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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