

Thanks

Walk to work over Park Mont
 Royale: birdsong &
melt burble in stereo.

#

Ekphrastic “tiny heroes
 hunting flying grass-
hair butts” from an ex-student.

Facebook messenger giggle
 threads nearly daily
with ex-student writer friend.

#

Not my fault but likely got
 a student expelled
& yet I still feel regret.

Is it the *Waldmeister* garb?
 Everyone asks me
directions on the Mountain!

Suffocating poetry
 festival panel:
Happy, two friends to sit with.

#

An invitation to watch
 a friend's family eat
chicken, vegetables for all.

“He thinks everything he says
 is a pearl”—a brown
pearl, a soft brown oblong pearl.

[This gratitude haiku is
in breach of Facebook's
Terms and Conditions of Use]

#

A session on the Holy
Mountain, the Living
Room, *Eichendorff Anlage*.

The *Extending the Table*
cookbook my sister
gave us years back used daily.

Everything for tomorrow's
Basic Raw Vegan
Protein Overnight Oats on hand.

#

A damp, cool, April Monday
morning; walk signal
turns as I step to the curb;
green buds heart high on
pussy willow; chickadee
trio met on Mont
Royale for palmseed breakfast;
lithe black Lab mongrel
mindless joy hunting squirrel,
redpink tongue aflap;
retiree, I imagine,
crouches down before
March End Prill, camera balanced
to film the melt stream.

#

Feeding the Mountain
chickadees again this time
four & lower down.

Fritz Lang on meeting Goebbels
 & high-tailing it
out of Germany on YouTube.

Realizing a friend's "today's good"
 status updates are
his own gratitude haikus.

#

Rainer in Heidelberg e-
 mails me RE: a fish
& crow for a new haiku.

I'm here! Chickadees call; in
 among roots, under
a bench two tiny Chipping
 Sparrows; standing still
roadside a Mallard I could
 look in her black eye;
white underwing then bark grey
 back of a Cooper's
Hawk pair; trunks and branches arch
 a hall for birdsong;
quack honk pair call overhead
 two Canada Geese.

#

Haematite & red
 jasper pendant stones gifted
from friends worn daily.

#

Overhead overheard a
 sparrow hen's sighing
invitation to her cock.

Searching for chickadees I
 spot a hawk broad wings
spread glide in two slow circles.

The gratitude haiku I
could write every day
about my Bedrock of Love.

#

More to be grateful
for today than seventeen
syllables can say.

#

Kisses waking me
three times last night after three
days cities apart.

Discussing poems
& coming to understand
some matters are style.

#

One martini to
dissolve pedagogical
moronicity.

#

Sunday morning sun warms rain
wet pavement; German
summers rise to memory.

#

Sitting myself free
from an intoxicating
toxic old mentor.

Getting progressives
 have fought so much *against* they
forget what they're *for*.

That uncanny first
 green of grass & full foliage;
May in Montreal.

#

Scholarly duties
 discharged—time to write & read
& think—poetry!

Morning walk to school;
 chance meeting with Adrian,
gentle bookseller.

#

Distant Keel scholar
 friend reads my latest poems:
“More soon! Herzlich, d.”

Brunette shoulder-length
 mop, fair-face toddler; behind-
soother grin, “Bonjour!”

#

Doktor Pfeiler asks to read
 “Bochum” at the Ruhr
Uni Anniversary.

#

France outlaws food waste;
 Neckar gulls rise & circle
Hölderlin's tower.

[Dear friend, the pseudo
haiku means thanks for the news
& Celan's poem!]

I read hash high mice
horny but too stoned to climb on
yawn then lick themselves.

#

Tropical muggy
Montreal summer monsoons
cooling afternoons.

#

Despite knowing better grave
nostalgia wins out;
music of my youth.

#

Day after I'm told
chemo's on the horizon
Archer season six.

#

The chick says Feed me!
The cock says Fuck me! The hen
says Leave me alone!

Message with Georg
about how *The Walking Dead*
is a great Western.

Every day Petra's
home not teaching I ambush
and stroke her soft skin.

#

The naturopath
 asks if I was an athlete
in my younger days.

#

The inanities
of my fellow travellers
to Toronto end.

Cloudless skies warmer
than forecast; little Grey Goose;
yellow fields like home.

The wisdom of George
mindful of his feet; Uncle
Andrew's belly breaths.

#

A baker's dozen
 sparrows flutter dust bath tubs
in reno dirtsand.

#

Three hot tropical
 I imagine days; frozen
red grapes to snack on.

#

Rigpa, Amor, learning, Poesie: what more do I need in my life?

#

What I have to say to you friends needs more than a haiku's syllables

#

Couchlock or sitting full lotus, meditation bench, or straightbacked chair

#

Empty the cache, re
boot, meditate, and get back
down to the real work