

UP IN HAIKU

Up in Haiku they got a snow machine, a cherry blossom picker,
weather, adorable insects, pine forests, & a little Time:

so small it's just beyond our observation.
So infinitesimal it's subject to discussion.

Mt. Talkintooya is a relaxed afternoon's walk from downtown
along streets bordered—shadowed—by oaks & bushy palms.

There Mia Casa lived. Sort of a monk in a friendly hat,
some habits, no badge. We, most of us, kind of admired that,
the way you'd admire a small plant before you sat beside it.
Mia Casa said, "I think the modern methods of acknowledgement
are creepy, frankly, thusly I merely nod at Who-I-Do-Not-Know.
I keep to myself. & when I suffer constipation &/or rue

I attend to the writings of my superiors, all 2,
both entirely dead & oblivious to What's New."

Mia Casa said, "If I smoke your cigarette you must smoke mine."
Meaning, Knowledge is transferable. Meaning, Find it in your heart.

Meaning, How about circuitous discourse as a way of talk.
I loved Mia Casa—dumb, inscrutable, obvious, wrong.

I think he just muttered whatever came to mind,
as good as it got. & his cool monk's cap. & the altogether

pleasant walk up Talkintooya. & the tiny lavish weather of Haiku.
Meaning, How do you do, 17 syllables, mention something Now.

Meaning, I cannot escape to paradise or entirely live here but wow!