

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.

04.21.2022

