

HAIKU EXPERIMENTS

One last golden leaf,
The poor, naked maple tree—
Autumn is a thief.

Homework by late light,
Bloodshot eyes and weary back—
Just an average night.

Tattered wings from toil,
No praise, no reward, but death.
Rest, bee, on the soil.

Little children play,
The grownups drink lemonade—
A hot summer day.

A fish upon land,
Then a monkey in a tree—
So says man of man.

Blackness without air,
Sparsely scattered glowing dust,
Ending who knows where.

The white sheet is gone.
Green, gold, bare and white again,
As time travels on.

— *David L. Hatton, 1964*