

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele

Bill Gates, they say, is
The richest man in the world.
What a weight to bear!

Pat Nixon deserved
Better than Richard Nixon.
“Beauty and the Beast.”

Grandpa Curry dug
Ginseng (“sang”) and yellow root
For extra money.

He and she carry
About a clear bottle of
Liquid refresher.

The YMCA
In New York: a man watched me
As I dried myself.

The houses on top
Of the hills are visible
When trees have no leaves.

Found in their bedroom:
Brass knuckles and a blackjack
Hid back under clothes.

A boy, I was picked
Up by a man in his car.
He molested me.

Not until after
Her husband’s death did the wife
Marry her lover.

A little belly
On a man is okay, but
More than that is not.

Screens cannot keep out
Gnats. We are lucky that gnats
Are fewer than flies.

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Calvin Klein employs
Well-built young men to model
His men's underwear.

Mrs. Hinchman would
Sit for hours on her front porch
And retail gossip.

The Duke of Windsor
Liked to be rolled around in
A baby carriage.

She loved cats and most
Of the time had more than one.
The house smelled of cats.

You pull a hard knot
In your shoestrings, and it seems
Never to loosen.

When a man knocked on
The back door, Mother would fix
Him an egg sandwich.

I once owned a car,
Inherited. It broke down.
I since have had none.

People I knew scorned
President Eisenhower.
Now he is admired.

I long for handsome
Men I see, who pay me scant
Or no attention.

Can you imagine
Emily Dickinson with
A slice of pizza?

I do not believe
In a personal God, who
Could keep track of me.

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A "Boston marriage"
They called it when two women
Shared their lives for years.

I once went into
The bathroom and my father
Was on the commode.

Public housing is
A gamble. Bad neighbors can
Make your life a hell.

I ordered my desk
From Montgomery Ward. Not
Stylish but sturdy.

Hitler beamed at boy
Soldiers and patted a cheek
Of some, near war's end.

Huckleberries, though
Akin to blueberries, are
Smaller, tart, rarer.

Her abstract paintings
Are so absurd that only
She thinks they have worth.

Most of the handsome
Men I see and long for would
Be hell to live with.

Mrs. Burgess down
The street, otherwise normal,
Called onions "ingerns."

Mother always read
The advice column written
By Dorothy Dix.

I corresponded
With Pearl Buck, Thornton Wilder,
And Somerset Maugham.

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My brother Emmett,
Who was so good, died young
Of Lou Gehrig's disease.

Male ballet dancers
Are often (if not mostly)
Homosexual.

I admire those who
Always use their given name,
Refusing nicknames.

I love to see it:
Two men's erect penises
Held close together.

Men with gray or white
Hair but a youthful face and
Figure entice me.

In gay magazines
I study photographs of
Handsome, naked men.

“Pansy” and “fairy”
Are now old-fashioned, but we
Can still feel their sting.

The family keeps
Running a classified ad
In search of their dog.

Mrs. Blake's son Abe,
Who was homosexual,
Shot himself to death.

He became her guide
In the spirit world, getting
The spirits wanted.

The Methodist Church
Expelled Mrs. Blake. She then
Founded her own church.