

# Four More Haikus

*by* Mark Waldrop

Death is like a warm  
cup of hot cocoa, steaming  
up into nothing.

The sun rise will bring  
prison bars of light through the  
bedroom blinds again.

Sorry about the  
first three hours of your death  
I thought you were drunk.

Across the park the  
strange dog looks up, sniffs the air  
it's ears are floppy.

