

14

rose haiku

rose on a planet;
the only flower shining,
her dear little prince

2

“Rockets launched toward different stars”:
that is what we tell ourselves,
so that we can say “goodbye.”

3

Poem about the moment
when the idea surfaces
after you have stopped struggling,
when you have given up trying to get it.

4

Tonight the full moon says, "Oo."

5

The mental processing,
the information processing,
the data processing:
it's a living.

But the process of processing
sinks under the skin
seeps into the heart
takes root within.

Hidden, but still spinning,
ticking, grinding,
it whips the bubbling blood,
churns it, boils it.

Sisters

The smart one: she's hard with sharp edges.

The kind one: she's soft with no edges.

7

It is getting too old around here.

8

Did something in her eyes grab him by the wrists, and cuff them?
Did her voice flow down the rock face of his soul,
like a fresh mountain spring?

9

“Where are you going, my friend?”

“I’m walking to the end of a
long, dark tunnel.

When I reach the end

I will turn to see you,

but then

I’ll be gone.”

Two Places

It’s a real hot day.

I’d love to get together
in Louisiana.

We’d find our way.

11

After you handed off the \$100,000 bills
you were in excellent health;
excellent, excellent.

13

I didn't really love you like I love you, like I do.

14

Stuck outside of Morgan Hill, San
Jose blues again.

