

# juvenile haiku

*by strannikov*

a late season's leaves  
float into a brook among  
bubbles fit to burst.

infancy alone,  
terminal infancy, will  
get us in the end.

grasping not at straws  
but at stars—reachable stars,  
the ones you can hold.

heaving and howling,  
skies blast black depth-ripping screams,  
booms drop dark from night.

anvils fall to earth  
thrown from black skies—pounding thuds,  
clanging clatters dull.

lightning flashes white  
silver forked branches or roots  
crack crash vanish black.

appetitive plate,  
find your hunger from some pan,  
your nutritive need.

snarling screaming rage—  
just when we don't have enough,  
Brussels sprouts are served.

childhood: enjoy it  
while it lasts—adolescence  
begins in one year!

as our sun drips blood  
white skies race through navy clouds,  
stars stare down, perplexed.

dreamy and piercing,  
my mother's eyes outlive her  
early departure.

my father, farmer,  
planted near his father, whose  
farm holds his father.

time's expendable  
generations breed, our earth  
keeps all to herself.

who escapes this earth?  
we're all captives of our moon,  
whose hushed watch charms us.

don't despair, our dead,  
we'll sleep with you soon, for our  
earth is but one grave.

worms squirm into dust  
dust the space for slithering  
worms and corkscrewed dust.

our dust stirs itself  
with other dust, as needed:  
we are that dust, we.

