

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.

