

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.

