

halloween haiku

by strannikov

image of life gone:

the calcium monument
of all vanities.

the wills wait within
pendulums set in mid-flight
meeting some extreme.

don't wait to be met
by moving hours: move them now
while they assemble.

just once at the end
we succumb to gravity:
pendulums take turns.

sun-baked colors shine:
we poured concrete, laid our bricks,
the sun sets on bricks.

lives cast more shadows
on bricks, roads, fields, water, mud—
than do skeletons.

a dry bony voice
from a desiccated soul
coughs up its own throat.

denuded beliefs
clatter like large stiff dry leaves
what were once alive.

refusing one's own
future is always one thing—
the other, mmm, not.

long long, then belong:
before belonging, long long
then learn to long not.

mid-day's not too soon:
good riddance to clarity!
some luck in broke glass.

for malign reason,
oddly, cats can be hated:
men are their own deeds.

is love the effort?
is love the residue of
the applied efforts?

stealing from yourself
what is not yours and no one's
—just one world per head.

children launch each day:
some survive on trust, the rest
marvel at physics.

unable to trust,
after one sheet's length was ripped,
two ragged half-sheets.

this pumpkin's jeering
grin does not wait to be carved
—it's already lit!

