

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.

Evening coming —
the office girl
Unloosing her scarf.

Shall I say no?
- fly rubbing
its back legs

Nodding against
the wall, the flowers
Sneeze

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

The low yellow
moon above the
Quiet lamplit house

Unencouraging sign
— the fish store
Is closed.

The taste
of rain
— Why kneel?

The rain has filled
the birdbath
Again, almost

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

Straining at the padlock,
the garage doors
At noon

The moon,
the falling star
— Look elsewhere

And the quiet cat
sitting by the post
Perceives the moon

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