

Christmas Haiku

Ice on pine needles--
can it hear the Christmas bells?
Can anything not?



Spider in the drain--
Christmas whoops in the parlor--
silent, dark, the drain.



Scrub Christmas tree, bare--
rooms echo--furniture gone--
mother and child laugh.



Sleigh ride all finished--
the mare, eating Christmas oats,
hears house noise, and snorts.



Flashing Christmas lights
entrance three speechless patients
slouched in parked wheelchairs.



Tree's all taken down--
year's end--where is Christmas now?
Deep within each pulse.