

4 haiku

such a prickly shell
holds the smooth, shining chestnut --
just like you, my child.

asters, goldenrod
shine by the road; cars rush by
leaving them dusty.

many came to greet
the bride -- now she is busy
emptying ashtrays.

on top of the maple
waits a crow -- fitting standard
for autumn's advance.

-- Herta Rosenblatt
Peapack, New Jersey

Another Move

i've traded another city
for a hill
 thistime the mornings
 scream of cold
 &
 allthewoods
 give shelter to furry
 beasts

great regions of clouds
at sunrise
 gray
 windbrushed gray
 of spursteel
 laced to an angled
 cowboy heel