

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele

John Paul II,
Long the Pope, has died. “Jesus
Will open the door.”

Dynamic *tango*
Is a fascinating dance,
Bold and exotic.

Mother taught us girls:
“Colored stones in the daytime,
Diamonds in the evening.”

I may use several
Dictionaries in getting
A poem just right.

Father picked on my
Brother George, who in response
Ran away three times.

It would be neat if
American cities had
Pissoirs as in France.

George was born not long
After the first child, Lee, died
Of diphtheria.

Genuine jade comes
In many colors, but the
Best known is deep GREEN.

Especially when it
Snowed, Mother worried about
George’s health and life.

Bars closed. A drunken
Husband and father lurches
Home. Early morning.

He was enjoying
Freedom from fault-finding in
Southern hobo camps.

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While in college, I
Attended one football game.
I was miserable.

The ark of Noah,
With many animals, floats
On muddy waters.

My muscular arms
Have turned weak and flabby. I
Am now an old man.

I dream of spending
Eternity scanning men's
Pants. None is my size.

"End times are near," spake
The preacher. A man shot him,
Then himself, to death.

In snatching her two
Children away from the train,
She was swept under.

When Mother trimmed her
Corns with a razor blade, I
Wincing and moaned. She laughed.

There once were many
Adena mounds in the East.
Most have been destroyed.

When she was a girl,
She would wear tight shoes to make
Her feet look smaller.

A psychiatrist
Alone with a prisoner
Is strangled to death.

A baby screaming
For hours may drive one to thoughts
Of infanticide.

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A German proverb:
“Hunger is the best of cooks.”
Absolutely true.

“In God we trust,” reads
A sign in a grocery store.
“All others pay cash.”

SUNDAY COMICS no
Longer carries *Dick Tracy*,
Which fascinated

Readers with bizarre
Characters such as Pruneface
And Gravel Gertie.

The boys improvised
A “net” for basketball from
An old peach basket.

A young woman’s nude
And decomposing body
Is found in a park.

I should try to write
A song about Christmas and
Make a million bucks.

I fell and bled much.
“You must be taking a blood
Thinner,” one man said.

Charles Lindbergh sometimes
Gave a person X-Lax as
A nice chocolate treat.

Many now carry
About a clear bottle of
Liquid refresher.

A gnat needs little
Food to keep alive, and that
It usually gets.

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Though fine and noble,
“The Star-Spangled Banner” is
A reach to sing well.

Less than three percent
Of the world’s water, I have
Read, is safe to drink.

Kinkade: old cottage;
Old lighthouse; a breaking sea;
Multiple lights; schmaltz.

People who scale heights,
Explore virgin caves, and probe
Below the surface

Intaglio: head of
A warrior with helmet, carved
Below the surface.

Hitler’s little jig
After most of France was his:
Trick photography.

I was circumcised
After all and am very
Pleased with the result.

But that was taken
From an advertisement for
A water business.

He didn’t like to
Be seen with a man thirty
Years older than he.

Of seawater, are
Unaware of the bony
Specter watching them.

Bill, who had seven
Inches, said he also had
Hepatitis B.

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

When it is done well,
I adore the *apache* dance:
A Parisian tough

And his woman, whom
He treats badly. In the end
She shoots him to death.

My psychologist,
Brendan Murphy, said it was
No business of mine

Whether his penis
Was cut or uncut. "Knock off!"
He said, and I did.

A nightowl bites off
The head of a mouse and eats
What is below it.

I thought the creak of
A door being opened was
Mother saying, "Paul."

My disordered mind
Does not always know what is
True and what is false.

Eva Braun poisoned.
Hitler: gunfire at his head.
So ends the Third Reich.

I would like to see
Rembrandt's "secret" art, as of
Men with erections.

My scrotum is small.
My testes are very small.
They work perfectly!

Johann Strauss's waltz
"Tales from the Vienna Woods":
Lighthearted stepping.