

Scents and Sensitivity: A *Haibun* Workshop by Margaret Chula
Examples of *Haibun* Related to the Senses

Voices of Stone (Excerpt)

- Christopher Herold

At the zendo door, bowing, where the scent of temple incense drifts out into the world. I move slowly to my cushion. Soon we are all in our places, full of anticipation, full of fear, full of determination.

creek sound...
a soft mallet bumps three ripples
from the big brass bell

Shrouded in Sheets (Excerpt)

- Margaret Chula

When my sister and I were young, we spent our summers with Nana in the New England farmhouse. On those hot afternoons, we would be led to the parlor after lunch for our afternoon nap. The curtains had been drawn all morning to keep the room cool. All the furniture, the velvet chairs and settee, had been covered with antimacassars. Nana laid fresh white sheets down on the Oriental rug while we stripped off our sundresses. The sheets smelled of Cashmere Bouquet soap from the linen closet and felt silky against our bodies as we lay outstretched, separated from each other. An upright piano loomed above our heads—so close we could reach up and touch its ebony legs. Later, if we were good, Nana would insert a piano roll and we could pump the pedals and hear “My Grandfather’s Clock.”

shrouded in sheets
on the edge of sleep—
the song’s steady tick

A Winter Afternoon

- Adelaide Shaw

The kitchen at dusk. A soft bubbling from the pot on the back burner. An old man at the table. His full stomach keeps the chair several inches away. A merry face. Pink with a full white mustache. On his equally pink bald head is a black knit cap.

He pours dark red wine made from his own grapes, sips, smacks his lips. Now a glass for me, much smaller, watered down, befitting my size. I copy him, dip a chunk of stale bread in my wine. It dissolves in my mouth to nothing. Tangy juices spurt down my throat and my chin. The old man, my grandfather, wipes my dribbles with his handkerchief. I am five years old.

steam-covered windows
a snow carrying wind
rattles the back gate

Copper Pennies: An Heirloom Recipe

Deb Baker

Each saucy bite a tang of sugar and vinegar. The slow burn of onions, crisp bits of green pepper, offset cool carrot slices. After a few mouthfuls, I’m rocking on a front porch. Another few bites, and I’m wearing a floral print dress and pin curls. By the time I finish, I’m listening to a big band on the parlor radio, playing through the open window, as I can myself with the Saturday evening Post. A government car pulls up at the neighbor’s house.

blue, blue, blue
music under September’s sky
flag draped coffin