

Cape May Haiku

*

Step by step,
to the corner,

A few steps
on sand,

The eastern
ocean.

*

Motors hum,
purr, roar,

Pool, beside
the beach,

No bikes on
the promenade.

*

Patient sets
of meters,

Sprouted,

From the
sidewalk,

From grass,
from a wall.

*

Muscles
pump pedals,

Kites held back
against the wind,

A small dog,
prancing.

*

Cat beside
the chair,

On the deck,
asleep,

Its leaping
withheld,

For now.

*

Three gulls,
as if one,

Stand still,

Facing
the wind,

Never not
in motion.

*

Three
gray gulls,

Stand still,

As if one,
until one

Drives the
others apart.

*

Three gulls,
stand apart,

At the edge
of the ocean,

Each

Tending
itself.

*

Five gulls
in a row,

Preen
themselves,

One wanders
out of line,

Preening.

*

Walking
in town,

On the
ground

Above
the ground,

Facsimile
of earth.

*

Ocean-
side,

The unfathomable
deep,

Across
the road

From
rented rooms.

*

Rockers
on the veranda,

Wrap the old
hotel,

Squirrels
in the grass.

*

This joy
I speak of

Is elusive
in thought,

Everpresent
in not.

*

Waft,
gentle breeze,

Caress
the shade

That blocks
the burning sun

At your back.

*

Everything
that has

A name,

Has
no name,

And once
it has,

It has
been lost.

*

It cannot
hurt me

That I
am alone,

I am
alone

In
wonder.

*

This good

I take
for good,

This real
for real,

This real
is good.

*

Here,
in my eyes,

Not
the world,

But
the color

Of
the world,

Awakens.

*

She belches,
farts and roars,

This heart
of mine,

Crude beauty,
untender source.

*

So many
shoes

Lost
in the ocean,

Legless fish
wonder

In wild
song.

*

Three
elder women,

Walking
in the sand,

Birds
of three breeds,

In a bunch.

*

White swans
bob the stream,

Plush pinacles
rise above,

Behind,

Web feet
strong.

*

Swans,

Beyond the
parking lot,

Big and fed,

Ready to fly
as they will.

*

Gaggle
of geese

Gather
to the calm,

Float,
dip, rise,

Spread
their wings,

Skim
the pond.

*

Ruffled white swan,
Cleopatra's barge,

Slow, regal,

Black swan,
lone, apart.

*

Hawks, geese,
swans,

Down

From trails
in the sky,

Followed close
by human eyes.

*

Happy Brits
traveling

America,

Bird-watching
the Jersey shore.

*

At the end
of land,

A shack
for food,

Red-faced
visitors

Eat
their fill.

*

Cement
warships

Sailed
the seas,

A dozen,

Heavy
and slow,

Sail
no more.

*

Mafia
wannabe,

In style
only,

Dragging
fries

Through
the cheese.

*

Horse
and buggy,

Horse
and buggy,

Horse
and buggy,

Turn the
corner,

Slow.

*

Take
wonder

From place
to place,

Wonder
stays wonder,

A different
face.

*

Butterfly,

Plumbs
the depths

Of a
carnation,

Secure

In its
easy gift.

*

Beach chair
swings loose

On the
back

Of a tottering
man,

The beach
beckons.

*

Sparrow
on the table,

Scattered
bounty

From a
poppy

Seed
bagel.

*

Old ones
masquerading

As their
younger selves,

Half-believing
the ruse.

*

Rust,
fading paint,

Lingering
memories

Of perfection
achieved.

*

Sailboat,

Atop
the sea,

Cannot swim,
cannot fly,

Does the
in-between.

*

Here,
in my eyes,

Not
the world,

But
the color

Of
the world,

Awakens.

*

It takes
time

To let go
the names

Of what
I see,

Or but
a moment.

*