Joe Cushnan

Haiku x 8

a scratch, another
scritch, scritch, scratch, a noise duel,
mouse digs, writer writes

razor-wind, graveyard
colder now than the death-day,
feeling just as numb

with every splash
frog learns the joy of ripples,
the trance of motion

lightning at midnight,
for seconds darkness is lit
to confuse the ghosts
nerve-ends, confidence,  
lacerated by the wails  
of unseen banshees

movement in the sky,  
restless to discover form,  
clouds shape and reshape

ejetstream vapours cross  
like white swords in a duel  
before dissolving

thinking I saw you  
but blinded by winter sun,  
I blinked, you vanished