

more horrid haiku

by strannikov

ev'ry partial man
equipped with sincerity
cannot see one truth.

a mere forty years
and maybe you become twelve,
maybe sixty-three.

whene'er I get there,
I will be in no hurry
to waste any time.

they are poor children
who never solicit help
from older children.

driving, I marvel
at the numbers of people
killed by standing trees.

the sign could not read
“we change oil”—it had to read
“we do oil changes”.

monster-osity!
one ugly caramel purse
with uglier shoes.

goofy girls, alas,
are still goofy, only now
they're armed with cellphones.

(your phone is ugly,
my dear—yes, you, and the one
attached to your head.)

the poets can hear
with their penetrating eyes,
thunder with their tongues.

whose land, resources,
whose wealth to buy whose glory,
glory for how long?

whose rules and whose laws,
which freedom, what liberty?
wars—no end in sight.

exclusively fed
poisons and non-living things,
we die—but surprised!

so quick to cremate,
impatient for minerals,
vain as carved granite.

life lacks our logic:
imposing logic on life
does not make life live.

dialectics errs:
we do not judge ancestors,
ancestors judge us.

immortality,
for fifty-nine centuries:
our stark achievement.

