

“*Ku (9) Minus Shi (4)*”

Katuata

Sealed away alive.
Crushed in pillars. Sentenced as
Hitobashira.

Tanka

She's severed through
her middle. Now a ghost with a
host of fury, she
cleaves you in two. Hear her
dry whispers - *teke teke*.

Choka

I cover crevice
after crevice. Tape. Glue. Shirts.
But she still watches
with fleshy, empty sockets.
Just under my bed.
Peeking from the door's small gap.
Between *tatami*
mats. I fear moving from the
middle of my room. She's patient.

Bussokusekika

“Thank you for the use
of your *irori*, wise one,”
She sang from ruby
lips. Was she toying with me?
I grabbed at her retreating hand,
meeting only wisps of ice.

Sedoka

The boy was told not
to go near *that* tree. A tree
witnessed to blood and battle.

He did not listen.
Roots sprung from muddy ground
slurping down a mushy soul.