

Informal Haiku

Mason jars,  
blue green reflections,  
over walls,  
shades of leaves  
winds softly fan,  
sift quietness,  
fill the room, this  
space-----  
There's no sound of traffic,  
the lisp of the air conditioner-----  
No, here there is only  
this near stillness, the petals  
glass muffled, a very selfless  
hush. So  
shadow ghost life, but vessel  
brimful, content, I learn what  
silhouettes teach & how to be  
smaller than these slight slight  
rustles

## How the Untitled Forms

Umbrellas, fallen flowers  
under pines on the front lawn-----  
The wet wet grass is not responsible  
for such littered vestiges left bent & pale.  
Street lamps light raindrops on stretched  
nylon skin, on sheer Oriental shapes.  
By morning they'll seem sculptured-----  
Petals snatched from wind & thrust  
against earth, a nature-made commentary  
about patterns within force.  
Like this, we too are tossed  
out onto the night, yet come together  
again as something of beauty,  
glistening mortal & imperfect,  
but somehow strangely transformed  
by the very act of going through  
that weather, that storm, that air.

## Human Interest

Reading through the paper,  
light shining behind the lines-----  
These words are one Pentimento  
after another,  
reflective for the old questions:  
"Out there...what is happening?"  
I know  
I do not know  
except occasionally-----  
Jet stream fed  
yet incapable of holding  
stopping time bursting:  
Goose bumps, the skin's fiery  
liquid, faster than sound, even  
earth movement-----  
These clouds,  
we roots, ink-stitched,  
shape space by although,  
that too is beyond  
our knowledge & grasp.

## My Angels

Have wrinkles & are tired.  
"It's like having x-ray sight," they say,  
"looking into time."  
Still, how uncanny, to behold feelings  
like vetch, to tune in on the hives'  
homing signal, eavesdrop on thoughts,  
dream lover dialogues, the lonely solidarity  
of humans talking, (all at once),  
to themselves.

To exist, to exist, is the manna of hands,  
the cause of life tossed from rooftops  
& caught as laundry intertwining each border.

No, it's not a psychic's grasp.  
Here history is present & the future  
an opinion formed by the forecast of  
perspective angling views to an Eiffel.

Perched there, near, my angels are  
your angels, believers unseen.  
Once they were pedestrians, now, voyeurs,  
sky patrollers, they fly-----  
That wing of warmth at your back,  
or throb of rain,  
subsiding.