

Haiku  
readers,

Imagining  
their own

Brilliance,

Fly out  
from

The nest.

\*

The sun  
appears

Suddenly

From behind  
a slowly

Fading  
sorrow.

\*

Nods off  
in public,

At the ready  
for action,

Awake  
or asleep.

\*

Bring me  
what's been

In the head  
of Federico

Garcia  
Lorca.

\*

I fail  
to hear

The voice  
that taught

My ears  
to listen,

Then  
I do.

\*

I do my best,  
exhausted,

Mind  
falters,

Soars,

Beyond these  
conscious dreams.

\*

This  
once heart,

Deserted  
of past,

Emptied  
of future,

Makes its  
way free.

\*

Old woman  
strips naked

By the river,

Boldly  
startles

The jaybird.

\*

Summer  
storm

Crosses  
the prairie,

Toward  
trees,

Toward eyes  
and ears,

Birds nesting.

\*

From  
my hand,

A notebook,

Thick  
with poems,

Falls to  
the floor,

Falls open.

\*

Cradling  
hands

Of the  
ground,

A vantage  
point,

From  
which

To see  
the world.

\*

Sacred  
cow

Doesn't mind  
stepping

In its  
own dung,

Keeps on  
walking.

\*

Never not  
full of itself,

The moon  
says,

*Tonight's  
the night,*

*See me  
shine.*

\*

Mississippi,

Once,  
so wide,

One might  
forget

Its continent.

\*

In this  
coffeehouse,

No rain,

Only  
thoughts

Of  
responsibility.

\*

Days

Of being  
poor,

Close as  
catastrophe,

As far away  
as Mars.

\*



To love  
so much

Overwhelms,

Love  
reneges,

Seems  
to hide,

To not  
be love.

\*

Sleep

Arises  
within me,

The  
realization

Of  
emptiness.

\*

Singing,

Chomping his  
toothless mouth,

Dancing,

With a  
missing leg,

He grins.

\*

Love  
itself,

The  
measure

Of the  
distance

Between us,

Knows  
no distance.

\*

No, no,

You cannot  
have these

Poems,

They already  
belong

To you.

\*

Heart,

Broken  
open,

After love  
comes

Running  
to me

Called  
granddaughter.

\*

A storm  
across

The face  
of an infant,

Rain, wind,  
dark, sun,

Beaming.

\*

The cool,  
wet wall,

Breathing,

In the hot,  
dry world,

Dark inside  
the sun.

\*

I share  
a comfortable

Chair

Many have  
shared before,

This old  
body.

\*

Each of us,  
a poet,

Each  
walking

The narrow  
road

To the  
deep north.

\*

Nothing  
opens

My eyes

The way  
my eyes

Do for  
themselves,

Each day's  
dawn.

\*

The moment  
does not pass,

But this bustle  
makes it seem

A passing  
thing.

\*

In this city  
without beasts,

People assume  
the shapes

Of fear  
and fur.

\*

Names,

Like pieces  
Of paper

We trade,

Until we  
lose them

In the wind.

\*

A written-  
down poem,

Saddle  
on a horse,

The wind,

Going  
my way.

\*

I walk  
the path

Of a man's  
words,

Stepping in  
the air

Of his  
footsteps.

\*



Sorrow

For  
another's

Death,

Depends  
on

An  
impossibility.

\*

The shame  
of not

Knowing  
poetry

Falls on  
those who

Know  
poetry.

\*

In the house  
of the wise,

This wandering  
wisdom

Finds itself  
at home.

\*

Habitual  
seeker

Arrives,

To leave,  
to seek

Another  
arrival.

\*

In tired eyes,  
resting,

The surface  
glistens

On the lake  
in the sun.

\*

The old goat  
wobbles

As he  
walks,

Yet recalls  
a mountain

In his  
legs.

\*

A hundred  
poets

Sing of a  
certain love,

Out baking  
in the sun.

\*

Poet,

Do you  
know flowers?

People are  
my flowers,

Wearing  
petals.

\*

What to do  
when no

Poem  
comes?

No poem,

I listen  
to you,

As well.

\*

I sit with  
the absence

That fills  
my fear

Of  
absence,

Usurper,  
friend.

\*

I drink  
from

The hose,

Biting  
chunks

Of cold  
water

From the  
summer

Heat.

\*

Battered  
hand,

Old friend,

I say you  
work for me,

I lie,

Here's my  
pay stub.

\*

Old poet,

Outside the  
window,

Once  
on fire,

Asking for  
a smoke.

\*

Wanderer,

Hard  
to follow,

Strikes out  
on his own,

Leading  
the others.

\*

Away

From the  
bell tower,

I forget  
the time,

But to  
think of it.

\*



Two men  
in chairs,

Speaking,  
laughing,

Their dress  
and language

Foreign,

Not they.

\*

Animals,  
and all else,

Given  
names,

Not  
their own,

Asparagus  
grins.

\*

Other's  
wisdom,

Burden-  
some,

Sought  
or not,

Like  
my own,

Yet I seek it.

\*

Silhouettes

Walking  
in the sun,

On the  
water's edge,

In blinding  
light.

\*

Worker  
tries to read

A poem,

His tired  
body,

For and  
against.

\*

These  
new glasses,

Reshape  
the world,

Sharp

As this  
heart

Recalls  
it.

\*

In this  
narrow cafe,

The doorway

Welcomes  
the world in,

Unbroken.

\*

The moment's  
habit,

To forget  
all,

But the  
routine

Of  
emptiness.

\*

I am  
to disappear,

Already  
flown,

I appear,  
to disappear.

\*

Unwise  
miracle,

To be,

And then  
to think

Of these  
things,

As things.

\*

Sorrow

Fills  
the mind

Of the man

Walking  
his heart

Across  
the room.

\*

Those  
alone

Need not  
feel alone,

When being  
alone

Joins  
the many.

\*

I forgot  
my teacher,

Now what

Do I call  
myself?

I'm  
unschooled.

\*

My  
old friend,

Passing  
himself off

As a stranger,  
a creature,

The wind.

\*

The wind  
moves

The trees,  
the flags,

The boats  
on the lake,

The waves,  
the swimmer.

\*

Mourning  
my death,

I cannot cry,

Inconceivable,  
by that which dies.

\*



My words sung  
sing my heart

Alive,

Our song the same  
when this song

Is sung.

\*

This golden  
energy,

Endless,  
still,

Nothing  
to say,

Speaks,

Thus,  
this dust.

\*