

Molting Art

well, they've flown the coup
newly hatched haiku nestlings
cast into the void

fled my clinging grasp
released to uncertain care
are they safe with you?

in your feathered nest
my words chirp your melody
your ear hears your song

haiku's molting yolk
hatches fresh in next scribe's egg
'twas never just mine

art's lifecycle turns
the old morphs into the new
then old once again

