

Flight of the Haiku

gray poet's frail wings
hefting stones of lofty words
hopeful ode lifts off

rare air beckons me
from this vapid tiresome plain
to soar with Lincoln

whose better angels
plumbed our nature's murky depths
finding lyric grace

Icarus' hubris:
"fate be damned, my art shall soar
to heavenly heights!"

at fifth stanza's door
my flight of fancy falters
this haiku has crashed

