

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

Drunk, stoned. Hank Williams  
Was found dead in the back seat  
Of his Cadillac.

When I was nine, I  
Saw a large picture of the  
Duchess of Windsor.

Grandpa Curry I  
Liked more than Grandma, and him  
More than my father.

Edward had been taught  
By his mother to knit and  
Would do so while King.

I walk a lot on  
City streets. Each of my shoes  
Picks up loose gravel.

The milk remaining  
In the bottom of the bowl  
Is the tastiest.

The best French movies  
I watch rapt, without glancing  
At the subtitles.

I recently saw  
The feminine given name  
*Cherish*. Beautiful!

A shop in the mall  
Offers fudge nut brownies, which  
Are delectable.

In Greek vase painting  
Men's genitals (never cut)  
Are frequently shown.

A young woman keeps  
A large doll that smiles. It helps  
Her fight depression.

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Pity two fighting  
Bucks whose antlers lock tightly  
And they starve to death.

The first two husbands  
Of the Duchess of Windsor  
Were bisexual.

The Cracker Jack prize  
I liked best was a snapper:  
It clicked loud when pressed.

Grandfather Curry  
Delivered mail on horseback,  
Often fording streams.

I like to study  
House plans, even though I have  
No funds to build with.

The longtime candy  
Bar 3 Musketeers at first  
Came in three pieces.

Oatmeal is better  
Than no meal. I like oatmeal,  
In fact. It warms me.

Horowitz had four  
Periods in which he gave  
No public concerts.

Though I am often  
Called "bipolar," I have known  
Little mania.

In some photographs  
I seem to see a "man" in  
The sun, like the moon.

A man named *Oval*  
Should have been named *Orville*, which  
Has a little class.

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele (page 3)

“Be killed, then eaten.”  
Bernd Brandes answered the ad,  
Was killed and eaten.

Plastic surgery  
Can have tragical results,  
Irreparable.

Sir Stephen Spender,  
When I asked him for advice,  
Said this: “Go to Greece.”

It is hard for me  
To imagine how I once  
Loved Western movies.

A newly published  
Book purports to tell us why  
Men enjoy gross jokes.

I think I could kill  
The man who lives over me,  
Who racks me with noise.

Where I saw *Psycho*,  
Censors allowed just a glimpse  
Of the mother’s skull.

Wallis gave away  
Many of her clothes to men  
Who dressed up in them.

I have never cared  
For science fiction. I find  
It ridiculous.

Old people may pore  
Over photographs of them  
Taken in their youth.

Suicide bombers  
May have times of doubt, wishing  
They had no mission.

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

I remember when  
Nurses wore all white and you  
Knew just what they were.

I did much research  
On the trumpet medium  
Mrs. Blake, psychic.

The Prince of Wales was  
Not “heavy hung.” Women called  
Him “the Little Man.”

A coal truck struck her  
Car head-on. Another car  
Crushed her from the rear.

Salad dressing made  
At home with fresh lemon juice  
Beats commercial ones.

A cider press lies  
Overturned, near the apple  
Orchard, in decay.

Andrea Yates killed  
Her five young children. She drowned  
Them in a bathtub.

James Naismith thought up  
The game of basketball in  
1891.

Eva Perón, her  
Detractors were quick to tell  
You, had thick ankles.

Helen Keller and  
Her teacher, Anne Sullivan,  
Loved and hated . . . each.

“*Non, je ne regrette  
Rien,*” sang Edith Piaf. “No,  
I regret nothing.”