

A Writing Assignment

A poetry assignment before me,
I sit staring at the goldfish for hours.

Outside, the wind blows through the chimes,
and my neighbors argue over a broken ladder.

Around noon my father stops in for a while;
we talk about my allergies and the weather.

Leaving, he asks me about the assignment.
“I think I’m doing okay,” I tell him.

3 Haiku

every leaf falling
every leaf falling
casually

“It’s snowing!”
- even the dog
very quiet

even more than sex
the taste
of your finger

s