Haiku

Earl Keyser*
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Abstract

Painted, no longer, with the colors of sunset, black and barren limbs...
Concrete country cowboys
Turn April into stone
Eyes that cannot see to smell
Count the nothing that they own

And Wall Street times the runners
In a race that's never won
Hollow voices yelling speechless
In graves of the midnight sun

Sunsets watched on silver screens
In Weyerhauser wonderscenes.

All the pretty ladies
Run naked on the shore
While perched upon the skull of god
The raven cries for more

Jackals frolic in new day years
Of promises and wasted tears.

Mounds and pounds of spoiled flesh
Draw maggots of the night
To drool and feast in paradise
Anemic in the light.

The circus came to town today
Sorry that I could not stay
To see the wonders on display.

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by Earl Keyser

English, VI

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