

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele

Whales beach themselves from
Perceived long memories of
Ancient life on land.

They cut out my tongue
Supposedly written on
The back of a stamp.

In the waiting room,
A young man cracks his knuckles:
This a source of pride.

I once saw a farm
In summer set all around
With weeping willows.

You don't get to come
Back or watch your funeral.
You are dead, dead, dead!

At Wendy's, I like
Mandarin Chicken Salad,
Tasty and wholesome.

A subspecies of
Blackbirds, cowbirds lay their eggs
In other birds' nests

For them to cover.
"Parasitic nesting" this
Is called in science.

To get Meals on Wheels,
You have to be home when they
Deliver the food.

A believed faithful
Mate may follow a stranger
Down a dim alley.

"You don't *need* to have
Been molested or raped! Just
Be a good actor!"

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Mrs. Blake: "Mine is
A gift from God." She did not
Charge for séances.

She accepted small
Donations, of a dollar
Or a half-dollar.

Money was left in
A china bowl on the stand
Beside the front door.

Killers often go
Free for ratting on fellow
Criminals in court.

While I played outside,
Mother talked with Mrs. Barnes,
Who had breast cancer.

A bud vase on each
Table holds a spare bouquet
Of plastic flowers.

The crocodile is
Ugly, feared, fearsome. If not
Killed, it may live long.

There was a private
Film of Rudolph Nureyev
Nude, lewd, with young men.

My brother Emmett
Showed me that men's hats are worn
Tilted, not level.

Braille is hard to learn
And bulky. It has given
Way to talking books.

A stripper lured him
To a motel. Her boyfriend
Showed, robbed and killed him.

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I dislike sleeping
In small bedrooms, which oppress
Me. I avoid them.

Douglas B. Price, my
Psychoanalyst when I
Lived in Washington,

Had a brown crewcut,
Was lean, handsome, and blue-eyed.
I loved him too much.

It nearly killed me
When he told me that he had
Two children, both boys.

Monkeys in forests
Are prey mainly to large snakes,
Chimpanzees, and man.

Sybil bathing would
Listen to my poems if
I kept my head turned.

Dismal: when a light
Bulb burns out and you have no
Ready replacement.

Women who marry
To divorce for much money
Dishonor their sex.

Until World War II,
What we now call World War I
Was called "the Great War."

Though not beautiful,
The Duchess of Windsor made
Herself appear so.

Elie Wiesel and
I were born in the same year. [1928]
How different our lives!

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

I can play some parts
Of Chopin's *Première Ballade*
(Opus 23),

Fifteen pages long,
Beautiful but difficult.
My hands are too small.

A gold pin from Troy,
Less than three inches long, has
Fifty-eight small whorls.

I fear diseases
Sexually transmitted,
Of horrid nature.

I would hold mewling
And struggling cats at the top
Of the deep stairwell.

The main, strong flow of
My urine is now followed
By several short streams.

I didn't know where
My glasses were. I found that
I was wearing them.

Years ago, a man
Who had sired many children
Was widely admired.

Camels have very
Thin legs considering their
Weight and weights they bear.

I must abandon
My rotary telephone
And buy a touch-tone.

Song-and-dance man Dan
Dailey—handsome, blithe—died of
Alcohol abuse.