

words  
still pink  
close to the bone

the mountain submerged  
in wind  
an old gospel song

c u m u l o  
n i m b u s  
d r i f t the  
d a y  
o f f  
s c h e d u l e

seeding the clouds  
the rumble of earthworms

half moon in broad daylight the placebo effect

all the above (some in slightly different form) from *Modern Haiku*, Vol. 41:2, 2010

the old names for countries levitating the Pentagon

*Roadrunner X:1, 2010*

Mojave sunrise  
a splinter swells  
my fingertip

*Heron's Nest, Vol. XII:3, 2010*

without a God  
it still is  
heavenly light

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 41:2, 2010*

sticks and stones . . . in the beginning was the word

*Modern Haiku Vol.41:1, 2010*

bleeding under my skin the American dream

*Roadrunner X:1, 2010*

untethered  
mid (my swelling eyes) sentence

*Modern Haiku Vol.40:3, 2009*

ribs picked clean licking the flesh of my fingers

*Modern Haiku Vol.41:3, 2010*

wispy clouds  
all the way  
to the wrong airport

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 39:2, 2008*

the metallic taste  
of what  
I can't imagine  
negative tide

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 41:2, 2010*

"Call me Ishmael . . ." my mother reads to me in utero

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 41:2, 2010*

first shrinking  
a violet picked  
not given

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 41:2, 2010*

his kiss deepens midnight's throat of stars

*Roadrunner IX:3, 2009*

matching  
this black to that black  
crow's caw

*A New Resonance 6, 2009*

dressing room mirror  
the glint of a straight pin  
at my throat

*Frogpond XXX:2, 2007*

forks  
spooning

ironing so the wrinkles have a place to return to

blue moon  
her milk  
comes in

out of the agave  
out of the blue  
Guadalupe

the above four poems first published in *Modern Haiku, Vol. 41:2, 2010*

open scissors beside a vase of water

*Frogpond XXIX:2, 2006  
Museum of Haiku Literature Award*

somewhere like Islamabad reaching for a cluster of loquats

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 41:2, 2010*

home  
to visit—  
a cicada shell

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 39:3, 2010*

behind the camera  
I face  
my family

*Frogpond XXVIII:2, 2005*

shakes  
years out of the box  
    brit  
    tle  
    rub  
    ber  
    band  
    pieces

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 41:3, 2010*

crescent moon  
in a dream I climb  
into mother's lap

*Mayfly 39 summer 2005  
haiga cover by Lidia Rozmus, Mayfly 40, winter 2005*

dying off like  
the dialect of  
Mother Goose

*Roadrunner X:2, 2010*