

**Who Writes This Stuff?**

haiku write themselves  
I just prune unruly sprigs  
like Dylan's lyrics

images emerge  
through thick murky mist, slowly  
or in blinding flash

some deeper meaning?  
weird metaphysics at play?  
not for me to say

speaking silently  
my flitting muse teases me  
tossing me choice bits

I take dictation  
rushing to jot down her words  
... must start pruning now ...

Photo: My muse in one of her varied guises

