

bad boys playing in the world of bad boy tanka and haiku  
while stirring up the mud in senryu...  
dead frogs that cannot leap.  
lame geese nesting on asphalt.  
evaporated moisture clouds from the dry lips of lovers.  
dead toothless monkeys laughing by the river.  
monochromatic rainbows.  
dripping underwear on the clothesline.  
unmoving neutered cats without motivation.  
temple bells that complain.  
dead fish in the reeking pond.  
eroded mountain peaks.  
rich valleys with closed legs.  
trustless forests with passport robbers.  
songless birds on bar stools.  
comets not committed to messages.  
the great beyond one dark alley over.  
wind chimes in a vacuum.  
fireflies with broken taillights.  
transcendence ghettos for the unfortunate daredevils.  
organ transplants that do not bloom.  
dirty mists of reused bathwater.  
spiritual yodelers in empty gorges.  
battered pull toys in the belly of the next mother.  
the flow of stagnant graves.  
the scream in the bottom of the human pit.  
the swollen peach in the hands of local girls happy to bruise it.  
the presence on a gnawed leash.  
things cursed with the missing piece.  
lights that do not bring everything into the light.

how we think about what we are.  
how we think about what we will do.  
and  
and  
the suddenness of what does not happen in the sudden moment...  
the moment after no choice.

either you believe  
there is a spiritual smile  
or you believe  
the only smile in the darkness is yours.

bad boy tanka and haiku.  
wf.h.  
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