

FIVE MICROPOETRY PIECES

Micropoetry #1

Head bowed. Homeless.
What a heavy load
He carries.

Micropoetry #2

You sit, you stand, you read
the news. How marvelous
that you do not weep.

Micropoetry #3

Are we beggars now?
We beg for peace.
The War-Men have no peace to give.

Micropoetry #4

Salty chips
Creamy dips
Licky lips

Micropoetry #5

I see zombies in my headlights—
Just one or two—and now a few.

They come dancing from the darkness.
They fly twirling out of view.