

Haiku

4.5.10

Rain pitter patter
Upon the closed windowsill
Watering the world

Plants drink up the drops
Waking after a long sleep
Flowers greet the sun

Pollen in the air
People sneezing everywhere
Spring in Malibu

--
It causes much pain
Trembling hands on blank paper
Poetry is bad

A fart is a gift
It turns a frown upside-down
Relieving pressure

Toilets are awesome
There you can be at your best
Thinking and dreaming

--
The Evening Bird glides
On the fingers of the wind
Golden sun behind

The old air churns all
Trees bend but he remains still
Silent in the storm

The sun slowly fades
Behind the mountains out west
He floats on, stillness

--
When the sun goes down
My inner love of beauty
Rises with the moon

It is spring time now
sunlight of each passing day
getting longer still

Nature in daylight
When things are lit by the sun
This is beauty too

--
Splashing and splashing,
Backwards and forward – they swim
Always in the lines

Cloud of delusion.
They're standing tall, above all
Mountains, crown of mist.

Lost in the darkness,
Like the wind – directionless.
Slave to freedom.

--
Walking late at night
Heavy fog reminds me that
I still dislike fog.

There is no such thing
As a productive weekend
Oh, hello, Monday.

Fog, rain, and earthquake
Yes, I shall pass this Easter
Lying on my side.

--
Whirring wheels and the
Bass from the next car over
Fog clings to the hills

The sky is deep gray
On this early spring morning
Brown grasses turned green

Utility poles
A young hawk surveys the road
Lines black against clouds

--
--
Lightly wind rustles
Birds call, chase each other
The world washed anew

Dark sky, dark sea here
To the right, clouds chased away
Sun comes tomorrow

For all passing cars
A million crashing waves
The smallness of man

--
Outside only plain shapes
Within the red and gold shine
Rich color – stained glass

The old wind blows grey
It drowns sweet music's last shot
over endless waves

The second floor rises
Above the banal the sweet
forbidden is mine

Glass ships stand frozen
Over dark painted water
Still until shattered

The confused tourist
blunders, ignoring sacred.
Loud voices crush quiet

The sun bends trees and
Shouts "it's morning, it's morning"
Forget that blue night

They cross the bleak sky
the white bearded travelers
Ever trudging north

A stranger's smile
Warm in the autumn sunshine
Brief as falling leaves

--

Canyon music wind
Echoing dew and ocean
Water, waves, yet still

These trees are neighbors
Can they understand my words?
I hear their voices

Shade filtering sun
Reaching up, branches swaying
Drinking, beams inhaled

Rooftops gathered on
Shore, poised to hear the sermon;
Ocean murmurs, moans.

Why must I go back?
Time is present time future
Savor the moment

--

Stone birds judging me
A superiority
Each one possesses

What color is blue?
I look at two as they merge
But they aren't the same

A breeze fills my coat
The icy hand of nature
Refreshes my bones

Imagination
It can get the best of you
Your mind wanders off

Underneath a tree
For me there is no purpose
No shade or support

Fauna and flora
Right now there's only flora
Fauna comes later

Dead leaves on the ground
But this is spring, not autumn
Time has changed its course

Finally fauna
Some birds fly in the distance
Chasing each other

Young and tilted tree
Leaning into the strong wind
What is it doing?

Black Silverado
One hand on the steering wheel
"I'm so f_ing cool"

The sun's coming out
Birds prepare themselves for flight
Getting one last stretch

--

Tight jeans and sandals
Walking to class while texting
Doe; alert, unseen

Eucalyptus bark
Peel off paper thin layers
Pink new skin beneath

Bleached white bones among
The brown living neighbors
Of rosemary plants

Between shell-smooth sky
And thin-as-a-whisper white caps
Clouds lilt, roll, curl, fade

Sharp-edged grey concrete
Breaks into rosemary hills

Orange daises, white birch

Three finches chatter
Fighting over unseen seed
Like children at play

Wind waves traffic create
a seamless background for the
single orange daisy

A single red leaf
Among all the neon green
Hangs on by a wish.