

JOE CUSHNAN

Haiku x 8

a scratch, another
scritch, scritch, scratch, a noise duel,
mouse digs, writer writes

razor-wind, graveyard
colder now than the death-day,
feeling just as numb

with every splash
frog learns the joy of ripples,
the trance of motion

lightning at midnight,
for seconds darkness is lit
to confuse the ghosts

nerve-ends, confidence,
lacerated by the wails
of unseen banshees

movement in the sky,
restless to discover form,
clouds shape and reshape

jetstream vapours cross
like white swords in a duel
before dissolving

thinking I saw you
but blinded by winter sun,
I blinked, you vanished

