

*The moons clarity  
Reflected In the still pond  
Frogs all sing as one.  
R*

**D response to above poem**

linked verse (attached) in a non attached way☺ Namaste

“Is my ear possibly out of tune? Please let me know if indeed that attached summary is an accurate reflection of both of our perceived harmony.”

Roland responded and all was cleared up, so D wrote the following Haiku

*Multiple moons... mirrors  
in ponds.... sharing more  
light... perfect reflection  
D*

**Johanna's comment.**

This is a lovely verse, pointing us all in the right direction. You deserve great credit for keeping this project on track. It would have derailed many many times were it not for your willingness to poetically and otherwise confront vagueness, inaccuracies and inconsistent follow-through with your trademark unflappable good humor and lightheartedness. You've taught a lot of people along the way, including me.

*Water Still tranquil  
Clouds hide the brilliant moon  
Winds will blow, again  
clear.  
R*

*deep stillness within  
trusting frog's song through the  
clouds fingers and moon dance  
D*

I like your linked verse very much. You/we are still calm and trusting, listening for froggy's song through the clouds obscuring, hoping that pointing fingers will soon be dancing with the moon we all aspire to.

*Alt:*

*Wind blows lake's surface  
Finger and moon in slow  
dance Deep stillness below*

Clear moon....

Clear  
mind....

D Comment: linked haiku (Roland Ho and I) based on efforts to bring a medical humanities endowed chair to fruition : and from Basho's poem: into ancient pond, frog jumps, a deep resonance; and Chinese: fingers pointing to the moon!

Roland Ho		Shapiro
February 3, 2014 Water Still tranquil Clouds hide the brilliant moon Winds will blow, again clear.		deep stillness within trusting frog's song through the clouds fingers and moon dance
2/14/2014 Clear sky, still water. Reflecting all. Happiness. Frogs sing. Spring to come.		Bird's song of hope heard. Awaiting cherry blossoms bloom with calm mind...still.
2/25/2014 Waiting patiently. Atop Mount Meru, birds fly. The path. The goal. Soon.		birds fly, wandering, fog still on sacred mountain wondering about land
2/25/2014 Seated in forest. Sun rises over mist, mount. Fog lifting to come.		
3/21/2014 Awaiting "Inka" Atop Peak of Sumeru. Monday Promised. Soon?		The first day of spring. Hope springs eternal. From a bare twig, a blossom.
3/26/2014 signatures received heart sutra phone message left a few questions still		<i>"dancing blossoms" linked haikus</i> Now Reed sea parted time to dance says Miriam promised land ahead  Soil fertilized, seeds in ground. Ready for Sun and water to blossom
4/11/2014 Causes, conditions. Mirrors reflect each other. Polishing, dusting.		
With a bow, embrace. Gratitude to the great sage.		

Off now. Contemplate.		
<p>A student went to the mountains to study Zen. Ten years passed. He returned to meet his Master. It was raining, so he took off his shoes and placed his umbrella by them.</p> <p>He and the master bowed to each other. Finally, the student noted that he had just gone through ten years of meticulous mindful training, noticing everything, ever vigilant with bare awareness, missing nothing, pausing before each action, and acting with impeccable care, and he was now ready to face this master to see how he'd done.</p> <p>The master smiled, again bowed, and asked simply, "On which side of your shoes did you place your umbrella."</p> <p>The student looked quizzical and acknowledged he did not know</p> <p>The master once again bowed and said "10 more years."</p>		
<p>5/7/2014          Crossing the Red Sea,          Miracles around, Feet wet.          Miriam Dances.</p>		<p>A sumi-e (shui-mo hua) painting haiku</p> <p>clear empty space where          waters part...leaving narrow          place...shimmering dance</p>
<p>5/7/2014          Reflecting Poems          One mind, toward the same goal.          Victory! Netzak!</p>		
<p>9/24/2014          A breeze in the air.          Trees dance with joy. Strengthening.          Into the sky. Shade.</p> <p>Roland's comment: <i>When the bio dome was created, the trees thrived and grew, but alas, no breeze and the branches grew weak. Hence my humble haiku.</i></p>		

R:

Patient gardener,  
Cultivating the fruit tree,  
Long, awaited fruit.

D:

Deep roots, so many souls  
    helped create the fertile soil  
for kind nourishment

R:

Waiting patiently  
    atop Mount Meru,  
    Birds fly

D:

birds fly, wandering  
    fog still on sacred mountain  
    wondering about land.

D AND R

With a bow, embrace.  
    Gratitude to the great sage  
    Off now, contemplate.

**D to R:**

in the footsteps of Gandhi 😊

the master weaver  
    threads ---haiku words, warp and woof—  
    mindfully...wise sage

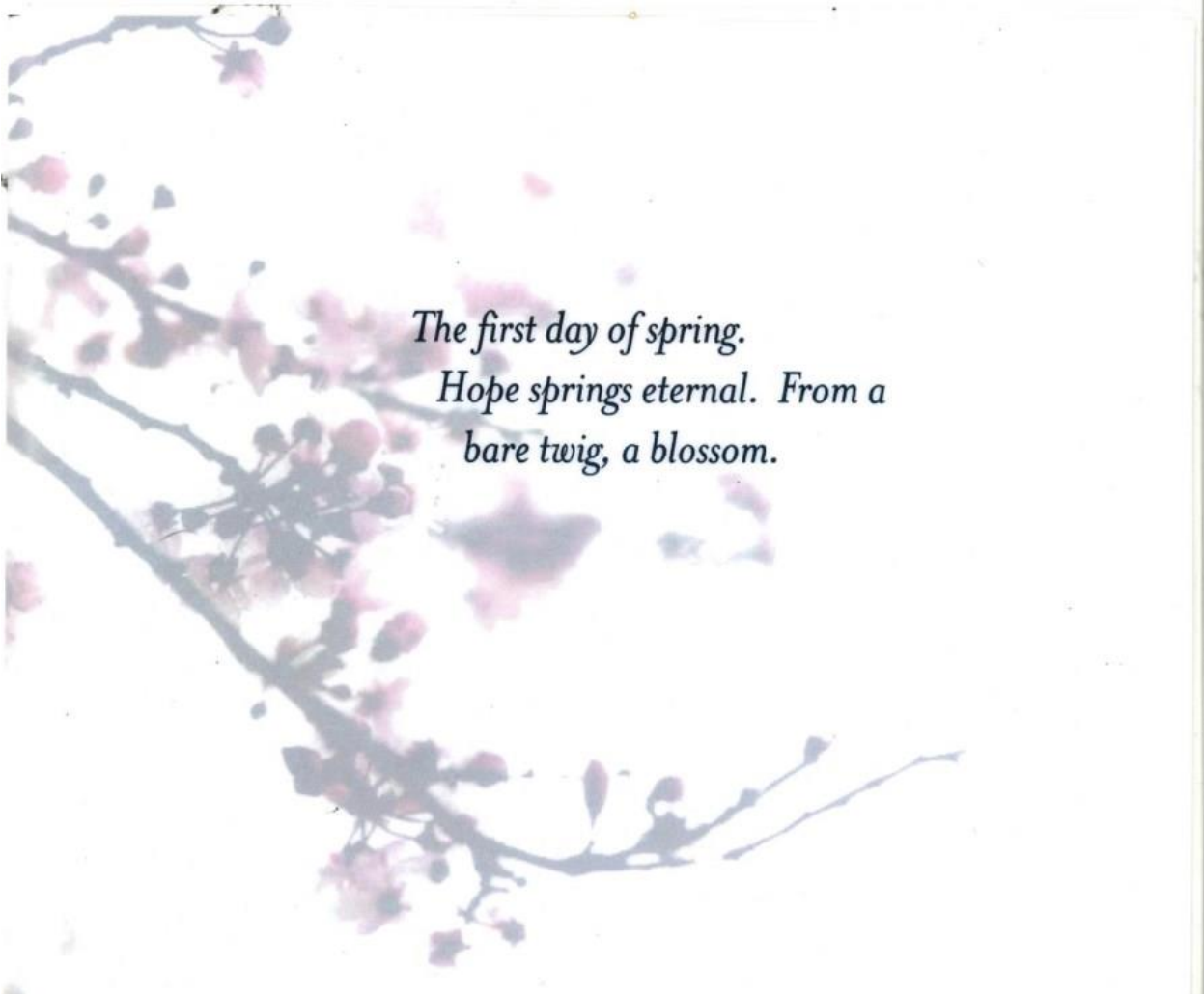
**J comment:** This haiku is lovely. My one suggestion is to put more space or possibly dots between "mindfully" and "wise sage" because I think you want mindfully to be modifying how the weaver weaves, not describing the sage. If I'm wrong, and you want "mindfully" to modify "wise" (the nature of the sage's wisdom) then leave as is.

Ah, wise woman. It is both; Isn't the sage mindfully doing the weaving and writing the Haiku...and! therefore is mindfully wise sage! Though, as you can see...is now added...(as is this commentary)

there is a line that I read last week on the Sabbath (while Johanna was singing with her angelic voice..

    "God is the weaver, I am the thread..."

Your weavings (and Haiku) sparked a Haiku in me (attached). Enjoy!:)



*The first day of spring.  
Hope springs eternal. From a  
bare twig, a blossom.*

July 19, 2022

In the footsteps of Gandhi

The master weaver  
threads ---haiku words, warp and woof—  
mindfully ... wise sage

Roland 2022

A Heart Connected  
A caring hand that nurtures  
A bright tomorrow...

Deane 2022

Sacred space arrived  
what a joyous shared journey  
may kindness flower

From Johanna: comment: Dear Roland, this last poem of Deane's encapsulates our deep gratitude that you happened to be the person who shared and guided us on the path. It was a joy to context the often less than uplifting discussions of funding minutiae, legal clauses etc. in beautiful, calming poetry. Thank you for being there for us throughout the process. Warmly, Johanna

Roland:

Seeds Freely planted,  
Bears flowers along the path.  
A joyous future.

I am so very pleased that you have received the books. This is a gift given that commemorates our shared journey - one with twists and turns but creates a path that many can walk in the future.

It is always an honor to bear witness to your true kindness, forethought and beautiful spirits.

As always,  
Roland

Planted years before,

Tree, sprouted, reaching, bears fruit.

Sweetness, now, is named.

Roland

All worked together

Overflowing gratitude

Satisfaction blooms

Johanna

\* \* \*

2024

*Paths cross once again*

*Along a little, laughing brook,  
Under, calm moonlight.*

*R*

*Open Heart, question*

*Open hand, cultivation  
Bearing Sustenance.*

*R*

*Fall*

*A dying leaf falls*

*No! A yellow butterfly,  
it flutters, then soars*

*J*