

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele

How high in dancing
Could Vaslav Nijinsky leap?
"It was near the stars."

I treasure a kind
Christmas card sent me over
Fifty years ago.

French Empire sofas,
Though elegant, give little
Bodily comfort.

Grandpa Curry wore
A nightcap to keep his head
Warm in a cold room.

The only pens I
Like, Pilot Razor Point II,
Are made in Japan.

I kill (if I can)
Any insect that invades
Where I am living.

Some wives who prepare
Meals add sugar (a bit) to
Most of what they cook.

It is surprising
How many men wear their belt
Below their belly.

Cold corn bread crumbled
In a bowl, buttermilk poured
Over it. Onions.

We sat on the porch
In the evening, old rags lit
To make a gnat smoke.

A young father strokes
His boy's dark hair while waiting
In line at Wendy's.

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele (page 2)

I am thankful (and
Should be more thankful) that I
Have no allergies.

Dip: milk sweetened, warmed,
And flavored with vanilla;
For berry cobblers.

The course "Animal
Husbandry" has been changed to
"Animal Science."

As a child I had
Tinkertoys and Lincoln Logs
With which to build things.

My sister would send
Me to buy her Kotex from
The grocery store.

I thought a person
Was walking behind me. I
Turned. Just a mailbox.

Grandma Curry's long
Hair was braided at night, worn
In a bun by day.

How stand the brown stuff
We drop into a toilet?
Good lives make it null.

Common workmen may
Now wear long hair, a necklace,
And one gold earring.

Muscles and the brain
Are 75 percent
Water. Push water!

"It isn't my face."
"Whose face is it?" "I don't know."
"You don't want to know."

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

British honor guards
Who wear bearskins: Do they know
Their hats are phallic?

Film costume dramas
"In living color" lack just
The drabness of life.

I shall never see
London, Paris, Rome, Athens,
The Louvre, pyramids.

The Church's dogma
Of Mary Ever Virgin
Misconceives Mary.

His stepfather would
Read to Jimmy and me from
Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales*.

Monday was washing,
Tuesday ironing, week in,
Week out, for Mother.

The one photograph
Of the Loch Ness monster turned
Out to be a hoax.

Foreign to me are
Eggplant and avocado,
Each a mystery.

"Remember that sex
Is your husband's greatest need,"
An adviser wrote.

A boy rode by on
A unicycle. To what
Purpose, I wonder?

Tasty banana
Bread is made from black, dead-ripe,
Rotten bananas.

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

Grandma Curry's cow
Was named Strawberry. She spent
Each night in the barn.

The undertaker
Saved for me the gold pin from
My mother's last dress.

Klimt's complex painting
"The Kiss" took two years to make:
1907-08.

I have bought but left
Uneaten Limburger cheese.
Such putridity!

Cardinal Spellman
Had sex with male prostitutes
And handsome young priests.

I lie on the bed
Of my rented room and watch
A great storm outside.

Nijinsky's brilliant
Career in dance was stopped by
Schizophrenia.

Vile and evil men
Make it difficult for me
To believe in men.

Style-conscious young men
Spike their hair, wear hip-low pants
Bunched at the bottom.

We gave my sister
A surprise birthday party,
Not easy to do.

A man who walks far
In cold weather finds that he
Needs to urinate.