

Camp Haiku

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—*Camp Friedenswald*
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The grassy labyrinth—
my sole mantra is *no ticks*.
I find only one.

The cottonwood's trunk:
a thousand little canyons,
none of them on fire.

Without my phone
the only bird I know
is the woodpecker.

What's gone wrong
in the world since I left?
Nothing I can fix.

Birdly commotion
behind me—I can't tell
who won or who lost.

Splash, whoo! and laughter—
early swimmers.

Cottonwood leaves change
their minds with every breeze.
No—adjust.

A few brown leaves,
like kids who get measles because
their parents have Beliefs.

By now my grandkids
mostly crave fuel and a loud
boat to pull them.

Rabbit mumbles up,
just ten feet away, one ear split,
eyes big black marbles.

Twenty rich houses
around the shore, easy
to ignore from here.

I sink into the moment
for a moment. Then finish
my coffee for the third time.

The lesson of wood:
you don't have to be alive
to be useful.

I use what others
invented, made, learned,
every moment, every day.

After I sit awhile
the swift returns to perch
on the back side of the swing.

Oh little bird on
the dead tree, I see only
your shadow, your outline.

Eastern kingbird or
tree swallow? If my eyes were
better I would know.

All this—the wild stream
of stars gathered and spun,
knitted and woven,

laced into these forms
astonishing and useful and
what then shall we do?