

The Perils of Haiku

early morning spoon
my arm wraps your hand-cupped flesh
no sound but breathing

your dawn-glintered hair
our snug body-melt sandwich
puppies in a box

like aching beauty
of fading, dying sunset
permanence denied

sleep-washed brain cells stir
this perfect moment disturbed
words disrupt my peace

restless, twitching mind
wrests me from sweet partnered bliss
to write this haiku

