

Haiku poetry

by
**Chris
Mills**

• rain

*observe how the trees
let slip through sullen fingers
pale slivers of sky.*

• i can get it for you wholesale

*rain is like laughter
it comes in just two sizes —
chuckles or guffaws.*

• civil war

*autumn runs hurling
incendiary trees against
winter's aggression.*

• geography lesson

*i wonder if you
know how exactly my world
resembles your face.*

• trio

*i return to a
scentless town that tries to be
a home. familiar*

*mouths smile; i know the
words. but there is no welcome
in the shrinking streets.*

*i leave and it is
a morning dream, lost at the
moment of waking.*

• before dawn

*timorous shadows
cower in the moonlight, fearing
the sun's silent shout.*

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turn to center-fold

