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A Winter's Journal in Haiku

Jan. 3

It's sunny and cold

The bird feeder is busy

-Get more seeds and coats.

Jan. 4

On a dreary day

Gearing up for a cold snap

And cleared the greenhouse.

Jan. 6

Fluffed up on a fence

A sharp breeze ruffles sparrows

-Quiet frigid birds

Jan. 7

The lemon trees are

Camping in the house with us.

Little bugs came too.

Jan. 9

Heavy with snowflakes

Gray skies burst fluttering white.

Cold, bold pillow fight.

Jan. 13

Conquering squirrel  
Stands atop the bird feeder  
We are defeated.

Jan. 23

Juncos in black suits  
And red jacketed cardinals  
Gourmet seeds are served.

Jan. 25

Planets in a line  
Fiery, brilliant, wonderous  
God spoke and it is.

Feb. 1

The gophers have made  
A mountain out of molehills.  
Excavating beasts.

Feb. 13

All is frozen stiff  
Crunchy, glassy frozen earth  
Shatters under foot.

Feb. 19

Water drips all night  
Steady splashes down the drain.  
Frozen pipes averted.

Feb. 22

It's sloppy out there

Mushy cold and snowy mud.

No point in mopping.

Feb. 28

Gray Turkey Mountain

Lies dormant in winter's cloak.

Spring sun says, "Wake up!"