

Yesterday, without warning, wind
filled up the trees with enough sway
that all those yellow leaves shook
loose & spilled, like so many coins
spinning onto the rain-slicked road.
I watched wind work its way under,
up & over in endless repetition until
all the leaves became a lonely echo
of what I thought was always there.

Echo

Moonlight's silent film—
shadows spooling on fresh snow
flaunt their good-bye kiss
First published in *Haiku Universe*

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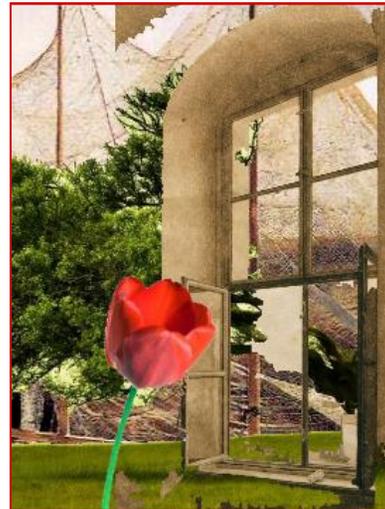
Staring into night's still air, snow's
newest disorder drifts among a puzzle
of trees that line the path to the lake.
Our walk becomes slow & sure-
footed—steps taken to skirt chit
chat's sudden pitfall where
we're left—suspended—
our breath hanging
in the cold.

Someone or Another

Rising from bed, the shape
of sleep stays curled in
sheet & pillow comfort—
still warm—begging
you to come back to this
perfect fit.

Relief

Everyday, Relief



M.J. Iuppa

Everyday

Waking early, I
turn on the kitchen
light. Night has ended here. Still
it's dark out there, and somewhere
another night gets darker
and sleep is a way of making it
to the next day.

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Tulips seen from behind:
poised dancers— red heads tilt
slightly in a slow stir of air.

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