

Haiku

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Many a fire opal
 Blazed on my bonsai boughs
After a spring rain.

The weeds of summer
 Defied the bludgeoning sun
In my long absence.

The mid-autumn moon
 Up above the glassy cliffs
In the sky ballooned.

The lady ushered in,
 Brightly at the blossoms beamed,
Outshone my orchids.