Haiku

Ellen Feinberg*
mean you did anything wrong. You did just fine. Don't go in the room; the coroner will be out shortly to take some pictures.” He turned, walked around the ambulance, and got in.

As he was driving away, Mrs. Arceri, still hysterical, went on, “What he tink I'ma touch sumptin'? I'ma not crazy. She'sa da crazy one, do sumptin' like dat witha coathanger. I jus' call, dat's all, jus' call.”

Charley, in a daze, stood . . . silently.

“O God!!” he whispered, “O GOD!!”

He turned and staggered.

Whiteyellowgreenbluered through his tear-filled eyes. His skull exploding.

He walked, he ran, he wandered walking running lost.

Blocks, miles, tens of miles, thousands of miles.

“We had it made, WE HAD IT MADE!!”

Judy. Mom. Hundred a week.

“WE HAD IT MADE!!”

He stumbled as his toe caught a crack in the sidewalk.

“Where am I?”

“No please somebody, where am I?” his body heaved, sobbing.

He didn’t know.

in the swirl of the
CITY.
the gutter,
the sky,
one step . . .

Haiku

by Ellen Feinberg

English, Jr.

Brushing against the green nap
Gently the still wind
Of the meadow's grain