

Haikus from the Rona Road
Circa 2021

At the desk all day
Get out for a breath of fresh air
To find my baby run away

The moment resolves itself
Is sufficient unto itself
Loves itself

Foggy mornings warm enough
To sit on an old oil drum
With cacophony of fowl cries
From the middle distance

Scouting Point Reyes hike-in campsites first thing
While fielding silly messages from the boys
After a nice, long sleep

They stood around the fire afterwards,
And asked themselves:
What even possible?

Groceries shall be eaten
Fasting will be observed
The forgotten text sits upon the curb

Maskless, now, is the mandate,
But people are slow to change
Inside each restaurant: a mix.

Hike down into the river valley, up on the morrow –
Heed the swaying bridge and don't count the steps back up –
To the top, run if you must.

The stars like Christmas lights in the Ponderosa
Faeries around a rock-fire by vast, gently lapping, glacial lake
On whose surface, sparks dance to Stevie

The Battle of the Black Hills
Buttes abound outside Billings
Clear blue cloudless big skies

Straight, two-lane 80 mph hill highway
Semis ripping by,

Huge altarpiece grates bared gleaming

A girl climbs a sapling
In her fenced-in, highway-side home
Grass-covered steppes in the distance

Neon glowing hangar of the night
All over my unfamiliar land
Safe harbor charging station
Doors open, churchlike
All welcome beneath rectangular roof slab
Spread out over the stars
Wayfarers linger upon sheltered curbside:
Lighters canned teas lottery tickets

What an exquisite delight
To mind a fire with a stranger in the night
And to part
Without having ever said a word.

Acts of heroism in the dead of night

You end up around ash-smoke fires at dawn
Clutching forgotten roaches in dirt-soot fingers

Sun peaking through mossy trunks
Thawing last night's excesses
Bodhi on Pacific cliff.

Opening eyes to downtown San Francisco
Recently arisen from fire
One hundred years ago
Crumbling colorful Victorians
The Dead around the corner
Foggy blank uniform light.

Digging up old emails
With expired credentials
Monday morning

To act is to believe
Or to be in flight.
A little more
Before the night.

Morning heaviness but a light in the air

Pack up by tent
Get oatmeal going and prayer.

He was born in on a pale plinth
Amidst tomorrow's ashes
With a waiver from Rhodesia

Bowel clenching in dawn cool
A gull rummaging in my cookery
A threatening apragata waved in the air

Delicate early morning balance of dew-cold and sun
Overlooked by ancient long Eucalyptus row
Distance traffic criss-crossing over Golden Gate

Coffee parties in the morning
Stanford American Renaissance sprawl
Capitola for Saturday shred

Crossroads
Crucible
Imma meet Medusa in the cubicle

Fix yo gaze
Up late
Fire sand Alice and an ashtray

Typical
Told you so
Ember ash fallin' down like grey snow

What is Zen? asked the idiot,
Standing silent witness to acts of heroism
In the dead of night

The wind carried gently through the mosquito netting –
The moon was on the water, shimmering.