Haiku

Dave Thomas*
Push. She laughed. I hopped back on. Around we went like an off-centered top. *Hey, is that you?* She didn’t reply. She smiled, revealing only a glimpse of her white teeth. The blue eyes glittered with mischief. A breath of wind tugged at her short hair. Gee, she was pretty. Her tiny hands firmly held the bar. *Sure her hands are tiny. I ought to know. See that ring on her hand . . . it’s a four and a half. You know, when I gave that ring to her, it was a big surprise. She had just finished the dishes when I asked her. She had a dish rag in one hand and a bucket of eggs in the other. What a way to ask a girl if she will marry you! How lucky can a guy be?*

Around we whirled. *The car went . . . went around . . .* Lightning flashed on the horizon from the previous storm and sent a roar of thunder bolting across the darkened sky. *Flashed? The lights flashed in my eyes . . . what lights? The car lights . . .* A damp breeze stirred through the newly-budded leaves. From the cabin music vibrated across the crystaled grass. I felt a few drops of water on my face. It was red . . . the ashes were red . . . who put out the fire?

As we started back to the cabin, I reached for her hand. I reached for her hand . . . “Oh, no,” I screamed as the pain surged through my body. “Oh, God, please no!” . . . I held nothing . . .

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**Haiku**

*by Dave Thomas*

Leaves drifting
drifting
around the feet of old men
sleeping in the park.