

A Year In Haiku  
Episode R4.0 Color

<Music Fade In>

Welcome weary traveler. Come inside the little Chapel of The Deeper Reality. I'm Byron Glick, this little chapel's storyteller, pathfinder, and peacemaker. Come inside and lay all your burdens down, all your burdens and all your joys, to become just yourself. That will be more than enough for this little pocket of time.

Let us begin then with one deep breath <Breathe> And another <breathe> and one more <breathe>.

<Music Fade Out>

<Bowl Chime>

Let me admit up front that a yearning for Spring shaped my selection of Color as the topic for this episode pair. Imagine my surprise as I found colorful images scattered through my winter haiku poetry. The other seasons have their easily conjured colors. The blooms of Spring, the greens of Summer, the blazing leaves of Fall, but I tend to default to grey and white for winter. And then, as this little haiku project intended, I actually looked at the world in front of me and found Winter color. So we'll start there.

The other seasons will get their air time, but the unexpected star is Winter

<Bowl Chime>

Balmed by this Prairie's  
Mid-winter Pallet Fawn  
Grass, White Snow, Green Pines

Out the back windows of our house, just beyond the kitchen table, prairie stretches to a country road with tall pines beyond. The tall grasses, dry and fawn colored, poke through the collected snow. Given the expanse of prairie, there's nothing to dirty the snow so it stays white among the grasses, backstopped by those pines.

<Bowl Chime>

Winter's Forest Floor  
Brown, White, and Still Sun Spotlights  
Growing Green Mosses

In the Leopold Pines at The University of Wisconsin Arboretum, even in the very midst of winter, where sun shines down, green mosses grow.

<Bowl Chime>

Winter's Evening Skies  
Muted Violet Grey, Soft Creams  
Draped on Wind Swept Fields

I wish I could have a moment with Paul Cezanne and ask him if he fell in love with the infinite colors revealed in grey on a mid-winter's evening as the last light of day warmed low hanging clouds.

<Bowl Chime>

Winter Dawn Glows Pale  
Creams Muted Blues Lit Like An  
Old Dutch Masterpiece

There are winter days when the light falls just so, that I half expect to glance out the window and catch a glimpse of Pieter Breughel's skaters, warmed by the tones of his paint.

<Bowl Chime>

Fresh Green Leaves Embossed

On Rich Blue Skies. Spring Paints Life  
In Primary Colors

If Winter engages with the nuances of color and tone,  
Spring is in too much of a hurry to bother. Reaching for  
the brightest colors, seemingly spashed without a plan on  
the canvas of a waking world.

<Bowl Chime>

Crabapples Blooming  
A Luscious Adagio  
In Shades of Crimson

Ah the colors of spring overflowing the boundaries of our  
senses flowing into songs of rising and tastes of richest  
dessert

<Bowl Chime>

On Summer's Cusp, Spring  
Evenings Linger Above Fields  
Of Green Perfection

Perfection is only perfect if it stops time. Otherwise it becomes something else. Nature seems to know this as it will present us with something achingly transcendent and then seem to still the passage of time, just for a moment.

<Bowl Chime>

Just a Tiny Patch  
Of Rainbow as Sunset Lights  
The Towering Storm Clouds

At the end of a stormy day, the sun dropped below the cloud line and suddenly in the storm's midst, a brilliant rainbow.

<Bowl Chime>

Wild Blue Indigo  
Catch My Breath and Stir My Heart  
To Rise and Take Flight

Wild Blue Indigo is native in the prairies just beyond my house. When we have enough rain and the plants exalt in the plenty, Wild Blue Indigo shows its claim to truest blue.

<Bowl Chime>

Summer murmuring  
Every shade of green and blue,  
Blurs the horizon

As a lazy summer's day piles up the colors they seem to run into each other like water colors and wash over the finer lines we'd like to draw. It's not Spring's blast, but the quieter, sure hand of summer doing the drawing.

<Bowl Chime>

Tall Prairie Grasses  
Blush Mauve at Summers Fullest  
Ripening and End

There may be something more aching arch than the bluish mauve of Big Blue Stem in latest August, but I'm not sure what that would be.

<Bowl Chime>

August Whispers Fall  
In Sunlight Draped on Fields Like

## Sheerest Golden Silk

Autumn for all its later drama, starts with a Summer's languid day and a slight shift in light like a scarf rippling in a breeze, and suddenly, I know Summer is ending and Fall is on its way.

<Bowl Chime>

In Latest August  
Knife Sharp Blue Skies Glint Summer's  
Retreat Into Fall

Early Autumn is a trickster, calm, clear and serene one moment and then, suddenly, sharp eyed as a hawk, cutting to the essence wherever my eyes fall.

<Bowl Chime>

A Late Fall Sunset  
Lays Amber Skies, Soft as a  
Patty Griffin Song

If you've never heard a Patty Griffin song, you haven't completely experienced a Fall day. Her "Florida" or

“Shine a Different Way” or “Highway Song” are a necessary education in complexity, loss and hope needed to know the depth of a fall day.

<Bowl Chime>

Late fall's full palate  
Cardinals, jays, crows, red tailed hawks,  
Cold and clear blue skies

<1, 2, 3, 4, 5>

Nature seems to know it will be pulling out Winter's more muted pallet and makes one last splash of color, for us to remember and be warmed on colder winter days.

<1, 2, 3, 4, 5>

<Bowl Chime>

<1, 2, 3, 4, 5>

The Humble Fig, Yet Dressed  
In Dusky Royal Purple  
To Grace Any Meal

It is so easy to overlook a fig, set on the table among other showier offerings, but the burst of flavor, texture, and some kind of plant memory of ancient times is truly worthy of the royal purple.

<Bowl Chime>

Roasted Almonds Cool  
On the Stove Top, Murmuring  
Their Umber Secrets

My wife regularly roasts almonds for our snacking. I'm always struck that they are trying to tell me something, as they tick and tap while cooling.

<Bowl Chime>

Just After Sunset  
The Eastern Night Blue Sky Lit  
By an Ivory Moon

Is this a fall or winter haiku? It seems like the night blue skies are a feature of colder climes, though the paper moon shines year round.

<Bowl Chime>

Summer Heat, Fierce Winds,  
Then the Fiercer Winter Cold  
No Water, Broken Land

"Mako Sica" Said  
The Lakota "Badlands" and  
No One Disagreed

But on Nature's Terms,  
The Color, Light and Motion  
Of Sacred Places

South Dakota, Badlands National Park. It seems almost impossible that the land can rest in such a seemingly fractured state. But if one pauses, lets the land be what it is, a kind of divinity emerges, beyond time and ....

<Bowl Chime>

Power Lines Flare in  
Sunset Orange, Like a Fuse  
Set to Burn Down Time

There is a line of telephone polls along the old country road that runs along the field behind our house. They rise up a slight hill catching the last of sunset. Occasionally, the light falls just so and turns the lines a smoldering orange. Depending on the day, it can be a lingering warmth or appropriate coda to something more turbulent

<Bowl Chime>

From the Earth's Hot Forge  
From Fire, Smoke, and Ash, and Then  
From Water, Light and Time

A New Landscape Came  
Of Black Rock and a Delight

## Of Earthy Colors

Rocks, Trees and Flowers,  
Laying Layer on Layer  
To the Horizon

Mt St. Helens some 24 years on. A hike with the dark truncated peak, rising above the trail. Around a corner and blooming foxglove spilled down the hill side into the not quite filled valley.

<Bowl Chime>

Red Neon Light Flows  
Like Memory Down Wet Streets  
While Downtown Slumbers

A long day, driving from work, anticipating the comforts of home, and evening lays out the light across the wet street like a gift.

<Bowl Chime>

A Blue From the Edge  
Of Space, or Deepest Water  
Or High Mountain Skies

The Kind of Blue That  
Only the Heart Can See or  
The Eyes to Dream Of

A Blue to Calm Your  
Busy Mind, to Rest Your Soul,  
To Ease Time's Passage

In the desert Southwest, the sky on a sunny cloudless day takes on an other worldly blue, serene, infinite, and seemingly unchanging. It invites me in and plays quite soundless music in my soul.

<Bowl Chime>

<Music Fade In>

Let us end as we began, with a deep breath <breathe>  
and another <breathe> and one more <breathe>

For more haiku visit [www.ayearinhaiku.org](http://www.ayearinhaiku.org). This podcast of "A Year in Haiku" is posted on a two-episode cadence. The first episode of a pair is a simple reading, on a theme using just haiku selected from the blog. The other is more narrative, like this one, reflecting on the selected haiku and any wider implications.

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Selah and Shanti, Dear Traveler. Journey well. May you find the paths you seek and the destinations of your dreams.

<Music Fades Out>