SOME WESTERN HAIKUS

Jack Kerouac

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Arms folded
to the moon,
Among the cows.

Birds singing
in the dark
— Rainy dawn.

Elephants munching
on grass — loving
Heads side by side.

Missing a kick
at the icebox door
It closed anyway.

Perfect moonlit night
marred
By family squabbles.
This July evening,
a large frog
On my door sill.

Catfish fighting for his life,
and winning,
Splashing us all.

Evening coming —
the office girl
Unloosing her scarf.

The low yellow
moon above the
Quiet lamplit house

Shall I say no?
- fly rubbing
its back legs

Unencouraging sign
— the fish store
Is closed.

Nodding against
the wall, the flowers
Sneeze

Straining at the padlock,
the garage doors
At noon

The taste
of rain
— Why kneel?

The moon,
the falling star
— Look elsewhere

The rain has filled
the birdbath
Again, almost

And the quiet cat
sitting by the post
Perceives the moon

Useless, useless,
the heavy rain
Driving into the sea.

Juju beads on the
Zen Manual:
My knees are cold.
Those birds sitting  
out there on the fence.—  
They’re all going to die.

The bottoms of my shoes  
are wet  
from walking in the rain

In my medicine cabinet,  
the winter fly  
has died of old age.

November — how nasal  
the drunken  
Conductor’s call

The moon had  
a cat’s mustache  
For a second

A big fat flake  
of snow  
Falling all alone

The summer chair  
rocking by itself  
In the blizzard

— from BOOK OF HAIKU