

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele

The urologist
I went to said: "I have seen
All sizes and shapes."

The Ammar Brothers'
Department Stores took on a
New name: *Magic Mart*.

He sprayed his movie
Theater for bugs. The strong
Poison took his life.

I enjoy flushing
Insect intruders down the
Drain with hot water.

Grocery stores used
To sell pure fruit juices. Now
They're "from concentrate."

Franz Liszt, of large hands,
Became a virtuoso
Of the piano.

Chocolate milk, said
A worker who knows, is made
From old, returned milk.

When a child I loved
Beautiful sunsets. I have
Not seen one in years.

I bought a loaf of
French bread and thrust my erect
Penis into it.

Cabbage, whether cooked
Well or shredded in coleslaw,
Deserves more respect.

Those who think I dress
Well have not caught sight of my
Ratty underwear.

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Meadowbrook Acres:
An old-age home. No meadow.
No brook. No acres.

The scent glands of skunks
Are put to use in making
Sweet, costly perfumes.

Masturbating in
Sunlight rather than lamplight
Heightens the senses.

He loved his pretty,
Playful kitten – until she
Peed on all the beds.

Milky Way is too
Sweet for me. I prefer *Mounds*
And *Three Musketeers*.

The two newspapers
Of Charleston are delivered
To my door. How nice!

Young men spike their hair
With glue to look like young men
Of fame with spiked hair.

I used to think that
Women urinated through
The clitoris. Wrong.

My brother George had
A large scrotum. Mine is small.
That doesn't seem fair.

Hot fudge sundaes are
Now served in a paper cup,
Not in a tall glass.

I like penises
That curve upward from their base,
Not perfectly straight.

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Someone gave me six
Ralph Lauren Polo shirts. They
Make me feel wealthy!

A black man, they say,
Invented the system of
Colored traffic lights.

Edward may have longed
For rich foods excluded from
Wallis's spare fare.

Plastic lenses need
An all-cotton handkerchief
For scratchless drying.

Jesus rose up, up,
Into the clouds, we are told.
Where was he going?

Mother would add rice
To the saltshakers to keep
The salt from caking.

I like apple juice,
Applesauce, and baked apples.
But raw apples? No.

I shall donate my
Body to a medical
School to serve learning.

A much overweight
Woman with a small child. Her
Husband has left her.

"You love it, don't you?"
Suggested the sly salesman,
Eager to sell it.

They say I should go
To church, to make friends. Churches
Bore me beyond words.

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“He was an avid
Fisherman and hunter.” Of
A young soldier killed.

Every man in the
World has some noticeable
Veins on his penis.

My old house slippers,
Of smooth brown leather, turned up
And please me greatly.

I spit out his come
Into the sink. Hydrogen
Peroxide follows.

Arthur Murray Dance
Studios paired slick young men
With eager matrons.

Mother and I could
Polish off a large can of
Del Monte peaches.

I have an antique
Gold ring set with an opal,
White, rare in men's rings.

Circumcision of
A baby boy: Tylenol.
Anesthetic cream. . . .

A loose vagina
After childbirth? There is help
Through exercises.

When I was a child,
Artificial flowers were
Considered low-class.

Monkeys masturbate
At will, whether in the wild
Or before people.