

My Haiku Machine is Broken

my muse is AWOL
her guile nowhere to be found
she left me thoughtless

window-gazing out
upon Sarasota Bay
all I see is boats

no blazing insights
no breathtaking metaphors
nothing but what's there

ordinary world
usual blameless suspects
artful words escaped

but wait! was that her?
or just a breeze-blown mind-tease?
where-oh-where is she?

