and back
hedgerow flowers

the view
from this rocky ledge
an old apple core

fish
darting
like
flies

school's out
seagulls squabble in
the empty playground

lost
in the long grass
childhood summers

the cliff top café
cream teas, cut flowers
the infinite sea

lakeswimming
pale sunlight
on the underside of leaves

seasick
the give and take
of the ocean

sandcastles
and sand dunes
the topless beach

summer rain
the weight
of my new t-shirt

falling
from the cliff-face
gull shriek-iek-iek

Longest Light
shortest shade

THROUGH AUTUMN MIST

lunchtime jazz
wandering
the cobbled streets

early autumn sky
swallows play
in the fluttering leaves

children peel little apples

in the studio
not yet mirroring
my Pilates teacher

autumn rain
slicing
the chicken pie

childhood streets
through the mist
I still know the way

picking apples
pale faces
in the sunlight

autumn clouds
spooning out
the muffin mix

the grey river
gives itself
to the mist

a muddy puddle
between the cut-corn stubble
crow's bath

full moon
round
again

after their shift
firemen
in everyday cars

BETWEEN writing SPOONS OF haiku SOUP

rain rain rain
the river
full of itself

between the
oak heat
lines tree
of wheat

FILLED WITH WINTER SKY

resting
against the tree
my ribs rise

squinting
down the dark alley
footsteps

ploughed field

parallel lives

last leaf
on the wind-ravaged tree
they found another tumour

hollow
chocolate Santa
fills a hole

winter gardens
the cactus has a coat
of wet leaves

on the litter
by the roadside
half-hearted frost

water
for a brilliant moment
a snowflake

winter road
the potholes filled
with sky

snow!!
my birthday
all wrapped up

waiting
at the top of the hill
winter sky

hillside hollow
snow collecting
my thoughts

glasses - less
fumbling
fumbling

MOON SHADOW

hiding
behind the tree
moon shadow

sun
slowly sinking
a beer

starless night
clover all over
my unmown lawn

dirt track
the wrinkled man's
evening shadow

unseen stars
tumble
of everyday life

stargazing
patio cold through
my socks

after cricket
starlings
in the sunset

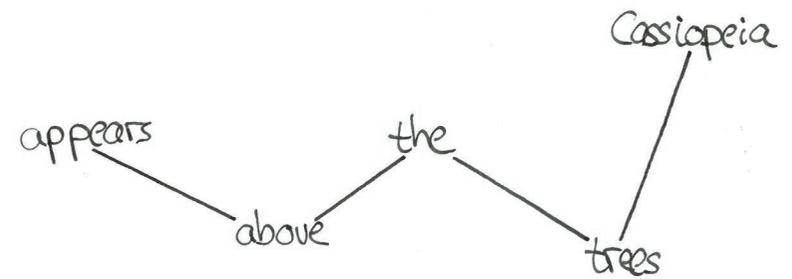
moonlight
in the bathroom
brushing my teeth

the half bent moon
opening
a cold beer

snowflakes
each one of my kisses
on your breast

after the party
rain
refilling the glasses

bedroom window
waistdeep
in moonlight





Dave Fairhurst

Dave Fairhurst has never been a wandering Buddhist monk, a binman or a beatnik poet. He has written software, taught mermaids, served beer, taken blood and sent experiments into space. Having lived in London, New Jersey, Paris, Edinburgh and Wellington, David now lives in Nottingham with his wife and three daughters.

A splendid collection...with such a light touch you are always surprised.
– Colin Blundell, President British Haiku Society

... reminiscent of such masters as Basho and Ryokan, and ... Kerouac...
a collection worthy of repeatedly immersing oneself in.
– Andrew Taylor, Lecturer of English, Nottingham Trent University, Poet

David Fairhurst's haiku trace patterns of motion. Nature ranges from being
playfully out of reach to a source of sickness.
– Professor Tim Youngs, Nottingham Trent University

... simple moments of everyday life, imbued with a touch of humour and
sense of wonder.
– Clive Bennett, poet

... playful and insightful, timely and timeless. Sometimes they make us smile,
sometimes gasp. Sometimes they cut too deeply for us to do either.
– Chris Parker, author

... a distillation of essences: his poems are poignant, pregnant and witty.
– Gregory Woods

