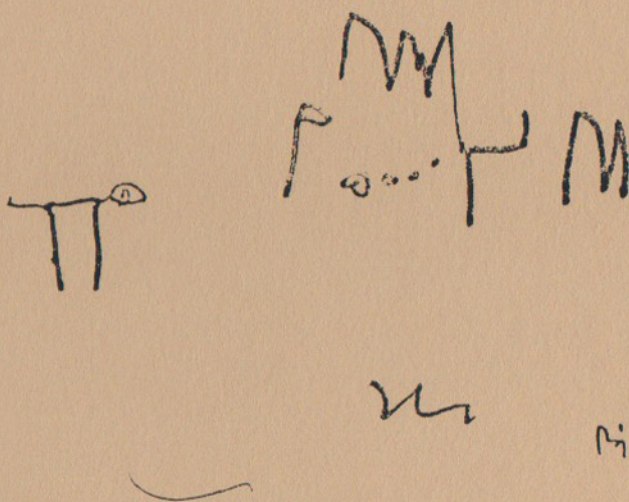


Ro

this is hilarious



Marshall Hryciuk

Acknowledgements :

Cicada

Canadian Haiku Anthology

fine wing

Nebula

Inkstone

Toronto Life



this is hilarious

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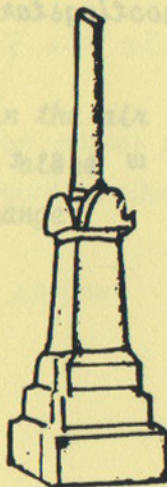
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silhouette of an outstretched gull  
passing across the facade  
of Teperman's Wrecking

dusk precipitates  
on towering Toronto

a blind man's cane                      flashing

ashootingstar                      !

w h e r e ?



high hipped girl  
by the window  
the coin washer  
rattling on spin

friday night trees  
hit the avenues  
in their punkrock hairdos

urine and propane in the air  
the streetcar waits alone  
for the light to change

first robin  
blinking, stamps  
the snowbound lawn

bubbling leaves breaking  
open in the green air  
blossoms caught blossoming

easter sunday morning  
our newborn daughter

never makes a sound

again  
tonight it's 4 am  
the helicopter motor

the true mind  
does not mind  
beholding the mere

of all places

the sun set  
at Brunswick and Bloor



branches coated in ice

the tinkling of glasses

in the hiss

of snow on frozen snow

goldenrod stalks

a finch

shits

past the eavestrough



a baby's hand on my back  
rainpatter

vibrating fans of light  
screen on, off on the papers

this winking pencil

fresh hyacinths  
by the window  
a line of underwear

feeling me for the first time, i discover  
you're lefthanded

sweaty morning  
your soft legs  
mosquito bites on my balls

leaving the pupa  
your wings unfold  
deep inside you



dusk

the limbs of a tree  
glowing scarlet

rotund pumkins  
on a grassy hill

clouds

on the still bell  
the folded monarch  
clapping its wings

four white goalposts in a line  
a gull atop each one  
the sun rise

naps of smoke  
hang mid air

sombrero

pigeons, gulls  
split twixt 'partment blocks

dawn upon the bay



thunderheads  
over thrashing trees  
scattering pigeons

sweaty bus  
down the dark nightroad  
light splashing the vapoured windows

a finch and a squirrel  
hopping across the road

M O T O R C Y C L E !

smoking garbage cans  
five maybe six persimmons  
the runes of Stonehenge

looking at my beard  
the boy in the back seat whispers  
"Santa Claus ?"

crowchased bluejays shrieking  
: no runs, no hits  
two jays dragging their tails



the look on his face  
as the shit runs down his leg

hand in hand the baby  
sleeps

snow flakes by the window

just changed  
he lay on my belly  
the warm swell of pee

leaves sound their last  
wind rustles  
coolness loosens the air

kleenex  
all around my bed  
leaves and rain pelt the window

even  
the nighthawk  
quiets  
a maple all yellow



lights off, earphones on  
cockroaches  
inside my receiver

the soar of a condor

a dead man is laughing

this is hilarious

"

being me

the rasping of a crow  
as it slips down the sleet

smoke from the fire

jet hair  
from the edges of your face

light on the hills  
snow down their flanks

palominos



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