

Final Kukai (7)

Global Haiku • Millikin University • Spring 2016

Vote for your favorite 11 haiku, with double votes for your absolute favorite.

whatgoesaroundcomesaround
Jupiter tucked behind
a stop light

a tiny lantern
floats forward
to the outhouse

salmon swim upstream
strolling down the bank
of the postcard

Abbey Road
a chorus of honking
bloody tourists

Valentine's Day
I sit at the table
set for one

hair of flame
her laugh brings me
back

warm turtle shell
on a thin branch the heron
grasps

sterilized needle
Red Cross patiently
waits for you

Frodo & Sam
father & daughter
pass their passports

over dinner
I see sadness
left in my mother's eyes

in the cool stone
the Queen's eyes
smolder

the smell of rain
just ten more minutes
until the storm rolls in

furry creature
runs up to me
feels like home

harmonizing
in the back seat
Beetle Beatles

perfect specimen
the goddess lifts her
telescope

new shoes
new job
already a scuff

hanging a portrait
the whispering hushes
crooked corner

its been months
since she went
off the map

munching an apple
the same kind they use
at the fair

macho man
bottle-feeding
the newborn kitten

a startling crash
his hand jumps
to his scar

bare feet dangling
from the tire swing
when did I grow up?

soft lips
caressing my neck
alfalfa breath whinny

strive to remember
God is Good
I take the next step

welcoming him home
father's day card
hidden behind her back

music store
what do I grab first?
the triangle

beer foam
lonely eyes
across the bar

my faith in a penny
the koi circle
my final wish

Flight 109
brings back
my past

geese and grass
one big family
time to fly

after hours
dark windows reflect
a single candle

my coffee black
to prove
I can handle you

nothing to lose
a lottery
he undertakes a kiss

single mother
first fall alone
noticing her joint pain

snack bar closed
we scroll on
our mouse pads

falling face first
into summer stars
"the lake winks back

sun on my face
reminds me
this is where I'm meant to be

behind the velvet curtain
my hand quivers
spotlight

wedding bells ring
I walk past faces
only seeing one

losing track of time
bath water flows smoothly
from under the door

shoveled up tears
I bury them
with him

desktop globe
the child knows
only his backyard

hair pulled back
lipstick on
pretending I'm okay

at the stove
his hands rest
on my apron's ties

searching
for the right words
in my cuticles

one fist up
the other grasps
a 6 pack of Budweiser

the fire
we once shared
ashes

her smoke break
in the rain
without a cigarette

falling apart
I watch the lone wall
crumble

little yellow wildflowers
remind me
make the most of it

running in the night
a childish laugh
he does not know

driving home from school
for summer break
the last time

snow piles high
he caresses her
bald head

loving me
the way you know how
tail wags

love
turns to like
becoming friends again

your smile
a rainbow
after the storm

home alone
taking a shower
the door creaks open

hop scotch boxes
connecting driveways
summer's eve

grasshopper floats
on the waves
summer heat

Toy Story clouds
walking with the Buzz
to my Woody

black eyed susans
grandma's soft hands
coated in garden soil

hitch hiking
the wrong way
down a one way street

on a stranger's deck
we talk philosophy
sunrise

a promise
under stars
for more stars

sunbathing
she sits with friends
toads at this pond

stop sign
in the distance
we accelerate

flour billows all over
cut-outs and sprinkle dustings
oven beeping

back to the kitchen
another look can't hurt
nothing for dinner

running my fingers
along the keys
words unformed

a ferris wheel
as grand as
Chicago's

what better place
to see an opera
down under

every creak and crack
can still be felt
the old home

midnight
cookie dough run
the best friends

iced sweet tea—
watching the children
stain their knees green

dripping from the comb
pure, golden honey
His ways are sweeter

drunken night
wingman
helps himself

spring afternoon
obligatory visit
one last time

Grandma's porch swing strains
mother cradles
her daughter's child

barefoot in the grass
three two one
last kiss

movie night
kernels in my teeth
smiling at her

rain drops trickle
down the stem of the
dying daffodils

drops trickle
down a slender neck
the beer bottle

spring breeze
my toes covered
in grey mud

eagerly waiting her reply
his phone lights up
mom. . .

a pen standing up
my cup
full of sea glass

the last drive-in
we watch the movie
for the first time

asparagus spring
cool puddles of rain water
beg for my feet

movie night . . .
gently skimming my skin
like the night before

snowy Friday night
logs burning ever so slowly
dusty fireplace

squealing in delight
tiny handprints
spaghetti face

after the confession
fart jokes
and giggling

the more she drank
the darker it got
tequila

banished
to his side of the bed
pillow thief

the new sun
too warm
our bodies untangle

shades on
hat back
too cool for school

he's gone
the jokes remain
can't remember the punch line

Sunday morning
wrapped in cotton sheets
I watch him dream

waking up
can't remember putting on
(t)his shirt

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