

fields

my field

mine fields

‘Field’ is one of those words that takes the better part of a page in a printed dictionary. This poem doesn’t really qualify, for me, as haiku. I’d rather just call it a short poem, whose word play is intended to cause a jolt. Imagine that you are hearing this with a healthy pause between lines.

* * *

the bursting
explosive devices
daffodils

This one *is* a haiku. There is something about seeing spring burst that makes grief harder to bear. There is something about knowing that bombs are exploding that makes beauty harder to bear.

GEEK OUT: Whether or not to keep ‘the’ in the first line has become an issue for me, as I prepare to publish this post. (This is the sort of thing that can plague poetry groups.) It remains because it helps identify ‘bursting’ as a noun, which has a bit more gravitas than an adjective. It is also, ambiguously, an adjective preceding ‘devices’. I like it when each line of a poem has an independent meaning.