



Failed States

Haiku

Peter Jastermsky

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You're on Earth. There's no cure for that.

-Samuel Beckett

bursting

a world laughs at smallness

morning reports a lawn ornament balancing risk

sheltering in place

the wilds of still houses

cawing for failed states citizen crow

stopping short smirks of immunity

trolling for shadows every last dream taken

never wanting the sun that badly left behind a loose penny

desperation pie everything spells lower crust

repeating ourselves

smells of old cabbage

after the fond looks stink eye

stuck on syntax an escape clause

in the hum

of whispers

a universe

bending strings notes fill an old hatful

meat math counting up the bones

regime change old font sizes sentenced to hard labor

Turning the soil sticks and bones

seeking consensus

the lips

of dead quiet

lulling us into the next pothole nightly news

Spring thaw the wavering of converts

a plead for kindness

the child's hand

upon an apple

never home long diaspora

nebula a mouth drips with stars

answering for itself deep silence

Doors slam this close to unhinged

a rat watches

the circles

widen

spot checking a world's last wink

monoku sequence

fresh take over old clichés

tripping stones too late by a foot

fever blister losing face value

to stop at nothing where we peel off

after twilight a son down at the party

stepping blindly a third eye keeps out

minnie the moocher going going gong

unfastening a shackle of sunsets

karmagedon a bullet returns home

in a word, recalcitrant

we would *disagree*

dying alone saves the last word

