

## Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele

1928:

When I was born. The next year,  
The stock market crashed.

I was born at home.  
Dr. L. E. Steele, of some  
Kin, delivered me.

Because my father  
Snored loudly when I was home,  
I thought all men snored.

In our living room,  
"The Statue of Liberty":  
A color print, framed.

Mother had a swing  
Built for me under the high  
Back porch. Happy days!

My father was not  
Musical. He liked only  
"Turkey in the Straw."

Due to Aunt Chloe's  
Shaking palsy, my father  
Tried to avoid her.

Mother was the most  
Unselfish person I have  
Ever encountered.

In a restaurant,  
My father would carefully  
Wipe his silverware.

I wish I had good  
Memories of my father.  
Sadly, I have none.

My father sometimes  
Drove me to the library,  
Where I checked out books.

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Crime is so great now,  
We could welcome back the days  
Of Bonnie and Clyde.

I have two seashells  
Once occupied by limpets.  
What shapes! What colors!

Her prudish daughters  
Destroyed many writings by  
Queen Victoria.

Dr. Franz Karl Mohr,  
One of my professors, was  
Homosexual.

I had to be paid  
To drink milk, before I learned  
To savor its taste.

Male gospel singers  
From the South we can enjoy  
For the show and sound.

The fan letter that  
I wrote to Graham Greene was  
Never acknowledged.

He had a mustache  
And worked in a music store.  
I loved to see him.

An antique gold ring  
Set with a faceted brown  
Topaz, my birthstone.

Wallis Warfield would  
Become chief paramour of  
The King of England.

Mrs. Simpson, they  
Said, had majored in sex in  
A Chinese whorehouse.

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A soldier came and  
Told her of her husband's death.  
They embraced, had sex.

The library in  
St. Elizabeth's: red brick,  
Neogothic, quaint.

Peter Abelard,  
Roused from sleep, found castration  
Quick, hardly painful.

I liked it that I  
Was the only one taking  
Honors in German.

I value the friends  
I have, not close but pleasant.  
Do they value me?

I enjoy seeing  
The back of a man's scrotum  
From between his thighs.

Peter Abelard's  
Faithless guard fled, was captured,  
Castrated, blinded.

Intaglio: carving  
A design on a gemstone  
Below the surface.

Psychotherapy  
And electroshock treatments:  
Nothing else for long.

I despise people  
Who mark up library books  
With pencil or pen.

My sister-in-law  
Baked canned biscuits. My brother  
Would praise her for them.

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele (page 4)

Miss Clark spanked a girl  
Too severely. It got her  
Into much trouble.

The Canadian  
Penny clearly mimics the  
American one.

The condom off, he  
Laid it on an old tombstone.  
The quick and the dead.

A madman attacked  
The *Pietà* out open,  
Safe now in a room.

The man who robbed me  
Would pause before meals, his head  
Bowed as if in prayer.

Ernest Workman hanged  
Himself in the garage of  
His parents' ranch house.

Brown suits for men sell  
Poorly. Blue, gray, and black are  
Far more popular.

At Alfredo's in  
Boston I ate spaghetti  
And drank Chianti.

I have seen no live  
Swans, only pictures of them:  
White, proud, beautiful.

Will I ever find  
The close literary friend  
I need and desire?

A boy passed yelling,  
PAUL STEELE IS A SISSY. PAUL  
STEELE IS A SISSY.

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele (page 5)

I ejaculate  
While observed in a sperm bank.  
I need the money.

I am more friendly,  
Considerate, and loving  
Than I used to be.

Men who comb side hair  
Over a bald pate fool none,  
Make fools of themselves.

Shriveled, hard, grayish,  
Napoleon's purported  
Penis drew no bids.

Dried beans had to be  
Sorted out from gravel, put  
In to increase weight.

One-half teaspoonful  
Of salt per cup of water:  
A healing mouthwash.

Auguste Rodin was  
Nearly bald, greatly bearded,  
And wore a pince-nez.

A red pubic hair,  
Long saved, is alleged to be  
Thomas Jefferson's.

Mine: a gold ring set  
With white opal, not often  
Seen in a man's ring.

It is kinder not  
To probe into the sex life  
Of famous persons.

I hate the barking  
Of dogs. It makes me feel like  
Wanting them all dead.

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele (page 6)

In 1500  
Albrecht Dürer produced the  
First bold self-portrait.

He wears a gold band  
On his third finger, left hand.  
He teaches, is bi.

Rasputin survived  
Strong poison and close gunfire.  
He had to be drowned.

A timely statement:  
"AIDS is not a word you can't  
Pronounce anymore."

Fireflies are silent,  
Houseflies noisy. Fireflies can  
Glow: houseflies cannot.

Why do women when  
Photographed for display feel  
They must smile broadly?

I do not believe  
In heaven and hell. To me,  
Death is all. FINIS.

The miraculous  
Ending of *Queen Christina*:  
Garbo transcendent.

Bill left me a chipped  
Figurine and bittersweet  
Memories of him.

My father died from  
Cirrhosis of the liver:  
Alcohol abuse.

He works at Wendy's.  
He reads and can understand  
Some of my poems.