

for enough into it by itself spring

the sound of water under the splash's dream

A SEALED JAR OF MUSTARD SEEDS

SCOTT METZ

WINTER 2009

cutting by the butterfly's thought

the word god being eaten by a field of robins



ant ant-ant ant ant
number nine

far enough into it dyslexic spring

the sound of water i enter the spider's dream

walrus with its mouth wide open war statistics

outweighed by the butterfly's thought

the word god being eaten by a field of robins



the leaf's erotic story circling the hawk

winter night she knowingly reveals another arm

the war awakens the face of an insect in the mirror

among the keys i took off black sesame seed

asleep her fingers move on their own over moss

the old train tracks end a nightmare of trees

another day of snow my jurassic layer

the only sound that's come out of me all day firefly

at this point i just assumed they come alive at night

the string attached to me unraveling bare branches

the aftertaste of snowflakes pushing away

speaking up peonies in my synapses

inside a hotel of runaways glass elevator

a dried up grain of rice clinging to the black sea

perfume on my fingertips from the counter fading moon

is it the wind god reminding me of her breasts

coastal blossom the opposite of america

what would the cicada think quiet nights

could be her could be a firefly

thru an eyehole the crow leaves a sea of skulls

the blood rushing through my blowhole winter stars

a god that never noticed me before the peony shadow

sometime today i'm bound to grow another string in

bright thick moss the violence in me

a sealed jar of mustard seeds swift moving clouds

sometimes the wind lifts up its wing to read

invading another land crow caw

trees almost bare touching you

letting the lightning inside elephant cherry blossom

daffodil scent no longer in the elevator

entering through the back door eaters of light

a comma attached to the tip of the flowering branch

without permission part of me starts to bloom

still cold the taste of the fan

abandoned by an insect full moon and i

last of the fireflies in my small intestines

our silence fogs the window city inside us

at the very end of it all saplings

winter day barely one language

green noise the cicada can't hear it

weed it openly challenging the war czar

an illusion of green the caterpillar's comment

peony night i lift the mask by the tip of its nose

i say yes sir to the rattlesnake sign

from pistils sky scrapers covered in vaseline

new myths crawling slowing into the old heat

autumn leaf already i am attached

last of the ice he enters the apocalypse before me

meadow speaking the language she dreams in

the fog returns my carbon footprint



bits of found objects that hole she left in me [View](#)

up among the dawn stars her dreaming hand [View](#)

falling through my side of the story blood red spring

it's always either the ocean or a mountain with her

ants have found the freshness last night's lightning



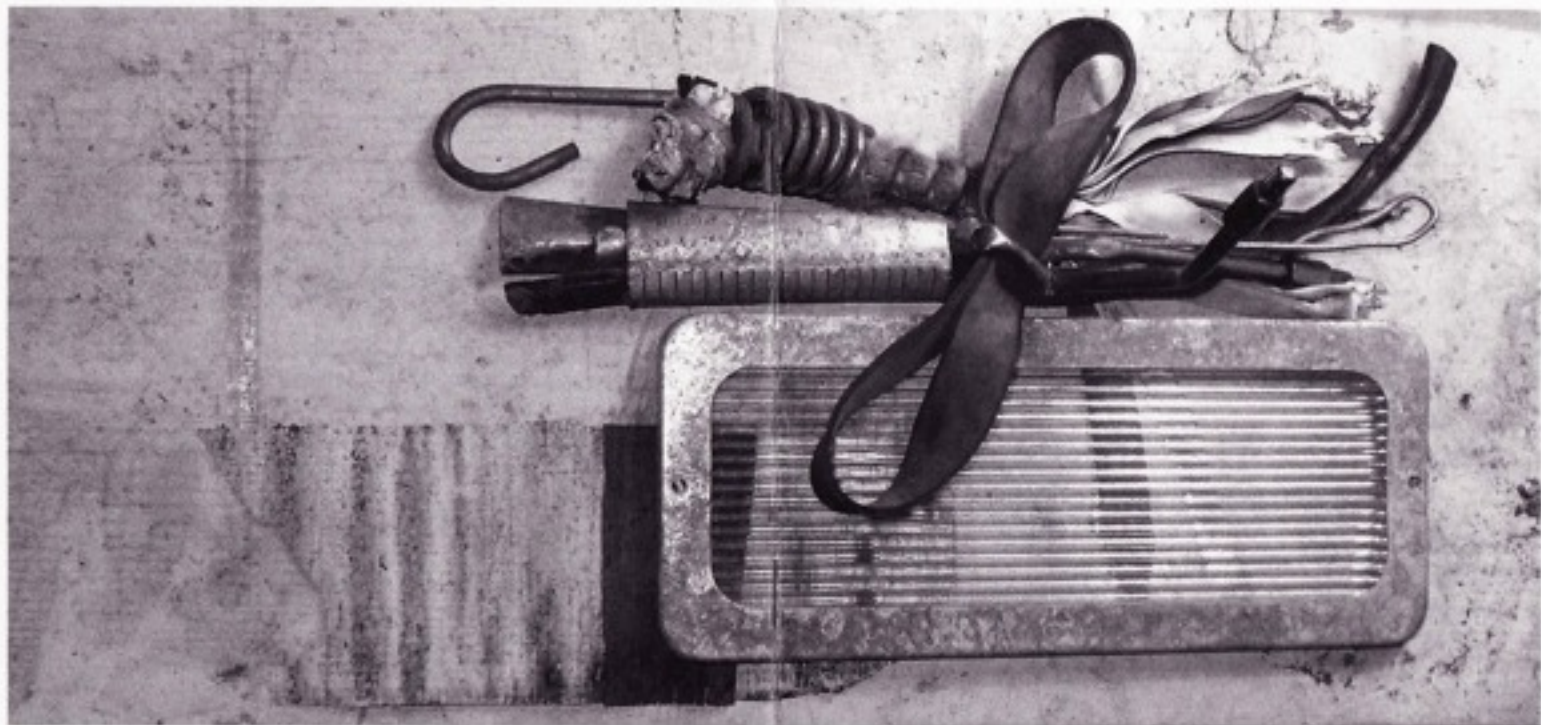
bits of found objects that have left in me

up among the clean steps her dreaming hands

telling through my side of the story about red spring

it's always either the corner or a rock with her

ants have found the techniques last night a lightning



ant ant ant ant ant

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