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Haiku off of a Blessing

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Man around is bitter silence eerie—
Sweetly sounds of birds are gone away now.
Darkness fills the emptiness and clearly
Winds will take the trees, and branch on low bough
Bend with failing strength against the rain hard.
Clouds will open up with fury steady
Down they run like many spears, the land marred.
Rain heaves down and forms a lake, an eddy
Swirls about and takes me where the rain flows.
Standing in the water I am finding
Power falling high from heaven and grows
Greatly into conscious warping, binding—
I am one with rain, absorbing delight.

Rain

Robinson Buda

Haiku off of a Blessing

Using phrases from James Wright's poem A Blessing

loneliness like theirs
the light breeze moves me to her
break into blossom