

# haiku not much carved

*by strannikov*

didn't see, did you?  
no? nor did I, not at all,  
but I was asleep.

scars serve to remind  
along the length of its arc  
where the body's been.

the length of this hall  
almost as much as its tiles  
explains echoes here.

currency and coin  
appeal to us from both sides,  
"both sides" being two.

(don't let your bills wait:  
delay permits them to smile,  
"late" is their delight.)

when arteries still  
and no friction pumps the veins,  
even wallets pale.

resting by his stream  
Xu tossed his staff to the bank  
to watch it rest there.

pens loaded with ink  
exceeding or equal to  
my volume of blood.

at these grey-cast heights  
I should be able to see  
“up”—but for the clouds.

electric pink peak  
almost tangerine at dawn  
(but not among clouds).

from a granite perch  
toss a glance a hundred miles  
then listen for it.

these spiders' fate when  
too curious to hide is  
mercifully brief.

closer to the clouds  
with altitude underneath,  
feels the same planet.

tightened, loosened grips,  
grips lost and gained, slipped then gone  
in an ill-timed place.

tall mountains are good  
for sequential looks amid  
light and cloud and hours.

houses lost in hills  
below the timberline, down  
to the mercy of.

rabbits hop through grass  
until the sprinklers spray them  
then away they fly.

