

haiku sequence

I am going to die  
aren't I?  
outside the birds

black, so black  
sorrow  
at night

the night is old  
listening I hear  
the snow

only one breath  
separates  
us

her face  
in the winter twilight  
the birds stopped singing.

summer  
on my face  
fields of forget-me-nots

the true  
wilderness  
is silence