a holiday haiku stocking-stuffer from Schenectady

real haiku & senryu by

Yu Chang,

David Giacalone

& Hilary Tann

. . . from Schenectady, NY, USA

Compiled by David Giacalone, with the two pages below formatted to be printed on both sides of a letter-sized sheet and made into a tri-fold brochure. ...... © 2008 all rights reserved by the authors
New Year's eve
a balloon
tied to an empty chair
	new year's day
a squirrel emerges
from the dumpster

- yc

twelfth night
a trail of pine needles
down the garden path

- ht

Boxing Day drizzle --
the inflatable snowman
keeps smiling

grey sky
all the way home
from grandma's house

New Year's Eve
sleet and snow--
the old man takes baby steps

- dag

Schenectady, NY, a haiku hotbed? It surprised me, too, when I first realized that two of the world's most respected English-language haiku poets -- Hilary Tann and Yu Chang -- were professors at Union College, right down the street from my home in Schenectady's Stockade Historic District.

Yu started life in China, but has lived for decades near Schenectady's Central Park. He teaches electrical engineering. Hilary, a well-known music composer, was born in South Wales, and resides in Schuylerville, NY, along the Hudson River. She teaches in Union's music department. They've both spent much of their creative lives in Schenectady, and are founding members of the elite (four-poet) Route 9 Haiku Group, which publishes the bi-annual haiku anthology *Upstate Dim Sum*.

Coming to Schenectady, via D.C., from Rochester, NY, I know enough to feature Hilary and Yu's poems often at my weblog, f/k/a. I also know that there's no better way to celebrate (or survive) the Holiday Season than spending time in the very good company of Hilary and Yu, sharing moments, memories, and insights, with and through our haiku and senryu (a related genre that focuses on human nature).

May you, too, have a Merry Schenectady Haiku Christmas (or Holiday of Choice).

David Giacalone

Go to [http://tinyurl.com/SchdyXmasHaikuPDF](http://tinyurl.com/SchdyXmasHaikuPDF) to find this brochure online at f/k/a.

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December rain
a starlet
sheds her tears

parting clouds
she checks the Christmas lights
one by one

red envelopes
the sound
of children's laughter

three generations
peering down a gopher hole
winter solstice

Christmas snow
my father's footsteps
bigger than mine

red bows decorate
the 'Closed for the Season'
sign

Christmas Eve
we share the same
wrapping paper

replacing
the paperweight -
another snowstorm

Christmas service
the old carols
with no back-beat

sitting
where I sat as a child
I wait out the storm

Christmas lights
my eye is drawn
to the house with none

setting up the creche –
the Baby's name
uttered over and over

married a decade
she hides
the mistletoe

Nana serves
Grandma's recipes –
Christmas Eve calamari

warm yule
the ice-fishing hole
mostly hole

empty cookie tin --
letting out last year's
santa suit

frontdoor
to curb --
pine needles and tinsel

- yc

- ht

- dag