

# Hound Haiku



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*For my lovely wife,  
and Blossom: the Wampus-hound,  
the horrible dog.*



# Contents

1.	The Wampus slumbers	1
2.	Barking at raindrops	3
3.	Daffodils in spring	5
4.	A warm April day	7
5.	Swooping wrens alight	9
6.	Where are we going?	11
7.	Lying in soft grass	13
8.	The hiss of warm rain	15
9.	Just across the creek	17
10.	Duckweed on the pond	19
11.	On the mountain's peak	21

12. Cleaned socks are folded	23
13. Sunlight in Autumn	25
14. From the highest stair	27
15. Her protruding snout	29
16. Atop the mountain	31
17. Still white chills the field	33
18. What's that in your hand?	35
19. The snow is smelly	37
20. Her work is finished	39
21. Approaching footsteps	41
22. Eve of the new year	43
23. A soaking wet Hound	45
24. She strains to chew it	47
25. After a full day	49

*Hound Haiku*

# 1

*The Wampus slumbers  
in a warm square of sunbeam  
on the highest stair.*



## 2

*Barking at raindrops  
as they shake the dogwood's leaves.  
She protects the house.*



### **3**

*Daffodils in spring,  
blossoms painting the meadow.  
The Hound spots a bird.*



**4**

*A warm April day,  
far too hot for walking dogs.  
She rests in cool grass.*



**5**

*Swooping wrens alight,  
and rouse The Hound from slumber—  
but the bed is warm.*



## 6

*Where are we going?*

*The Hound doesn't need to ask.*

*She knows: somewhere fun.*



**7**

*Lying in soft grass  
in gentle shade and shadow:  
her water is cool.*



## 8

*The hiss of warm rain.*

*Distant murmurs of thunder.*

*The Hound is prepared.*



## 9

*Just across the creek  
an unsuspecting mallard  
enters The Hound's view.*



## 10

*Duckweed on the pond  
motionless on still water  
below The Wampus.*



## 11

*On the mountain's peak  
The Wampus sits in triumph  
over the valley.*



## 12

*Cleaned socks are folded  
under Hound supervision.  
She will steal a pair.*



## **13**

*Sunlight in Autumn:  
outer cold blocked by glass doors.  
A warm place to rest.*



**14**

*From the highest stair  
she gazes down from above.  
She likes to be tall.*



## 15

*Her protruding snout  
aims her gaze to its target.  
What does The Hound want?*



## 16

*Atop the mountain  
The Wampus takes a deep sniff  
of cool morning wind.*



**17**

*Still white chills the field:  
untold fresh and frozen smells  
buried under snow.*



**18**

*What's that in your hand?  
Perhaps, a treat for The Hound?  
May she please see it?*



**19**

*The snow is smelly.*

*Her snout prods the frozen ground;  
it is cold and wet.*



**20**

*Her work is finished.  
All the cotton in the toy  
has been extracted.*



**21**

*Approaching footsteps  
rouse a once slumbering Hound.  
She sniffs in protest.*



**22**

*Eve of the new year:  
the ceaseless passage of time  
troubles The Wampus.*



## 23

*A soaking wet Hound  
escapes her towel, preferring  
a vigorous shake.*



**24**

*She strains to chew it.  
Will any bone satisfy  
this Hound's endless greed?*



**25**

*After a full day,  
the mischief of tomorrow  
dances in her dreams.*







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