

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.

