

Haiku

By Mary Hohlman

spring against my back
the vibrations
of a hummingbird

scrolling my page
a little black bug
observes my words

waning moon
the silence
of a sleepless night

tiny fountain
the stillness
of a fern

oak tree shadow
once the song
of a grey sparrow

throwing away
my regrets
shooting star

trying to make it
a sky of stars
just out of reach