

RANDOM OFFERINGS FIVE

HAIKU :

Winter Spring

Chill wind howls; huddling
in winter coat I shiver.
Beneath snow flowers bloom

Bird

Broken bird
lying in a gutter
mourned by passing child.

Sunset

Apricot sunset
brushed across the evening sky
fading now to dusk.

Sex

Hungry by the door
I watch our bodies playing
on the empty bed.

Full Moon

A silver moon, fat,
comes tapping at my window
laughing to herself.

Dreaming into 12/21/12 : A Love Song

Night has fallen and the dark stillness broken,
broken by the crickets' song to the stars above,
stars above into the end, the end of time. The end
of time and stars above.

I picture my canoe being lifted by the full moon,
and pushed by moonbeams across the darkened
universe, leaving a wave of sparkling points
spreading from its bow and rippling,
rippling from the paddle and spreading wider
into the end, the end of time.

Above it all, the stars in the sky,
the stars in the sky above it all,
remind me of her sparkle and the
brightness of her smile, spreading light,
spreading light into the end of time.

The Color of Love

When we make love, I ask,
what color is it? Is it Red
for passion, the red of a sun
setting the sky on fire? Of
a ripe plum ready to burst?
Or is it Green? A green of
ecstasy and bliss, a folding
into each other, a sacred
Oneness. Or maybe Blue,
the color of eternity, love
stretching into the beyond
forever. Or is it White, a
blinding light obliterating all
else, complete unto itself?
Maybe a shy Pink, virginal
almost, a coming together
of two neophytes. Or Yellow?
Surely it must be yellow. A golden
yellow, shining light on What Is,
What Was and What will be to come.

Closed curtains

A thin window with closed curtains
gazes, shut-eyed, out and over the
narrow alley. Sometimes a little cat
escapes (from what?) to lie basking
in sunshine on the small ledge. A man,
neither old nor young, emerges to sit on
a straight wooden chair on the flat strip of roof
to read a newspaper. His trousers are
loose-fitting, held up by a belt, and his skin
is pale, his bones thin. He is a small man,
inconspicuous among the tall chimney tops.

I watch from my window on the other side
of the narrow alley, and wonder about the life
that lies hidden behind the closed curtains,
behind the tight, thin bones.

Them and Us

I point to a dark shape disappearing
under the deck outside. "Squirrels,"
my host says. "Large black squirrels.
Aggressive and mean. They live in the
front of the house." "And not the back?"
I ask. "No. In the back of the house
we have small brown squirrels, timid creatures."
I wonder what constitutes back and front
to a squirrel, and who sets the dividing line.
And what of us? Do we each have a line
dividing our mean, aggressive selves from our
small timid ones? And where is this dividing
line? Can we cross it? Can we invite the two
sides to join in conversation, in laughter?
Maybe even dance together?