

Paige Dorsel
4/30/17
Global Haiku
Mad Verse Half-Kasen (class)

Witnesses

her hand trembles
one last time
knock knock

rain pouring
tears falling from her face

a dimly lit house
the door swings open
she steps slowly, hoping

that news wasn't real
he will be inside.

moonlight shines
at this empty
rocking chair

painting in her mind
what could have been

a bird watches
the widow
making her breakfast

pairing her heart into
his cup of coffee

empty promises
all he knows
is her skin

laying down
with you

a dove out
the window
searching for a pair

flying high
the sounds of storms

the ground shakes
houses down
above is the moon

heart races
not enough time

a tree falls
the only witnesses
a nest of robin's eggs

If no one is around to hear it
does it make a sound?

flowers surround
the broken
house

grandma's old cottage
weeds find a home