

# disparate haiku (mostly)

*by* strannikov

aerodynamic

the shell of Dorian Gray  
is not—too much goo.

passing, in order  
to be in absolutely  
no hurry at all.

the chief fault is not  
that machines can have rhythm,  
once we forsake ours.

lateral approach  
to the infernal regions,  
no direct descent.

clouds steeplechasing  
leaping over mountain roads,  
over desert peaks.

she, whom I first kissed,  
died: she had no cigarettes  
in her mouth just then.

measurements grow less  
reliable as they grow  
far more accurate.

a foreboding calm,  
vague listless bluster of breeze  
threatening a storm.

not on our knees do  
we walk—when we never stand  
on them, we don't move.

sushi and sake  
two tastes in any sequence  
chase each other down.

hospitality:  
arachnids live where they prey  
on invited guests.

thrice-blessed “location”  
is a lesson neither learned  
nor lost to spiders.

spiders in the wild—  
only as conspicuous  
as they dare to be.

domestic spiders  
thrive in dark unused corners  
and along ceilings.

faith in gravity  
permitted them to extol  
the guillotine's blade.

an explicit but  
partial depiction of an  
unfinished idea.

Volvo with birdshit  
bespeaks uncovered parking  
for the nouveau riche.

a lamp under which  
a poorly-lit espresso  
with nobody sits.

generosity:  
the poverty that we share  
is enough for all.

yes, death is a shame,  
can even pose a hardship—  
but it is the case.

