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Haiku For Me to Possess

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Haiku For Me to Possess

Lilac winds blow forth,
pulsating the bulbs to grow
higher than mountains.

Coffee-colored ground,
wet with the pink dew of morn,
blossoms with brightness.

Soft rose-quartz pebbles
nest in the white sand
catching the fast rays.

Ballets of light move
ever so softly, dancing
over my flushed cheeks.

Grape-colored linen
hangs from the living oak tree
as birds jump in air.

Forms of dying wood.
Look! Under the rotten bark,
crawling legs of bugs.

Eons of decay
heave forward into our now --
the sighs of the past.

Shannon J. Salser