

Haikubotany
by Michalle S. Gould

The second to last
letter you will get from me
implies not the last
My writings do not appear
in alphabetical order

Startle me to sleep
Wake me with a lullabye
A mosquito flies
itself out of a nightmare
someone was sucking its blood

Time is relative
minutes fathering hours
hours conceive days
To make a year, weeks and months
are spent in fornication

Resurrection

A shoe must sometimes
accept a foot, a hand is made
to become a fist.

A womb sometimes is made a tomb.
But sometimes, a tomb becomes a womb.

Like tiny tigers
Bees spring into the air
to mate in flight
Like rival pilots... battling
as if one must die there

Under ground, the dead wait
blocks of ice in a frozen river
believing in spring

Every grass is cold
Each birch a frost-bit finger
Even the sun shivers

Pyramids fracture
The world divides in two
without remainder

What dying is like
the sound of the bell fading
after it is struck

Love lonely ghosts
cannot even touch themselves
(the) lost(s) consolation

High Noon

The harps unstrung
(a) halo on a rusted nail
the gates swing open

(a) Resurrection party
its host unknown: the Invitation
Carved in stone

Epilogue

Seventeen syllables
Start a poem – a moment passes:
And then there are none.

* a dust/e-chap
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