

12 Haiku

by Bruce Edmonds

<http://bruce.edmonds.name/poetry.html>

Already half-way
dead, I carefully plan out
what has gone before.

A haiku settles
upon a deserted page –
burn bright and be gone!

Even the dark mouth
of a falling wave, speaks with
a tounge of moonlight

The value of words –
a poem on the page is
worth two in the pen.

Inside-out haiku
encapsulating the world
in a nutshell, not.

A teenager writes
poetry on the train home,
that noone will read.

Like Sisyphus, I
raise my hopes of love with you
again and again.

The edge of a cloud
is sawing the moon in half -
but it means nothing

We have been apart
for a week – I toss in bed,
nudging you away.

The value of words –
a poem on the page is
worth two in the pen.

Ice coated puddles
crunch under our feet, also
giving no quarter.

A crow on the snow –
a hole in the scenery
where I see nothing.

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