

Early Haiku

A frightened pigeon
bellows in the cold.
Does he know I have heard him?

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If the space-time continuum warps
then why don't you
come back to me?

Bumblebees mambo
on sunflower floors.
Goldenrods gambol.
I score.

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The cold night air returns
Sybill. I speak not
since you are my poem.

Some leaves have fallen
but I stain not the page:
woman, my poem is you.

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