



Ten Thousand Hands

A Student and Teacher Play with Haiku

Sayen Frugone Bañados and Heidi Keating

Illustrated by Jim Keating

tenthousandhandsprint1-1

Ten Thousand Hands

Heidi Keating, Sayen Frugone-Banados, Jim Keating

tenthousandhandsprint1-2

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A Student and Teacher Play with Haiku

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tenthousandhandsprint1-4
Ten Thousand Hands
Heidi Keating, Sayen Frugone-Banados, Jim Keating

Dear Reader,

The heart is reported to have ten thousand hands able to hold, mold, and fire dreams into reality. This book started one afternoon when Heidi Keating sat next to Sayen Frugone-Bañados at her table during independent study in their Fourth Grade classroom. Their community was deep in the throes of a poetry unit, and Sayen said she adored haiku. So, they began to play with words, picking titles for poems the instant they floated over their imaginations. Sixty minutes of speed writing, laughing, and creating later...a little book was born.

We offer you this celebration of the bond between teacher and student, placing it from our ten thousand hands into yours.

Sayen Frugone Bañados and Heidi Keating

Ten Thousand Hands

4

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tenthousandhandsprint1-9
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Beginnings

Mother's transmission
Becoming undone then done
Russian nesting dolls.

7

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Beginnings

Fresh wind whispers life
Blossoms dance in graceful light
Beginnings take flight.



tenthousandhandsprint1-11

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Forever

The cup of your heart
Emptying and filling up
this is forever.

9

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Forever

You may spend your life
In a place where time is vast
a boundless locket.

10

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Being Blinded by Reality

They hide in plain sight
The origins of mothers
womb that holds the gods.



11

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Being Blinded by Reality

A phenomenon
You are sightless of the fact
You are blind folded.



12

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Forest

Can you see this truth?
The whole forest in the cone
The cone in your hand.

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Forest

With words of calmness
My stories so unique
With lights of golden.

14

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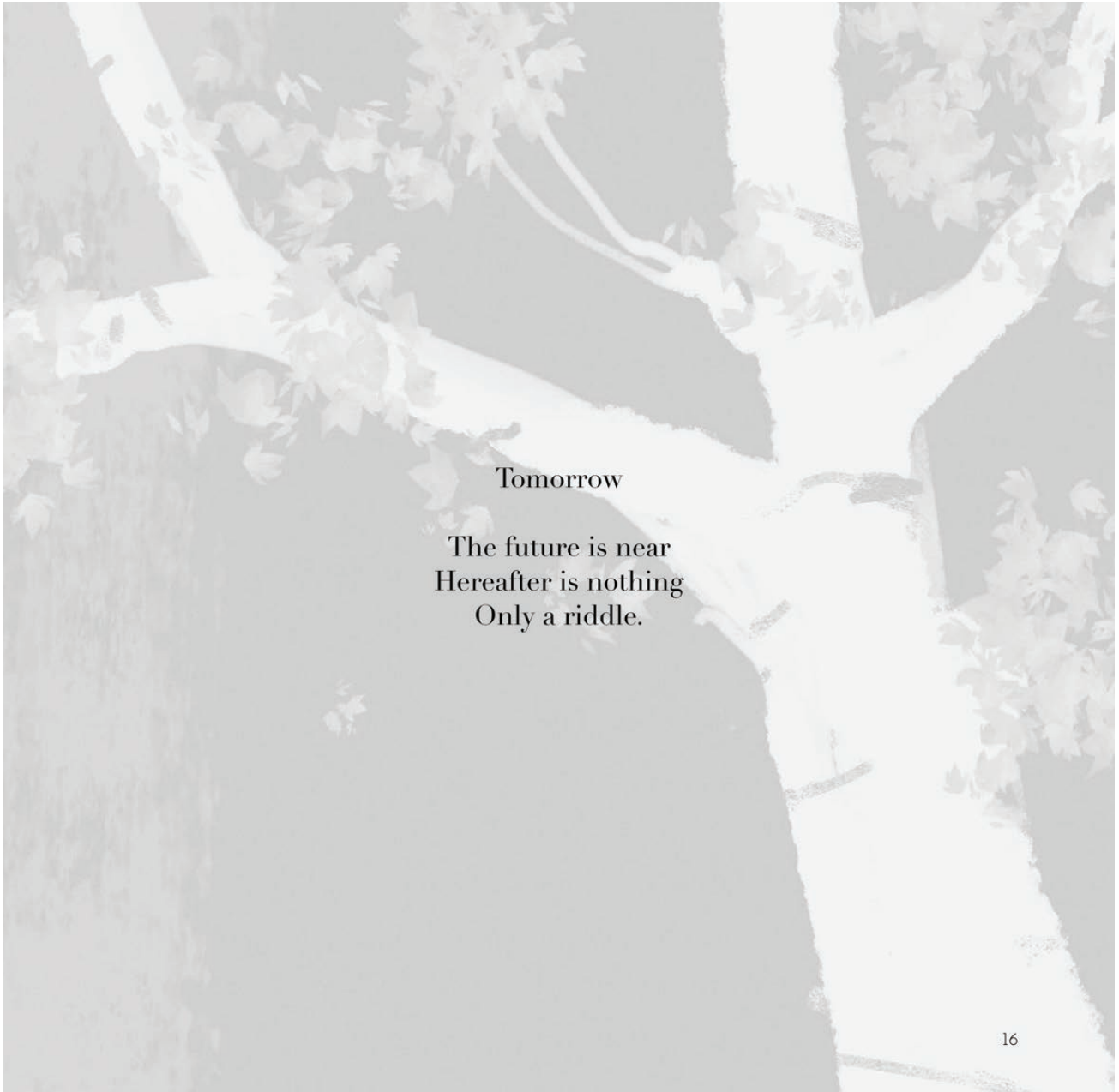
Tomorrow

What a relief that
Even if I am not here
The morning still sings.

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Tomorrow

The future is near
Hereafter is nothing
Only a riddle.

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Clouds

Stare at the cloud's face
Take it in you, and it will
Continue to change.



Clouds

Life looks so easy
Being a misty wonder
Drifting in the blue.



18

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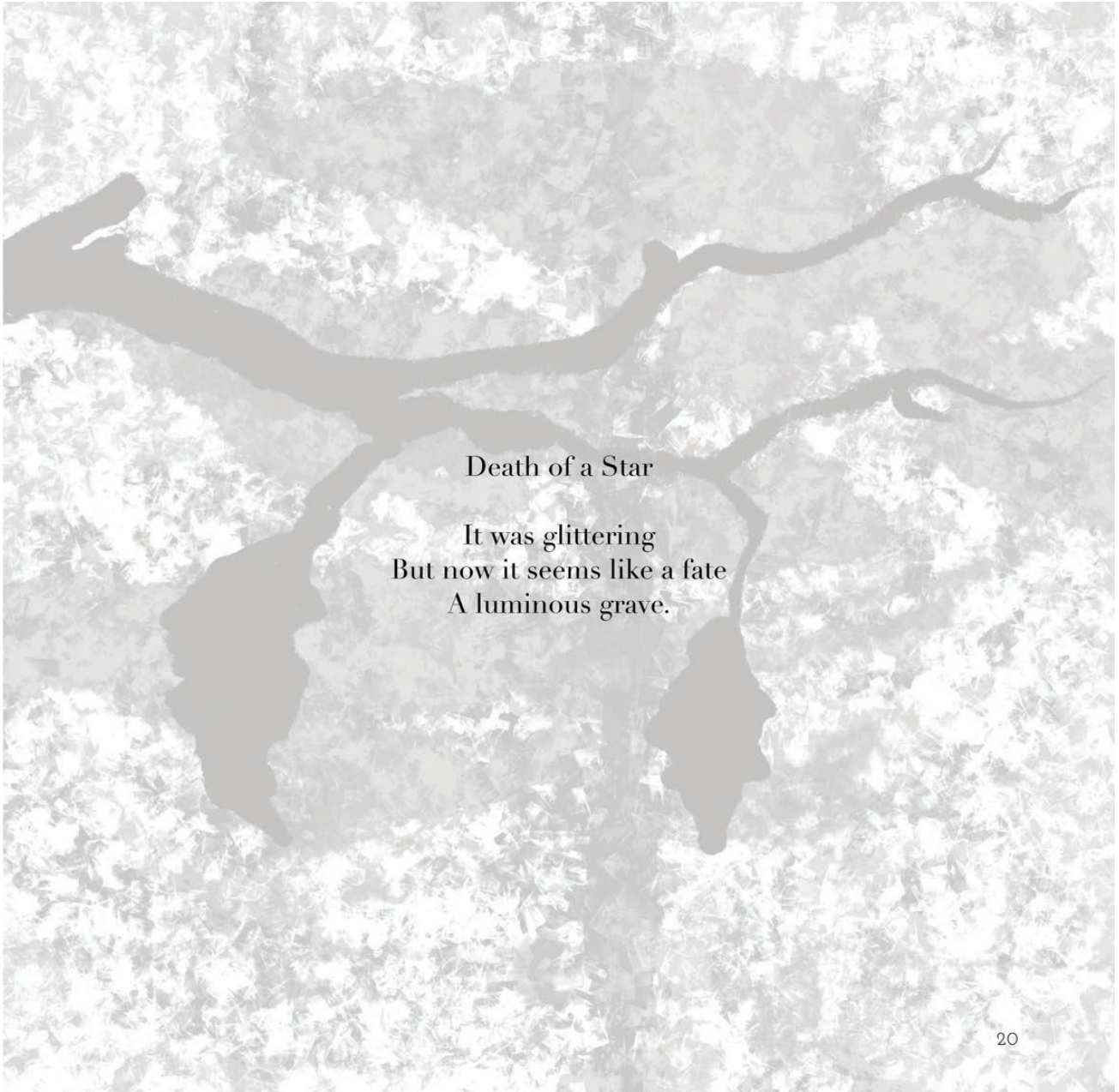
Death of a Star

Changing the landscape
It's God in all directions
Merging with others.

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Death of a Star

It was glittering
But now it seems like a fate
A luminous grave.

20

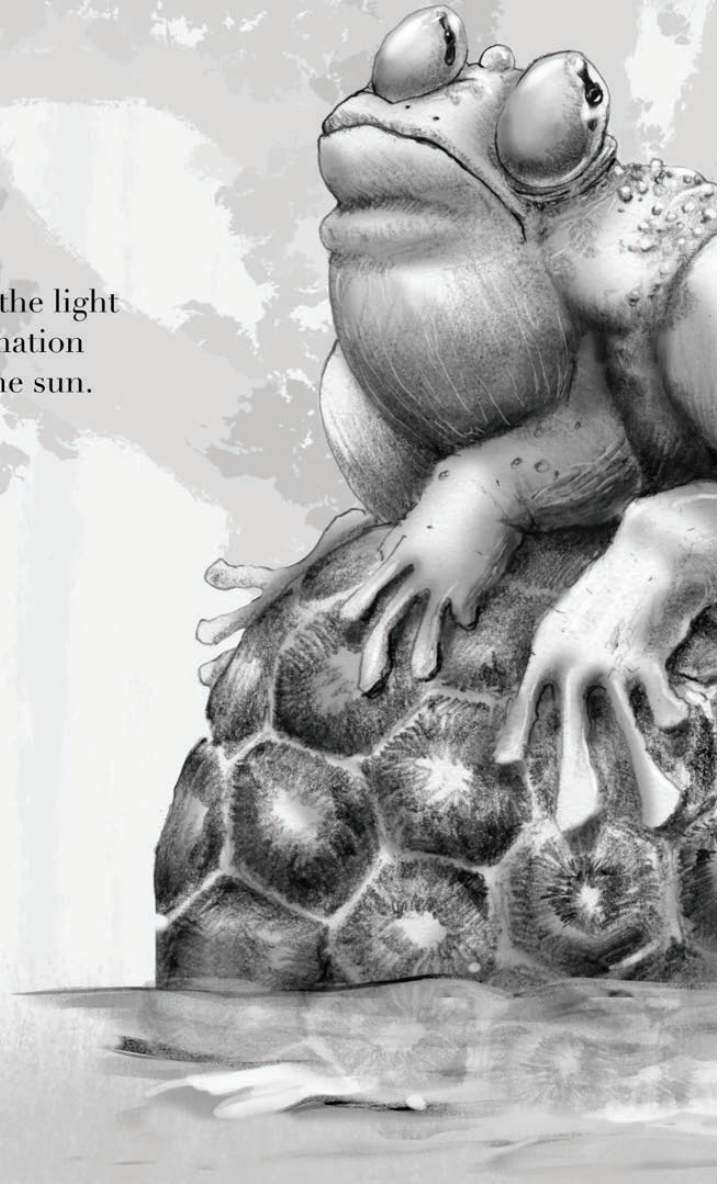
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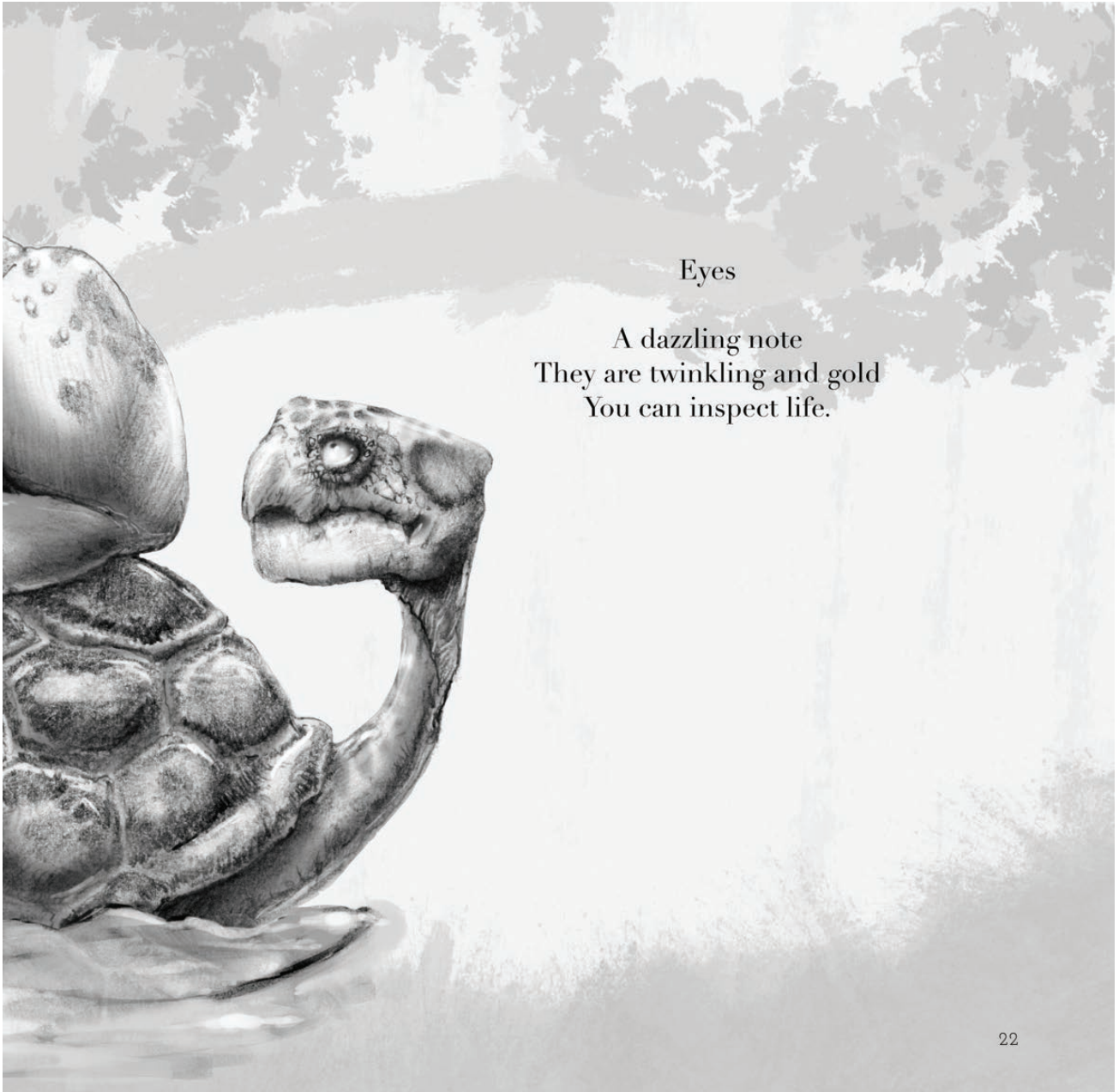
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Eyes

They're reading the light
Take in illumination
A dance with the sun.





Eyes

A dazzling note
They are twinkling and gold
You can inspect life.



Tree

I never knew need
The breeze's gift of motion
My place is enough.



Tree

I live in silence
With leaves as black as dark stone
The statue of night.

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Dreams

Keep both your eyes closed
Grab the tail when you wake up
Another way home.



Dreams

Imagination
The rule of the story land
Is what you'll create.

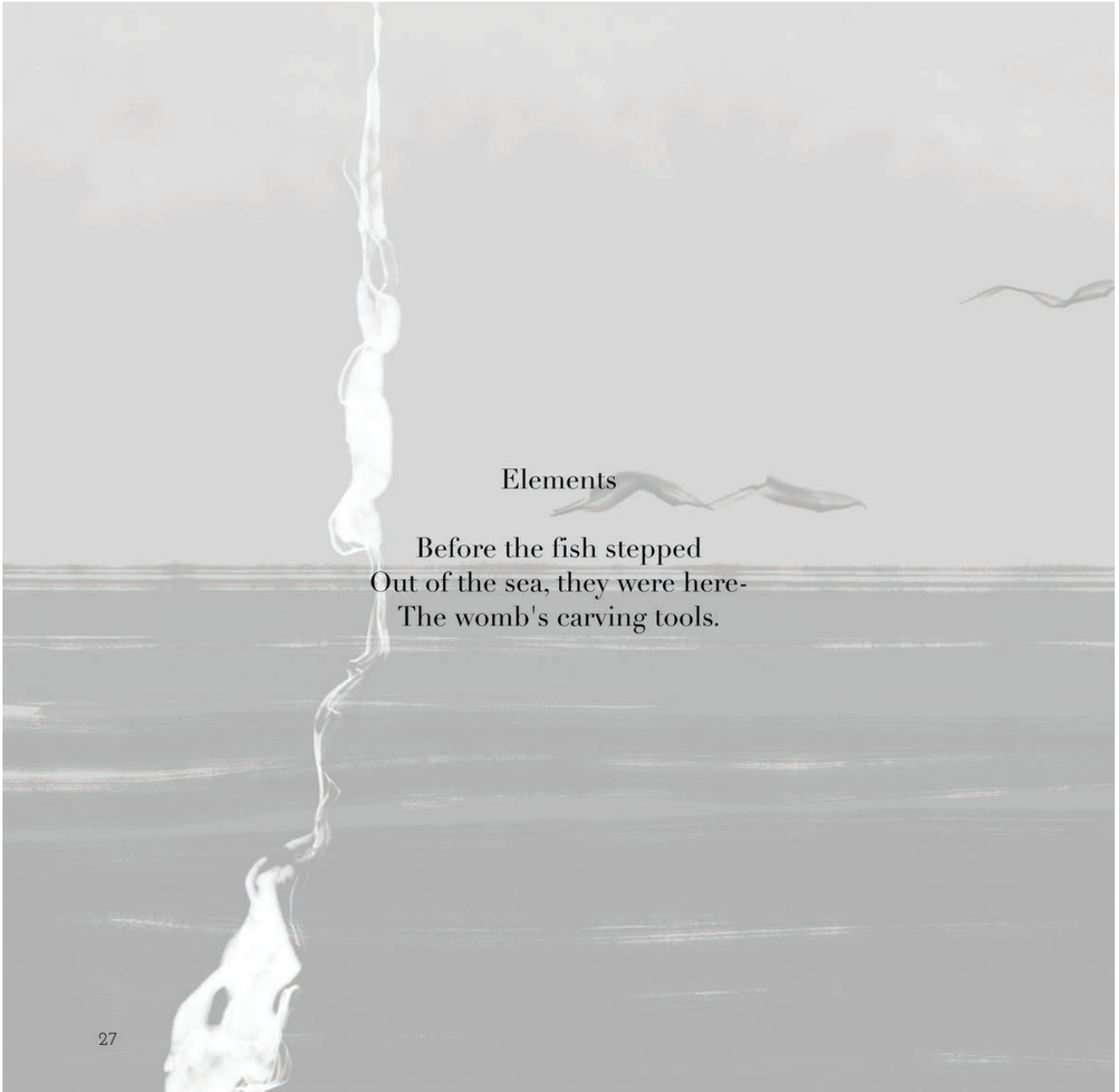


4/2

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Elements

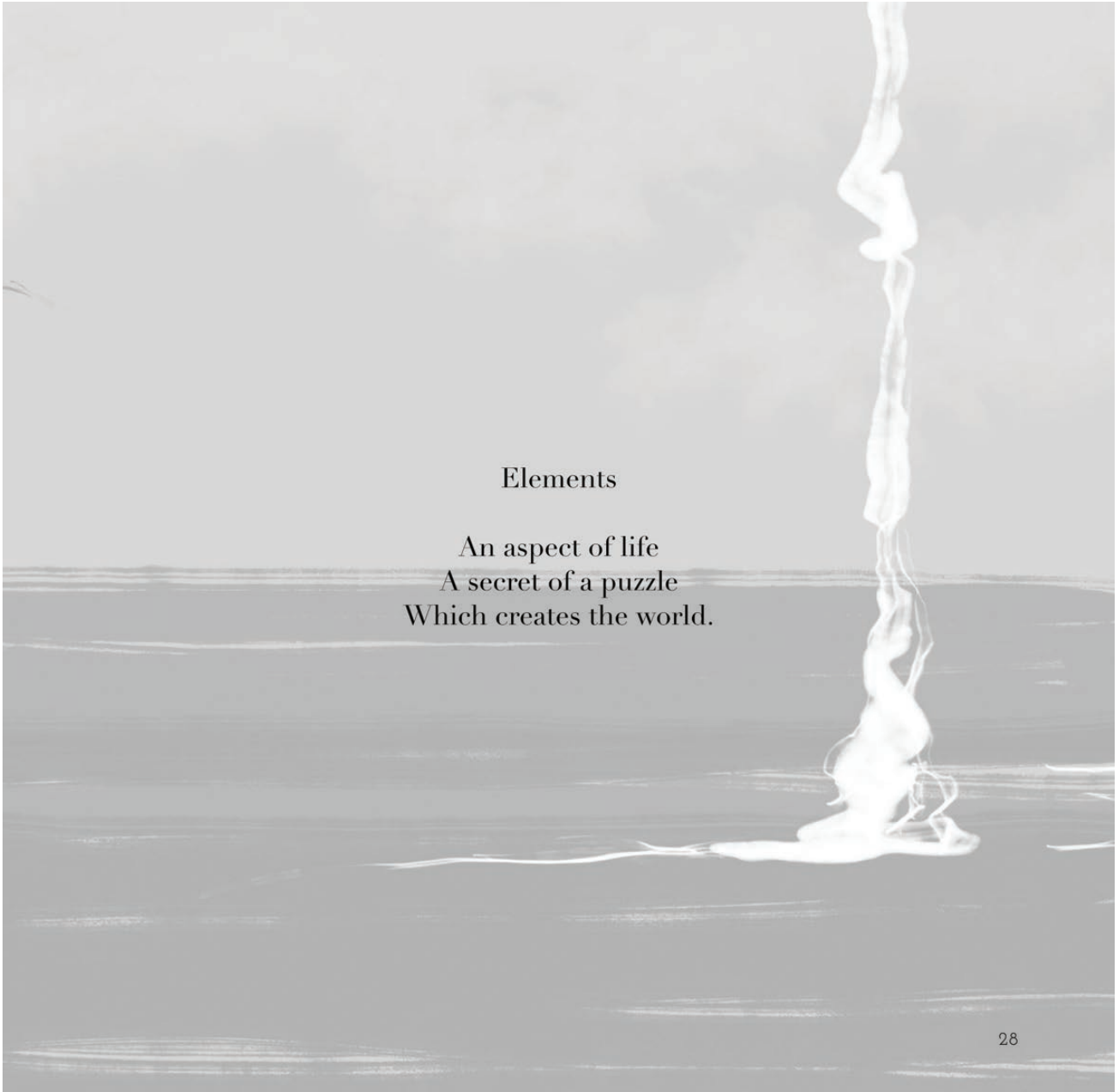
Before the fish stepped
Out of the sea, they were here-
The womb's carving tools.

27

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Elements

An aspect of life
A secret of a puzzle
Which creates the world.

28

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Water

Seaside, I realize
My salt skins are not long gone
This water is life.

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Water

Expanse of heart
An abundance of sea life
It will not brine.

30

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Leaves

These webbed sun-catchers,
The eating of the halo—
I can only bow.



Leaves

When autumn is here
The leaves will smell of pine cones
A crunch in my ear.

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Student

Like two blades of grass
Once crossed, are never uncrossed
Student and teacher.



33

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Student

A focused person
That will be so studious
A motivator.

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Light

Light is the language
That we all can understand
Everything strains up.

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Light

With a golden glow
You illuminate the night
With your silver gleam.

36

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Teacher

My teacher the tree
Taught me that we share doorways
To sacred silence



37

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Teacher

Amidst the journey
Emotions of teachers flow
Sweet or sour show.



38

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Lint

Into a sunbeam
The precious is everywhere
Lint uncurls a world.

39

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Lint

An annoying fur
A soft pile of dark fuzz
On your black T-shirt.

40

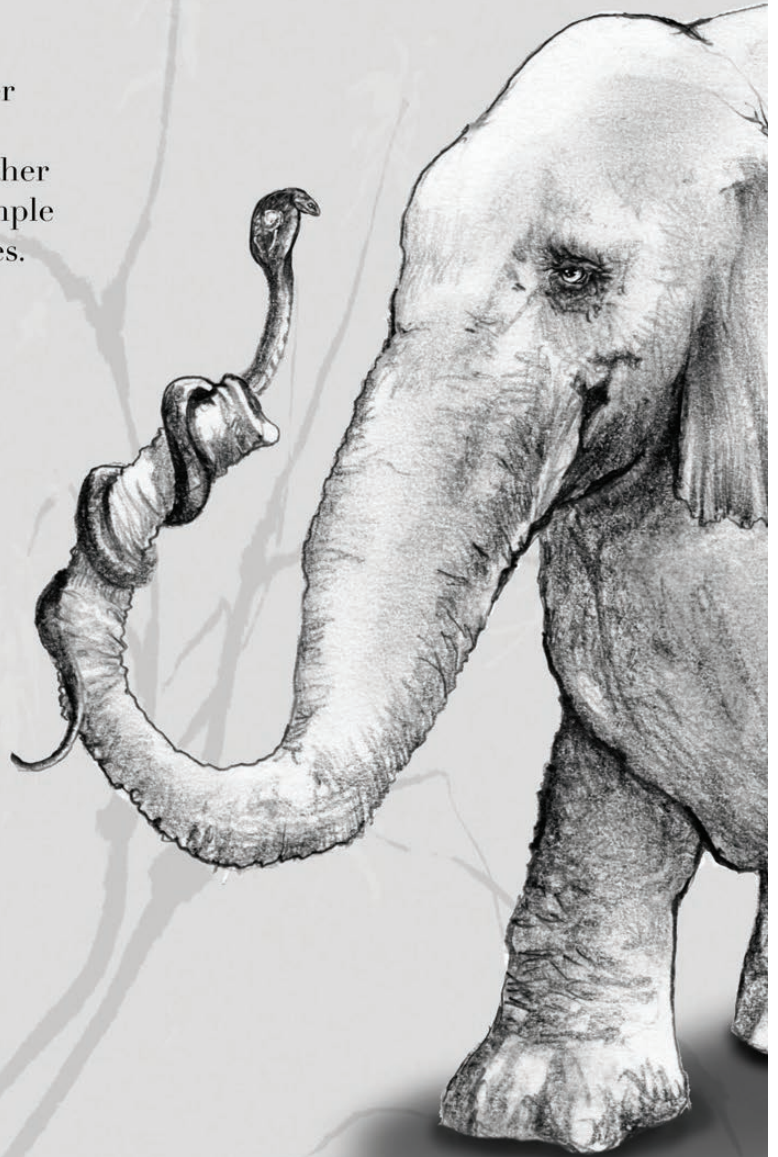
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Salt and Pepper

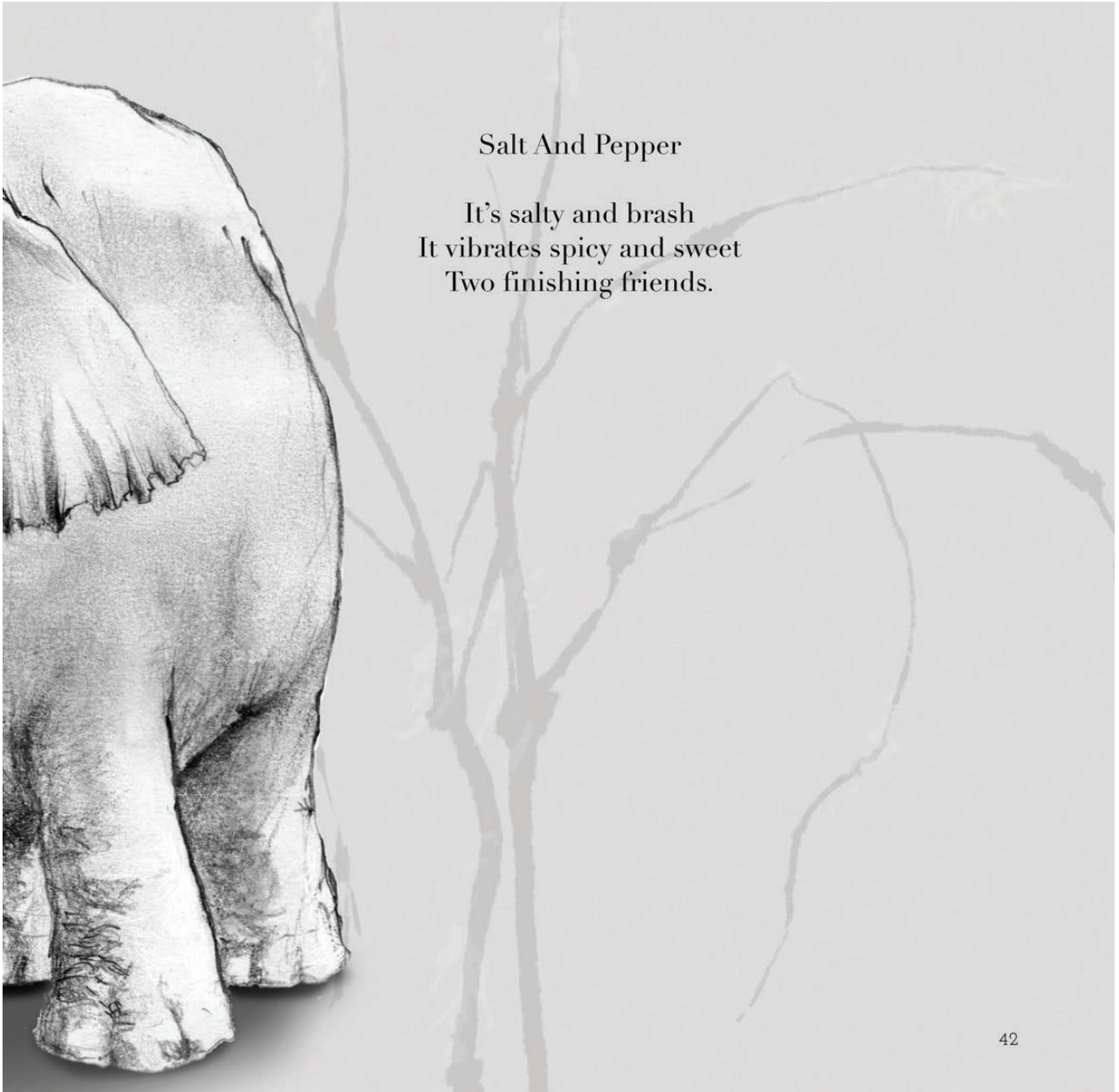
Highlight each other
the alchemy is simple
no real opposites.



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Salt And Pepper

It's salty and brash
It vibrates spicy and sweet
Two finishing friends.

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Mud

The dying lay down
A new world over the old
Doors on open doors.



43

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Mud

A pile of muck
Can be much more than just slush
Not a hill of ooze.



44

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Rain

Walk like a raindrop
Soft shoes weaving through the grass
To manifest worlds.



Rain

The sky is leaking
It's a wet stormy drizzle
Ruining my day.

46

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Love

For just a moment
This near silence is a bath
Everything is right.

47

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Love

It's dark and gloomy
But you are shining brightly
My angel of light.

48

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Thoughts

Technicolor rugs
Thoughts are like flying carpets
You can choose to ride.



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Thoughts

We all envision
And we're always exploring
But why not just think.

50

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Love

For just a moment
This near silence is a bath
Everything is right.

51

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Love

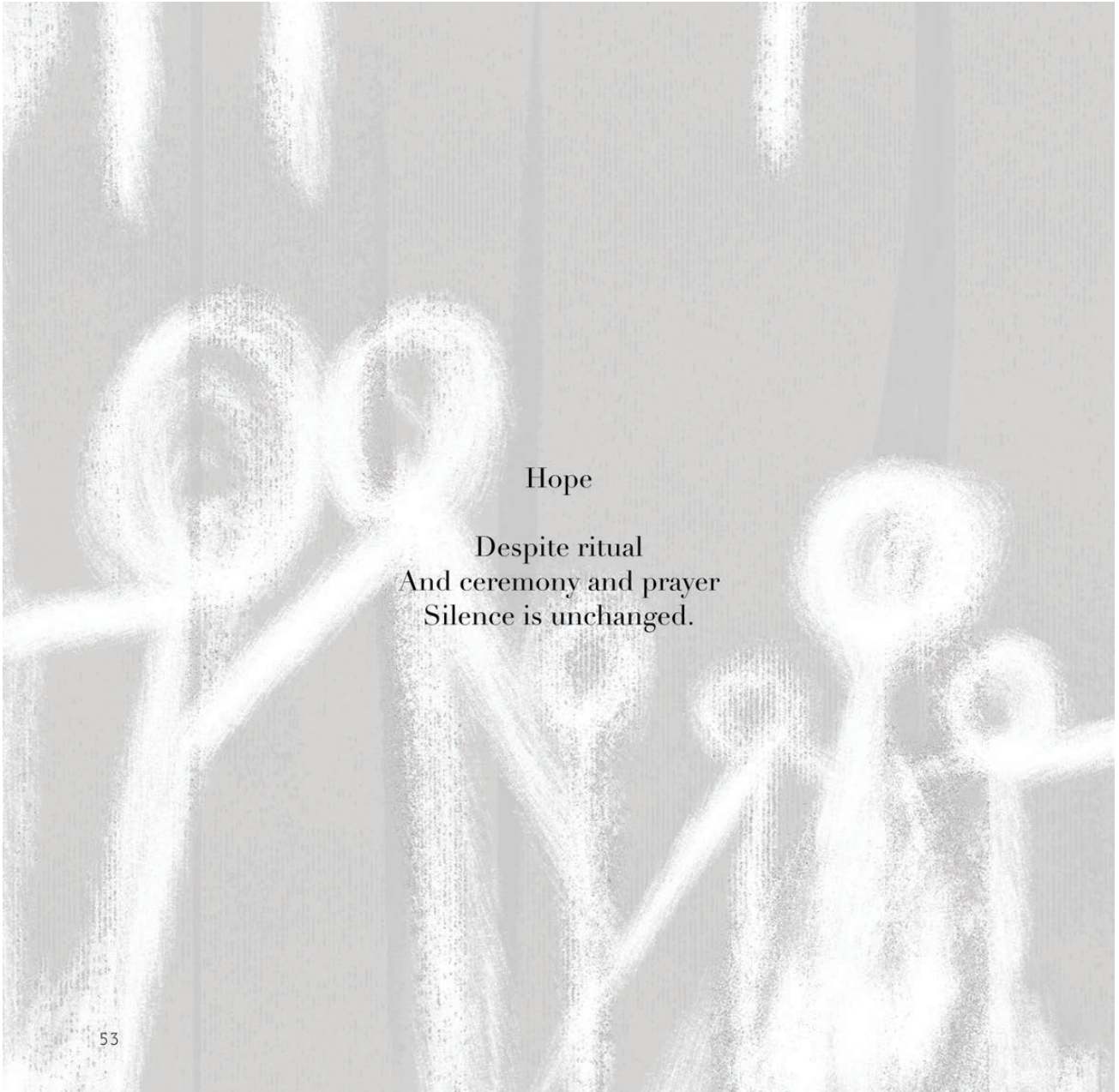
It's dark and gloomy
But you are shining brightly
My angel of light.

52

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Hope

Despite ritual
And ceremony and prayer
Silence is unchanged.

53

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Hope

Like a piece of gold
You treasure it forever
The key to success.

54

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Reality

Sacred stone circle
Reality is what stays
Upright and alone.

55

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Reality

A phenomenon
The absoluteness of life
You can't neglect it.

56

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Space

The sky above me
Fills my entire being
Parents, grandparents...





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Snake Scales

Intelligent art
A particular armor
Dazzles and distracts.

59

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Snake Scales

Slither slither stop
Ouch ouch snake scales please stop
You'll begin to rust.

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Invisible World

Even the templates
Vary like seashells transformed
Again by an ear.



61

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Invisible World

It's a hidden sky
It's so inconspicuous
It seems to vanish.



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Spider

Braids unbraids the thought
That we did not make ourselves
Original womb.

63

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Spider

When your skin is cold
But your still spinning flames
You're the horizon.

64

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Feelings

There is a relief
In knowing that no feeling
Can be eternal.



65

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Feelings

The frog felt amused
The axolotl felt tough
And the hawk felt pleased.



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Underneath the Ground

We seek the light, but
everything starts in the dark—
secrets of the seed.

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Underneath The Ground

Beneath the surface
a whole new place is waiting
the terrain.

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Endings

Mother's transmission
Becoming done then undone
Russian nesting dolls.

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Endings

Fresh wind whispers life
Blossoms dance in graceful light
Endings take flight.



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About the Illustrator

One Lucky Guy.

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About the Authors

Sayen Frugone-Banados would like the world to think about how good the words “*a universal message*” sounds. Heidi Keating agrees. They have both enjoyed growing together in their fourth-grade classroom.

tenthousandhandsprint1-75
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