

# 4 Haiku

*by* Mark Reep

we wanted summer:

Distillers at Myhalyk's  
all those cancelled shows

ice glazes stone steps  
scattering woodstove ashes  
all the ways we fall

still mourning old lies  
awakening is lonely  
without certainties

house at a crossroads,  
blue TV light flickering:  
*welcome prodigal*

