

From
THE HOPEWELL HAIKU



Paul Muldoon

I

The door of the shed
open-shuts with the clangour
of red against red.

II

A muddle of mice.
Their shit looks like caraway
but smells like allspice.

III

From whin-bright Cave Hill
a blackbird might... will give thanks
with his whin-bright bill.

IV

For now, we must make
do with a thumb-blowing owl
across the fire-break.

V

A stone at its core,
this snowball's the porcelain
knob on winter's door.