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hoarfrost sparkles  
under the full moon  
no more needles  
mother waves off  
the morphine

Hallow's eve  
the avocado pierces  
with a pop

peach dawn—  
rubbing sharp edges  
off the new soap

crackle of wood fire  
crossing the dead  
off the card list

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brain tumour  
within two weeks  
fall colours to snowfall

warmth of the year  
gone for the foreseeable  
hospital gown

blowing snow  
letting the fire  
tend to me

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Pearl Pirie writes in rural Quebec. Her newest chapbook is *Not Quite Dawn* (Éditions des petits nuages, March, 2020) containing her best haiku and tanka of the last 25 years. Her lyric poetry book is *footlights* (Radiant Press, Oct 2020). [www.pearlpirie.com](http://www.pearlpirie.com)

phafours press, Nov. 2020 for  
Seabeck Haiku Getaway 2020.

# Overwintering What Keeps



haiku and tanka  
by Pearl Pirie



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too busy to think—  
aquatic snails scribble  
the lake bottom

the garden overseen  
through phone photos—  
bedridden

a rare tight hug—  
orb weaver's  
egg sac carried high

an affectionate tease  
landed wrong—  
on the deck  
a wasp-dropped  
maggot



migraine starting  
motes on the puddle  
cast huge shadows

the ladybug tries  
each hole of the colander —  
winter storm advisory

eyes that look away  
she tugs the toque lower  
over her hijab

squeaky snow  
vole tracks go out  
a foot & back



snow  
on the black cat...  
all disappears

her thanks, her expression  
the difference between  
tonal & toenail

dragonfly eaten  
on the shelf between books  
Covid germs anywhere

a birthday walk  
in icing sugar snow  
turkey tracks

