

A Haiku Quilt for Y2K

My house is burning--
a neighbor has brought coffee
which tastes excellent.

Hill of snowy pines--
has anyone let you know
about Y2K?

A falling red leaf
lightly taps my left shoulder.
Yes, I say--I've heard.

Orange maple leaves,
why can't I prolong your lives?
"We're the clock for yours."

Sitting by flowers--
silence--until a petal
falls upon a stone.

Spring rain is falling
on a fountain shooting high--
not a drop confused.

Water drop forming
on this tree leaf tip--how does
it know when to fall?

Open, empty truck
parked beneath a star-filled sky--
what is there to haul?

The sun rises red
and fifty more pedants are
experts on haiku.

Desert sun cooling
hotly down the western sky--
lizards blink, stir, wait.

Lazy snow circles,
crystals landing like light planes
on brown grass runways.

Tulip buds in rows
bloom by bloom become cannons
shooting at the sun.

War in your closet
hangs somewhere behind your clothes
needing awful love.

New snow -- old snowman
leaning in the yard next door,
one coal for a wink.