

HAIKU

In a fairy house,
survive a savage season
far from ties that bind.

If logic is child
of reason, meaning is of
imagination.

Horses lie in spring,
stretched on their sides in the sun,
still as if breathless.

Horses see us now,
but smell us and all of their
memories are there.

Memories can't be
untrue, they're just defective:
offspring of the Muse.

The mind is a sea.
What thoughts of Sister Dolphin,
silver in the sun.