1965

Haiku II

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no one to catch them. Heat groined in and out of the window; the chair was carved in his back.

Time, and then, hesitation in motion, he arose and padded to the stairway. Fourteen steps. A curve in the middle. Turning right, he stood in the doorway of his parents' bedroom. A humid smellscape tided toward him. Articulation and lavender balloons. The soft sweet smell of sleeping women in silken gowns. Thighways lapped by the moon. Oranges like Christmas. Flick! Shutterquick and agonyed he stood shutterblasted in the mirror. In the bed, mother and daughter stirred in the lightquake, huddled closer in the lemon fever, but did not wake. The minute hand by the perfume bottles tick-quivered down, around. Flick! Prussian blue. The dark again, waterfalled, soft and sigh-sight. Lidded mist images hung, then safaried down his mind—A saffron daughter at her mother's breast, Calves like cream, And somewhere... very coarse veins. He turned and descended the stairs. The hawks circled, dove one by one. Feet since manhood creaked across the floor. The chair swelled carving about him. White teeth sang in the night. Eyes sparkling, he sat there listening to his father breathe the room in and out. The hawks were done, deep, the sun began to rise.

**HAIKU II**

Butterfly—wing broke
Pity, carefore, fly away
In hot summer's sun.

W. FRANKENBERGER, c.s.b.