

# tiny droppings



Zane Parks







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In *tiny droppings*, Zane Parks offers haiku, senryu, and tanka in a wide variety of styles,

yet they are all umbrellaed under the style of Zane Parks. He's an exasperated Issa who mixes Bourbon and Marlboros, yet he waxes nostalgic for the Christmas Eves of his childhood. His muse carries him from Alcatraz to "Amazing Grace," from sea gulls and sunsets to junkies and drive-bys. Parks can daisy-chain 60's-style senryu in the manner of John Dunphy, or gently jazz us with the smooth cadence of Lenard D. Moore. Often he dabbles in the erotic, posing as the Bukowski equivalent of Brynne McAdoo. Strippers, barstools, wrinkled dollar bills, table

dancers, and feigned innocence fill these poems. Sabi swirls in an empty glass.

Carlos Colón



not knowing  
where to start  
cheap toilet paper

foggy  
cliff, sea and sky  
where one begins  
and another ends

alone  
I pour another drink  
and await the fog

chains strung from the pier  
out in the bay  
alcatraz

before the reading  
the murmur of small talk  
seals bark in the bay

urging the sweet  
young poetess  
submit



the fierce din  
of pots and pans banging  
in the kitchen  
I was unfaithful  
in her dream

anniversary dinner  
aging most gracefully  
the wine

first springlike day  
celebrating in  
tavern darkness  
to think of thinking that  
of grandma

how rustic! she says  
as she snaps string beans  
and sips her martini

in response  
to mom's demand  
*eat something green*  
grandma nudges the pickles  
toward me

st. patrick's day  
in the japanese bar  
drinking green tea

barstool  
teetering  
her hand  
on my leg  
unsteadies me

so slight  
a figure filling  
my thoughts

looking at  
the photograph I think  
*what a fox*  
to think of thinking that  
of grandma

all thought of going  
stayed by her hand lightly  
laid upon my thigh

her blue-veined hand  
gnarled with age  
and more  
softly taps the beat  
amazing grace

jazz club  
sweat beads bounce on the bars  
of the xylophone



rain on the awning  
patter of huddled smokers'  
small talk

quitter sifting  
through urn sand  
butt to smoke

junkie shooting up  
the whole bus looks  
away

drive-by shooting  
clipped fire hydrant sprays  
a passing dog

motown  
champagne and gunshots  
ring in the new year

christmas eve  
pretending sleep  
pretending  
sleep

halloween blizzard  
the neighborhood sheeted  
a ghostly white

this credit card  
already at its limit  
I employ  
this frosty morning  
to scrape my windshield

new-fallen snow  
blackbird upon blackbird  
leaving the tree

bridge traffic stalled  
a gull flies in place  
against the wind

I tug in vain  
though the sign clearly says

**PULL**

m[ ]ving  
b[ ]xes stacked  
t[ ] the ceiling



we've let you be,  
spider, but now we're moving  
you, too

reaching to brush from  
the nightstand a bit of dust  
it scampers away

logic seminar  
methodical sweep of  
the teacher's eraser

reading zen  
the sound of one hand clapping  
against a forehead

beyond mountain  
the abyss  
oo  
ps

stone mountain  
the granite faces of  
defeated generals

vietnam memorial  
long hair and gray beard  
reflecting back

love beads softly click  
withered flower child  
crossing haight

petrified forest  
psychedelic minibus  
dead ahead

filling station

I shake the last drops  
from the nozzle

on the mouse pad  
by my computer  
tiny droppings

leading from  
the ladies' room door  
line dancing



she knees me in the crotch  
oh  
so gently  
this comely topless  
table dancer

house guest gone  
I undress for my bath  
on the way

pretending  
innocence  
undone buttons

between soft breasts  
thrusting my wrinkled  
dollar bill

none take it amiss  
stripper mooning  
her fans

sunset in my eyes  
I almost miss  
a passer-by's smile

there's a singer  
 she's fond of and I'm not  
 nine time zones from home  
 I hear his song  
 and smile

my walk ends  
 a thin line of moon  
 hinting at the rest



## Acknowledgements

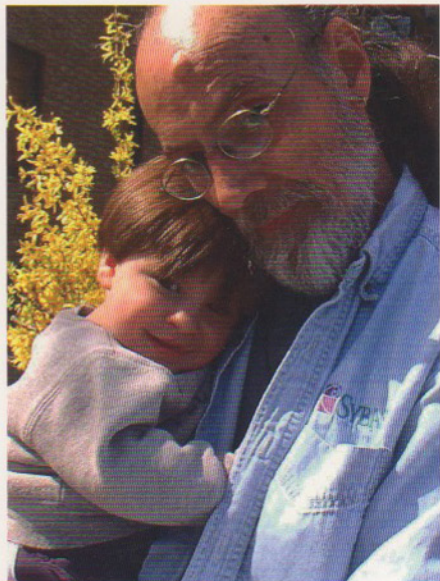
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With grandson William (aka Sparky).

Zane lives in northern California with his wife Bridget and cats Buddy and Starbucks. He writes haiku, tanka and related forms.