

one dozen haiku

by strannikov

five is not the time
and the front door is no place
to be loquacious.

soft clouds at sunset,
half a moon fighting for life--
house exhales garlic.

strumming on the pipe
blowing into the guitar
drumming on the horn.

poetry is steak:
in the center always rare,
even served well-done.

strength has its own source:
steel's not as strong as silver
nor so near the moon.

not as if he weren't
listening but as if he
were deaf, couldn't hear.

whale gets sliced and flayed:
propellers unforgiving,
spilled guts float for sharks.

for tonight's dessert,
the core of Newton's apple
--how appetizing!

virus beats my head:
face swollen, ears burning, throat
raw: a simple cold.

long before he lands
ev'ry Icarus in flight
sees the ground approach.

when I see the rain
and hear it pour through gutters,
I can smell the earth.

devils you do know:
mephisto-sophisticates
and the Fausts they own.

it's okay to weep:
afterwards, once it's grown late,
your bones learn to dry.

