

**IS THAT REAL WASABI
OR JUST SOME GREEN CRAP?**
(A traditional art form for the Modern World)

VILLAGE CAT

to all, to no one
is feline loyalty owed
where meow mix awaits

HAIKU: SELFIE

me me me me me
some other people and me
me me me me me

CANAL TRANSIT

tug and barge, fair tide
twelve knots; head tide, maybe three
deeper lesson here?

MY LYING BROTHER-IN-LAW TOLD ME THE STRIPERS WERE RUNNING

damp cold, slipp'ry rocks
six hours, no damn fish; wife laughs:
on sale at stoppy

EQUALITY

eighteen foot whaler
hundred foot luxury yacht
ebb, flood, same for both

NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF

yes i have six claws
boasts polydactyl moggie
proud in diversi
ty

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TAKING WHAT LIFE GIVES YOU, CANTO XIV

west facing seagull
floats serenely on flood tide
but backwards - who cares?

DO AS I SAY ETC ETC

"hate is a bad thing"
makes us feel good to preach it!
(trump an exception)

ANYPOET WRITES HOW

screw caps cried cummings
sing Goat Footed Balloon Man
nobody dances

BATTLE

life and bastard death
contend for soul of new-born
- yours this time, mine next

THE DIALYSIS NURSE TO THE OLD SAILOR

twelve hours every week
i get to pump your bilges
enjoy it or else

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

young women in park
protest. old man says to dog
"goddamn those tattoos"

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**REMEMBERING THE DAY JOE COSTA HAD A FLAT TIRE ON I-95
[OR "FIVE HAIKU FOR THE PRICE OF ONE"]**

wind chill minus six
blizzard near as cellphone dies
expired triple a. . .??

after twenty years
of service, heater craps out.
sixpack not much help.

though not known for faith
joe prays in two languages:
"ave maria. . ."

blue lights flash nearer
somebody called nine one one:
towtruck on the way

joe home safe, minus
two days' pay and wife's respect
- all's well that ends well

FACEBOOK IN THREE CANTOS

i.

i'm fairly certain
that not enough people care
about the real me

ii.

details of my life
can, it seems to me, be used
to enlighten yours

iii.

my love for hummus
is sublime, while yours for beer
fails in many ways