

dozen haiku more

by strannikov

what Dante began,
what Rilke, et al., scraped out,
what Baudelaire spat.

learning from failures
(many all my own) never
to try: only do.

sipping café noir
just inside the abattoir
of her stained boudoir.

clouds of conjured smoke
frame my late mother's portrait,
she the chimney-lunged.

from his padded cage
the panther lets no one watch
his silent rage howl.

seeing the Beatles
play on the cusp of color--
nineteenth century.

shadow of grey ghost
climbs the topless lighthouse stairs,
treacherous waves crash.

those girls don't live here
who now used to--goofy sweet
crazy mad and young.

who needs a lighthouse?
flashing tits at soundless ships
guides them safely on.

once took days to hear:
now Morrison's Astral Weeks
flies in minutes past.

lemmings drawn to flames
all come down to no good end,
moths drowned in calm seas.

tonight's sky is full:
lunatics to their own moons
sing separate songs.

Dante got it right:
no one understands a thing
who can't remember.

