

Poems in the form of Haiku by Paul Curry Steele

They dance the slow waltz
Close to each other, facing
Long separation.

When greyhounds' racing
Days are over, their future
Is problematic.

An old wives' tale runs
Thus: Cats can kill babies by
Sucking out their breath.

Music disturbed my
Father. He never heard me
Play the piano.

Chocolate pudding,
If you don't know what it is,
Looks detestable.

My feet are too wide
To fit into cowboy boots,
Which require slim feet.

An ice cream parlor
In Charleston, West Virginia,
Serves pawpaw ice cream.

West Virginia has
Relatively few antiques,
Virginia many.

They produced a green
Rose. Now pumpkins can be got
In green, white, or red.

Tellers in banks who
Embezzle money have found
It dearer than law.

They wouldn't let him
Use the car. He killed them both
With a baseball bat.

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

Sally Rand with her
Ostrich-feather fans danced on
Stage forty-odd years.

Of male singers, I
Am especially partial to
A sweet baritone.

the heart monitor
betrayed him hand on phallus
in hospital bed

She speaks ill of her
Superlative cooking to
Hear others praise it.

Saint Elizabeth's
Bread for the poor turned into
Flowers – inutile!

I can't understand
The Greek liking of spinach
In their cookery.

In medical schools,
Cadavers are skinned to show
Each body's insides.

After breakfast, life
Seems less unendurable
Than it does before.

“Honey” and “Sweetheart,”
Women call men. Men call men
“Buddy” and “Partner.”

Of Mexican food,
I like best margaritas
In a salt-rimmed glass.

“They are beautiful
When young,” my mother would say,
“But they age quickly.”

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

Indian summer,
When it comes, is transcendent:
Beautiful and dear!

In a Catholic
Hospital, don't ask whether
You might masturbate.

A white human hand,
Palm down, slid out from under
My bed, then slid back.

Pearl S. Buck's *The Good
Earth* (1931) still
Has vigor and style.

We race over snow
In a horse-drawn sleigh, pursued
By a pack of wolves!

I would like to have
The new minister naked
On my bed for sex.

In backyard, round pond.
Frogs took over. The concrete
Removed. Dirt filled in.

Open, deep water
Is not for me. I think it
Very dangerous.

Jean Cocteau excelled
In arts. I saw his movie
La Belle et la Bête. [*Beauty and the Beast*]

In a back pocket
Of his jeans: a round tin of
Smokeless tobacco.

He piloted his
Own small plane. It malfunctioned
And crashed, killing him.

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

Make new friends, but keep
The old. True friendship is far
More precious than gold.

A female cockroach
May spawn 400 offspring
At a time. How gross!

To be a modern
Graphic artist, you don't need
To learn how to draw.

I read some of my
Poems in a men's prison.
My audience: two.

Ejaculation:
What a surprise! Peter jerked,
White joy shooting out!

Tintoretto was
First Jacopo Robusti,
Then the painter's name.

After the graveside
Service, white doves were released
That winged toward the sky.

Silos on farms are
So obviously phallic,
How can one not laugh?

You are told to lie
On the ground. You will be shot
To death in the head.

I am in love with
Alexander Hamilton
On ten-dollar bills.

Origin unknown:
"Some of God's greatest blessings
Are unanswered prayers."