2011 Haiku Year-in-Review

WINTER

How tall was the wave that came to the door and knocked a hole in the sun?

SPRING

You can be woman.
You cannot be both.

Or you can be a Muslim.

SUMMER

The earth speaks in tongues, translates redbed to black ash: Pentecostal fires.

FALL

We may not know what we want, but when is easy to say. Yesterday.