

how u haiku

1	12	23
Jonny on Gg: pure provocateur verses po versus poseurs!	blue roses for art black roses for bleeding heart bruises refuse white	often pigeons pass unnoticed as they flirt with angels, clouds, and wheels
2	13	24
less alone at last a new friend came with a muse who knows who is whom?	more merry go round make laughter circles carouse oh no! hey! WO! WOW	tell on god when he rats u out to the devil behind mommy's back
3	14	25
lost so many friends endings glimmer like fingers reaching for roses	only we can see love when others make nazi long live anarchy!	electricity trickles from the touch of u burning rubber blue
4	15	26
two poets embark their word-vessels set to sail the sea vast, no end	i drank some rosé rare red color, divine wine say what a fine time..	upward rained the words when real made surreal absurd there is life on Earth!
5	16	27
nine ladies dancing hark! peasant girls outdo them leaping on ten lords!	poems with teeth shine time will sharpen and sand mine into points of view	let the flood come clean we embark on a new ark built by a woman
6	17	28
We-the-People's Day! extolled by full heart parades gay hurray hurray!	don we now spirit to face what spits in our face transcending spite's space	Hades' harlequins purgatory's predators compete for heaven
7	18	29
Annie Lennox here Nina Simone over there two souls to save us	lots of men in lines connected dots, vectors, spots factories bus stops	farewell Fallwell, hell hastens your fall u devil! fall u false fucker!
8	19	30
i'm lucky for u and fortunate too am i the pear of my eye	speeding straight ahead steering with nary a care fur flies everywhere	microscopic moths pretty butterflies flee the lepidopterist
9	20	31
humble souls, those owls shot full of holes, those eagles other birds gather	that woman who went on and on with the passion of a tooting too	the Ghandi sculpture skirting our history park towers above it
10	21	32
spring is coming soon so let me sport my sun coat naked underneath	Jon my dear old friend Jonny Jonny beau bonny Curlycued Gg	crimson glow grows for war wears red death dress to kill millions with trillions
11	22	33
you're a mystery when history is unclear memory appears	boy by the books looks what 's his type, A? i tried "hi" "in tri-state a day"	i pledge allegiance to no history or state your name and address

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34	45	56
kind Kevorkian stole bodies from their pained selves released from prison	halve a grey birthday! no matter the age old soul ever green and sage	seems their world's a mess entropoeing martinis with teeny weenies
35	46	57
i see u, squeeze u are my sweet little boo-boo love u, dear cuckoo!	fuels when there are mules? polluting planecars crash hard in the donkey's hole!	to powers that be who wish to open the peace ~ a skeleton key
36	47	58
nobody's buddy is a crabby & cruddy big fuddy duddy	workers got fireworks Molotovs for happy hour I.D. I.E.D.	alchemy of free: for every lock inmates make a skeleton key
37	48	59
Arbus photographed the faces of beauty freaks deep diversity	shhh – mommy's coming! put away your toys and scream! she's gonna hug ya!	Colbert stole my act! if he put me on his show i would take him down!
38	49	60
awake in the dark almost fast asleep, sometimes i turn, weep, for keeps	sounds high heavenly ~ our haikus fuse rhyme with news – Gg & JC!!	static in the air enters your ear and tickles particularly
39	50	61
support our troopports! death athletics / game over. a war metaphor	the silver lining a weather vane's divining strikes u like lightning	mermen inside her immobile nessies in seas loveless near Loch Ness
40	51	62
there is no safe place fire – no water – here and there i fear and i fear	your cap must be hid little leprickon faerie merry merrow-man	Mahatma Gandhi highest Great-Satyagraha! Peace's Mardi Gras
41	52	63
i rescued a bird whose cage was the horizon captured it on film	we will sing and sing where rooms are wombs, never tombs and blue flowers spring	bless the library in your soul heart head and hand peace-books on demand
42	53	64
our bodies, our shelves look up your book and your back – hard spines binding both!	the butterflies in colored nets and rays of hope the row is roses	how can we riot when every red is whited? boy, we've got the blues
43	54	65
wisdom can be found in the soul of an old i and many bibles	hi Secret Service i read my peace poems. learn right from wrong! so long!	to make a better painting over u, i kiss your pants, sweet tattoos
44	55	66
illwilliterate withered faces of evil exposed in the light	waked in the wrong house George and Laura Bush were there sitting on my chair!	he made my heart throb and in heart's moving mirror Robbie looked like Rob

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67

Christian ladies lie  
crucifucking goodlooking  
military boys

68

goddamn, Guggenheim!  
go to hell Nobel! – where's my  
MacArthur award?!

69

can't tell us apart  
turning into a haiku  
still i turn to u

70

to all the "shake-spears":  
how do u like to get fucked  
chain gang or gang bang?

71

Berkeley's beautiful  
crossing streets hear "coo coo" and  
feel beatitude!

72

Ruth's Chris, what about  
Carl's Jr.? Whataburger  
What about murder?

73

mend fences and hearts  
using steel, wood, flesh and blood  
brothers flower buds

74

forgo the wisdom  
of old men in starched dress shirts  
listen to the skirts!

75

should i compare trash  
with truth, or refuse refuse?  
one really can't choose

76

such terrible times  
transform into light lines to  
win back your love lives

77

it's lightning – turned my  
umbrella into a wand  
and went wandering

78

no Olympic rings  
when commerce competes to win  
bling bling bling bling bling

79

hello, haiku friend  
howdy, poetry-friendly  
let's go find a line

80

America is  
a spinning top spitting fire  
stunned only by flood

81

shoot – i shot my shoe!  
sitting on the couch, stretching  
out my bright red cheeks!

82

our smiles turn to frowns:  
these people lifted up as  
those people put down!

83

peace proposition:  
instead of dumb wars – lets have  
intelligent whores

84

poetry free us  
don't let liars betray us –  
to the library!

85

Hat Box has hats caps  
haberdashery – berets!  
belts gloves scarves and shades

86

he he threw two shoes !!  
boots made for well-timed tossing  
but bombs still dropping

87

open a new book  
write to erase all others  
peace on the cover

88

grasp gospel's grandeur  
spun satin from poor storefronts  
trace Martin's voice up

89

the broke levee poured  
hard down poor black backs beating  
hard hearts against rocks

90

the critics pick things  
apart – but it's not as good  
as the real thing – art

91

past my Brown nose i  
noticed the "OBEY" posters  
up all around town

92

Jon, in joy we'll join  
hands hearts and haiku wedding  
in June – see u soon

93

standing near a muse  
who's about to blow her fuse  
confused by the blues!

94

Mary Jane Weaver:  
your dad farmed cotton, but his  
mind was on potton

95

quietest bozos  
should quell conscious with No-Doz –  
geez, no comas, please!

96

seen and heard on the  
slave subway to "Gay's The Word"...  
"last stop Cockfosters"!

97

O'Hara launched lunch  
and poemorsels with sand  
on his hair and hands

98

i am francing in  
France with other skulls detached  
from skeleton pants

99

Jonny Leprechaun  
reincarnated angel  
sweet and lucky charm

Black Lives Matter, and  
White Lies Murder! Miles Away  
Grey is Kind of Blue