

An Ode to Embracement





Author's Introduction

Through writing in Dr. Randy Brooks' Global Haiku class at Millikin University, I have been able to wrap myself into the world of haiku. When I embarked on this journey of haiku writing, I had no idea what would come of it. The art of haiku is one of story telling, emotions, and experience; one that I didn't know I was capable of conveying.

An Ode to Embracement is an inside look into what each haiku provided me. Each piece allowed me to fully embrace each emotion, and pin-point it to a specific feeling. It allowed me to lead to embracement. The idea that whether the feeling was acceptance, irritability, forgiveness, or much more, I embraced it, and will forever be grateful for the experience each of these writings gave me.

As you read through this collection I ask that you take a second to develop with the haiku. Allow yourself to connect with each one, and pin-point your own feeling to it. Enrapture yourself by embracing each one that is provided, and allow your feelings to come through.



The journey of this collection of haiku allows you to understand each feeling and emotion being written. After reading this collection, I have been able to connect myself to each piece, but for separate reasons. This collection will make you stop and think about your own experiences and journeys you have been on. -Erika Castanon



a dozen roses they fade like you



coming up the steps voices longing for attention



the smell of coffee lingers a new morning



wrapped in darkness hopeful a light will appear



just tell me the truth I'll probably cry.



fake flowers they'll never die he says



the night closes the letter you never opened



the dawn appears we forget dusk



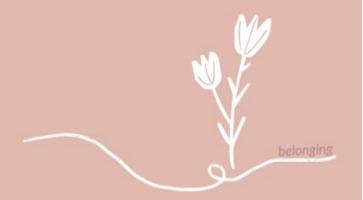
lonelythe ladybug lands not a notice



empty seats between empty people



kitchen table lingers laughter she remains silent



alarm clock sounds not wanting to awake stay



brick house running a new home



together at last a string of Christmas lights



wings flutter within the fog no going back



when the mirror
says we are older
the love won't stop
staring upon the stars
a shared giggle



the memories faded to a mist of interpretations



Her shoes tell a story her mouth could never



About the Author

