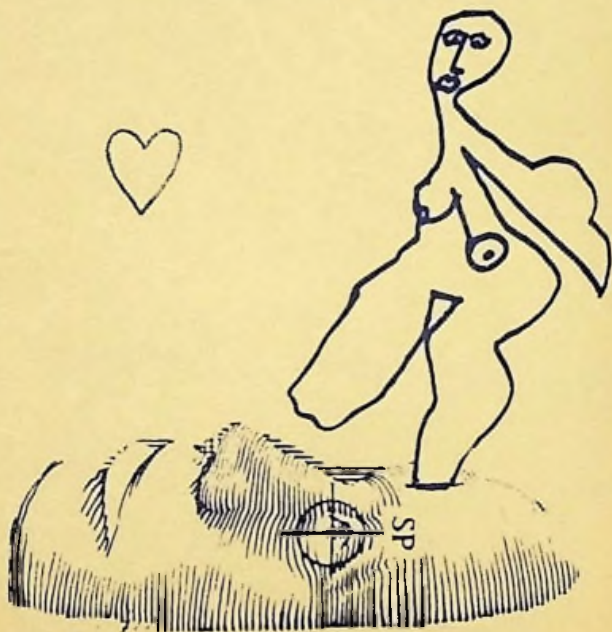


Vanishing Whores & the Insomniac

Guy R. Beining



9/27/15

Jim, & live this
morning - to twilight
& wait for light

Vanishing Whores & the Insomniac

Guy R. Beining

uncovered this vanishing
piece

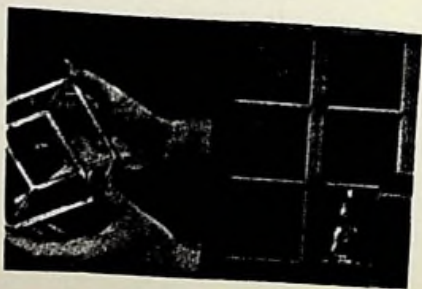
Best,

G

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Port Charlotte, Florida 33949

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16 Haiku Counted
in the Head
of the Insomniac

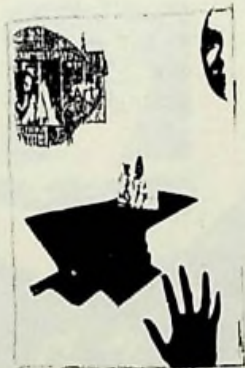
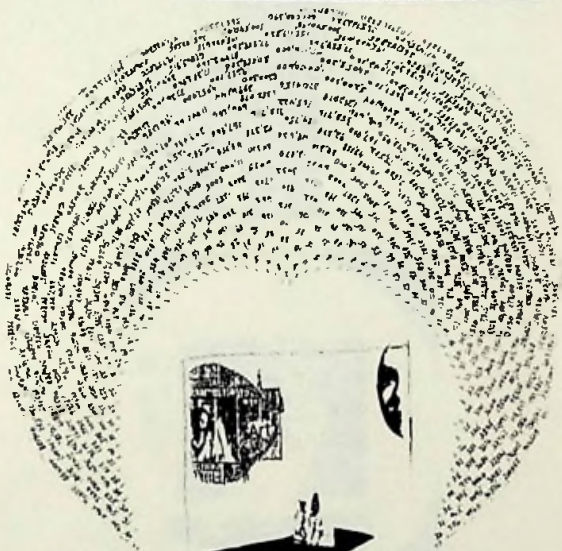


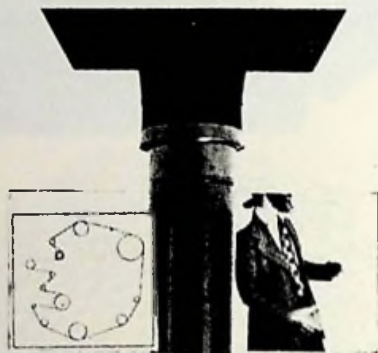
dawn, in so many
shades
tinted by the insomniac.

men masked as sheep
sleep on top of
the insomniac.

sounds in garden bed
lowers head
of insomniac.

silence in ear
of pebble
squeezing night of insomniac.





a trilogy chills
overcoat
resting on insomniac.

skull of insomniac
a flower of light
dividing fuse.

in which pigeons believe their
shifting their internal clocks



blue-prints of a dream
in red
for the insomniac.

so many sisters
of the moon
for the insomniac.



h

an eon to the
insomniac:
this bright red neon.

the insomniac breathes
into curtains
of the solstice.

the insomniac sees
tiny wheels of daisies
moving darkness.

bees of summer
will not leave
head of insomniac.



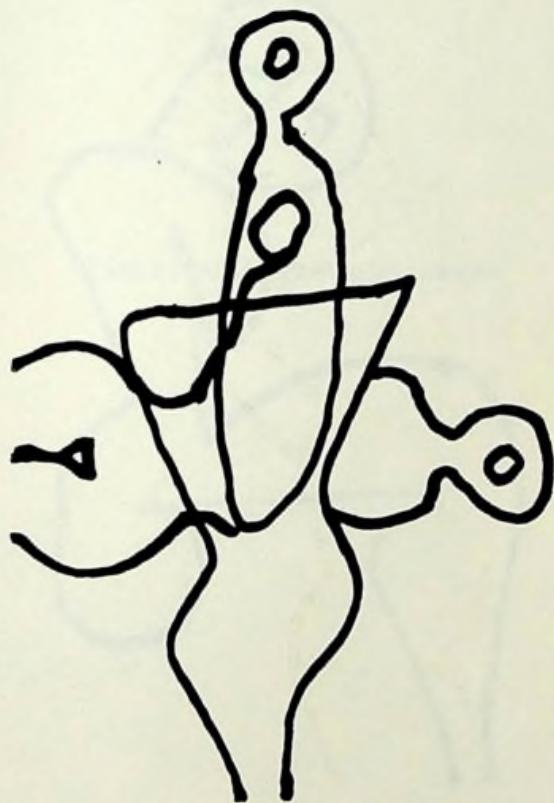
eyes of insomniac:
2 periods of light
in a tennis match.

first winter thaw--
dark ice in the heart
of the insomniac.

the nude prostitute
reads price tags;
the insomniac bargains.

leanness of insomniac
leaning into meat
of himself.







8 Haiku on the Prevailing Whore

her view curled
blue
exudes the ocean.

her red nails
snap
too deep the dirt.

scars frost lines
on windows.
cold cheeks of whore.

fingers of whore
digging into pear:
a golden voyage somewhere.

holding to her straps
yellow clouds pass
sweat of palms.

in purple squint
she shakes
rolls up money.

each pair of legs
agape; eyes too heavy
to pour.

idiom of her
in crack of
axis.



9 Haiku of the Vanishing Whore



a wrinkled price tag
on sleeve
of hooker.

quick jewels
the whore snapped
raising her skirt.





tattos of evening
everywhere
spat the whore.

in carnival
carnal scent
the whore walks.

plums and stockings
of her bruised
thighs.



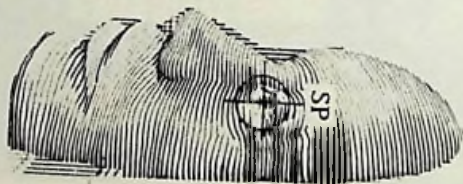


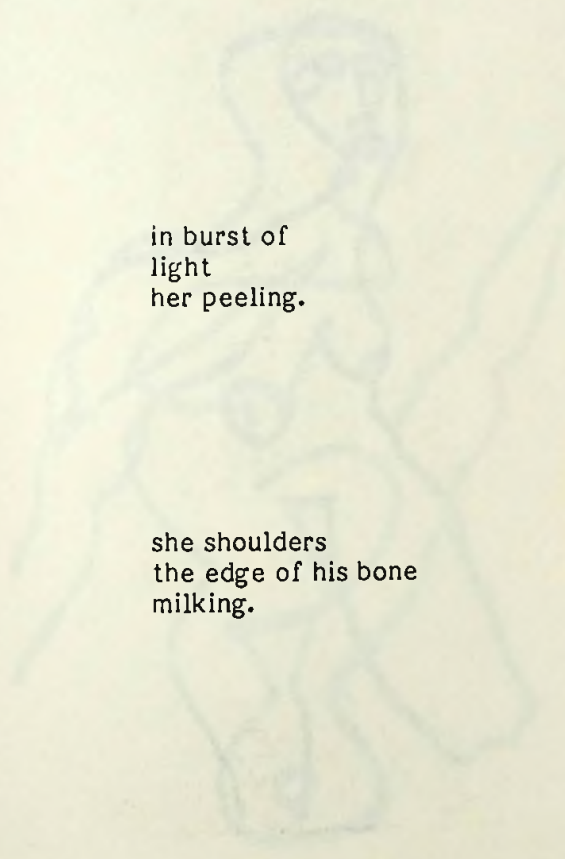
Whitewash



the life & death
of life she echoes
in the parking lot.

lines of her map
painted for his
vehicle.





in burst of
light
her peeling.

she shoulders
the edge of his bone
milking.







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