

Some tranquility,
Between some rough daily beats.
Lost in a moment.

Locked in writers block.
When I require them most,
Words fail me at times.

Walking in circles,
Following tweet after tweet,
But reading little

Who knew the answers,
Holding all worldly delights,
In the blues and whites?



Love is in a thought,
Memory provides a cry,
Hope grows in a try.

Sailboat in the wind.
Crystal waves brush the white sands.
Lofty palm trees sway

Very cold comfort.
All thru dark nights and bright days.
She always follows.

Spring wind in the trees
She walks the tall grass alone.
And watches the leaves.



Morning alarm clocks.

Cell phones with stylish rings.

Time a fleeing thing.

Sands slip through the glass

Hours fade into minutes

Words blur with seconds.

A costly habit.

Hot or iced cold. Black or sweet

I like coffee drinks

Tiny fingers hold

Onto a pinky tightly,

And rattle its hand.

Give the wheel a spin.

When there is a chance to win.

Don't tell me the odds.



The bringer of death,
Has a kindness about her,
Face of poetry.

Precariously.
Wry characters spring to form.
As words turn on page.

Moonlight in her eyes.
A steady calm on her face.
Few moments give peace.

Sailboats hug the wind.
The sun peaks behind the clouds.
Sands warm on sea shore.

Love a good story.
Can beat a novice at chess
I'm good at foosball



Thoughts speak no reason
And always lead to despair
Darkness has its way

Cannot sleep a wink
Maybe it was the coffee
It is what I drink.

Cannot death be sweet?
New and fresh free of despair
A kind friendly face

To the city lights
Leaving home far behind me
Moonless nights beacon

Square away an hour,
Cut some seconds off your time.
Grab a few minutes.

Try happy endings
Even when they don't apply
Hope might find a way

Falling forever,
Far down a pit of despair,
Away from the light.

Bright starlight beckons
The breeze blows her raven hair
Time comes to an end

Your apology
A soft sound I might not hear
It's but a whisper



And faced with failure
When a mighty fear did show
Completely shell-shocked

Raindrops on lush leaves
Dark clouds loiter overhead
Absent is the sun

Picture in its frame
She was caught in a moment
Sitting on the shelf

Wishing I am dead
Melody keeps repeating
A song in my head

A word of passing
A small gesture of farewell
A tale of goodbyes

A glass of water
So very simple and pure
You replenish me

My short exhaled breathe
The humming roar of a fan
A golden silence

It's warm to the touch
The drink is smooth and robust
Good morning coffee



Walking on the edge
While seeing the long way down
I hear the moments

Turn a phrase funny
Sing pleasantries a plenty
And stifle all fears

Questions keep coming
Teetering on disaster
Hope spinning away

The goal has been set
Daily path to walk upon
A prize to be won

Flicker of a spark
Hot hungry burn of a flame
Consuming nature



Thousands of odd things
All jumbled inside my head
Thimbleful of sense

Call me "Perfection"
I will pretend to not hear
The adoration

Castaway dreamer
As night tugs away the light
Tell me a tall tale

If I were to fall
Hit the hard floor and scatter
The broken pieces

Delicate flower
A dark shadow in my mind
So much forgotten



I merely listened
The whisper of her swept by
Time did stopped quickly



Victorious course

March to the tune of battle

Wake of destruction



Actually blonde

With a head of long brown hair

Daily deceptions

New day has begun
Fiery anger subdued
Outrage is over

In isolation
Beholding the empty page
Beware the terror

Welcoming a guest
A kindness of attention
First time impressions

Set sights far above
On a death defying edge
It was left unsaid



To stop and began
A silly song in the wind
Fleeing sanity

Short-handing of tears
The shocking horrors of fears
Pleading forgiveness

Opposing the now
And foregoing yesterday
Live for tomorrow

Endless loveliness
And continuously runs
The cup overflows

Brimming at the seams
One step ahead of the curve
Full of real reasons



Into the sunlight
Climbing just a bit higher
To dream a new dream

Many of these days
Playfully turning the mind
Spirit of the soul

Was caught in quicksand
As minutes dwindle to none
With gradual pace

Time funnels and moves
Each and every grain of sand
By binding the minutes

For the moments turn
Never to repeat again
With overall peace



A soul might extend
But the body is brittle
Life is but passing

With Death smiling
Filling up the bottom glass
And kept close at hand

A drink in my hand
Sunlight spotlight in my face
Stiff breeze in my hair

Soft summer showers
Soundly cooling the dry days
One drop at a time

One move to checkmate
I just took your queen with ease
Want to play again?



Lustful and sexy
One dirty little number
This sixty-nine is

Can't win every move
Sometimes things will end badly
You can count on that

Time and space abound
Sightless searching enduring
Wonders never cease

Ice tea waters down
In a glass while I write
Another haiku

The mouse goes click click
Keys tap on the fingertips
Computer just hums



Falling forever
Far past the place I began
Never to return

If the king shall fall
I will have a plan in place
For another one

Ostentatious thoughts
The most laconic moments.
Many sweet quandaries

Perspicacity
Thoughts burn brightly in my mind
Realizing the dream

Animosity
For all those on distant lands
My heart is empty



In absentia

Carrying on without you

Wishing you no harm

Ameliorate

The state of my soul within

The shape of my heart

Thoughts nettle my mood

Fears in the peripheral

Death is laconic

Always circumspect

When formulating a plan

Never going far

Whispers come at night

While dreams travel by day

She is close at hand



The moment slips by
For time will not wait for me
She always follows

Egoistical

Erudite, brilliant, bold

Downsized I am told

Ever so nearby

I sense her watchful presence

In all that I do

Beyond little things

Quiescent after a storm

Halfway from a tear

Force to live a lie

Coffee mollified my dreams

I walked between worlds



Circling the end

Beliefs don't aid any plans

When dark thoughts corrupt

Same few get the blame
While all sides fan the flames
Hate swirling around

Austere attitudes
Will pester my cheerful mood
When I am thinking

Turn to her often
Lost in the black of the night
She always follows

My thoughts betray me
As she whispers in my ear
One sweet delusion



A simple terror
I'm faced every single day
An empty white page

The daily chatter
Digitized across the web
So very fleeting

The witching hours
Before the daily sunrise
Stirs the soul silly

Inches from a goal
That was once light years away
Steepest hump to climb

Holiest number
Would probably be a three
Father, son and ghost

Nine is magical

It stands on the edge of change

On the next level

It's easy enough

Didn't take too long to write

One hundred haiku