haiku not much carved

by strannikov

didn't see, did you? no? nor did I, not at all, but I was asleep.

scars serve to remind along the length of its arc where the body's been.

the length of this hall almost as much as its tiles explains echoes here.

currency and coin appeal to us from both sides, "both sides" being two.

(don't let your bills wait: delay permits them to smile, "late" is their delight.)

when arteries still and no friction pumps the veins, even wallets pale.

resting by his stream Xu tossed his staff to the bank to watch it rest there.

pens loaded with ink exceeding or equal to my volume of blood.

at these grey-cast heights I should be able to see "up"—but for the clouds.

electric pink peak almost tangerine at dawn (but not among clouds).

from a granite perch toss a glance a hundred miles then listen for it.

these spiders' fate when too curious to hide is mercifully brief.

closer to the clouds with altitude underneath, feels the same planet.

tightened, loosened grips, grips lost and gained, slipped then gone in an ill-timed place.

tall mountains are good for sequential looks amid light and cloud and hours.

houses lost in hills below the timberline, down to the mercy of.

rabbits hop through grass until the sprinklers spray them then away they fly.