

**Caveat: Poem**  
*Volume 2: Mostly in Alaska*

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***general semiotics press***  
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Caveat: Poem  
Volume Two: Mostly in Alaska

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The poems in this volume originally appeared online, in the daily weblog maintained by the author, in the years 2018 through 2020. All the poems are still available in roughly similar form, under the dates of their composition, at that blog: [caveatdumptruck.com](http://caveatdumptruck.com)

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Cover credit: author's photo of the Klawock River, Klawock, Alaska, taken in November, 2019.

*To my uncle Arthur, who gave me a place to write poems, and to my  
mother Ann, who read them all.*



## Foreword

(The paragraphs below are merely a repetition of the "Forward" in my first volume of poetry (*Caveat: Poem - Mostly in Korea*), as the circumstances of my writing are no different for this second volume. I repeat those words here for the reader's convenience, but for those readers continuing from the first volume, there is nothing new here.)

In 2016, I began writing a poem every day. Prior to that, and back to my adolescence, I had written poetry or short stories occasionally. Several factors induced new efforts at creative writing: in 2004 I had started a blog ([caveatdumptruck.com](http://caveatdumptruck.com)); in 2007 I moved to South Korea to teach English; a brush with cancer in 2013 rearranged my hopes and dreams.

A friend of mine had noticed a few of my poems on that daily blog, and had given me positive feedback. In particular,

he liked my poems in the "nonnet." form, and so he off-handedly challenged me to write one every day. Or perhaps I challenged myself, while in conversation with him - I don't actually recall.

By the end of 2016 I was reliably publishing a "daily poem" on my blog, and I have done so ever since without fail. Many of these poems aren't so great - when you hold yourself to such a pace of production, quality inevitably suffers. Most of them are quite short - I often will just slap together something I call a "pseudo-haiku" if time is short or I feel uninspired.

Over a long period, however, quality seems to emerge from the quantity. My first impulse was to try to put together a "selection" of these daily blog-poems for publication, but the more I thought about it, the more I reached the conclusion that in today's internet-mediated literary environment, this served no practical purpose. Given how the technology and publishing businesses are configured nowadays, nothing inhibits me from first publishing my "Collected Works" (as grandiose as that feels) and then only later publishing whatever selections or excerpts I might choose. In fact, all the poems here are already published, anyway - just in "blog" form. These are easily accessible at the URL [caveatpoem.com](http://caveatpoem.com).

These poems often reflect the experiences of my day-to-day existence. Through the first two years of my "daily poem" habit, I was living in South Korea and working as a teacher. Then I moved to rural Alaska, and so subsequent poems reflect that quite different lifestyle.

Throughout, my various interests emerge: philosophy, language, culture, Zen Buddhism, children's literature and myth. Observations of the natural world often predominate. My prior life as a student of Spanish Literature also shows up - a number of these poems are in Spanish. I only occasionally offer translations, and ask readers to bear with this linguistic

eccentricity. Although my Korean fluency never equaled that of my Spanish, I have thrown in lines of Korean here and there, too - also with only haphazard translation.

This collection is titled "Caveat: Poem" after the typical heading used in my blog from its very start. All but the first thirty or so poems are from a daily poem-writing habit that can be precisely dated to having begun on August 12, 2016. Those first 30 were still written in Korea, however, and published on my blog at their date of composition. I do have dozens of poems from before my time in Korea, but those are unnumbered and I'll have to decide whether to eventually publish them later.

For convenience, I have divided this collection into two volumes, based on my time living in Korea ("Volume 1: Mostly in Korea") and my time living in Alaska ("Volume 2: Mostly in Alaska"). Given that my daily poem-writing activity continues, I expect more volumes in the future.

In the blog, I have the habit of remarking on the intended genre of the poem afterward, and I have retained those remarks. Occasionally, these genre descriptions included other information about the context or background of the poem. Sometimes I have included these. However, where I feel they cross too far over into autobiography or aimless rambling, I have deleted them.

No doubt, sometimes the referents of these poems are obscure. However, maybe part of the pleasure in poetry is that when these referents do become detached, it leaves the readers free to create their own. I hope that for some readers, a few of these poems achieve that.

Craig, Alaska, April 2020





**CAVEAT: POEM #722**

2018-07-22

□

A first night, morning  
unfolding in Oregon,  
the sunflowers watch.

*– a pseudo-haiku. I had just arrived in Oregon, in transit to Southeast Alaska, after ending my 11-year sojourn in South Korea.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #723**

2018-07-23

□

The sun is up high.  
Blackberries suggest futures  
and remember pasts.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #724**

2018-07-24

□

On the wooden wall  
there hangs a ceramic sun,  
illuminated.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #725**

2018-07-25

□

Planet keeps spinning off kilter,  
so the water is sloshing...  
I'm watching.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #726**

2018-07-26

□

Really, every day?  
Yes, a poem every day.  
Sometimes a dull one.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #727**

2018-07-27

□

A yellow moon rose  
 over Olympia's firs,  
 out by Rainier to the east.  
 Aging hippies  
 and their kids  
 and grandkids  
 and a few great-grandkids  
 sat in a circle  
 composed of memories  
 and regrets  
 and the sweep of time  
 singing old Bob Dylan songs.  
 The moon's light grew bold  
 and enjoined the night to listen.

– *a free-form poem.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #728**

2018-07-28

□

The Ilsan moon set.  
 Under my feet, the world moved.  
 Elsewhere a moon rose.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #729**

2018-07-29

□

The sun heats the world,  
And even ghosts look for shade.  
Lost souls tug it down.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #730**

2018-07-31

□

Each dawn follows night.  
Sometimes a bit of cloud drifts,  
caught and torn on trees.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #731**

2018-08-01

□

The airplane plunged down  
gently grasping the runway  
while night sky turned gray

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #732**

2018-08-02

□

all my possessions  
sit and slumber uselessly  
and they possess me

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #733**

2018-08-03

□

In Minnesota,  
sometimes, with some clouds above,  
the summer feels cool.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #734**

2018-08-04

□

changeable weather:  
leaves turned, facing the sky,  
licking a storm's winds.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #735**

2018-08-05

□

a pebble dwells in aimless solitude  
 the earth exudes no progress  
 but stillness

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #736**

2018-08-06

□

small fragments of light  
 sculpted by cloud and forest  
 sneak past my window

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #737**

2018-08-07

□

I could just despair  
 of making sense of my life;  
 Leaves spin: green and white.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #738**

2018-08-08

□

The problem that I had  
was a lack of words. Morning  
had consumed them all.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #739**

2018-08-09

□

I will be so glad  
to slow down, to come to rest  
with Alaska's rain

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #740**

2018-08-10

□

up at dawn, driving  
the sun illuminates things  
the project begins

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #741**

2018-08-11

□

The sun's sphere loomed red –  
 Smoke from all the fires out west –  
 Minnesota dawn.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #742**

2018-08-12

□

When seen from above  
 it still seems a good planet:  
 clouds, fields, storms, some streams.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #743**

2018-08-13

□

In airport lounges  
 people await departures  
 and the sun rises.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #744**

2018-08-14

□

Draw  
 Some lines  
 Vertical  
 Horizontal  
 Or in wide spirals  
 Across unmade whiteness  
 Conjuring open spaces  
 Which you might want to populate  
 With the fictional ghosts of real dreams

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #745**

2018-08-15

□

Words spill out, diverge  
 across a landscape of trees,  
 a summer's haze's dreams.

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #746**

2018-08-16

□

Temperance, it's said,  
 will be rewarded in life;  
 so pause, look at things.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #747**

2018-08-17

□

Let there be a story now, enveloped  
in bland hope, words that allow  
knowing how.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #748**

2018-08-18

□

A bold thunderstorm  
rumbled through, suggesting plains  
sampling the parched earth

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #749**

2018-08-19

□

Summer's crickets hum,  
their sound mounded around me  
like a coal-toned dome.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #750**

2018-08-20

□

Sun or moon or stars:  
 gasping, grasping, bright tokens  
 of elusive time.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #751**

2018-08-21

□

a bird comments first  
 then a chipmunk adds a thought  
 morning's underway

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #752**

2018-08-22

□

there's a paling time  
 a little bit before dawn  
 when the ground is ash...

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #753**

2018-08-23

□

We drove down the coast highway today  
 escaping the dull pall of smoke  
 and dropping down into fog  
 weaving down one-oh-one  
 seeing the great rocks  
 tasting the sea  
 retracing  
 the way  
 home.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #754**

2018-08-24

□

the forest dwells below  
 and sends up trees for the sky  
 to caress with fog

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #755**

2018-08-25

□

a thousand words for gray, all lined up  
 beside my cup, on the day:  
 empty play.

*– an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #756**

2018-08-26

□

The sun's disk descends  
and gnaws at the ocean's waist;  
a droll sea twitches.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #757**

2018-08-27

□

Introspective cows  
contemplate outstanding things  
and taste the fine grass.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #758**

2018-08-28

□

Vines  
bear fruit,  
entangle  
my stomping limbs,  
propose new pathways  
encased in greenery:  
nature's baroque digressions,  
which grant, with the singing bees,  
an ambivalent epiphany.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #759**

2018-08-29

□

So finally I depart this world:  
not to be a ghost, which I am,  
but to enter another,  
where the sea licks at stones,  
where the sun hangs low,  
where the roads end,  
farther north,  
with trees  
there.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #760**

2018-08-30

□

the sun touches down  
on the dock below the house  
a minute past dawn

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #761**

2018-08-31

□

Here in the southeast  
of the state of Alaska,  
it rains. It's raining.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #762**

2018-09-01

□

I look out to see  
a future that's uncertain:  
chance of clouds and rain.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #763**

2018-09-02

□

Some faces appear  
within the dream, half shrouded  
by a flood of dust.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #764**

2018-09-03

□

My body reports  
that it still remains alive.  
The damp air is cool.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #765**

2018-09-04

□

Fish  
 Have fought –  
 Even died –  
 In these waters,  
 That lie flat and smooth  
 Or heap themselves like hills,  
 Flashing blue or green in sun,  
 Or dimpling false smiles under rain,  
 Covering chthonic topologies.

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #766**

2018-09-05

□

Impossible tasks  
 bloom like raindrops on water...  
 but mornings are nice.

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #767**

2018-09-06

□

Atoms of anger  
 spin, flow, and amass themselves;  
 then waves propagate.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #768**

2018-09-07

□

Words can be traded,  
 allowed to pile up like coins,  
 like dead, orange leaves.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #769**

2018-09-08

□

The sea pulls away,  
 and shows its slippery rocks,  
 where some seagulls spin.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #770**

2018-09-09

□

Heart  
 and mind  
 undertake  
 to comprehend  
 the patterns on maps,  
 the skyward reach of trees,  
 the traces left by raindrops,  
 the secret yearnings of lost ghosts,  
 but the wind's voice speaks only wishes.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #771**

2018-09-10

□

It's not all rainbows;  
you see, there's also some rain.  
It keeps the trees green.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #772**

2018-09-11

□

On dock in morning  
watch a crab through clear water  
grasping at the stones.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #773**

2018-09-12

□

The trees present limbs  
which block my path and assail  
my uphill progress.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #774**  
2018-09-13

□

The dream, being a dream, unfolded,  
leaving a twisted detritus  
of disconnected visions  
across the predawn's glow,  
until, looking up,  
I blinked to see  
– hovering –  
a pink  
cloud.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #775**  
2018-09-14

□

The sea tugs at the cool stones, the ebb tide  
takes sticks to ride, floating bones  
of trees, groans.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #776**  
2018-09-15

□

Sometimes in a day  
one grows older than in months  
watching the tide rise.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #777**  
2018-09-16

□

The forest makes its own  
overarching assertions  
against human works.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #778**  
2018-09-17

□

We hiked to the top of Sunnahae  
which is the mountain behind Craig.  
The lower slopes were all logged,  
but higher, old trees grow,  
tangled with damp bogs  
until the ridge  
all treeless  
alpine  
grass.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #779**  
2018-09-18

□

civilization  
makes its efforts and tries hard  
but the trees will win

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #780**

2018-09-19

□

The sea manifests its scale, body curled,  
 an unworldly, diving whale  
 shows its tail.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #781**

2018-09-20

□

for now, the dreams come:  
 trees beckon, wave in the wind,  
 while the night sweeps in.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #782**

2018-09-21

□

It's not natural:  
 the greenness of the waters;  
 some algae bloom lurks.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #783**

2018-09-22

□

misanthropes grumble  
no solutions can be found  
the sun still rises

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #784**

2018-09-23

□

Normally, the clouds  
hang on the mountain like hands;  
lately, not so much.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #785**

2018-09-24

□

Dawn at first of fall,  
A brightening sky pales east,  
Trees droop in stillness.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #786**

2018-09-25

□

Some things don't happen  
when you want them to happen:  
rain, for example.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #787**

2018-09-26

□

With a misanthrope,  
Just strive for coexistence,  
But don't become one.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #788**

2018-09-27

□

Rain and rain and rain:  
the sound is like a machine;  
A stream finds the sea.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #789**

2018-09-28

□

A list of numbers:  
life reduced to some gnosis.  
Dusk comes earlier.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #790**

2018-09-29

□

Tree.  
Raven.  
Looking down.  
There, on the road .  
Those primates again.  
So speak a word to them.  
Suggest a course of action.  
Paint a universe without signs.  
No? Then nevermind, I'll fly away.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #791**

2018-09-30

□

A bird hops along...  
The logging slash, like driftwood:  
White bones of progress.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #792**

2018-10-01

□

Before morning's light  
 chill darkness laps at the walls;  
 you can hear the water.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #793**

2018-10-02

□

I sleep on the floor, as I've always.  
 Maybe it's camping memories?  
 It's a strange pattern, I know.  
 Is it simplicity?  
 Asceticism?  
 Connection to  
 unyielding,  
 spinning,  
 earth?

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #794**

2018-10-03

□

This one tree stands there,  
 tall, and older than others;  
 up top, raven talks.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #795**

2018-10-04

□

The neighbors have chickens and roosters.  
 It lends a domesticity  
 to this Alaskan outpost.  
 My uncle disapproves.  
 They're too civilized.  
 I don't mind them.  
 Morning crows  
 bring up  
 tides.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #796**

2018-10-05

□

Let's look down in this river for food.  
 The water is flowing swiftly.  
 There are a lot of dead fish.  
 We can speak to our friends.  
 Tilt heads at the sun.  
 Taste the autumn.  
 Spread our wings.  
 Dive down.  
 Caw.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #797**  
2018-10-06

□

No words anywhere:  
just trees and shrubs, seeking sky...  
and a bird, hungry.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #798**  
2018-10-07

□

From the sky, the clouds descend, fragmented,  
sun absented, winds portend  
rainy end.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #799**  
2018-10-08

□

So, roads must be crossed?  
Even when the air is cool?  
Strike a path, set out.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #800**

2018-10-09

□

On the edge of cold,  
the damp moss floats on the stones;  
a puff of breath fades.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #801**

2018-10-10

□

the snail drew forward  
tasting the road's bare gravel  
dreaming of raindrops

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #802**

2018-10-11

□

I like to sit here  
with my coffee beside me  
until it's quite cold.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #803**

2018-10-12

□

Photons, in the fall,  
 seem fewer in their number  
 and farther apart.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #804**

2018-10-13

□

Clouds:  
 They drift,  
 Dislike wind,  
 Try to travel,  
 Contemplate treetops,  
 Interpolate movements...  
 Okay, they exploit the wind,  
 And resist enough to survive,  
 Refusing debate, remaining clouds.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #805**

2018-10-14

□

Perceptions of the natural world weave  
 patterns through the interstices  
 of our tightly folded brains,  
 gathering the damp duff  
 fallen from time's trees  
 scattered around  
 like a sea:  
 broken  
 leaves.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #806**

2018-10-15

□

The house holds darkness:  
 beyond the windows, nothing;  
 dawn is hours away.

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #807**

2018-10-16

□

The hillside poses  
 for the sun, pointing its trees  
 at the azure sky.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #808**

2018-10-17

□

Branches, chaotic  
 awkward tall twining columns,  
 clothed in ragged green

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #809**

2018-10-18

□

**A DMV Ode**

Waiting is a kind of hard training.  
 Yet it requires nothing active.  
 One simply should still the mind.  
 Those spinning thoughts hinder.  
 One can look outside.  
 There's a nice view.  
 One sees trees.  
 Rain falls.  
 Wait.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #810**

2018-10-19

□

wind  
 offers  
 no solace  
 but draws you in  
 with only gestures  
 made all indirectly  
 swinging rain and damp branches  
 abnegating the dawn's dull clouds  
 in a perennial cunctation

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #811**

2018-10-20

□

A single small shrub,  
 leaves burned red by the season,  
 railed against the storm.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #812**

2018-10-21

□

The rain will take a pause,  
a surging tide will rise,  
and thus the dawn's chill cause  
unfolds to draw my eyes.

Two seagulls squat below  
upon the dock's damp wood,  
their wings their feathers throw:  
a raucous talk is good.

Across the water, clouds  
embrace the looming trees:  
a hillside's worth, like shrouds  
of purple filigrees.

The sky collects its light  
then, tossing motes of white.

– a sonnet in iambic trimeter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #813**

2018-10-22

□

The raindrops fall, suggest,  
and ruminate on wood,  
on steel, as if possessed,  
as if their tapping could

interpret sweeping time  
or render grasping trees  
immobilized; their rhyme,  
their syncopated tease

of meanings never found –  
unfindable besides –  
just apophenic sound  
and rhythm that just slides

all down the edges till  
the world dissolves its will.

– a sonnet in iambic trimeter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #814**

2018-10-23

□

The reasons we do things  
 remain inscrutable,  
 our thoughts spin, running rings,  
 with motivations dull

and grayish clouds that drift  
 within their bony domes;  
 while outside visions lift  
 away the seething foams

of seas that beat and thrash  
 against perceptions, so  
 at last a tiny cache  
 of meaning falls like snow

which leaves a pallid face  
 which tilts up into space.

– *a sonnet in iambic trimeter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #815**

2018-10-24

□

There are books I read,  
 and books I haven't read, too;  
 but some are half done.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #816**

2018-10-25

□

Thursdays: into town,  
do some shopping, run errands –  
the week's adventure.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #817**

2018-10-26

□

Gravity, Faust-like,  
grants us powers, but demands  
we respect its rules.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #818**

2018-10-27

□

Once every day he would ponder the cards,  
gathering insights that opened his mind,  
spinning out visions and signs into shards,  
then he would put them away, and go blind.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #819**

2018-10-28

□

We have attachments  
that others don't understand.  
Why so many books?

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #820**

2018-10-29

□

Darkness enveloped;  
the stones clattered underfoot;  
below, the sea dwelt.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #821**

2018-10-30

□

I love the light's mood  
When the Fall overcast hangs  
So low and so gray.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #822**

2018-10-31

□

Dawn comes later now.  
 The sky, dull silver at eight,  
 tastes the reaching trees.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #823**

2018-11-01

□

The sun's vanity:  
 to give illumination  
 where the air resists...

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #824**

2018-11-02

□

He may have harbored some hopes in his day,  
 Cruel was the world, and unkind were the fates,  
 Robbed and neglected, the gods had their say..  
 Loathsome and brutish, they lifted life's weights.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #825**

2018-11-03

□

The rain is like truth:  
 It comes, but it's unwanted.  
 Let it feed the roots.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #826**

2018-11-04

□

A book I started –  
 oh, thirty years ago now –  
 but I'll try again.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #827**

2018-11-05

□

it's necessary  
 to answer the voices heard  
 to walk and to think

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #828**

2018-11-06

□

negative spaces  
of cerulean and pale,  
sketched by tree branches

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #829**

2018-11-07

□

from naked branches  
shimmering in twilight air  
tiny jewels hang

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #830**

2018-11-08

□

What do the deer dream,  
curled up in some woody hollow?  
Do bears lurk out there?

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #831**

2018-11-09

□

Pieces of paper  
are scattered across my desk.  
Outside, the wind blows.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #832**

2018-11-10

□

You'd think, with free time,  
I'd finish that damn novel.  
But I can't seem to.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #833**

2018-11-11

□

on the edges of things  
bits of meaning can be found:  
there... a bird flits by.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #834**

2018-11-12

□

Phrases slip out and envelop the air  
 hanging and swirling across small divides  
 so, in that way they embrace the despair  
 slowly arriving like foam on the tides

– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #835**

2018-11-13

□

the wind tears at trees  
 thrusts branches, tosses needles,  
 throws the rain around

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #836**

2018-11-14

□

autumn's reflections  
 articulate water's shapes  
 and dismember time

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #837**

2018-11-15

□

mud has its own moods  
 not influenced by light's moves  
 waiting for darkness

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #838**

2018-11-16

□

among the shadows  
 nothing is necessary  
 the gods just emerge

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #839**

2018-11-17

□

So twenty blurry years ago today  
 I made a try at dying: took some pills...  
 instead became a ghost abroad. It stayed  
 as if a dream had taken over this...  
 this world, this life, this cold oneiric space.  
 I found I could not stop my headlong trip  
 because each trembling leaf I saw had grace.  
 And finally, the ghost had found his will.

– *a poem in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #840**

2018-11-18

□

The dawn is like soup:  
a broth of gray fills the air,  
chilled, unsavory.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #841**

2018-11-19

□

light  
comes out  
so slowly:  
gradually,  
it forces aside  
the grasping bits of dark  
which the trees have eaten,  
and finally a bold grayness  
suffuses reality with calm.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #842**

2018-11-20

□

Twenty years ago  
I was here in Prince Rupert.  
It is still raining.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #843**

2018-11-21

□

drive off the ferry, go through customs,  
 drive in the rain to Tim Hortons  
 drive to a rest area  
 drive up the river's path  
 drive east to Prince George  
 drive through the snow  
 drive at night  
 drive south  
 drive.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #844**

2018-11-22

□

the night gives the day  
 the sun makes the falling rain  
 a leaf there lies still

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #845**

2018-11-23

□

Thanks:  
for life;  
for weather;  
for happiness;  
for looming mountains;  
for the colorful leaves;  
for long walks in a downpour;  
for a moment of reflection;  
for pauses after conversation.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #846**

2018-11-24

□

Moments of friendship,  
Unintended kindnesses,  
Slow entanglements.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #847**

2018-11-25

□

Fog's condensation  
lining the tips of branches  
outline November.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #848**

2018-11-26

□

fragments of water  
strewn across narrow valleys  
filling in deep holes

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #849**

2018-11-27

□

lie down, suffering  
walk along, still suffering  
oh, there's a nice leaf.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #850**

2018-11-28

□

the hummingbird waits  
hovering by the feeder  
avoiding steady rain

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #851**

2018-11-29

□

Fog  
 and trees  
 up the hill  
 below the sky,  
 which is well hidden,  
 but peeks through, pink and gold;  
 the trees' branches like brush strokes,  
 uninvented ideographs,  
 abstract characters drawn against white.

– *a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #852**

2018-11-30

□

anxiety is nefarious  
 creeping by secret passages  
 asserting unlikely things  
 discoursing about doubts  
 taking possession  
 so maybe just  
 take a breath  
 inhale  
 sigh

– *a nonnet.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #853**

2018-12-01

□

and the slanted sky  
and the yellow grassy hills  
and the river rests

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #854**

2018-12-02

□

breakfast bread with jam;  
a cup of coffee of course;  
chill dawn waits outside

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #855**

2018-12-03

□

sparse fragments of snow  
presented themselves to me  
swirling across glass

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #856**

2018-12-04

□

the rabbit emerged  
then it hopped across the yard  
looking for breakfast

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #857**

2018-12-05

□

a calamity:  
the wind tears at the bare trees  
and reveals the gods

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #858**

2018-12-06

□

A squirrel flinches  
and kicks up a puff of snow;  
some snowflakes drift down.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #859**

2018-12-07

□

the air becomes cold  
 it ceases to move around  
 and snow pins the ground.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #860**

2018-12-08

□

ice  
 blue light  
 fallen leaves  
 chilling breezes  
 paths made through fresh snow  
 the frozen surfaces  
 the tortured shapes of bare trees  
 exuberances of night air  
 enumerations of winter's wants

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #861**

2018-12-09

□

the cold penetrates,  
 burrows in and takes over;  
 but the sky expands

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #862**

2018-12-10

□

the trees are frosted  
by the night's exhalations;  
now a raven sits

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #863**

2018-12-11

□

the names that things have  
are not fixed, but rather drift  
unnamed, the dawn happens

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #864**

2018-12-12

□

the snow malingers  
where it fell, stubborn and cold,  
impertinently.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #865**

2018-12-13

□

known to be unknown  
 an odd sort of infamy  
 adrift in the woods

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #866**

2018-12-14

□

food  
 and talk;  
 gathering  
 for discourses  
 and storytelling,  
 the speakers taking turns,  
 among reliable friends  
 and their inquisitive children;  
 outside, the cold night lays down hoarfrost.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #867**

2018-12-15

□

old music reveals  
 human minds' complexities  
 and time just passes

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #868**

2018-12-16

□

a man-made desert  
made of asphalt and dead grass...  
a small bird finds seeds.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #869**

2018-12-17

□

the fogged sun rises  
a pond swallows the bare trees  
and cows malingering.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #870**

2018-12-18

□

People believe things  
that appear in front of them...  
for example: sky.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #871**

2018-12-19

□

In Oklahoma  
the black cows graze the red fields  
held down by the sky.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #872**

2018-12-20

□

A breaking, cold dawn  
edges forward, gently helps  
inspire joy, kindness.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #873**

2018-12-21

□

A few words gathered  
and presented to the dawn  
who yawns, disdainful.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #874**

2018-12-22

□

a token of mind  
fragments of meditation  
filigreed like clouds

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #875**

2018-12-23

□

just a few cookies  
out in the patio sun  
where a child orbits

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #876**

2018-12-24

□

a predawn chorus:  
roosters assaulting the air  
filling the desert

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #877**

2018-12-25

□

The story is a fairly good one –  
 although somewhat implausible,  
 since supposedly the guy  
 was some god made human,  
 with dad and son mixed;  
 anyway, the tale  
 makes wild claims  
 about  
 grace.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #878**

2018-12-26

□

How can smart people  
 believe such unlikely things?  
 I prefer walking.

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #879**

2018-12-27

□

attachments arise  
 to random machinery  
 and they feel like friends

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #880**

2018-12-28

□

the wind will go on  
 and leaves will struggle, strong, and  
 the wind will go on

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #881**

2018-12-29

□

See, I went to bed rather early.  
 So I woke up at five thirty.  
 My dad has only decaf.  
 I stepped outside and walked.  
 There's a donut store.  
 I got coffee.  
 The sky: clear.  
 Crows talked.  
 Dawn.

– a *nonnet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #882**

2018-12-30

□

white stone and cactus  
 a stream sparse with clear water  
 the leaning sun's gaze

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #883**

2018-12-31

□

The desert dwells, gold,  
 among bleached stones and dark shrubs –  
 the people zoom by.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #884**

2019-01-01

□

A pale, flesh-toned earth...  
 Adam's discarded remains...  
 dessicated clay

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #885**

2019-01-02

□

a slice of dead snow  
 birds lurk in branches, gazing  
 a doom of stillness

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #886**

2019-01-03

□

day  
 follows  
 on the night  
 unburdening  
 its chill reflections  
 across outstretched mountains  
 among rose-stained frozen fields  
 touching the steam-breathing horses  
 fingering the snow-gloved, clutching trees

– *a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #887**

2019-01-04

□

I took a long walk up to the east:  
 a gradual hill past old farms,  
 the snow-covered, sun-drenched road  
 saw new subdivisions  
 branching left and right  
 but at the end  
 was a pile  
 of stored  
 hay.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #888**

2019-01-05

□

dreams  
 unfold  
 and present  
 improbable  
 strange scenarios  
 in which intimate friends  
 and famous public figures  
 (epistemological hints)  
 become ghost-like beings with secrets

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #889**

2019-01-06

□

When your motel bed  
 has four large, plump, white pillows  
 so you try each one...

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #890**

2019-01-07

□

a tree is a map  
 outlining the passages  
 from earth into air

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #891**

2019-01-08

□

gray shades to purple  
shadows become silhouettes  
rain licks leafless trees

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #892**

2019-01-09

□

prose  
becomes  
difficult  
so poetry  
becomes the default  
manner of expression  
engendering ideas  
and capturing the images  
that a glance outside will give to me

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #893**

2019-01-10

□

I dream like a dog,  
run after unseen phantoms,  
taste the air, sighing

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #894**

2019-01-11

□

there's no light outside  
 the sun is lost in the east  
 but we're headed there

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #895**

2019-01-12

□

people are where they are  
 it's hard to pull them somewhere  
 meet them where they are

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #896**

2019-01-13

□

driving across land  
 volcano-punctuated  
 and littered with tree

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #897**

2019-01-14

□

The key to friendship,  
harmonious family:  
Patience with silence.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #898**

2019-01-15

□

moon above a tree  
tilted to drop its insights  
on the deer below

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #899**

2019-01-16

□

it stands like a frame  
within are random branches  
a gate into green

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #900**

2019-01-17

□

clouds  
 hover,  
 grasping trees  
 resolving doubts  
 introducing truths  
 pandering to aesthetes  
 by concocting fractal curves  
 odd turns of visual phrasing  
 that open the mind to redemption

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #901**

2019-01-18

□

okay oregon  
 i guess i'm headed home now  
 off to alaska

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #902**

2019-01-19

□

a boat plows water  
 into hills on either side  
 but time erodes them

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #903**

2019-01-20

□

**On Edge**

America's edge beetles downward,  
descending continental slopes,  
surveying seething waters,  
and removing her clothes,  
while whales bite her toes;  
she tumbles and  
bounds into  
cold, bold  
sea.

**Sea**

leaps up,  
seething forth,  
frothing, angry,  
grasping at legs, arms,  
ready to dismember  
the hopes and dreams of calm trees,  
which present themselves with aplomb –  
even a grave, introspective joy.

Joy's easy on the jumping ocean:

bits of water weave the chill air,  
 the great boat's steel keel grinds, thrusts,  
 climbs green-gray, kelpy hills  
 and beats down the beast,  
 the humped, formless,  
 torturous,  
 wanton  
 foam.

Foam  
 wraps 'round,  
 entangles  
 her lissome limbs:  
 she surrenders  
 to the sea's suggestions,  
 embracing the chaotic  
 frozen surges of lost borders.  
 The edge undefines America.

– *a concatenation of nonnets and reverse nonnets.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #904**

2019-01-21

□

the bumps in the road  
 the warm silhouettes of trees  
 the welcoming rain

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #905**

2019-01-22

□

Tall,  
 distant,  
 hanging back  
 beneath gray skies,  
 a typical tree  
 hunkers down and faces  
 a glowering gale, groping  
 the nourishing ground with its roots.  
 The ground reaches back, lifting the tree  
 up  
 on  
 its  
 back

– a reverse nonnet, with a small trunk.

**CAVEAT: POEM #906**

2019-01-23

□

there are the potholes,  
 each day, gaping and smirking,  
 tasting the trucks' tires

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #907**

2019-01-24

□

alaska in slang:  
 free range insane asylum;  
 the nine oh seven

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #908**

2019-01-25

□

sleep  
 spirals  
 pulls me down  
 and attaches  
 with small, grasping hooks  
 pulls my organs aside  
 trying to find my worries  
 spinning them out like tarot cards  
 reading the divination of dreams

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #909**

2019-01-26

□

She asked, "How are you? Is it raining?"

"Yes! the rain occupies the air!"

"That leaves little room for sun."

"But there are benefits."

"Oh? Can you explain?"

"It makes a sound."

"And that's good?"

She frowned.

"Yes."

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #910**

2019-01-27

□

acres of slow sleep  
 enclosed by fences clocks make  
 the grasses of time

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #911**

2019-01-28

□

i dreamed a wide dream  
 teeming with unknown people  
 a hazy sun shone

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #912**

2019-01-29

□

Just days of smooth gray.  
 Just dawns of ice, drizzly air.  
 January ends.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #913**

2019-01-30

□

I sleep on the floor  
 and there's a line around me  
 showing the demons.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #914**

2019-01-31

□

break down large problems:  
 go get a box, go through it...  
 one step at a time

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #915**

2019-02-01

□

clouds never-ending  
disappear one cold midnight  
and the stars come out

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #916**

2019-02-02

□

the wind turned: northeast;  
the clouds fled the yukon air  
and everything froze

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #917**

2019-02-03

□

The wind sows discord  
among all the molecules,  
but each fidgets less.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #918**

2019-02-04

□

no snow has fallen  
 it's winter without blankness  
 green and gray and brown

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #919**

2019-02-05

□

and then the snow fell  
 and blankness blanketed all  
 and angles were smoothed.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #920**

2019-02-06

□

So.  
 They say  
 the woman  
 went up the creek,  
 lay down in the moss,  
 and was filled with sadness.  
 The snows that fall are feathers  
 which her son had worn, so handsome,  
 but now he's been eaten by the sea.

– *a reverse nonnet. Inspired by a native myth I read.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #921**

2019-02-07

□

There is a rooster who lives next door.  
 He gets a mood at five A.M.  
 I don't know how he does this.  
 He announces his mood.  
 The darkness just waits.  
 Unresponsive.  
 Cold air hangs.  
 Wind blows.  
 Stars.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #922**

2019-02-08

□

No  
 Of course  
 Don't tell me  
 I have been rude  
 I spoke out of turn  
 The words came unbidden  
 And tumbled down between us  
 Like misplaced pets gallivanting  
 In search of love that cannot find them

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #923**

2019-02-09

□

Words plow down hillsides and bore tunnels.  
 They carve canyons in melting snow.  
 Semantic rivulets form.  
 The sun glints off meanings.  
 Shadows are dispelled.  
 Bits of ice melt.  
 Ideas.  
 Water.  
 Thought.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #924**

2019-02-10

□

Sun and blue skies: an aberration.  
 The rainforest is stilled by cold.  
 In winter, here, clouds protect.  
 They deliver slow rain.  
 Without them, skies clear.  
 The heat escapes.  
 Snow lingers.  
 Deer hide.  
 Frost.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #925**

2019-02-11

□

The bones inside my head sit and wait.  
They enclose my meditations,  
Covered in muscle and skin.  
But they will have their day.  
These bones will emerge.  
Time removes flesh.  
They'll become  
Empty,  
White.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #926**

2019-02-12

□

The eagle circled round and landed  
in a hemlock by the river.  
Yellow beak and white head spun.  
A branch shuddered and swayed.  
So the raven swooped,  
changing her spot  
from a rock  
to a  
pine.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #927**

2019-02-13



Bits of shredded trees all embedded  
 in slopes of frozen mud and snow  
 testify to the assaults  
 committed by machines  
 impelled by profits  
 hungry for wood  
 devouring  
 churning  
 wants.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #928**

2019-02-14



Yesterday it snowed from dawn to dusk.  
 So I stayed in for the morning.  
 I thought the firewood could wait.  
 Fat flakes fell on windows.  
 Still, I took a walk.  
 The road was white.  
 I left tracks,  
 Saw trees,  
 trudged.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #929**

2019-02-15

□

The atmosphere tastes like frozen grapes  
 and snow conceals the doubtful path.  
 I step forward, then sideways.  
 A bird rushes by me.  
 The hill hides the sun  
 but the sky's blue.  
 A branch snaps.  
 Silent  
 place.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #930**

2019-02-16

□

Is it possible to write poems  
 about the sprawling internet?  
 All the seething, grasping text  
 that underlies a world –  
 an engineered mind –  
 a clockwork brain:  
 idiot  
 savant  
 soul.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #931**

2019-02-17

□

The moon approached dispassionately,  
with not a glance to either side.  
A hoary cloud floated by,  
blurring her pocked, pale face.  
The earth ignored her,  
preoccupied  
with winter  
and ice.  
Cool.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #932**

2019-02-18

□

The saw wouldn't work.  
Frustration overtook me.  
I stood in the snow.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #933**

2019-02-19

□

My mood plunged in the wake of events:  
 A machine refuses to work.  
 I'm not so mechanical..  
 At least, not as I'd like.  
 So a gloom descends:  
 A rain on snow –  
 Insistent –  
 Melting  
 Drifts.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #934**

2019-02-20

□

The rain falls on snow  
 A creek sings exultations  
 Water over ice

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #935**

2019-02-21

□

The snow turns to rain;  
 rain turns to snow turns to rain;  
 winter spits its spite.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #936**

2019-02-22

□

they said he was bad  
disliking his love of rules  
he drew lines through space

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #938**

2019-02-24

□

the demons dwell there  
those spaces beside potholes  
snapping at machines

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #937**

2019-02-23

□

The mountain is pink  
where the gold sun finds its snows  
and the air shivers.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #939**

2019-02-25

□

Oatmeal for breakfast  
which has become the habit –  
that and my window.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #940**

2019-02-26

□

Before dawn we went  
and pulled the boat out and up;  
the light struck water.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #941**

2019-02-27

□

dawn climbs over here  
leaving behind over there  
licking her fingers

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #942**

2019-02-28

□

well there's some coffee  
nice when you wake so early  
the trees are not still

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #943**

2019-03-01

□

From high ambition,  
I traipse through unmade countries,  
to disappointment.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #944**

2019-03-02

□

So I attempt to move ahead,  
 to set aside the brooding things,  
 but moods assert and dwell like dead -  
 like ghosts adrift on empty wings.  
 The spider webbing fills my head  
 with self recriminations, rings  
 of cloudy doubts and dreams, all led  
 across landscapes controlled by kings  
 who rule the shifting realms unsaid  
 and quite unsayable, till springs  
 snap shut and render into dread.  
 Perhaps in moving forward, then  
 I'll figure out solutions. When?

*– a broken sonnet (it's missing a line). That said, it seems to have been intentional, with the missing last line underscoring the theme of incompleteness.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #945**

2019-03-03

□

Your age is the point  
 where your past meets your future  
 and you decide stuff.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #946**

2019-03-04

□

Blue mooncraters embedded in ice.  
 Blue sky overhead making light.  
 Blue tickmarks counting the hours.  
 Blue ice, scored by the stones.  
 Blue, baroque bubbles.  
 Blue curvatures.  
 Blue, broken.  
 Blue thoughts.  
 Blue.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #947**

2019-03-05

□

the deer didn't need...  
 the ravens used and were done...  
 so it lay in snow.

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #948**

2019-03-06

□

Got nothing but dawn  
 nothing but a pink hillside  
 nothing, just some trees

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #949**

2019-03-07

□

Outside my window, western hemlocks  
 tower and confront the clear air  
 while stale snow begins to melt.  
 But in shadows it's cool;  
 amid broad blue skies  
 there are all these  
 disturbing,  
 brooding  
 doubts.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #950**

2019-03-08

□

When people annoy  
 I turn to my computer  
 and program something.

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #951**

2019-03-09

□

some clouds came along  
 and they set up battlements  
 on the hills' ridges

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #952**

2019-03-10

□

With parsimony,  
 the sky brightened an hour late:  
 I saved some daylight

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #953**

2019-03-11

□

I set aside my thoughts, just walking.  
 The alien along the road  
 appeared and gave me pause, his talking -  
 his soulless pleadings - like a code

made up of tangled verbs and meanings  
 from which I got the barest gleanings.  
 I followed through an open gate,  
 his gestures seemed to show we're late,

how could I know, could he be trusted?  
 In dark and looming halls we roamed,  
 his pointless words spilled out and foamed.  
 We stopped beside machines, all rusted.

And he explained what he had planned,  
 but still I didn't understand.

– *a sonnet in iambic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #954**

2019-03-12

□

the sounds of raindrops  
stabbing at the pale windows  
caressing the trees

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #955**

2019-03-13

□

a truck trundles by  
along that pothole-pocked road  
smashing through the slush

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #956**

2019-03-14

□

the brutalist trees  
like dead monumental arms  
of recumbent gods

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #957**

2019-03-15

□

rain  
 and snow  
 and more rain:  
 they oscillate  
 in the atmosphere  
 with stochastic movements,  
 dodging the windshield wipers.  
 and then a bit of sun climbs out,  
 illuminating the mountainside.

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #958**

2019-03-16

□

infinite monkeys  
 in some argentine bookshop  
 all clacking away

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #959**

2019-03-17

□

I read on the map:  
 "Ice-creature seeks cool solace."  
 I drew red circles.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #960**

2019-03-18

□

Time  
 retreats,  
 yet frozen,  
 making curved frames  
 for geologic,  
 emergent, processes  
 and shaded subtle colors –  
 bands of sand and stripes of turquoise –  
 until at last the next thing happens.

– *a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #961**

2019-03-19

□

the patches of reflectivity  
 bits of floating scintillation  
 drift down the narrow inlet  
 perhaps pulled by the tide  
 pushed by the river  
 propelled by sun  
 drawn by wind  
 water's  
 moods

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #962**

2019-03-20

□

departures happen  
 arrivals too, soon after  
 but the road goes on

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #963**

2019-03-21

□

for all the potholes  
 I only want to suggest:  
 please stay positive.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #964**

2019-03-22

□

things written before  
 await interpretation  
 to become more true

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #965**

2019-03-23

□

the steady rain falls  
 but eucalyptuses swing  
 in uneven winds

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #966**

2019-03-24

□

A parrot made a noise, there, leaping -  
 I tilted head and looked across -  
 it flashed some green and red, in keeping  
 with brightish rainbow moods; the moss,

affixed to stones below and gazing  
 up greenly at the raucous praising  
 that spilled out happy birdish squawks,  
 undisciplined, unlike the rocks,

whose gentle, calm enunciations  
 could only offer echoes, cold.  
 The bird was hopping upward, bold,  
 and tracing out complex relations

that flowers sketched against the sky,  
 that raindrops tapped as clouds went by.

– a *sonnet in iambic tetrameter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #967**

2019-03-25

□

sit: making puzzles,  
 contemplating vaguenesses,  
 ambiguities.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #968**

2019-03-26

□

communication.  
 or not. just words. simply fail.  
 pause and look outside.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #969**

2019-03-27

□

I wanted to take a little walk  
 but the sun seemed impossible,  
 glaring down on trees and roads,  
 slashing through the slow clouds,  
 so I just waited,  
 as the sky grayed  
 and the air  
 filled with  
 rain.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #970**

2019-03-28

□

All the lights went out.  
 Lightning purpled the night sky.  
 Wet wallabies woke.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #971**

2019-03-29

□

I walked down the hill.  
 There was a really big rock.  
 The river was full.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #972**

2019-03-30

□

a continuous monologue runs  
 sending negative messages  
 criticizing behavior  
 changing self perception  
 raising false idols  
 self-directed  
 punishing  
 angry  
 words

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #973**

2019-03-31

□

the sun drew dragons  
 that plunged and bit black trees' tails  
 with clouds its canvas

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #974**

2019-04-01

□

They swarmed: a cloud of tiny bugs that –  
 distilling atmosphere with wings –  
 as if hyped up and stoned on drugs that  
 impelled orbits more than stings.

The green of trees and breeze-bent grasses  
 made better views than bug-strewn glasses.  
 In water standing by the road  
 they buzzed beside a flattened toad.

Unreadable unlike books' pages,  
 the path unfolded asphalt planes  
 and hiding mother earth's hot veins,  
 concealing geologic ages.

I stopped to take a picture then  
 and waved my hand around again.

– a *sonnet in a problematic iambic tetrameter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #975**

2019-04-02

□

a wallaby watched  
 waiting, wondering, weirdly wild  
 then it hopped away

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #976**

2019-04-03

□

...and we were stuck in Cairns for just a day  
 and walking from some mall where time was killed  
 and crickets sang and rain made rivulets  
 and randomly my spirit sister waved  
 and stopped her car and turned around quite quick  
 and said hello. We told our little tale.  
 She laughed and grinned and drove away again.

– a *poem in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #977**

2019-04-04

□

the sea stares outward  
 into space like a great eye  
 noticing the moon

– a *pseudo-haiku*.



**CAVEAT: POEM #978**

2019-04-05

□

A day in tropics...  
then there's a long airplane trip...  
rain turning to snow.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #979**

2019-04-06

□

straight lines on hillsides  
sketch out a daily hubris;  
ravens supervise

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #980**

2019-04-07

□

Waiting for airplanes  
is easier than sitting  
in the airplane seats

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #981**

2019-04-08

□

back in Alaska  
 it rains as if to welcome  
 it rains and it rains

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #982**

2019-04-09

□

I'll take some time now, meditating:  
 my strange relationship to rain,  
 which often boils down to waiting -  
 you'd think it feels somewhat mundane -

but no, in fact it's more like soothing  
 and letting clouds present their smoothing,  
 on-flowing torrents for the trees  
 to drink. This flow of water frees

not just the pebbles from the seething  
 and urgent earth, but also thoughts,  
 which surge and dodge life's random lots,  
 but then are loosened from their wreathing

constraints to fly against the dark  
 and overarching sky's gray arc.

– *a sonnet in iambic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #983**

2019-04-10

□

In philosophical discourses  
 the trees and ravens have their say,  
 while solitary thinking forces  
 the passing meditative day.

The churning mind can seem so fragile  
 and its surroundings strong and agile:  
 a soul made up of colored glass  
 and tangled in a vague morass.

The mental gaze can just distinguish  
 a cloud enclosed in blue and gold,  
 but all the world spins, gray and old,  
 that simple words will not extinguish -

instead, imbrute the thinker's skull:  
 a cloud up close is broad and dull.

– a sonnet in iambic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #984**

2019-04-11

□

A cup of coffee  
 A window with a blue sky  
 The calm water waits

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #985**

2019-04-12

□

huckleberries bloom  
the gravel road weirdly dries  
the sky hints of spring

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #986**

2019-04-13

□

I greet a slow stone  
and begin to contemplate  
its comminution

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #987**

2019-04-14

□

with lost inertia  
and awoken too early  
the night betrayed me

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #988**

2019-04-15

□

the overcast is bright  
because of the moon's clawing  
digging down in hunt

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #989**

2019-04-16

□

the atoms around  
tumble and collide with me  
but I am too big

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #990**

2019-04-17

□

when waiting, small things  
slide by oddly unnoticed  
the wind pushes by

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #991**

2019-04-18

□

the future arrives  
each day as if coming home  
while the past decamps

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #992**

2019-04-19

□

The equinox past,  
the light lingers, delinquent.  
Soon: summer's solstice.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #993**

2019-04-20

□

in lines of glass or wood or concrete  
 horizons drawn in golds and blacks  
 a grid, a geographic spreadsheet  
 dead trees on hills like painted cracks

the cityscape reveals confusion  
 amid its planless, hot profusion  
 of means of movement, high and low  
 of will to commerce, fast and slow

the hearts of people all inventing  
 a way to make their neighbors slaves  
 or if not that, then find their graves  
 and likewise... stepwise... too preventing

our nature's hoped-for forceful claim  
 against our blind hubristic shame

– a sonnet in iambic tetrameter (maybe).

**CAVEAT: POEM #994**

2019-04-21

□

another haiku:  
 about rain, about trees - words  
 revealing the world

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #995**

2019-04-22

□

the rain's broad, pattering sounds  
reverberate, and wind blinds  
the trees, hiding their deep wounds  
with grasping earth at roots' ends.

– *a quatrain in a mysterious meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #996**

2019-04-23

□

birds  
announce  
intentions  
in coded ways  
that might just reveal  
eligibility  
for springtime relationships  
with other birds known and unknown  
who might be lurking in nearby trees.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #997**

2019-04-24

□

some snow on branches  
gives the birds their new topic  
spring comes, stuttering

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #998**

2019-04-25

□

Bits of time slip past  
 unused and unusable:  
 snow on the still beach

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #999**

2019-04-26

□

That maze of highways wound around points,  
 demarcating geographies  
 and perpetuating myths  
 with a singular goal  
 which is foreordained:  
 to indicate  
 where our deeds  
 become  
 words.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1000**

2019-04-27

□

A part of every day just writing:  
 The sky is gray and raindrops hang;  
 How is a life like this exciting?  
 Oh wait, a bird unseen just sang.

Unfinished tasks remain regretted;  
 So forests' moods persist, abetted.  
 And still a thought will come along:  
 No fish will come; no time is wrong.

Despairing then, perhaps I wondered...  
 Preparing rows of trees or words  
 On paper or on wings of birds-  
 Exactly ten times, by a hundred-

Momentous thoughts and aimless streams  
 Suspend what's real. Behold the dreams.

– a sonnet in iambic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1001**

2019-04-28

□

dots on the water  
 ducks floating in formation  
 and diving for snacks

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1002**

2019-04-29

□

omphaloskeptic  
autobiographical  
communication

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1003**

2019-04-30

□

The children argued  
and spun through the corridors.  
Outside the sun shone.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1004**

2019-05-01

□

clockwork universe:  
it winds sideways, not forwards:  
illusory time.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1005**

2019-05-02

□

a tree entails a gentle growing  
 a tree elides the sky above  
 a tree betokens time's dull flowing  
 a tree rejects the earth's cold love

a tree observes the moon's redundant  
 a tree points out the sun's abundant  
 a tree explores the air's canals  
 a tree will fail to show morale

a tree creates its own committees  
 a tree can drink the dreams of clouds  
 a tree provides the beasts their shrouds  
 a tree dislikes the teeming cities

a tree neglects its own biology  
 a tree reviews epistemology

– *a sonnet in iambic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1006**

2019-05-03

□

the fog over there  
 fraternizes with the shrubs  
 while the sun's hiding

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1007**

2019-05-04

□

day comes in fragments  
 leaking out of the spaces  
 in the atmosphere

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1008**

2019-05-05

□

The types of darkness are manifold:  
 firstly, before the big bang's boom;  
 secondly, the night's blackness;  
 thirdly, shadows of doubt;  
 also, underground;  
 next, when dying;  
 there's holes, too;  
 and caves;  
 last...

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1009**

2019-05-06

□

the water is still  
 but a dull dog is barking  
 some bird gave notice

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1010**

2019-05-07

□

art reveals nothing.  
it's not projection, instead:  
an alternate self

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1011**

2019-05-08

□

the daily listing  
a mere enumeration  
tree plus tree plus tree

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1012**

2019-05-09

□

that rooster's crowing  
seems too enthusiastic  
when at four thirty

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1013**

2019-05-10

□

the fog blanked it all,  
and white water, white mountain  
only existed

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1014**

2019-05-11

□

The thought climbs up astride its weary mount  
To better seek and target its intents,  
Infecting other minds like airbourne scents -  
A viral dream where every glance will count.

A prophet then, I forge through these events,  
Betraying with my words their very fount  
And caring not at all - who could discount?  
You see them, now, such cloudy, cool portents.

Let's undertake to rule the world's wide mind  
By sending out that energetic thought:  
Its consequences gradually unwind.

And finally, behold what thinking wrought:  
Baroque descriptions seemingly designed  
To lift a universe up out from nought.

– *a sonnet in iambic pentameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1015**

2019-05-12

□

the day's first two hours -  
when I sit, have some coffee -  
those reassure me

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1016**

2019-05-13

□

I detached my soul,  
let it float for a few hours,  
tasted the trees' roots.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1017**

2019-05-14

□

a desolation  
can unfold in a moment  
unexpectedly

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1018**

2019-05-15

□

Firstly, we gazed askance at the spaceship  
 Plunging wild through the grim-faced sky.  
 Flares were winking on a trailing wingtip  
 Where a faded emblem seemed to fly.

Secondly, speakers sung with the voices  
 Screaming out dangers and proffering choices,  
 Hinting at various important things.  
 Dark was the mood then, beshadowed by wings.

Thirdly, our leaders emptied the city.  
 Multitudes fled to the sun-tortured hills,  
 Some of them starving while others sold pills  
 Which the wounded endured. Such a pity.

Endless miseries kept ensuing -  
 Doubts, above all. What were we doing?

– a sonnet in an irregular tetrameter (maybe).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1019**

2019-05-16

□

Hi, narrator here.  
 Please disregard these meanings.  
 The words stand alone.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1020**

2019-05-17

□

some survivalists  
surveyed their situations  
and gazed at the sky

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1021**

2019-05-18

□

Wind  
precludes  
the silence  
which sits waiting  
at the edge of things,  
off in the forest, there,  
down by the surging waters,  
where the eagle crouches, watching,  
and no one awaits nothing but time.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1022**

2019-05-19

□

the tide is quite low  
there are crabs among the rocks  
an eagle watches.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1023**

2019-05-20

□

A string sings along  
 through the lumpy, bumpy sea...  
 our sad, swollen sea.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1024**

2019-05-21

□

one oh oh oh oh  
 oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
 oh - two to the tenth

– a *pseudo-haiku*. *Once again I am playing with numerology.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1025**

2019-05-22

□

There are plenty of words at the start.  
 These words emerge and tumble down.  
 They fall in cold rivulets.  
 Soon, there are piles of words.  
 Strangers tromp through them.  
 They block the view.  
 Children play.  
 I sigh.  
 Stop.

– a *nonnet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1026**

2019-05-23

□

The sky enfolds pale  
and the rain makes suggestions  
while mist chews the trees

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1027**

2019-05-24

□

The silver sea spits,  
praying for rain, no comment...  
tree shrouded islands

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1028**

2019-05-25

□

a few syllables  
strung out like stones on a path  
embedded in mud

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1029**

2019-05-26

□

as the solstice nears:  
a quadrangle of dawn's sun  
flees the north window

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

## CAVEAT: POEM #1030

2019-05-27

□

strident birds green ideas forceful sunlight  
gloomy eagle

grave concerns red movement gentle wind  
rough bark

angular branches precipitous descent able creatures  
spinning insects

the day  
arrives  
but nothing  
changes  
except now  
it all feels  
different

deep soil dull failure dead spirits  
ghostly contortions

*– a quennet. It is one of the many odd and wonderful things to emerge from the French experimental writing workshop called Oulipo. It is a specification not based on meter or rhyme but rather parts of speech and word counts – you could argue that it is a kind of syntactic versification. I think more could be done with inventing such constraints.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1031**

2019-05-28

□

bread and bacon, piled  
with lettuce and tomato...  
failed sandwich: salad!

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1032**

2019-05-29

□

down the road, morning  
grasping at bits of water,  
the sky just as blue

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1033**

2019-05-30

□

that crunch of some tires  
on the gravel road up there  
a few times a day

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1034**

2019-05-31

□

unreal words deployed  
carve out landscapes in the mind  
like lucid dreaming

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1035**

2019-06-01

□

It is four A.M.  
and the sky is brightening,  
so when should I sleep?

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1036**

2019-06-02

□

suppose a pink cloud  
overtook the dull drizzle  
and declared day's end

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1037**

2019-06-03

□

under a gold sky  
 and tasting the smoky air:  
 anthropocene dreams

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1038**

2019-06-04

□

Oh, what should I write?  
 There's that tree out the window.  
 But it's not so new.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1039**

2019-06-05

□

One contemplates goals  
 but taking action is hard.  
 Better just daydream.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1040**

2019-06-06

□

Fools  
suffer  
distressing  
vicissitudes,  
while the world just spins:  
cupric waters stand still,  
the bears stroll along the roads  
and the moon rakes the paling sky.  
So this fool sits and watches it all.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1041**

2019-06-07

□

a stasis unfolds  
possessing the small spaces  
that surround the days

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1042**

2019-06-08

□

The point of writing  
is to silence the murmurs  
that line the world's edge.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1043**

2019-06-09

□

counting syllables  
 is the way to satisfy  
 this form's requirement

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1044**

2019-06-10

□

failure to compose:  
 the meanings fail to enchain,  
 no words trundle out

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1045**

2019-06-11

□

The last few days, the rain has returned.  
 It's hard to find motivation.  
 I make some progress with maps.  
 It's nice to breathe wet air.  
 Spots speckle water.  
 The green trees bend.  
 Insects fly.  
 Streams race.  
 Watch.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1046**

2019-06-12

□

rain on the smooth lakes,  
a Makaskan winter's fields,  
the loamy, cool earth

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1047**

2019-06-13

□

Maybe there's something, despite the rain,  
that needs to get done. This dull rain  
cannot prevent such tasks. Rain  
speckles the water. Rain  
is a constant. Rain  
cleans hillsides. Rain  
greet me. Rain  
speaks. Rain....  
Rain.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1048**

2019-06-14

□

nothing stretches out,  
a metropolis of doubt,  
vast tracts of maybe

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1049**

2019-06-15

□

An unexpected crisis crafts doubts.  
 Why this body's betrayal, now?  
 How is the world so unfair?  
 Can anything be done?  
 Where is this going?  
 How bad is it?  
 Who can help?  
 What if?  
 And?

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1050**

2019-06-16

□

Some suns shine longer  
 On the blue cupric sea's bay.  
 For example: summer's.

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #1051**

2019-06-17

□

two types of weather:  
 rain and not-rain in combat...  
 one of them will win.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1052**

2019-06-18

□

So things are spinning.  
So how does the ground resist?  
So how can this stand?

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1053**

2019-06-19

□

behold caveats,  
those which appear without fail...  
day in and day out.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1054**

2019-06-20

□

the banana slug  
rode into town on a car  
accidentally.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1055**

2019-06-21

□

northbound stairs dawn sun sacrificial soul  
wide wings

righthand turning brilliant daylight reflective meditations  
cupric sea

downward view peremptory cloud empty thoughts  
still trees

the gaze  
encompasses  
the world but  
fails  
to understand  
anything  
at all

slumped posture plain wall cluttered mind  
simple window

– *a quennet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1056**

2019-06-22

□

the sky holds eagles  
who spin and cry and hunt things  
and rest in treetops

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1057**

2019-06-23

□

some seabirds afloat;  
an old man and the grey sea;  
white surf on those rocks.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1058**

2019-06-24

□

Not a single word...  
no paragraphs, nor ideas...  
just pale nothingness.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1059**

2019-06-25

□

sunlight like sunset's,  
pinking and golding the trees,  
but at five A.M.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1060**

2019-06-26

□

tiny insects float  
 almost like wingbearing dust;  
 what are they feeling?

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1061**

2019-06-27

□

The sky defines space...  
 the trees' sinuous branches  
 make their subtractions.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1062**

2019-06-28

□

no right angles here  
 scraps of found lumber and steel  
 embedded in rocks

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1063**

2019-06-29

□

events long planned for  
occur, always unannounced,  
so they seem random

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1064**

2019-06-30

□

simple flat gray sky,  
trees as columns holding it,  
heaven's heavy dome.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1065**

2019-07-01

□

The air is thick like damaged feelings  
- the morning's seen better mornings -  
like the water was angry  
at the unhappy trees,  
but at last gave up,  
yielding to those  
persistent  
rooster  
crows.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1066**

2019-07-02

□

No. I have never  
attempted to understand  
the plans of eagles.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1067**

2019-07-03

□

slate colored summer  
drapes water over the hills  
and conceals the sun

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1068**

2019-07-04

□

twilight to twilight  
you'd think sleeping difficult  
but it's just brighter

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1069**

2019-07-05

□

No wind blows at all:  
the broad ripples bare their souls  
to the weedy sea.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1070**

2019-07-06

□

The morning was clear at five AM,  
but now, a low-lying fog came.  
The rough trees' branches reach down,  
tasting air, nonchalant.  
Two fat ravens perch,  
on the dock's rail.  
The mist clears,  
shifting  
things.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1071**

2019-07-07

□

Across the inlet  
there's this sprawling driftwood stump  
that looks like a moose.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1072**

2019-07-08

□

no words can stop it  
 that slow succession of days  
 demarcating time

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1073**

2019-07-09

□

the bird battles dawn  
 with its vociferous squawks  
 but the sun will win

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1074**

2019-07-10

□

sand and rocks here, there  
 on the ground and in my shoes  
 rocks and sand teach, wait

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1075**

2019-07-11

□

other people watch  
but that really means nothing  
one makes one's choices

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1076**

2019-07-12

□

the slugs climb the stairs  
they seek ephemeral things  
and taste the gray stones

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1077**

2019-07-13

□

for so many days  
it was dry - unusual...  
just now i felt rain

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1078**

2019-07-14

□

the fish wait below  
 the fish wait but swim around  
 the fish wait and dread

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1079**

2019-07-15

□

the sea opens out beyond the point,  
 and it thrusts its wide swells at you,  
 devouring time with glintings  
 that jump off the rumples  
 scarring the edges  
 and white-capped tips  
 of the round  
 surging  
 waves.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1080**

2019-07-16

□

I was waiting here...  
 awaiting the forecast rain...  
 it rains with the dawn

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1081**

2019-07-17

□

It's not easy, with the rain and wind:  
The boat's propeller was tangled  
by badly aimed fishing line.  
I thought we would hit rocks.  
"Use the small motor!"  
he was yelling.  
We went east,  
rocking,  
slow.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1082**

2019-07-18

□

The eagle looked down  
admiring her reflection  
in the mud-stained sea

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1083**

2019-07-19

□

these words will precede  
those other words that will come  
until they make hills

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1084**

2019-07-20

□

The bits of iron  
that can be found by the road  
rust - to look like stones

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1085**

2019-07-21

□

the sky is broken  
the birds all plummet, broken  
my heart is broken

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1086**

2019-07-22

□

The sea swims and swings  
and it is terrifying  
like green-white sunlight.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1087**

2019-07-23

□

with a few more words  
and then I'll have said it all  
just let the birds talk

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1088**

2019-07-24

□

let us move some stones  
to make a way for tree stuff  
those falling needles

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1089**

2019-07-25

□

Completely remove pain from discourse.  
Don't lean on it as an excuse  
It hijacks our monologues.  
Don't pay it attention.  
Unavoidable.  
Don't dwell on it.  
Look instead  
at the  
trees.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1090**

2019-07-26

□

a steady rain falls  
 the neighbors' loud white geese bask  
 and play in the sea

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1091**

2019-07-27

□

When Arthur is talking to others,  
 he likes to joke about my books,  
 complains there are too many,  
 cluttering his attic.  
 The message I get  
 from these warm words:  
 "you are not  
 welcome  
 here."

– a *nonnet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1092**

2019-07-28

□

Like serious soup  
 the sea gnaws on the boat's wake,  
 asserts dominance

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1093**

2019-07-29

□

the stones rested there  
angry and impertinent  
unyielding to hope

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1094**

2019-07-30

□

I looked down beachward -  
not really a beach, just rocks -  
and saw a goat there

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1095**

2019-07-31

□

some fish just refuse  
to participate or join in  
this game we're playing

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1096**

2019-08-01

□

a goat was standing  
 there in the road eating shrubs,  
 ignorant of bears

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1097**

2019-08-02

□

A blueberry bush  
 Outside the kitchen window  
 Awaiting the bears

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1098**

2019-08-03

□

A muddy silver,  
 Grasping the sky, the islands,  
 Hoping for sinkings.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1099**

2019-08-04

□

there's an overcast fog covering  
 the hillside across the water  
 the cobalt-dark sea, they say  
 bears the marks of the boats  
 that pass here, they say  
 scarring the world  
 seeking fish  
 they have  
 said

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1100**

2019-08-05

□

Between five and six  
 each morning, looking outside,  
 I eat some oatmeal

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #1101**

2019-08-06

□

wishes were fishes  
 and beggars were fishermen  
 on the wide gray sea

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1102**

2019-08-07

□

The world with some fog  
 With mysterious islands  
 Is a better place

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1103**

2019-08-08

□

there was a large fish  
 bigger than the other fish  
 still we welcomed it

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1104**

2019-08-09

□

Dawn:  
 brighter,  
 in small steps,  
 black to grayish,  
 then changing to blue,  
 out over the water,  
 among the trees' silhouettes,  
 the hills waiting like broken clocks,  
 their feet stuck in the sea forever.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1105**

2019-08-10

□

a b c or d?  
fill in the correct bubble  
declare your knowledge

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1106**

2019-08-11

□

the eagle watches,  
considering bold options,  
never self-doubting

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1107**

2019-08-12

□

the oldest house hangs at the mind's edge  
where we imagine prototypes  
the fractal roofs extending  
piling up rooms like foam  
and we walk in dreams  
through cold hallways  
tasting dust  
breathing  
sighs

– *a nonnet.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1108**

2019-08-13

□

First, place a big rock beside the road.  
 Find another big rock to add.  
 Balance yet a third on top.  
 Now step back to admire.  
 Think about hubris.  
 Contemplate art.  
 Find meaning.  
 Raise doubts.  
 Dream.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1109**

2019-08-14

□

the history of things lies buried  
 down beneath the present moment  
 scabbling like bored zombies  
 or predators on drugs  
 seeking to come out  
 sniffing at now  
 kicking dirt:  
 grinning  
 things

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1110**

2019-08-15

□

Water runs downhill,  
but trees grow skyward, plus... clouds;  
is gravity real?

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1111**

2019-08-16

□

I feel consumed with stress these days;  
I worry and I sigh.  
My stomach ties itself in knots;  
my soul just wants to cry.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1112**

2019-08-17

□

Some trees survived to tell their fate  
to birds that passed them by,  
but others lost their lives and fell,  
then, disowned by the sky.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1113**

2019-08-18

□

A wind came along  
and harassed all the tall trees.  
They bent their branches.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1114**

2019-08-19

□

Yesterday the wind kept the air cool.  
It is that moment when you think:  
Fall is waiting, at stage left,  
planning its grand entrance,  
anticipating,  
reviewing lines,  
upstaging  
sunny  
days

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1115**

2019-08-20

□

viento bruto que no pare  
viento muy hambriento sopla  
viento come todos nubes  
viento espera fin del mundo

– *cuarteto de métrica romance.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1116**

2019-08-21

□

I love wind and rain -  
Perhaps they conjure childhood,  
Tapping on the roof.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1117**

2019-08-22

□

It's just easier,  
sometimes, to write something dull,  
ignoring the clouds.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1118**

2019-08-23

□

I saw some rocks there...  
but no, they did not see me:  
they were looking down.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1119**

2019-08-24

□

I saw the sawed logs.  
 On sharp slants, the logs see-sawed.  
 See, I'd been sawing.

– a silly pseudo-haiku

**CAVEAT: POEM #1120**

2019-08-25

□

streets:  
 sprawling  
 creative  
 impositions,  
 engineering feats,  
 landscape alterations,  
 geographic abstractions,  
 connections between unseen nodes,  
 or just unthinking lines on a map.

– a reverse nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1121**

2019-08-26

□

Here, the sea is not just sea - rather, too,  
 Islands throughout feel free  
 To commingle, and to be  
 A green, fractious committee.

– an englyn in the style developed by Robertson Davies.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1122**

2019-08-27

□

mildew made progress  
across wooden furniture  
because all was damp

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1123**

2019-08-28

□

boat like a dull ax  
thrust at islands' rough edges,  
obdurate ocean

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1124**

2019-08-29

□

I will wake early  
I will walk in the cool fog  
I will know despair

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1125**

2019-08-30

□

now each day's evening  
 comes sooner than the prior  
 well that's how fall goes

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1126**

2019-08-31

□

with the rising sun  
 the chickens found the house gone  
 it burned overnight

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1127**

2019-09-01

□

When presented stars,  
 we could admire them, maybe,  
 as they fall burning

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1128**

2019-09-02

□

Potential is shown  
for artistic endeavor -  
actual art, no

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1129**

2019-09-03

□

having friends visit  
is like noticing a cloud  
with striking colors

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1130**

2019-09-04

□

under the raining  
between all the grayish skies  
the earth rests, greening

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1131**

2019-09-05

□

In a backwards way,  
 from motorways to mountains,  
 the country evolved.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1132**

2019-09-06

□

The cosmologist  
 confronted the awkward fact:  
 he was just self-taught.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1133**

2019-09-07

□

I've been uninspired  
 so I compose these fragments  
 and toss them like stones.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1134**

2019-09-08

□

there used to be goats  
they'd go out onto the dock  
and become confused

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1135**

2019-09-09

□

Fear cleans out your veins:  
the sea surges with silver...  
your day in a boat

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1136**

2019-09-10

□

Pipes  
arrayed  
in efforts  
to control things  
providing pathways  
to distribute water  
pulled deep from under the ground  
cool and calmly indifferent  
meeting the world after long dark years

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1137**

2019-09-11

□

The cormorant sits on the dock's arch,  
but it maintains a sidelong gaze  
as if unsure where to look.  
Other times, two ravens,  
or some gray seagulls,  
socialize there.  
Mostly, though,  
no birds  
sit.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1138**

2019-09-12

□

"True,"  
she said.  
She sat down  
and looked around.  
"The gods can't see us."  
He just listened, musing.  
"Perhaps when the sun comes out..."  
A deer poked its head out at them.  
The clouds made the sky a dull, gray slate.  
He stood, restlessly, pacing the ground.  
The deer, now startled, disappeared.  
Droplets of water scattered.  
"What if we..." he began.  
He gazed mountainward.  
She shook her head.  
"There's nothing."  
He slumped.  
Wept.

*– a reverse nonnet, followed by a nonnet; an effort to tell a compact (and fictional) story.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1139**

2019-09-13

□

A speculative solipsism:  
I imagined being a bear.  
The world was an endless verb.  
All objects were nameless.  
Feelings thrummed through me.  
The seasons changed.  
The trees drooped.  
Leaves fell.  
Bare.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1140**

2019-09-14

□

worried thoughts bold plans internal doubts  
early dusk

optimistic words verbal hesitations pertinent questions  
black caterpillars

long pauses happy suggestions convoluted rationalizations  
aimless slugs

they might  
hope  
to change  
minds  
and nevertheless  
we remain  
obdurate

looming fog still forest patient spider  
irresolute conversation

– *a quennet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1141**

2019-09-15

□

pain  
 expressed  
 like desire  
 internal states  
 with utterances  
 perturbations in air  
 or glyphs projected with light  
 hopeful, vain intentions to use  
 an apparatus known as language

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1142**

2019-09-16

□

at some point before the sun comes up,  
 before the looming fog brightens,  
 above the waiting forest,  
 behind the slate gray sky,  
 with eagles' assent,  
 but bears' surprise,  
 it begins:  
 purple  
 light

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1143**

2019-09-17

□

outside the rain fell  
inside I installed software  
and time passed like stones

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1144**

2019-09-18

□

Just at dawn the moon gazes downward.  
She turns her bright eye to the trees.  
The clouds thin and part for her.  
The rocks reveal their dreams.  
The sea is bashful.  
She watches birds.  
She tastes air.  
She slumps.  
Pale.

– *a nonnet.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1145**

2019-09-19

□

I saw there were strange things on the map:  
 mysterious towns and highways,  
 inconsistent land-uses,  
 geographic glitches,  
 unknowable lakes,  
 hazy outlines,  
 lost cities,  
 portals,  
 holes.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1146**

2019-09-20

□

lines  
 displace  
 surfaces  
 manifesting  
 into abstractions  
 and hypotheticals  
 painting obscure paradigms  
 which distort representations  
 and make you want to stop reading this

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1147**

2019-09-21

□

I'm wide awake, middle of the night.  
With an aggressive staccato,  
the rain perforates the air  
while I watch the darkness.  
I consider shapes.  
The night crawls by.  
It dissolves  
into  
dreams.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1148**

2019-09-22

□

So...  
Sunday.  
The thing is...  
the days, they blur...  
a string of mornings,  
awoken out of dreams,  
undifferentiated.  
Then the calendar lays guidelines,  
steers thoughts away from simple being.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1149**

2019-09-23

□

Rain!  
 You, me...  
 we should talk.  
 I'm just trying  
 to get something done  
 out here under the clouds  
 but you keep interrupting  
 forcing your damp fingers at me  
 full of naturalistic hubris.

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1150**

2019-09-24

□

while the trampling clouds  
 declare their allegiances  
 we can only wait

*– a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #1151**

2019-09-25

□

With my inertia,  
 which is a superpower,  
 I can stop moving

*– some a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1152**

2019-09-26

□

with optimism  
and bold copper trceries  
the symbols spilled out

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1153**

2019-09-27

□

the bones bode winter  
if they live up to cliché  
but they don't - just bones

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1154**

2019-09-28

□

the earth and stones heaped  
the sun drew tendrils of steam  
they rolled and waited

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1155**

2019-09-29

□

a truck rumbled by  
 the sounds of metal scraping  
 the thunk-thunk of tires

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1156**

2019-09-30

□

and the hole was filled  
 quite gradually with stones  
 and with dirt and clay

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1157**

2019-10-01

□

I make maps of dreams.  
 The dreams pile up like paper:  
 discarded fragments

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1158**

2019-10-02

□

Specific unrealities surge,  
emerge from apophenic thoughts,  
caught in virtual gazes,  
await capture by minds,  
wind through fields like birds,  
heard like the wind,  
in your hair  
where we  
sleep.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1159**

2019-10-03

□

stones are embedded  
in the earth but constantly  
jump up and escape

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1160**

2019-10-04

□

I chant at the ground,  
but magic doesn't happen -  
the plants watch, wary.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1161**

2019-10-05

□

Not yet dawn, it rains.  
 There's the river-like whooshing:  
 the sky's offering.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1162**

2019-10-06

□

the striated days  
 scored with time and fallen leaves  
 present their endings

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1163**

2019-10-07

□

The slugs climb the gravel stairs, all fearless,  
 but confess to the bears  
 that pass with glowering stares  
 their sins and their weary cares

– *an englyn in Robertson Davies' style.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1164**

2019-10-08

□

The first frost of the season kissed the earth,  
betraying mirth, fighting sun,  
limning puddles one by one.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1165**

2019-10-09

□

The morning's light disburses in fragments:  
day's integuments, night's verses,  
like introspective hearses.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1166**

2019-10-10

□

A chill drizzle touched my neck, a ghost's hand  
prodding me, and sought to wreck  
my work, reduced to a speck.

– *an englyn penfyr*.



**CAVEAT: POEM #1167**

2019-10-11

□

The trucks on the expressway zoom along  
 tires sing their song on rock - gray  
 gravel kicked around all day

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1168**

2019-10-12

□

Those hieroglyphs that are drawn by blinking,  
 a vague inkling, but then gone,  
 as my eyelids' world moves on.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1169**

2019-10-13

□

There is a gray cormorant just sitting,  
 looking, waiting, head aslant,  
 on the dock's arch, like some plant.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1170**

2019-10-14

□

I go outside before dawn, taste the wind,  
feeling chagrined by shapes drawn  
vaguely, thoughts un-acted on.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1171**

2019-10-15

□

Some trees have fewer leaves, now, than others.  
They would rather wonder how...  
or this winter disavow.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1172**

2019-10-16

□

The self-reflective essay: a mirror  
showing clearer how I say  
I am than I am today.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1173**

2019-10-17

□

The data refused to show the meanings  
 instead leaning down below  
 truth's cool superficial flow

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1174**

2019-10-18

□

Mitra the covenanter, his heart full,  
 chased the white bull to slaughter...  
 and what about his daughter?

– *an englyn penfyr, on a pseudo-Mithraic theme*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1175**

2019-10-19

□

The sea foam wasn't involved, nor the stone,  
 rather alone, she evolved,  
 emergent, blessèd, absolved.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1176**

2019-10-20

□

Kiamon never once thought on her fate  
Everyone thought that she ended up late,  
Actually, though, she'd been merely a ghost,  
Time healed her wounds. She returned to her post.

*– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, on a certain theme first taken up over a year ago.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1177**

2019-10-21

□

Kiamon sometimes would ponder her fate  
Entering into a strange mental state  
During which everything seemed like a dream  
Where dreams themselves were the dominant theme.

*– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1178**

2019-10-22

□

Kiamon never paid heed to her fate  
Wrecking the present and blanking her slate,  
Forcing her gaze toward the glowering moon  
Over the trees. But the end came too soon.

*– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1179**

2019-10-23

□

Kiamon never once thought on her fate  
 Lacking the judgment to enter that gate  
 Wishing her doubts weren't well-founded in life  
 Pushing to find resolution in strife.

– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1180**

2019-10-24

□

One misses strange things...  
 on this Alaskan island  
 one never hears trains

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1181**

2019-10-25

□

the rain keeps falling  
 tadarada datada  
 dadadadara

– a pseudo-haiku, intersecting an abstractionist tradition

**CAVEAT: POEM #1182**

2019-10-26

□

The pink dawn is chill,  
wherein inheres the winter,  
approaching like stars.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1183**

2019-10-27

□

It lay on the desk,  
such a well-made paper clip...  
it could eat the world.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1184**

2019-10-28

□

A scrap of tree bark,  
preternaturally orange,  
lurked among bushes.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1185**

2019-10-29

□

Clinging for dear life,  
narcissistic barnacles  
refuse nirvana.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1186**

2019-10-30

□

Grayness interrupts  
the days of chilly sunshine  
with pacific mist

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1187**

2019-10-31

□

Hallucinating  
and epistemically dim  
ghosts gallivant by

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1188**

2019-11-01

□

the rain comes in waves  
rolling across the rooftops  
and tasting the earth

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1189**

2019-11-02

□

I keep haikuing  
as if that were a real thing  
but in fact not at all

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1190**

2019-11-03

□

Imaginary  
lines project, start to outline  
vast conurbations

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1191**

2019-11-04

□

I wake and ponder  
the adjustable darkness  
caused only by time.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1192**

2019-11-05

□

Puddles here and there,  
giving the road some texture,  
biting the trucks' heels.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1193**

2019-11-06

□

I sit in the dark  
sipping my morning coffee  
and eat my oatmeal.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1194**

2019-11-07

□

Kiamon never paid heed to her fate,  
rather she tended to loiter and wait,  
loathing decisions she wandered the streets,  
dreaming solutions, accepting defeats.

*– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1195**

2019-11-08

□

Kiamon never paid heed to her fate,  
battling through time was her gods-given trait,  
battles were all waged against demons and saints,  
ethics neglected, devoid of constraints.

*– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1196**

2019-11-09

□

Trucks. Machinery.  
Gravel. Trees. The wind-blown sea.  
Yellow leaves. Rain.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1197**

2019-11-10

□

I take my first taste  
 of morning's coffee, climbing  
 the stairs to my room.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1198**

2019-11-11

□

Kiamon never paid heed to her fate,  
 still it caught up to her, blanking her slate:  
 sands of the desert, they cradled her head,  
 fallen and hurt, the sun left her for dead.

– a *quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1199**

2019-11-12

□

Kiamon sometimes would ponder her fate,  
 doubtless compelled by her path not quite straight,  
 zigging and zagging through storm and through dust,  
 barely aware of her growing disgust.

– a *quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1200**

2019-11-13

□

the sky is overcast  
and the dawn is hours away,  
but the moon is full

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1201**

2019-11-14

□

I tromped among trees  
finding a path down the hill  
and falling in holes.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1202**

2019-11-15

□

I found some gray rocks.  
I stacked them beside the road,  
precariously.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1203**

2019-11-16

□

I walk my rough trail  
 in rain and gathering dusk  
 and wonder if bears...

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1204**

2019-11-17

□

The rain insists, its forceful hints  
 keep tapping in the breeze.  
 The droplets fall on barren wood  
 and timpanize the trees.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1205**

2019-11-18

□

I cut my bits of twigs and sticks  
 to clear my path below;  
 and looking through, down at the road,  
 the rocks I stacked just show.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1206**

2019-11-19

□

With all these coughs and sneezes, I get tired  
and uninspired... diseases  
like this, health's antitheses.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1207**

2019-11-20

□

I sit here somewhat thoughtful, on the ferry,  
waiting, wary, or hopeful,  
or just staring, feeling dull.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1208**

2019-11-21

□

There is morning fog.  
Crows cross streets and discuss things.  
Cars drift, secretive.

– *a pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1209**

2019-11-22

□

Mossy trees loiter.  
 The stars sow rows of white frost.  
 The black sky purples.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1210**

2019-11-23

□

The dog finds more dogs,  
 using a keen sense of smell.  
 Then he ignores them.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1211**

2019-11-24

□

Fog pins down the birds.  
 They park themselves in the grass.  
 The sun breaks the air.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1212**

2019-11-25

□

The apple tree waits:  
It waits to throw down apples.  
It waits for spring, too.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1213**

2019-11-26

□

I'm stumbling, planless -  
hindered by the bureaucrats -  
contemplating fate.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1214**

2019-11-27

□

I am suspended  
in a chill soup made of time  
and bits of clear air

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1215**

2019-11-28

□

The day: thanksgiving...  
 the Native American  
 said "Thanks for nothing!"

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1216**

2019-11-29

□

Six deer were outside,  
 moving cautiously, like ghosts,  
 grazing trees and grass.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1217**

2019-11-30

□

The viruses came,  
 rearranged to their liking,  
 settled in to stay.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1218**

2019-12-01

□

as the sky got light  
I saw the ground wearing snow  
it crunched underfoot

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1219**

2019-12-02

□

Words are not like maps;  
you can lose your way with words;  
they show no way out.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1220**

2019-12-03

□

we drove to Portland  
we saw the doctors lurking  
we waited a lot

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1221**

2019-12-04

□

Dawn over Portland  
There are cars and airplanes here  
and early traffic

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1222**

2019-12-05

□

Wholeness has no existence - the fragments  
Spin and foment their silence  
And roar hymns of transience

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1223**

2019-12-06

□

Kiamon's soul was abandoned, adrift.  
She had decided on change, more controlled,  
Reining in aimless and angry desires.  
Now she just stood, and surrounded by trees,  
Body at rest, both contained and enclosed,  
Mind sought to grasp the unreachable sky.

Movement, just then, made her glance at that sky.  
Eagles sketched circles, with wingtips adrift.  
One of them turned, and then dove, so controlled,  
Swooping down. Kiamon felt its desires.  
Tilting, the bird made a feint toward some trees,  
Darkness obscured what might be there, enclosed.

Gripping the hem of her coat that enclosed  
Pockets of fugitive warmth, the sky  
Shared bits of nothing, like signs set adrift.  
Yes. Apophenical dreams, uncontrolled.  
Truth becomes burdened by lazy desires.  
Greenery elevates angels as trees.

Kiamon thought on those infinite trees.  
Naked and stark, their wide branches enclosed  
Negative fragments of daydreaming sky.  
Mist slanted groundward. Some clouds were adrift.  
Water met heaven: embracing, controlled,  
Tossing out wishes, suggesting desires.

Self-analytically, she then considered desires.  
 How did they differ from yearnings of trees?  
 Down in the earth, their bold roots are enclosed.  
 Raised up above, their arms hug the sky.  
 So many seedlings they send out, adrift,  
 Thusly ensuring the future's controlled.

What is a heart if it can't be controlled?  
 What is the use of unending desires?  
 Why? she sighed, shrugging, sad. Let's be like trees.  
 They're self-assured, with their feelings enclosed.  
 Pausing, she gazed at the gray-visaged sky.  
 Birds volunteered for the wind, souls adrift.

Still, all adrift, she controlled her desires.  
 Trees clothed the slopes, all enclosed by the sky.

*– a sestina in dactylic tetrameter. I think sestinas are difficult to make non-monotonous, because of their rigid repetition of words. They are just plain difficult, too – especially with a meter. I made this one while killing time waiting for the ferry yesterday, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1224**

2019-12-07

□

The place spoke to me:  
 through trees and rocks and the sea,  
 it said, "Yo, whatup?"

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1225**

2019-12-08

□

I wake up at four.  
Dark waits outside the windows  
and my mouth is dry.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1226**

2019-12-09

□

Some days my fires work,  
other days they sputter, fail...  
no causality

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1227**

2019-12-10

□

And then, and always,  
the rain came to render sound  
and tap on the roofs

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1228**

2019-12-11

□

When it's dark, it hides?  
No. The world just disappears.  
That's what you believe.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1229**

2019-12-12

□

Dawn is hard to like  
when the sleeping wasn't good  
but anyway there are stars.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1230**

2019-12-13

□

I made a sandbox.  
The sides were not square, at all.  
I added some sand.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1231**

2019-12-14

□

The moon seemed misplaced.  
I looked at it in the night.  
Why is it there, so bright?

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1232**

2019-12-15

□

Deleuzian dreams  
demarcate doubts, deriving  
daily delusions.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1233**

2019-12-16

□

Coffee and oatmeal.  
Seems boring. Really? Daily?  
Habits can be good.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1234**

2019-12-17

□

anhedonic stones  
 litter euphoric hillsides  
 and trade their secrets

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1235**

2019-12-18

□

confident, knowing:  
 the epistemicity  
 of my consciousness

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1236**

2019-12-19

□

between sleep and hope  
 there lies a forest pathway  
 marked with random things

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1237**

2019-12-20

□

generally speaking  
it will be raining and dark  
at this time of year

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1238**

2019-12-21

□

In last night's long dream,  
there were corridors of schools.  
I was told to leave.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1239**

2019-12-22

□

Some days I decide a fire should be made.  
The sticks arrayed, stacked, admired...  
But the flame frays, the wood's tired.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1240**

2019-12-23

□

I sat down to listen, now, to the rain:  
 its hard campaign to allow  
 my stupid brain to think tao.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1241**

2019-12-24

□

I tried using the word "poem" in a poem  
 (my words bestow, embrace, roam)  
 but failed, that word found no home.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1242**

2019-12-25

□

Christmas was always a hard time for me.  
 Memories scarred: nothing's free,  
 Except sitting by the sea.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1243**

2019-12-26

□

Rain and wind (and wind and rain) celebrate  
and make a great sound, and feign  
a knowing spirit's made plain.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1244**

2019-12-27

□

So I sat and had coffee this morning,  
just wondering if I'd see  
fallen snow on this day's tree.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1245**

2019-12-28

□

the night becomes a substance among trees  
with the rain, no resistance  
can face such fierce persistence

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1246**

2019-12-29

□

Really I'm just the pale frame of my bones,  
animate stones, barely tame,  
tumbling through life, all aflame.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1247**

2019-12-30

□

The problems are cultural. What we know...  
our mind's cargo, the social...  
epistemological.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1248**

2019-12-31

□

There exists a certain man. He's alone.  
He's got his phone. So he can  
convey his lack of a plan.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1249**

2020-01-01

□

The apocalypse happened, already.  
Life, unsteady, did then bend:  
an inhuman, violent end.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1250**

2020-01-02

□

A year passes. The weather is transformed.  
Rainy seas stormed together  
with slow snowflakes like feathers.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1251**

2020-01-03

□

The mad paper clip maker conquered all,  
starting out small, "clip-baker,"  
then spouting clips, acre by acre.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1252**

2020-01-04

□

Snow is rain, fighting the pull of the world,  
just fragments hurled, as if wool  
were being shed by the cloudfull.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1253**

2020-01-05 (1982-11-03)

□

**Within**

Where Iron Factories spouted grey,  
 There I dwelt by Mahhalian shores.  
 So Doctor Hubert came with a Word,  
 For plastic Angels of the new Hell  
 City; for mind-slaves of Its hurt.  
 There I became blest--his Apostle.

Wind beat a slime to a sandy shore  
 There I began to hear of his word.  
 And from a dead-empty, bloody Hell  
 All the eyes glossy-dull by a hurt  
 The Rats fled; became his Apostles  
 So he promised to remove the grey.

Said he: No one can refute my Word  
 There I said: Amen! Ruin this Hell  
 Dr. Hubert! Destroy my deep hurt!  
 He smiled: follow me, my Apostles.  
 Showing us how to survive the grey  
 Leading us to a candy-green shore.

Dancing, we were far from any Hell  
 Hoping, we failed to feel any hurt  
 Loving, thus were we his Apostles.  
 Plastic melted; we denied the grey  
 Eyes flickering/reflecting a shore  
 Free, happily alive with his Word.

Under a rock, the centipede hurts,  
 And he crawls, to sting an Apostle  
 Leaping, then he dies cadaver-grey  
 He's left to rot on a slimy store.  
 I run; I search for His holy Word,  
 The rats return whispering of Hell

For Hope, thus I became an Apostle  
 Then the rat-emperor came in grey,



And drove us to a cadavered shore,  
 Erected a cross for harmless Words  
 Removed the candy, revealed a Hell  
 No! Not Dr. Hubert. Not the Hurt!

He brought Apostles to the shores,  
 He destroyed hurt with his Words--  
 But Hell revealed the Grey within.

*– a sestina in some kind of pentameter, with an additional peculiar character-count constraint - hence the decision to use a monospaced font in this one instance. This poem was "republished" as Caveat: Poem #1253, dated 2020-01-05, on my blog, but I wrote this originally in 1982, while in high school. I believe that it was included in my high school's literary magazine in 1983. Note that the fictional place called Mahhal existed even at that time. For many years, I thought I had lost this poem. And I actually attempted a kind of reinterpretation in 2015, published on my blog as Poem #21. But I found the original type-written text in 2019.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1254**

2020-01-06



Palaces spread out their structural souls,  
 greenery covering possible holes.  
 Paintings were hanging on external walls.  
 Darkness, semantic, beclouded the halls.

*– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1255**

2020-01-07



Faces presented angelic desires.  
Hallways distorted by unburning fires  
wove eldrich patterns and fell into stairs,  
vast nameless oceans, their clouds like pink flares.

– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1256**

2020-01-08



Out on a snow-covered roof there are beasts  
pawing the whiteness and gazing out east.  
Loves are discarded and lying around:  
just random snowflakes all swirling to ground.

– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1257**

2020-01-09



more snow fell last night  
just in case more was required  
in case trees hungered

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1258**

2020-01-10

□

Carpeted spaces presented themselves.  
 Books turned their spines out from rickety shelves.  
 Elderly sadnesses lingered and sang.  
 Pains were unbearable. Distant bells rang.

– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1259**

2020-01-11

□

Down with all gravel! The weathered wood's fine.  
 Moss on the ground and the trees make a line.  
 Slugs will cavort on the edges of light.  
 Prowling young bears will explore in the night.

– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1260**

2020-01-12

□

the sky cleared, air chilled  
 a thickness fell among trees  
 frost formed on fresh snow

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1261**

2020-01-13

□

Orchards of rain were all clinging to hills.  
Grids wrought distractions in minds seeking thrills.  
Aimless distortions wove complex designs,  
Crafted bold icons with broad, blue-green lines.

– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1262**

2020-01-14

□

the thing about ice  
it's really hard to drive on  
ice-skating by car

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1263**

2020-01-15

□

the night air crunches  
and pins the snow to the ground  
and looks for my skin

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1264**

2020-01-16

□

the stars mob the sky  
 they drop dreams on bits of ice  
 think: the moon watches

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1265**

2020-01-17

□

a haiku in which  
 words are quickly surrendered  
 and up is given

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1266**

2020-01-18

□

fingers find the keys  
 a clacking sound emerges  
 and words flower forth

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1267**

2020-01-19

□

the wind picked up speed  
whitecaps driven from the east  
and snow turns to rain

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1268**

2020-01-20

□

"Great," he said - demons will talk in such ways,  
staking out claims on precarious days.  
Trust isn't easy with creatures like that.  
Souls are in question, beliefs are at bat.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1269**

2020-01-21

□

water flows through ice  
making sounds like computers  
from old TV shows

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1270**

2020-01-22

□

Worlds are constructed of lines and of nodes  
 laid out in patterns depicting abodes.  
 Slowly relations take form and appear:  
 complex creations, and nothing is mere.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1271**

2020-01-23

□

There's the gray cormorant sitting out there  
 where the cold rain just submits to its stare.  
 Sideways it glances back up at my gaze -  
 startled, it launches and flies off a ways.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1272**

2020-01-24

□

the moment passes...  
 reality reconvenes  
 in another's brain

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1273**

2020-01-25

□

ghosts emerge from night  
taste the damp soil, dance on stones,  
make dark suggestions

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1274**

2020-01-26

□

Seollal is New Year's  
as counted by lunar months.  
It was yesterday.

– a pseudo-haiku. This references the Korean holiday, 설날.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1275**

2020-01-27

□

an icy snow-patch  
has occupied the driveway  
winter's here again

– a pseudo-haiku.



**CAVEAT: POEM #1276**

2020-01-28

□

My oatmeal is here.  
 My coffee is ready now.  
 I checked my email.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1277**

2020-01-29

□

bittersweet raindrops  
 drum the roof, the mossy ground  
 present their theories

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1278**

2020-01-30

□

these words' strange syntax  
 ununderstandable are  
 distressing be like

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1279**

2020-01-31

□

the drifting ducks push  
through the water, exploring  
beyond comfort zones

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1280**

2020-02-01

□

Would you ever date  
a disembodied being?  
I could see trying.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1281**

2020-02-02

□

My beliefs dwell in  
a parallel universe  
where I disagree

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1282**

2020-02-03

□

Before dawn, stars hung.  
 Now, the sky has turned to pink,  
 and snowflakes flutter.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1283**

2020-02-04

□

The sea advances,  
 besieges snow-covered rocks,  
 then retreats, dismayed.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1284**

2020-02-05

□

Procrastination's  
 better left to tomorrow.  
 Today I'll watch rain.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1285**

2020-02-06

□

Stones drink purple light.  
Snow melts and crawls off downhill.  
Ducks swim slowly east.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1286**

2020-02-07

□

Streams run down past rocks,  
spray drops, carve paths through earth, stone,  
fight time, wait for ends.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1287**

2020-02-08

□

Clouds glow in purple, in orange and in gray.  
Morning's vast dome made of blue frames the day.  
Fragments of snow show persistence through time.  
Forming strange shapes beside trees lined with rime.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1288**

2020-02-09

□

I look out the window by my desk.  
 Tiny pearls of rain hang, breathless.  
 The sky threads the trees' branches.  
 Purple trapezoids dance.  
 The moon has left signs.  
 Snow has melted.  
 Gravel rests.  
 Fog drifts.  
 Chill.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1289**

2020-02-10

□

At first light, sometimes I take a walk.  
 The road is dark and the trees loom.  
 I see snow stained lavender.  
 The stream rushes nearby.  
 A puddle wears ice.  
 Gravel crunches.  
 I return.  
 Birds speak.  
 See.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1290**

2020-02-11

□

You tire quickly of such talk - you get doubts.  
You're on the outs, tend to balk.  
Take a walk.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1291**

2020-02-12

□

I came for the trees,  
but I stayed for the potholes.  
...so many of both.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1292**

2020-02-13

□

One day I saw the sun come out.  
It was a big surprise.  
More often here the rain just falls.  
It's easy on the eyes.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1293**

2020-02-14

□

The sun appeared and pierced the parting clouds.  
A melancholy thing consumed the wood.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1294**

2020-02-15

□

The eager rain gouges limbs just outside;  
the wind, astride trees, it skims.  
The light dims.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1297**

2020-02-18



round stones broken stones sharp stones  
shaped stones

big stones medium-sized stones small stones  
three-dimensional stones

gray stones green stones brown stones  
colored stones

i walk  
through  
i seek  
ways  
i cannot  
understand  
reasons

lazy stones calm stones forceful stones  
moody stones

– *a quennet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1298**

2020-02-19



Rain is a pain that will come with more rain.  
Rain entrains forces that manifest rain.  
Rain dissolves everything, draining to rain.  
Rain entertains these quatrains about rain.

– *a quatrain in rain (dactylic tetrameter.)*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1299**

2020-02-20

□

If hell is eternity, I would think  
 my pains would shrink to bitty  
 ants lost in a vast city.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1300**

2020-02-21

□

The old device seemed broken, disarrayed.  
 I was dismayed. Unspoken  
 doubts appeared. No plans were made.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1301**

2020-02-22

□

There is water everywhere, abundant  
 and redundant, in the air...  
 don't despair.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1302**

2020-02-23

□

The pump: we could not repair. Another  
 pump for water put in there...  
 hard affair.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1303**

2020-02-24

□

The snow kept falling, failing, uselessly,  
 barely blanking trees, melting on the ground.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1304**

2020-02-25

□

Our knees were bent, our faces gazed, bemused.  
 The table bore some cups, a bowl of fruit.  
 Sumerian complaints escaped our mouths,  
 but no one ever reached their statements' ends.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1305**

2020-02-26

□

I laid my metaphors to slowly dry.  
 They dampened all the floor and stained my mind.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1306**

2020-02-27

□

The city's limbs were crafted stone and wood,  
 extending out across the rolling plain.  
 Thin vessels made of steel and copper wire  
 assisted in connecting place to place.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1307**

2020-02-28

□

My coffee's ready, waiting for me there.  
 Now, can I not forget before it cools?

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1308**

2020-02-29

□

A rainless dawn presents its colors, here,  
 revealing whitecaps racing down the bay.

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1309**

2020-03-01

□

The beach was wide because the tide was out.  
 An eagle had a fish so seagulls cried.

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1310**

2020-03-02

□

We worked a while. Malicious rain annoyed.  
No sun appeared. Our spirits were dissolved.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1311**

2020-03-03

□

It's staying light later, now, by the clocks.  
The equinox, anyhow...  
time's bent brow.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1312**

2020-03-04

□

Overnight some wet snow fell, once again  
making a zen-like pastel,  
very well.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1313**

2020-03-05

□

The fat white flakes splattered on the windshield.  
The wipers yield and then yawn:  
work's withdrawn.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1314**

2020-03-06

□

So I dreamed I was teaching. Kids resist,  
and then insist I'm preaching  
Not reaching.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1315**

2020-03-07

□

The mountain was there, watching. It brooded.  
It wore wooded slopes, slanting,  
all whiting.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1316**

2020-03-08

□

Some days I will feel more pain than others.  
I will smother it with rain.  
Such disdain.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1317**

2020-03-09

□

No rose-fingered dawn here. Just grayness.  
But not hopeless, just austere,  
moody, drear.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1318**

2020-03-10

□

I dream this dream about a magic house  
that changes shape and shifts its placement too.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1319**

2020-03-11

□

Snow appeared and patches, blue and gray, bestrode the  
heavens.  
Trees began to doubt there'd be a future warmed in  
springtime.

- *a couplet in "fourteeners" (trochaic heptameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1320**

2020-03-12

□

Dream-sung humming root  
 echoes silent, among my lives,  
 while multitudes - he devours the soul,  
 dances helplessly, chained to  
 the past by what he said.

I the variable in some universe  
 determined by a fraction of time.  
 Beyond is within,  
 a skeletoned beach with  
 rough velvet sand.

This dream I'd had kissed my  
 dream with pain, and the gentle  
 wrenching strength tore tears from  
 my eyes, and left me empty.

It was not right that she was there,  
 she would not leave, but stared the  
 angry challenge of a stranded tiger,  
 sad and - - - alone. I was alone.  
 I never said anything, and she didn't either,  
 and ...

*- a free-form poem. This poem is another "guest post" from my distant past. I found it handwritten on an undated loose sheet of paper among my many old papers. Based on the style of my handwriting (which has changed often over the years) and the type of paper, I believe this was written around 1984 or early 1985. I have copied it without editing, though I didn't retain my idiosyncratic capitalization of the period. In fact this poem is about a repeating dream I had all through my teens and early 20's which I still vividly remember.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1321**

2020-03-13

□

Ice paved the beaches.  
The sun attempted to climb.  
A strong breeze crept through.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1322**

2020-03-14

□

During these recent mornings, the sun's path,  
its orbit's math, is changing,  
it reaches my eyes, shining.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1323**

2020-03-15

□

The dark surrounded the place. I stepped out.  
I thought about my long chase.  
But sadness filled my mind's space.

- *an englyn penfyr.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1324**

2020-03-16

□

the form of things precedes perception  
 their reception thus then leads  
 to done deeds

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1325**

2020-03-17

□

With dreams you trust the patterns that you see.  
 The meanings thrust themselves across your mind.  
 You wonder at the things appearing there.  
 At last they fade and morning shakes your soul.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1326**

2020-03-18

□

I wrestled mightily with my machine,  
 in hopes of making websites great and small.  
 The errors stayed the same despite my wants,  
 and finally I slept and dreamed in code.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1327**

2020-03-19

□

Before the dawn I saw the looming stars  
up north above the sleeping mountain there.

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1328**

2020-03-20

□

The trees were gathered, put on lengthy lists,  
their reachings inventoried, nothing missed.

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1329**

2020-03-21

□

A click - and so it was my book became  
not just a text onscreen, but paper stuff.

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1330**

2020-03-22

□

The wind attacked us in the afternoon  
while questing down the road to stretch its arms.  
The grayish skies were roiled with nature's doubts,  
and angry trees danced signs upon the hills.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1331**

2020-03-23

□

The lines suggested forests, cities, roads.  
 In fact they traced mere cracks in melting ice.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1332**

2020-03-24

□

His love of ladders overtook all else:  
 Affections which beclouded reasoned thought.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1333**

2020-03-25

□

The land was missing,  
 Sunk like some vast Atlantis  
 or a lost disk file

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1334**

2020-03-26

□

my greenhouse awaits  
 A sunny day to warm it  
 the radish seeds sleep

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1335**

2020-03-27

□

The virus makes claims  
against people's awareness,  
but I'm just the same.

- a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1336**

2020-03-28

□

negativity  
infests the mind with grim thoughts  
but serves no purpose

- a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1337**

2020-03-29

□

No person walked that road bestrewn with holes,  
nor stumbled on the stones awaiting there.

- a *couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1338**

2020-03-30

□

He knelt down, worshipping the words themselves -  
a selfless act of epeolatry.

- a *couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1339**

2020-03-31

□

I pulled the baby tree up by its roots.  
 I put it in the ground again nearby.  
 The tree perhaps was stunned by such events.  
 But life adapts to things. The rain still fell.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1340**

2020-04-01

□

Is Linux really weird as people think?  
 I guess it is. My weirdness makes me glad.

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1341**

2020-04-02

□

The ideologies began a feud,  
 and stalked each other through the icy wood.  
 They leapt small streams and danced from stone to stone,  
 but failed to solve the wheel of human pain.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #1342**

2020-04-03

□

The trees put up resistance, fighting time  
with outspread branches. Still, old time will win.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1343**

2020-04-04

□

The winter had unfinished business here.  
It tossed out falling flakes of snow with wind.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1344**

2020-04-05

□

The light lingers late, but the cold remains.  
There is a kind of lag from sun to warmth.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1345**

2020-04-06

□

With paratactic words, I shall proceed:  
the rain returns; I sip some coffee now.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1346**

2020-04-07

□

Again some snow has stippled frozen ground;  
again the sky broods gray and hides the sun.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1347**

2020-04-08

□

The thing about these daily poems, you see,  
is sometimes they're alright, and sometimes not.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1348**

2020-04-09

□

The trees surround us. "Find your way," they say.  
The stones are singing, night and day, they say.

They sing their geologic dirges, then.  
They grasp the roots of trees and play, they say.

A raven might make signs across the sky.  
That kind of bird can't see the gray, they say.

You waited but refused to change your mind.  
Your ghost just watched and didn't say, they say.

I saw it once out on the tidal flats.  
You'd hoped that I could learn to pray, they say.

The orange-hued bits of sun revealed your face.  
It seemed to you I'd lost my way, they say.

*- a ghazal with six couplets. Ghazal is an originally Arabic poetic form, later popularized and spread through the old world by the Persians. It has a long history of adaptation into different languages, including into English. I was struck by the repeating identical refrain of the second line of each couplet, and I felt it demanded an adaptation to the "second-hand-orality" (my own term) that I've seen in a lot of translations of classical Haida and Tlingit literature here in Southeast Alaska. Aside from constraints on theme and voice, and of course the repeated rhyme and refrain, there seems to be some freedom with respect to meter - it only demands that it be in some kind of consistent meter - so I've chosen iambic pentameter as fairly appropriate for an English adaptation.*



**CAVEAT: POEM #1349**

2020-04-10

□

I got up early.  
 The purpleness of pre-dawn  
 Groped my windows.

- a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1350**

2020-04-11

□

The stones deceive. They lie in wait. They sleep.  
 A road goes past, and cars and trucks don't see.

- a *couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1351**

2020-04-12

□

I dreamed I was on a train... on the roof,  
 looking for proof that my brain  
 takes the strain.

- an *englyn cil-dwrn*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1352**

2020-04-13

□

Kiamon drifted, as drifters will drift,  
 taking in scenery, hoping for lift.  
 Nothing appeared, though, and life carried on.  
 Sighing, she wandered... evading the dawn.

*- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1353**

2020-04-14

□

The rain had returned.  
 A luminous dusk showed mist.  
 The sea tasted rocks.

*- a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1354**

2020-04-15

□

And still my luck was green and colorless  
 and dwelt among ideas like a ghost.

*- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter). This obliquely references the famous Chomskyan composition which he used to demonstrate the distinction between syntactic well-formedness and semantic well-formedness.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1355**

2020-04-16

□

Kiamon went on refusing to fight,  
 peering around in an eerie half-light,  
 kicking at dirt and escaping her friends:  
 heartless and actually seeking her end.

*- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1356**

2020-04-17

□

Most nights I sleep fine.  
 A quick trip from dusk to dawn.  
 Then, last night, awake.

*- a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1357**

2020-04-18

□

The lines had minds, expressed their deepest thoughts,  
 and curved, and took the long way round to maps.

*- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1358**

2020-04-19

□

Kiamon tried to retrieve her lost soul,  
 searching the forest and hunting a role.  
 Slowly her hope drained away, till at last,  
 Only a ghost trod the earth. She had passed.

*- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, continuing the introspections of Kiamon, a fictional being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1359**

2020-04-20

□

gray skies calm skies brooding skies  
 intermittent drizzle

damp ground seeping ground squishy ground  
 drifting mist

rocking trees steadfast trees green trees  
 steady rain

you watch  
 out the window  
 awaiting  
 something  
 which remains  
 undefined  
 yet urgent

focused thoughts observational thoughts random thoughts  
 meteorological meditations

*- a quennet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1360**

2020-04-21

□

árbol abre corazones  
 árbol come toda tierra  
 árbol espera de paso  
 árbol sopla gran verdor

- un cuarteto de métrica romance.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1361**

2020-04-22

□

Not-a-Wolf found out a path for his hopes,  
 walked up and down the cold shore. Misanthropes  
 told him their lies but his dream opened out,  
 showing his ancestors dancing about.

- a quatrain in a defective dactylic tetrameter. Not-a-Wolf is a fictional character in the alternate-universe place called Makaska.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1362**

2020-04-23

□

Easy to start things...  
 Harder to make some progress:  
 Other things get started.

- a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1363**

2020-04-24

□

I built a greenhouse on the corner;  
 my garden isn't very big.  
 I just laid out plastic tubs,  
 and filled them with dark soil.  
 I planted some seeds,  
 water daily,  
 keep watching,  
 shoots sprout,  
 grow.

*- a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1364**

2020-04-25

□

Wind blows the rain at the earth, which resists:  
 the dirt insists on its worth,  
 with cold mirth.

*- an englyn cil-dwrn.***CAVEAT: POEM #1365**

2020-04-26

□

I placed my words upon this blog for all.  
 Some people read, and others didn't care.

*- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*