

# halloween haiku

*by strannikov*

image of life gone:

the calcium monument  
of all vanities.

the wills wait within  
pendulums set in mid-flight  
meeting some extreme.

don't wait to be met  
by moving hours: move them now  
while they assemble.

just once at the end  
we succumb to gravity:  
pendulums take turns.

sun-baked colors shine:  
we poured concrete, laid our bricks,  
the sun sets on bricks.

lives cast more shadows  
on bricks, roads, fields, water, mud—  
than do skeletons.

a dry bony voice  
from a desiccated soul  
coughs up its own throat.

denuded beliefs  
clatter like large stiff dry leaves  
what were once alive.

refusing one's own  
future is always one thing—  
the other, mmm, not.

long long, then belong:  
before belonging, long long  
then learn to long not.

mid-day's not too soon:  
good riddance to clarity!  
some luck in broke glass.

for malign reason,  
oddly, cats can be hated:  
men are their own deeds.

is love the effort?  
is love the residue of  
the applied efforts?

stealing from yourself  
what is not yours and no one's  
—just one world per head.

children launch each day:  
some survive on trust, the rest  
marvel at physics.

unable to trust,  
after one sheet's length was ripped,  
two ragged half-sheets.

this pumpkin's jeering  
grin does not wait to be carved  
—it's already lit!

