

broken tanka for the salt of the earth

The sea embraces me
Like the mother left bare.
Her gentle good bye
Rocks the earth.
Planting my feet
Her pale wave
Fades
Icy blue.

eternal march

she had held my hand
made love until the winter
passed haunting me since

huckleberries in saigon

covetous roots weaved
a catacomb's roof beneath
fallen branch's fruits

as i lay awake at 4 pm i think

apathy is just
a path from a to z that
lost interest and slept