April Haiku

by Gary Hardaway

Tonight

A sardonic moon surveys our plight and cackles. Stars wink and agree.

04.07.2022

Easter

The tree I feared dead at last buds-- an abundant and ecstatic green.

04.17.2022

My Easter Bunny

twitches its cotton tail and chews a bit of grass then eyes me, wary.

04.17.2022

Wasp

Just by flying by, the wasp has chased me from my tiny patio.

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