

beach haiku

salt spray bursts forward
but the gaping wave recedes,
biting back its tears



sea roaring, men shouting
cold, relentless, sandy wind—
good weather for tears



eyes gleaming with tears—
I will find your poem there,
a pearl in the sea



sand grains in oysters
biting seeds of flesh-grown gems—
wounds become poems





Haiku Stephen Muratore
Ink paintings Katerina Kolosova
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