

Caveat: Poem
Volume 3: Mostly among Trees

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Volume Three: Mostly among Trees

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Cover credit: author's photo of a north-facing view just west of his home near Craig, Alaska.

To neighbors and coworkers, who provide humanity to my days.

Foreword

(The paragraphs below are merely a repetition of the "Forward" in my first two volumes of poetry, as the circumstances of my writing are no different for this third volume. I repeat those words here for the reader's convenience, but for those readers continuing from the previous volumes, there is nothing new here. - June, 2023)

In 2016, I began writing a poem every day. Prior to that, and back to my adolescence, I had written poetry or short stories occasionally. Several factors induced new efforts at creative writing: in 2004 I had started a blog (caveatdumptruck.com); in 2007 I moved to South Korea to teach English; a brush with cancer in 2013 rearranged my hopes and dreams.

A friend of mine had noticed a few of my poems on that daily blog, and had given me positive feedback. In particular, he liked my poems in the "nonnet." form, and so

he off-handedly challenged me to write one every day. Or perhaps I challenged myself, while in conversation with him - I don't actually recall.

By the end of 2016 I was reliably publishing a "daily poem" on my blog, and I have done so ever since without fail. Many of these poems aren't so great - when you hold yourself to such a pace of production, quality inevitably suffers. Most of them are quite short - I often will just slap together something I call a "pseudo-haiku" if time is short or I feel uninspired.

Over a long period, however, quality seems to emerge from the quantity. My first impulse was to try to put together a "selection" of these daily blog-poems for publication, but the more I thought about it, the more I reached the conclusion that in today's internet-mediated literary environment, this served no practical purpose. Given how the technology and publishing businesses are configured nowadays, nothing inhibits me from first publishing my "Collected Works" (as grandiose as that feels) and then only later publishing whatever selections or excerpts I might choose. In fact, all the poems here are already published, anyway - just in "blog" form. These are easily accessible at the URL caveatpoem.com.

These poems often reflect the experiences of my day-to-day existence. Through the first two years of my "daily poem" habit, I was living in South Korea and working as a teacher. Then I moved to rural Alaska, and so subsequent poems reflect that quite different lifestyle.

Throughout, my various interests emerge: philosophy, language, culture, Zen Buddhism, children's literature and myth. Observations of the natural world often predominate. My prior life as a student of Spanish Literature also shows up - a number of these poems are in Spanish. I only occasionally offer translations, and ask readers to bear with this linguistic eccentricity. Although my Korean fluency never equaled that of my Spanish, I have thrown in lines of

Korean here and there, too - also with only haphazard translation.

This collection is titled "Caveat: Poem" after the typical heading used in my blog from its very start. All but the first thirty or so poems are from a daily poem-writing habit that can be precisely dated to having begun on August 12, 2016. Those first 30 were still written in Korea, however, and published on my blog at their date of composition. I do have dozens of poems from before my time in Korea, but those are unnumbered. Some of those really old poems have been "re-printed" on the blog from time-to-time among the numbered poems.

In the blog, I have the habit of remarking on the intended genre of the poem afterward, and I have retained those remarks. Occasionally, these genre descriptions included other information about the context or background of the poem. Sometimes I have included these. However, where I feel they cross too far over into autobiography or aimless rambling, I have deleted them.

No doubt, sometimes the referents of these poems are obscure. However, maybe part of the pleasure in poetry is that when these referents do become detached, it leaves the readers free to create their own. I hope that for some readers, a few of these poems achieve that.

Craig, Alaska, April 2020

CAVEAT: POEM #1366 "FRESH START"

2020-04-27



the rain washed it all
the trees the stones the birds' songs
the morning was clean

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1367 "TIME"

2020-04-28



Frogs and horses, why are they?
Time is inescapable.
A burden. We cannot ever
escape. A child knows not time
but they make him learn.
They throw it on his back,
and he never notices
until one day,
then it is too late,
and they are happy.

- a free-form poem. This poem is a "guest post" from my own past. A quite distant past. I wrote this while in high school, in December, 1981. I remember writing it... vaguely.

CAVEAT: POEM #1368 "THE NEW HOUSE"

2020-04-29



In the dream I visited a house.
 It was a vast house, modernist,
 a tall central room, columns,
 an incomplete kitchen,
 filled with cut firewood,
 oh and classrooms
 on one side;
 the name:
 "Light."

- a nonnet. This was an actual dream I awoke from just now.

CAVEAT: POEM #1369 "CURTAILMENT"

2020-04-30



The rain had washed the world all clean:
 from the trees' branches hung blinded eyes,
 but mud-scrubbed stones held the road.
 A bird sang suggestions, remained unseen:
 a purple fog had captured the skies,
 but a sun peered through a mist that flowed.
 I walked up the gravel road a ways:
 feeling as if reduced in size
 by the looming trees with their secret code.
 That rain had fallen for many days:
 time's old load.

- a curtal sonnet. I'm not sure how well I did. I tried to imitate the form invented by the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, with a four-foot "sprung rhythm" and 10 1/2 lines.

CAVEAT: POEM #1370 "LOLLYGAGGING VEGETABLES"

2020-05-01



Here I have planted tomatoes to grow.
 Their germination - it seems to me slow.
 Giving them water and sunlight I guess
 serves to inspire them to lollygag less.

- *a quatrain in a dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1371 "ALTERNATIVES"

2020-05-02



I dreamed it, vivid
 though I had never lived there
 the streets, sky, people

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1372 "EPISTEMOLOGY"

2020-05-03



Sight
 constructs
 images
 engendering
 thoughts hopes dreams doubts plans
 which swirl in vast spirals
 on the field of perception
 sweeping conceptual gestures
 like galaxies of damp greenery.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1373 "OBSESIÓN EN ROMANCE"

2020-05-04

□

*Verde, que te quiero verde,
verdes ramas, cabello verde*

- Federico García Lorca.

verde poeta que escribe
verde poema de amor
verde, dulce, sin sabor.
verde que no puede ver,
verde violencia boreal
verde nieve me cae un copo
verde. es agonía de mártir
verde: niñez de montaña
verde, y yace sobre tierra
verde y fango verde y lodo
verde. un caminante anda,
verde calor de alma sola y
verde, porque la mía sufre
verde, porque el aire que es
verde respira cabello
verde de amor. soledad
verde, invierno lluvioso y
verde, como animales
verdes. besos verdes. bailes
verdes. niño verde, niña
verde. el dios es ondulante y
verde. un mar, que es increíble y
verde... enojo... suicidio
verde, me tiro en frente de un
verde tren, tren rápido,
verde, oscuro, poderoso y
verde todavía. mátame,
verde, aplástame ya que yo -

verde - no quiero vivir.
verde es odio del verde amor.
verde es la revolución.
verde, que se desangra, roja y
verde. la odio. la odio tanto,
verde, como rojo, pero
verde, más bien es color
verde que me asalta la nariz,
verde como una máquina
verde y poderosa: el alma
verde. nos perdona la ira
verde, nos antagoniza:
verde faz completamente
verde, cara de sangre – la
verde sangre - de nuestra ira.
verde en el suelo que es
verde, escarcha de la estrella
verde del cielo porque la
verde redentora dice
'¡verde muerte, verde vida,
verde muera, verde viva!'
verde ira, que nos enoja,
verde grito en la noche
verde pierde, raudamente,
verde sentido – concepto
verde - que conceptualiza un
verde signo: Verdenada. es
verde, nada, tras celeste y
verde infierno, pide fiera
verde, ¡oh, bestia!, come carne
verde y podrida. pudor
verde no perdonaría el
verde espíritu claro,
verde, ¿cómo conmover un
verde apocalipsis? ¿qué es
verde? es pérdida de amor

verde que me es personal,
verde, tan íntima. ¡huida
verde hacia retrobución!
verde me seduce tanto:
verde de roja madera
verde, aquel locus amoenus
verde, es un espacio aterior.
verde dentro verde. fuera,
verde, una mera sonrisa
verde... él vende el violento
verde viento, va, devora,
verde demonio, una momia
verde, que padece el amor.
verde estoy aquí esperando,
verde te espero sin nada,
verde, en el corazón mío.
verde, blanco y azul soy,
verde poeta con temor: el
verde enojo me controla
verdemente con verde ojo...
verde ojo: te odio todo.
verde es todo, resentido,
verde que es resentimiento,
verde que no es un dolor.
verde, oh, ¡verde!, ¡no me digas!
verde peso. verde sol.
verde idiota, no te quiero.
verde sube. verde baja.
verde héroe en ascensor:
verde bajando, subiendo, el
verde nos sube, bajando.
verde no nos puede ver,
verde no ve verde nieve: es
verde, o sea, que me dice esto:
'verde vida vale nada.' el
verde enojo duele tanto,

verde dolor, ¡la alienación
verde no implica valor! es
verde espacio, aterior.
verde magia. verde amor. la
verde pregunta no tiene
verde calor, no responde
verdemente, no responde. es
verde salida: un razor
verde... como mi dios.
verde es existencialismo,
verde captura la guerra. el
verde suprime un vector de
verde escape mayor, porque
verde no me es nada más que
verde. no quiero saber el
verde nombre, tetraletra
verde, diagrama letal:
'verde, verde, verde amor.'
verde es un cuerpo sin órganos
verdes, veo como película
verde. verde joder, o hacer pajas,
verde coño con coñac,
verde verga rosada de un
verde ojito singular y
verde, me escupa semen
verde y blanco. no tolero
verde, es reivindicación.
verde es todo un universo
verde, peregrino soy -
verde - y me identifico con:
¡verde abismo, verde caos,
verde desesperación!
verde demonio locuaz,
verde con conocimiento
verde, y con olvido audaz.
verde y rojo, desconexos.

verde reina y verde rey.
verde... sé que ideología es
verde, y que encapsula
verde vegetal y bestia
verde (maniquea visión),
verde miembro perdido por
verde, como manicomio
verde, con su corazón
verde, explota en pedazos
verdes, destruye el alma.
verde pubis, ... mejor, ¡chocha
verde!, que come como la
verde diosa de la isla de
verde costa y verde mar.
verde nos explica que lo
verde es la masturbación
verde, y ¡tan intelectual!
verde puta con vestido
verde, con carne podrida,
verde. Oh madre, madre tierra,
verde tierra se cae (y cae
verde) hacia abajo. un trabajo
verde con verde cerebro.
verde, anda adelante como
verde caballo o caballo
verde. yo tengo apellido
verde, y dios tiene apellido
verde: verde, como el mar.
'verde' describe la crisis
verde ambiental del tercer
verde disco, suspendido -
verde - en cielo negro, solo.
verde cerca, ver de lejos,
verde loco, no me importa.
verde onanismo de loco...
verde obsesión sexual.

verde demonio con pelo
verde, y ahora llora un mar
verde de lágrimas, ... bellas.
verde es la inocencia, o sea
verde la es mi amor. ¿no ves? un
verde helicóptero alegre...
verde choque de suicidio.

- un poema largo en métrica romance. This is another "guest poem from the past." It was written leading up to and during a hospital stay in early 1996. It's not perfect - indeed it's quite strange - but I feel it's actually the most "literary" thing I ever did in Spanish. In origin, it leapt off from the famous poem by García Lorca, "Romance sonámbulo." It might also be the longest poem I've written, to date, in either Spanish or English.

CAVEAT: POEM #1374 "WHAT CAN TRYING HURT?"

2020-05-05



Now tomatoes begin to sprout, so small:
a bit of purplish fuzz along the leaves.

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter). The tomato is 1/4 inch tall.

CAVEAT: POEM #1375 "DISTRIBUTIONS"

2020-05-06

□

The sun shone on me.
A cloud, deep and gray, passed by.
Rain was scattered round.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1376 "POINT OF VIEW"

2020-05-07

□

Down through the railing, the tide had been slipping
down;
Cormorant possessed a rock that was showing there.

- *a couplet in a semi-successful dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1377 "PRESENTATION"

2020-05-08

□

The deer stood at the top of the rocks,
looking at me as if surprised.
It had come down that steep path -
the one I'd made last year.
It browsed some green leaves:
blueberry plants
reaching out
to feed
deer.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1378 "LACONICITY"

2020-05-09



living with someone
 who denies a slight deafness
 you learn to not say

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1379 "AGAINST APOPHENIA"

2020-05-10



Gaze out this window.
 See the sea's exhalations.
 Doubt the air's meanings.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1380 "SEVENTEENTH STANZA"

2020-05-11



Kiamon thought about ancestry then,
 counting back mothers and fathers to ten.
 How did her elders perform at these tasks?
 When at last death took them, what did they ask?

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1381 "CLUMSY"

2020-05-12

□

I trip over sticks, outstuck; and falling,
I keep sprawling in the muck;
I'm not impressed with my luck.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1382 "Id"

2020-05-13

□

Lately I dream more.
These are reality's roots.
I pull them up. Look.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1383 "THE CARTOGRAPHER'S CREATION"

2020-05-14



fictional settings urban landscapes distant mountains
 alternate places

ghostly buildings impossible canyons angelic bridges
 immaterial places

misplaced forests migratory cities shifting oceans
 errant places

The places I draw
 that I imagine
 take shape
 coalesce
 make little movements
 and progress
 and become

curving lines baroque grids linear arabesques
 imagined maps

- *a quennet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1384 "ROAD'S DUST"

2020-05-15

□

Sun
replaced
all the rain
that came before
and dried out the road
making lots of gray dust
for the trucks to kick around
coating the leaves of the bushes
which are drawing bees with their flowers.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1385 "HANG YOUR SOUL OUT TO DRY"

2020-05-16

□

Morning swallows dreams.
The dawn dries out the damp soul.
A stone catches sun.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1386 "A THOUSAND WORDS"

2020-05-17

□

cloud-fragments caught in water, like pink paint;
nature's thoughts faint... earth's blotter..
there: got her.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1387 "OBVIOUSLY"

2020-05-18



I went to the road.
 There I found a thing to say.
 And so I said it.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1388 "PATTER"

2020-05-19



After ten days of unrainning, dull times,
 Clouds' tiny footsteps compose their small rhymes.

- *a couplet in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1389 "PAST AND PRESENT"

2020-05-20



In the city, there are many sounds:
 subways hum; sirens sing; trucks pass.
 Sometimes I dream these old sounds.
 At three-forty AM,
 to birds and rain, here,
 I snap awake.
 Already,
 it is
 light.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1390 "EIGHTEENTH STANZA"

2020-05-21



Kiamon traveled to worlds beyond ken
 using her mind to find meaning again.
 Body in place, like a somnolent monk,
 worlds coalesced out of cognitive junk.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1391 "A PICTURE"

2020-05-22



Hello blue flowers.
 Please discuss your appearance.
 Use one thousand words.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1392 "BESPOKE GEOGRAPHIES"

2020-05-23



Maps.
 Fictions.
 Diagrams.
 Imaginings.
 Strange realities.
 Bespoke geographies.
 Alternate universes.
 Linear agglomerations.
 Maybe just a way to pass some time.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1393 "EDGES"

2020-05-24



Precipitous days:
right along the edge of clouds:
precipitation.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1394 "NO ONE IS WATCHING"

2020-05-25



The tree was leaping into the sea.
It tangled its branches, flailing.
The sea was indifferent.
Eagles were witnesses.
The tree's roots were caught.
Moss rode its flanks.
The clouds watched.
Birds sang.
Jump!

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1395 "SCALING BACK EXPECTATIONS"

2020-05-26



So I sat to have breakfast, and I thought,
"I might have sought to persist...
sigh... exist."

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1396 "THE LONG VIEW"

2020-05-27

□

Yes.
 It's true -
 what they say:
 I am a tree.
 Let's focus on that.
 I cling to the damp earth.
 The skies taunt me day and night.
 I'll get at them any year now.
 The days are like seconds spinning by.

*- a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1397 "GUARDIAN"**

2020-05-28

□

I was told I was quite eccentric.
 This was in this dream I was in.
 My friend Bob was there, talking.
 He had an unreal farm.
 There were outbuildings.
 Within, some boats.
 A woman.
 She slept.
 Safe.

- a nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1398 "AGAINST POETRY"

2020-05-29



Some days, there's no poem.
 The world is recalcitrant.
 Instead, I put words.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1399 "SNAILS"

2020-05-30



Snails
 have found
 radish leaves
 in my garden.
 They are so happy.
 Still, the radishes grow.
 The snails rush from leaf to leaf.
 The radishes seem unconcerned:
 new leaves appear daily to feed snails.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1400 "AN EXCURSION IN THE BOAT"

2020-05-31

□

A fleet of otters
Took possession of waters
Just east of San Juan

We saw some whales there
In the small cove at Black Beach
Diving and spouting

An eagle was perched
On a stone near an alder
Supervising things

Oceanic swells
Crept up Ursua Channel
Tasting all the boats

Jellyfish sliced by
Reflecting sporadic light
Through the greenish murk

Some white bellied ducks
Swam in lazy formation
Amid stray sparkles

The surging sea rolled
At San Ignacio's south
Gnawing fine gray rocks

The sun hid itself
The clouds made intricate plans
To send us their rain

Another eagle
 Floated above the whitecaps
 Then knelt; caught a fish

No fish saw our hooks
 Instead we dreamed about them
 The sea sang its depths

- a collection of pseudo-haiku forming stanzas in a longer poem.

CAVEAT: POEM #1401 "FRAGMENTATION"

2020-06-01



No voice is heard among the waiting trees;
 Just birds who chat, and drunken, buzzing bees.
 But then a plane will cross the sky above,
 and split the day, and fragment all my thoughts.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter); the rhyme was unintentional.

CAVEAT: POEM #1402 "OH, HELLO"

2020-06-02



the kitchen window
 making oatmeal, looking out
 a young deer strolled by

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1403 "NINETEENTH STANZA"

2020-06-03



Kiamon knelt at her ancestor's grave
clutching the keepsake her mother once gave.
Angels cavorted around by some trees
summoning shadows that only love frees.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, on the ongoing angsts of a fictional being.

CAVEAT: POEM #1404 "PROJECTION"

2020-06-04



Across the water
there's this one cloud, just hanging,
unsure where to go.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1405 "OPTIONAL PHILOSOPHY"

2020-06-05



Watch
the world,
through windows,
from a distance,
keeping perspective,
avoiding confusion,
constructing mental models,
testing them against what happens...
or alternately just sit and watch.

- a reverse nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1406 "THE LACONIC UNCLE"

2020-06-06



Always the same words.
 Never hears what I'm saying.
 Tells nothing of plans.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1407 "A PLANET DEVOID OF FLESH"

2020-06-07



The wind pushed waves against the rocky beach,
 and caused the sea to gnaw the planet's bones.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1408 "PREPARING FOR A GARDEN"

2020-06-08



The dirt must be made.
 The rainforest has poor soil.
 So I mix in stuff.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1409 "AN OTTER ON THE QUESTION OF BOATS"

2020-06-09

□

I,
 a bold
 sea otter,
 witness the boats
 that cross the sea's roof
 and that scare our children;
 the boats drone their hot dirges
 in their unusual straight lines,
 interrupting our happy repasts.

*- a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1410 "THE SUN'S SNEAKY PRANK"**

2020-06-10

□

Looking out, there's rain.
 Looking out, the sun appears.
 No. Just the rain falls.

*- a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #1411 "WON'T YOU BE MY NEIGHBOR?"**

2020-06-11

□

I took a short walk,
 surveying the neighborhood.
 Who's there? Trees, birds, bears.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1412 "A DIAGRAM OF MY GARDEN"

2020-06-12



small carrots growing radishes expansionist lettuce
bold vegetables

black soil damp sand mildewy stones
fertile earth

buzzing bees hovering gnats stealthy mosquitoes
industrious worms

the greenhouse
shelters
the young plants
and provides
a space
to grow
and flourish

still air hanging sun passing clouds
coming rain

- *a quennet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1413 "THE POTENTIALITY OF STONES"

2020-06-13



the stones stand, ruins
of unknowable planets
spiraling outward

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1414 "THE EPHEMERALITY OF STONES"

2020-06-14



The stones compelled the sky to pull aside,
 besieging time itself and standing ground.
 But time had better plans: it had prepared
 for waiting out the stones, and pulled them down.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1415 "INDETERMINATE MATERIALS"

2020-06-15



I made a tower of stones. They reached up.
 One rock was cup-shaped - or bone- -
 can't be known.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1416 "REPETITION MAKES IT TRUE"

2020-06-16



With a lot to say,
 but small vocabularies,
 the birds greet the day.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1417 "FINCH"

2020-06-17



The finch decides to scale my window's screen
and tilts its yellow stripes to left and right.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1418 "SAFE AND SOUND"

2020-06-18



a blue fishing boat
parked in the inlet last night
expecting some rain

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1419 "OVER ON THE NORTH SIDE"

2020-06-19



along six-mile hill
the wind feinted from the sea
the trees lashed and waved

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1420 "THE CARTOGRAPHERS' FOLLY"

2020-06-20



The arbitrary placement of mountains
 is nonsense: complacent
 cartographers' debasement
 for simple entertainment.

- *an englyn in Robertson Davies' style.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1421 "CULINARY ANNOUNCEMENT"

2020-06-21



I made some fish soup.
 It's a Chilean chowder:
 spicy and creamy.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1422 "THE LAND OF THE MIDDAY OVERCAST"

2020-06-22



The solstice here means not much darkness.
 There's sunset twilight at midnight.
 At three the dawn twilight comes.
 I am awake at three?
 Sometimes I wake up.
 Thinking strange things.
 Counting ghosts.
 Doubting.
 Time.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1423 "SWITCHING SIDES"

2020-06-23



The deer goes westbound.
 I'm watching the road outside.
 Then the bear goes east.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1424 "THE OFFICIAL STATEMENT FROM THE CLOUDS"

2020-06-24



We, the assembled, drift and declaim:
 We permit your wind to bring us
 - a conspiracy of clouds,
 in collective action -
 to your continent.
 Your straining trees,
 your cold rocks,
 told us:
 stay.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1425 "MY OWN PRIVATE TEMPLE COMPLEX"

2020-06-25



I put up my piles
 in these random locations
 strewing stone towers

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1426 "THE GEOFICTICIAN"

2020-06-26



I could dream of lines
and mold them into mountains,
then add some nice towns

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1427 "THE SLUGS PROTAGONIZE YET ANOTHER POEM"

2020-06-27



The slugs arrayed themselves across the road
displaying spots to trucks and cars that passed.
They tasted leaves and stones and felt the rain,
and dodged, with careful slitherings, their fate.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1428 "PLAN FOR A FUTURE DEBATE"

2020-06-28



Wind.
Outside.
Awaits me.
More like a breeze.
Arboreal moves.
A waving of branches.
Having crossed the sea, it comes.
It chases bears and deer, they say.
I will challenge the wind in debate.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1429 "GAZING DOWN ELEVENTH STREET"

2020-06-29



Fog recalls childhood
 I sit by that gray window
 Wait for time to pass

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1430 "LABOR BEFORE PLAN"

2020-06-30



I'm digging a hole.
 I think I'll put in some stairs.
 Meanwhile, it's labor.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1431 "TWENTIETH STANZA"

2020-07-01



Not-a-Wolf wielded a sixgun and knife,
 Lived like he didn't much value his life.
 Soldiers pursued him through sun and through snow,
 Never once thinking to just let him go.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter. Luc Not-a-Wolf is a character in a story I sometimes work on, which takes place in the imaginary land of Makaska. He is Kiamon's great-great grandfather.

CAVEAT: POEM #1432 "NATURE SOMETIMES LOOKS BACK"

2020-07-02



The bird noticed me.
A whirr of wings announced it.
The morning warmed up.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1433 "THE BUGS' INTENTIONS"

2020-07-03



Sometimes the bugs fly
and they try to annoy me
and well, they succeed.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1434 "AS SEAS WILL DO"

2020-07-04



The sea roiled and turned,
making baroque contortions,
topographic thrusts.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1435 "IMPORTANT DIALOGUE"

2020-07-05



With sun, or without,
the birds make their suggestions.
All serious talk.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1436 "I'LL GET OVER IT"

2020-07-06



I've not been in a good mood lately.
The sky feels heavy and brooding.
Uncles toss profanities.
Birds force their cheerfulness.
Tomato plants climb.
Slugs cross stairways.
Dampness dwells.
Time stops.
Dawn...

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1437 "BRIEF ODE TO A FUTURE TREEHOUSE"

2020-07-07



The treehouse exists
first in imagination
but, yes, it takes shape

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1438 "KNOWING DELICIOUS"

2020-07-08



The slug ate lettuce
Like a tiny bulldozer
It knew delicious

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1439 "TWENTY-FIRST STANZA"

2020-07-09



Kiamon sat by the lakeshore and watched:
wind-woven waves biting stones where they touched,
trees overseeing the greenness and breeze,
clouds climbing skies with magnificent ease.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1440 "CRUEL FATE"

2020-07-10



My phone and I walked...
Only later did I see
it had been broken.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1441 "ALWAYS A BIT AWKWARD"

2020-07-11



I lay there dreaming...
and dreamed I was unconscious,
but then I woke up.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1442 "INSIDE THE GREENHOUSE"

2020-07-12



The potato plant grew
until it was very tall,
Sometimes in sunlight.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1443 "FISHING AND CATCHING"

2020-07-13



An airplane flew past.
The sea sparkled blue and gray.
A fish ate our hook.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1444 "NO SOLUTION WAS FORTHCOMING"

2020-07-14



I raged while dreaming,
demanding some solution
to cloudy problems.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1445 "MAYBE I'M A BOAT"

2020-07-15



Lately I'm unmoored
Dreams tumble and thoughts clamor
And all is quite damp.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1446 "HOW POETRY WORKS"

2020-07-16



No.
Poems
which linger
in the mind's eye
do not represent
anything except words.
They spill out like spilled gravel,
like insects lost in the damp air,
and in the end they fade like old logs.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1447 "Lost"

2020-07-17



Adrift in seas of melancholy
 Witness to birds that perch in trees
 Scattered like dandelions
 Gray just like the damp skies
 Renderer of lines
 Painted but dull
 Wordless soul
 Person
 Lost

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1448 "BIRDS EXCHANGE VIEWS"

2020-07-18



An eagle just watched
 from the far end of the dock
 a raven on rocks.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1449 "THE SEA'S MEANING"

2020-07-19



The round rolling sea.
 The sparkling silvery sea.
 The boat-bearing sea.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1450 "CHLOROPHYLLIC DISAPPOINTMENT"

2020-07-20

□

The leaves were saddened.
The sun was taking a break.
They hung drooping, dark.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1451 "THE RAINFOREST'S EXPECTATION"

2020-07-21

□

The clouds churn, asleep.
It's always about to rain.
The slugs slide with joy.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1452 "A STREET"

2020-07-22

□

A house on a street.
Sometimes I remember it.
My childhood's domain.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1453 "SIMPLE PLEASURES"

2020-07-23



When the berry drops
into your hand, unpressured
is satisfying.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1454 "THE ALASKAN POTATO"

2020-07-24



Hello potato.
At least you've dodged the mildew.
You're growing so tall.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1455 "THE MONKEYS' BOAT"

2020-07-25



The boat's engine's roar
terrifies the sea otters
and sings to the whales.

- *a pseudo haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1456 "ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICE"

2020-07-26



The machine's musings
- their originality -
have surpassed my own.

- a pseudo haiku, in vague response to the poetical composings of GPT-3, a new "text production algorithm" (grandiosely labeled "AI" i.e. "Artificial Intelligence").

CAVEAT: POEM #1457 "TWENTY-SECOND STANZA"

2020-07-27



Kiamon acted without prior thought,
forcing the hand of the fate that she sought,
failing to plan for contingencies, then,
marching off into the desert again.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1458 "ALREADY IMPATIENT WITH SUMMER"

2020-07-28



The alder waits there
for the seasons to go by
to shed summer's leaves

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1459 "LINGERING NOSTALGIA"

2020-07-29



When the stones are damp
 Stale memories land on them
 Like thirsty insects

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1460 "THE RETURN JOURNEY"

2020-07-30



When our hooks had failed
 Our boat turned and smoothed the sea
 On salmonless waves

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1461 "COMING CLEAN"

2020-07-31



When the water's flat
 Ghosts descend from the islands
 To wash their losses

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1462 "THE USE OF SHADOWS"

2020-08-01

□

When the sun is high
It still casts dream-filled shadows
At these latitudes

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1463 "THE RACE IS WON"

2020-08-02

□

When spotted slugs zoom
like soft, black-speckled cheetahs
then you know time's stopped.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1464 "HOW THE RAIN COMES"

2020-08-03

□

When the rain comes, it comes
with desultory tappings
with dedication.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1465 "BUT HOW CAN YOU TELL?"

2020-08-04



When the story ends
then the next story begins
if you're keeping count.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1466 "NEVER CHANGING"

2020-08-05



When I dream of death
there are still the trees and stones,
a rain-damp backdrop.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1467 "ROLEPLAYING"

2020-08-06



When the greeny depths
Plot their inhuman dramas
The fish play their roles

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1468 "DAMP STOICISM"

2020-08-07

□

When the sea's besieged
And stormed by wrathful raindrops
The birds wait, stoic

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1469 "A DYNASTY OF QUESTIONS"

2020-08-08

□

When the words flow through dreams like water,
then the ghosts hang at the margins.
They listen to what we say,
and jump to conclusions.
The air leans in, close.
Answers are rare:
so questions
converse;
reign.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1470 "DISCONSOLATE GREENS"

2020-08-09



Things
 grow up
 and outward
 in my greenhouse
 filling the corners
 with effortful branches
 but then a mildew has come
 and attacked many of the leaves
 leaving my plants unmotivated

- a reverse nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1471 "ALTERNATE APPROACHES"

2020-08-10



No
 I don't
 really know
 why I feel lost
 but if I didn't
 then I would know why not
 and I could get on with things
 walk down the road confidently
 confront the hesitations and doubts

- a reverse nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1472 "WORDS URGING PATIENCE"

2020-08-11



They said the trees would make me peaceful.
 They said the rain would wash my soul.
 They said the stones would hold me.
 They said that time goes on.
 They said other things.
 They said stories.
 They said wait.
 They said
 so.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1473 "LANGUAGE OVERTAKES"

2020-08-12



Behold the novel impermanence
 that post-modernity grants us:
 culture's spinning, mindless wheels;
 entrained electrons' songs;
 epistemic games
 rendered raptures
 by thrumming,
 humming
 words.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1474 "THEY RACE ALONG"

2020-08-13



There's the path across
from this lot to that other
sometimes there are slugs.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1475 "INDIFFERENT"

2020-08-14



When the net was closed
and the fish circled and leapt
the sun glanced downward.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1476 "SUMMARY OF WHAT BOTHERS ME"

2020-08-15



Nothing bothers me;
except things that bother me:
those things bother me.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1477 "THE GATHERING OUT BY THE POTHOLE"
2020-08-16

□

I gathered some rocks.
They congregated around,
Enjoying the mud.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1478 "FISHING WITHOUT CATCHING"
2020-08-17

□

Our flavorful hooks
received negative reviews
at Port Estrella.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1479 "OW"
2020-08-18

□

The tree, unmoving,
forebore my drill's loud assault
and grew just a bit.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1480 "A BUSY DAY"

2020-08-19



The morning had sun.
 Later, it rained, with some wind.
 I watched, as I do.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1481 "TWENTY-THIRD STANZA"

2020-08-20



Kiamon sat on the shore of the lake,
 watching the water that danced with the wind,
 narrowing eyes from a face that had thinned,
 barely remembering desert and ache.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter, but with a different rhyme-scheme than previous quatrains on the topic of Kiamon.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1482 "THERE"

2020-08-21



There were some gray clouds.
 There were some small bugs buzzing.
 There was a seagull.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1483 "REFLECTED GLORY"

2020-08-22



The world exists twice:
Once above the lounging sea;
Once somewhere below.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1484 "JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE"

2020-08-23



Sometimes I just stand,
and look around and think stuff;
the world is patient.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1485 "A SIMPLE MEAL"

2020-08-24



The bugs visited.
They made repast of my skull.
and later I itched.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1486 "UNSUMMER"

2020-08-25



This summer wasn't.
Rain and overcast each day -
just a few with sun.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1487 "A GRADUAL DECOHERENCE"

2020-08-26



Memory forgets.
The meaning of events fades.
Sensation remains.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1488 "BECAUSE RAINFOREST"

2020-08-27



Morning brings pink stains
on the rims of grim gray clouds
where rain waits, always.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1489 "CLOUDS AS SHRILL TEENAGERS"

2020-08-28

□

The clouds looked down, spoke:
"Omigod! That spot is dry!"
they exclaimed. And rained.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1490 "THE BEST COURSE OF ACTION"

2020-08-29

□

I was walking there.
I felt a rock in my sock.
So I removed it.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1491 "LANDING IN BEYEM"

2020-08-30

□

The chill wind came off the frozen lake.
The city lurked among its hills.
A large ship rested, icebound.
Still, the streets teemed with life.
Columns of smoke rose.
I walked along.
Some birds spun.
Sun shone.
Lost.

- *a nonnet set in a fictional city called Beyem.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1492 "ILLIM'S ORIGINS"

2020-08-31



The desert claimed the generations' lives,
 but over time great cities took their shape.
 Arising from the flanks of hills they gleamed,
 declaring people's steadfast will to live.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter), about the aftermath of one of the many wars in the imaginary land of Illim, a small nation among many on the planet Rahet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1493 "DISTORTIONS"

2020-09-01



The land and sea were blended into one.
 A mist was clinging to the darkling trees.
 Among the stones a boat's vague shape appeared.
 Or was it just a ghost? One couldn't know.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

CAVEAT: POEM #1494 "PREPARED"

2020-09-02



The dawn suggested new approaches. So,
 rebooting my computer, I could hope.

- a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

CAVEAT: POEM #1495 "REASSURANCES"

2020-09-03



You know the world will balance out, they said.
The rain will wash away your pain, they said.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1496 "KEEP A LID ON THINGS"

2020-09-04



"What summer? Why is that a thing?" they asked.
"The sky is gray to keep things down," they said.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1497 "CARBON CYCLE"

2020-09-05



The yellowness was from the smoke of fires
that lurked and burned far to the south of here.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1498 "THE PLANET WITH THE UNUSUAL BLUE SKY"

2020-09-06



Where has the rain gone?
What's with the sun's appearance?
What planet is this?

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1499 "THE RAINFOREST'S SONG"

2020-09-07



Well, that's a relief.
 The clouds returned quite promptly.
 The rainforest sang.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1500 "CARCEREAL BINDERY"

2020-09-08



Books.
 Once, there,
 long ago,
 I had a job.
 I had to make books.
 There were machines, workers,
 loud sounds, and conveyor belts.
 Last night I dreamed I returned there.
 It was being run by the police.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1501 "UNLIKE ANY OTHER TREE"

2020-09-09



The tree's character
 was really ordinary,
 unremarkable.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1502 "RETAIL ANECDOTE"

2020-09-10



A boy announced he wanted three balloons.
His mother bought them, and they left the store.
I saw the three balloons adrift in air,
just twenty minutes later; - trucks below.
The mother came back in and heaved a sigh,
and smiling, said, I need three more balloons.

*- a short story in blank verse (iambic pentameter) about working
in a small-town gift shop.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1503 "MAKE IT ALL DUST"

2020-09-11



A few days of sun
to dry out the road's gravel
and make it all dust.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1504 "THE BEAR'S BOTHER"

2020-09-12



The bear's daily walk
was interrupted by cars
along six-mile hill

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1505 "THE ALASKAN TOMATO"

2020-09-13



up in the greenhouse
desultory tomatoes
make some small effort

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1506 "THINGS HEARD BEFORE DAWN"

2020-09-14



it's not quite light yet
but a truck tastes the potholes
and samples the road

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1507 "POEMS + TREES = AGE"

2020-09-15



I add up my age
counting my poems and trees
introspectively

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1508 "DAILY PERCEPTS"

2020-09-16



I saw stones resting against the earth.
 I saw the trees for what they were.
 I saw a bear by the road.
 I saw the slanting sun.
 I saw fleeting thoughts.
 I saw the sea.
 I saw clouds.
 I saw.
 Slept.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1509 "BECOMING ANIMAL"

2020-09-17



The raven watched me carefully and stared.
 She wondered if I'd scare her. I did not.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1510 "OMINOUS"

2020-09-18



A week has passed with only sunny days;
 this morning dawned with overcast, dull skies.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1511 "SELF-IMPROVEMENT"

2020-09-19



The cormorant was glancing up, askance,
 distrusting land-based creatures' doubting stares.
 A movement spooked the bird. It gave a cry,
 and squawking, flapped away to find a fish.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1512 "LITTER"

2020-09-20



I find these things just lying in the road:
 a spring, a rope, a can, a metal bar.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1513 "ATMOSPHERIC BOWLING LEAGUE"

2020-09-21



Six seagulls sat there,
 in a row like bowling pins.
 The clouds rolled raindrops.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1514 "FALSE PROMISES"

2020-09-22

□

You felt a small hope.
The rainbows promised nothing.
They diffracted light.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1515 "WHITE NOISE"

2020-09-23

□

There is roof drumming.
I like to wake up to rain,
in the pre-dawn dark.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1516 "CULINARY INCIDENT REPORT"

2020-09-24

□

it was by mistake:
pizza with grated butter -
not actually bad.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1517 "YIELD TO A LOWER POWER"

2020-09-25



Some trees are tilted:
they've made their compromises
with gravity's dreams.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1518 "PREMONITIONS"

2020-09-26



Mostly things stay green.
But a red leaf will appear.
That's the time of year.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1519 "THINGS A BOAT DOES DURING THE OFF-SEASON"

2020-09-27



tied up at the dock,
cultivating barnacles,
awaiting winter.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1520 "AT LEAST THE RAINFOREST IS CLEAN"

2020-09-28

□

ubiquitous rain
carving up the hills of dirt
and washing the road

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1521 "TIME FOR FISH TO DIE"

2020-09-29

□

the fish was seeking...
but it landed by the dock
and gave up its ghost.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1522 "THE UNDERLYING CAUSE"

2020-09-30

□

Ultimately, life,
and life's cold accoutrements,
are gravity-based.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1523 "FISH SPIRITS"

2020-10-01



Then, further along,
the fish's cool spirit rose...
and decoalesced.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1524 "BUT WHAT IS A DREAM?"

2020-10-02



In dreams the clouds creep
In dreams the struggle is hard
In dreams the sea sleeps

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1525 "THE EVIDENCE IS CLEAR"

2020-10-03



God is omniscient
maybe omnipotent too
but not too clever

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1526 "THRICE DEAD, AT LEAST"

2020-10-04

□

I'm not really here -
I witness I drift I dream -
rather, I'm a ghost.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1527 "TELL ME AHEAD OF TIME"

2020-10-05

□

It's my shortcoming:
not liking to be ambushed
by complex projects.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1528 "THERE WERE A LOT OF TREES"

2020-10-06

□

I put feet-to-road
and went along for awhile
noticing the trees.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1529 "UNMARKETABLE"

2020-10-07



The spam felt despaired
with the content of this blog:
such disappointment!

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1530 "TRY TURNING IT OFF AND ON AGAIN"

2020-10-08



The computer sighed.
So many bits all stirred up!
No meaning was found.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1531 "TIME'S FLAVOR"

2020-10-09



The chill felt the air.
A bit of my breath hung there.
And fall tasted time.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1532 "I CAN'T TELL THEM APART"

2020-10-10



Farther down the road,
the trees are still all the same.
So I take pictures.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1533 "AMATEUR SIGNIFYING"

2020-10-11



I've been uninspired
so I just put some words down,
representations.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1534 "TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA"

2020-10-12



Kiamon boarded the tram down the block.
Brownstones and brick walls began to stream past:
cold-windowed churches, a tall, pensive clock,
human creations - the city seemed vast.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter. Kiamon lives in Ohunkagan.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1535 "THEIR BEADY LITTLE EYES"

2020-10-13



The trail led uphill.
 I imagined bears made it.
 Perhaps they watched me.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1536 "WHAT I SAW"

2020-10-14



At one AM: stars.
 Then before dawn it rained hard.
 First light saw gray, gold.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1537 "AS NIGHT WILL DO"

2020-10-15



I like the autumn.
 The clouds become substantive.
 The night gnaws day's feet.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1538 "UNWILLED"

2020-10-16

□

I walked down the road until... a bird passed,
fluttering fast, the air still...
no more will.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1539 "IF YOU WERE A RAVEN"

2020-10-17

□

The ravens hung in the trees: sociable;
and likable, and free.
You'd agree.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1540 "GENERIC DREAMSCAPE"

2020-10-18

□

My dreams craft an unreal space, arranging
many somethings in some place:
doubt's embrace.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1541 "FREE TO UNBECOME"

2020-10-19



The wind harassed the sea, and the waves
were like her slaves; destiny
set them free.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1542 "CYCLICAL"

2020-10-20



I'm not sure about slowness. It just crawls.
And the leaves fall, such distress:
things progress.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1543 "THE SEASON ADVANCES"

2020-10-21



Up on Sunnahae mountain, it had snowed.
Lower, trees showed branches, thin,
cold chagrin.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1544 "SUBCONSCIOUSNESS"

2020-10-22



Sometimes my dreams are empty - full of ghosts -
random, almost like carefree
dark debris.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1545 "SCREE MEETS KNEE"

2020-10-23



Thursday I slipped on a rock, hurt my knee -
the tidal scree where I'd walked
by the dock.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1546 "LONG-LIVED SHADOWS"

2020-10-24



Frost on the gravel.
The sun can't clear the mountain -
so that's shade till spring.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1547 "PERSISTENT NIGHT"

2020-10-25



Night's aftereffects
linger right through the morning,
holding the sun down.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1548 "EXCHANGING MEANINGFUL GLANCES"

2020-10-26



The cormorant gazed
askance at me from the dock
while I stood watching.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1549 "AS HILLS WILL DO"

2020-10-27



Yesterday it rained
and rained and rained and rained more
so hills sought the sea.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1550 "GET DOWN"

2020-10-28

□

Gravity pulls things:
stones, logs, houses, water, me.
So I'm getting down.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1551 "THE INTENDED RESULT"

2020-10-29

□

Sometimes there's a whoosh
as a raven glides past me.
It is surprising.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1552 "TWENTY-FIFTH STANZA"

2020-10-30

□

Kiamon knelt down and looked at the ground,
searching for signs but they weren't to be found.
Standing again, she began to decide
where in the world she'd look next, far and wide.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1553 "DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SEE"
2020-10-31

□

No, there are no words.
These glowing pixels you see
are not really words.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1554 "HERMITAGE"
2020-11-01

□

I was a hermit.
It's easy to just sit here.
Really, I still am.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1555 "OPPOSITION TO NATURE"
2020-11-02

□

Civilization
battles the stones and water
with wins and losses.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1556 "STRATA"

2020-11-03

□

Where the water'd crossed:
Gravel on the forest floor
Above the brown duff.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1557 "DECLINE"

2020-11-04

□

Modernity's passed.
Instead we see our empire's
senseless senescence.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1558 "THE BEAR OF THE IMAGINATION"

2020-11-05

□

Invisible bears
with dubious intentions
lurk just beyond view.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1559 "UPCOUNTRY"

2020-11-06



Small sparklings of snow
 appeared on the trees beyond,
 beyond other trees.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1560 "BEHOLD THE MOUNTAIN"

2020-11-07



Before dawn I saw
 a strip of gold, and of white:
 Sunnahae, with sun.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1561 "NARCISSISTIC DAWN"

2020-11-08



A band of orange
 or pinkish cloud is displayed
 by garish morning.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1562 "THE ORIGIN OF URBANISM"

2020-11-09

□

The city is made...
made from abstractions and dreams...
dreams that become shapes.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1563 "LOW EXPECTATIONS"

2020-11-10

□

I sleep on the floor.
This seems like a strange custom:
low expectations.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1564 "STELLAR"

2020-11-11

□

The road was all dark.
The cloudless sky was dark too.
There were many stars.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1565 "GLITTER"

2020-11-12



Frost on the gravel
thick enough to look like snow,
pale bits of lost sky.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1566 "TWENTY-SIXTH STANZA"

2020-11-13



Kiamon's mouth was all flavored with dust:
tasting like stones and small hintings of rust.
These were the nerves that she felt at that time:
facing her fears, among trees clothed in rime.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1567 "TWENTY-SEVENTH STANZA"

2020-11-14



Kiamon watched as the sun tasted sky.
Clouds were flushed gold and she thought she would
die.
Gusts licked the dawn and the trees failed to show.
Angels cavorted across the fresh snow.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1568 "TWENTY-EIGHTH STANZA"

2020-11-15



Kiamon knew in the tomb of her heart:
 All was a dream and she'd wake with a start
 Trapped deep inside some philosopher's cave.
 Meanwhile, she wept at her grandmother's grave.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1569 "TWENTY-NINTH STANZA"

2020-11-16



Kiamon sat there and looked at the crowd.
 Tables were packed and the cafe was loud.
 Still, down inside, she felt empty as wind.
 Nothing was true. Her mood was chagrined.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1570 "THIRTIETH STANZA"

2020-11-17



Kiamon couldn't help asking the ghosts.
 Late in the night they would lurk on the coast,
 drifting along the wide lake's rocky shore,
 helpless and hoping to not be ignored.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1571 "SPIRITED EAGLE"

2020-11-18



Some ravens and an eagle jumped to flight
 along the road to town, as if at play.
 The eagle fled ahead and found a tree,
 and perched there calmly looking down, askance.
 I saw the eagle's breath rise up like steam.
 I'd never seen that, till that morning's trip.

- six lines in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

CAVEAT: POEM #1572 "CLARIFICATION"

2020-11-19



Some snow was falling.
 Piles appeared on branches, rocks.
 Then it turned to rain.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1573 "A RAINLINE"

2020-11-20



Off to the north, rain:
 Spots out over the water.
 To the south, no rain.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1574 "TIME'S GUIDING HAND"

2020-11-21



Time made suggestions.
Reality went along.
Everything remained.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1575 "CIRCULAR, EMPTY CHANNELS"

2020-11-22



I awoke from a dream
in which I was dreaming
that I couldn't remember
a dream I'd dreamt.
The pencil hovered
on the notepad
but both were empty.

- *a free-form poem.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1576 "UNREADABLE SIGNS"

2020-11-23



Freezing rain attacked the road. Or was it
frozen, moonlit flakes that snowed,
mapped a hieroglyphic code.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1577 "BANAL UNDARKNESS"

2020-11-24



True darkness undone
by that glowing red charge light
on the cordless phone.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1578 "WHITE"

2020-11-25



Driving home last night
the moon hung very brightly
all the trees wore white.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1579 "TRANSITORY"

2020-11-26



headlights evoke memory, as cars pass...
the flowing grass, silver sea,
night falling... heading home, free.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1580 "ONLY TODAY, THOUGH"

2020-11-27

□

they gave thanks broadly
to the trees and stones and sea
their minds thanked the world

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1581 "WINTERSCAPE"

2020-11-28

□

frozen droplets flashed:
diamonds on the darkling trees
caught in my highbeams

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1582 "FLAT"

2020-11-29

□

The road is bumpy,
replete with sharp rocks and holes.
So the tire retired.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1583 "DRY"

2020-11-30



It was a mad dream:
the sea went down, disappeared:
a gravel desert.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1584 "AS DARKNESS TENDS TO DO"

2020-12-01



fragments of darkness
impinge on my open eyes
and reveal nothing

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1585 "EROSION"

2020-12-02



water cuts canyons
through the freshly placed gravel
that's gravity's rule

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1586 "AFFIRMATIONS WHILE WALKING"

2020-12-03

□

Among the bushes
I don't believe in monsters
and there are no ghosts

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1587 "PHANTASTIC ASSERTIONS"

2020-12-04

□

If there are no ghosts
why do they visit me here?
spinning through my dreams...

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1588 "THE SKEPTIC'S GAZE"

2020-12-05

□

from my mind's fortress
defenders cast rays of doubt
at random objects

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1589 "IN SOUTHEAST ALASKA"

2020-12-06



Yes it's true: the rain falls, lashes trees,
more than a breeze, hits the walls,
sea-biting, rock-eating squalls.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1590 "DEFAULT POEM"

2020-12-07



I just can't resist
marking my monotony
with crappy haiku.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1591 "A MAGIC INCANTATION"

2020-12-08



This boring haiku
is boringer than the last.
You feel sleepy now.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1592 "LEGENDS FROM THE ISLANDS HEREABOUT"

2020-12-09



The native man came into the store.
 He often comes in to converse,
 which is hard because he's deaf.
 He talked about a girl
 who fell in a creek
 in Ketchikan...
 almost drowned,
 but then,
 saved.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1593 "RETAIL TALES"

2020-12-10



The woman comes in regularly.
 Sometimes she just wants to visit.
 She has crossstitches to frame.
 There are things to be bought.
 Yesterday she told me
 she'd once worked here.
 Long ago,
 she'd stood,
 too.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1594 "THURSDAY IS SHOPPING DAY"
2020-12-11



We went to town for Thursday shopping.
Our first stop was the library -
had to refresh DVDs.
Next was the post-office.
And then, groceries.
A cold wind blew.
But no snow.
So far.
Soon.

- *a nonnet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1595 "GROPING ALONG"
2020-12-12



I rarely walk outside after dark.
So when I did, last night, I saw:
a faded reddish planet,
a wheeling dome of stars,
the deepest shadows
of looming trees:
no edges,
but just
dark.

- *a nonnet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1596 "THE CURMUDGEONLY ELF"

2020-12-13



In my role as curmudgeonly elf,
 I tried hard to keep the mood light.
 It's all just a performance.
 But sometimes convincing.
 I make a few puns
 and awkward jokes.
 People laugh.
 I shrug.
 Smile.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1597 "EAST WIND"

2020-12-14



If it's from the east we get some wind.
 Then the tree-branches wave outside.
 Whitecaps appear on the sea.
 Clouds struggle to stay gray.
 Shadows play around.
 Bushes convulse.
 The dock creaks.
 Birds swoop.
 Sighs.

- *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1598 "CHEAPER THAN RADAR SPEED
ENFORCEMENT"**

2020-12-15



Potholes proliferate in the road.
They become gravel-based life forms.
In slow-motion, they merge, swirl:
mudpuddle amoebas,
tasting your truck's tires,
eating stray stones,
lying there,
slowing
all.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1599 "THE ANTI-NAVIGATIONAL MANIFESTO"

2020-12-16



A small white moth caught some sunset light,
dodging raindrops along the road.
There's not much navigation
taking place in its brain,
it seems, as I watch:
hanging in there,
drop to drop,
swoop up,
down.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1600 "FREE BIRD"

2020-12-17



I watched the cormorant watching me.
 It can be easily alarmed.
 And then it will launch itself
 serenading the sea,
 squawking and flapping,
 highly annoyed,
 dismissive,
 aloof,
 free.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1601 "BACK AND FORTH"

2020-12-18



We drove into town, to the stores there.
 Also, there was an appointment,
 at the clinic in Klawock.
 We had the time wrong, though.
 We had to leave then...
 come back later.
 We drove south
 and north...
 and...

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1602 "LIFE'S TRAJECTORY"

2020-12-19



tree
poem
tree
poem
tree
poem
tree
poem
tree

- a minimalist, free-form poem, summarizing my recent life.

CAVEAT: POEM #1603 "A DIAGRAM OF A TREE"

2020-12-20



spinning leaves yellow leaves vibrant leaves
green leaves

wind-blown branches wandering branches smooth branches
attenuated branches

forking branches lazy branches rough branches
strong branches

the tree's trunk
raises
the tree's leaves
journeys
from earth
to sky
inevitably

twisted roots spiraling roots vagrant roots
still roots

- *a quennet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1604 "ODE TO HOLE POT"

2020-12-21



Most potholes could not be compared to you:
the greatest obstacle I had yet seen.
So stealthily did you lie there, it's true,
awaiting my car's tires - you were quite mean.

The way to deal with creatures of your sort
involves a dodging kind of driving skill.
In fact it can resemble healthy sport,
but doubts and worries lurk beyond each hill.

Perhaps I sped along a bit too fast.
It seems I could have slowed down just a bit.
The luck I'd had in swerving could not last.
My god, that thing looked like a giant pit!

But in the end I simply hit the brake.
Behold, a pothole! - like unto a lake.

- a sonnet in iambic pentameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1605 "SPIN, TILT"

2020-12-22



Just at the ridge, the half moon, hovering,
it hung, waiting, and then soon,
behind clouds, like stones unhewn.

- an englyn penfyr.

CAVEAT: POEM #1606 "RAVEN, CROW"

2020-12-23

□

The raven wheeled near the road, and landed...
watched and waited as I slowed.
Could it be... the raven crowed?

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1607 "CLUTTER"

2020-12-24

□

No inspiration,
instead, only cluttered words,
slopping about here.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1608 "THIRTY-FIRST STANZA"

2020-12-25

□

Kiamon looked at the city, its lights:
flickering images limning her nights.
Quietly brooding, she pondered her pain,
but, in the end, she just sat in the rain.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1609 "THE MEANING OF DOWN"

2020-12-26



There's water flowing
down across stones and dead logs
finding the low spots

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1610 "RIME"

2020-12-27



the frost grows spiky
on all the smooth surfaces
collecting winter

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1611 "SOLIPSISM DONE WRONG"

2020-12-28



What's motivation?
We just neglect our despair:
failed solipsism.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1612 "INTERNAL CONTRADICTION"

2020-12-29

□

This poem has words,
but no meaning, not a bit.
So figure it out.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1613 "AMBER"

2020-12-30

□

Alongside the road
the grass is faded, pale gold,
blowing in cold wind.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1614 "BUT THEY TOOK THE FIFTH, ON THE STAND"

2020-12-31

□

The moon rose, yellow.
Its pale disk hovered and glowed.
The trees witnessed it.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1615 "UNCHANGED"

2021-01-01



The year rolled over;
it seems the same as the last:
Trees, rain, rocks, clouds, days.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1616 "THE PROCRASTINATOR'S PLAN"

2021-01-02



No, I haven't, yet.
No, it's a work in progress.
No, I'll start it, soon.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1617 "TELEOLOGY"

2021-01-03



Dark
mornings
surrounding
meditations
on the topic of
the purpose of living
and the vague expectations
that arise quotidianly
and then fade like a gust of wind.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1618 "THE AIR TAKES ACTION"

2021-01-04

□

Wind
 solid
 transparent
 ephemeral
 touches of cold air
 damp with the falling rain
 making the trees' branches wave
 and lash at the resistant sky
 until at last it yields to the dawn.

*- a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1619 "EACH POEM REFLECTS ITS TIME OF COMPOSITION"**

2021-01-05

□

Sitting each morning
 to write poems yields only
 morning thing poems.

*- a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #1620 "MIDWESTERN INTERLUDE"**

2021-01-06

□

thunder and lightning:
 rare in southeast Alaska;
 but this morning, boom!

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1621 "INHUMANISM"

2021-01-07



Robinson Jeffers
 was a poet who felt that
 humans were bad news.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1622 "MORE THAN SEVEN"

2021-01-08



How many raindrops?
 Well, it seems like quite a few.
 So I stopped counting.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1623 "THIRTY-SECOND STANZA"

2021-01-09



Kiamon struggled to push on alone,
 lacking the help her ancestors had known.
 Dancing the stories she'd learned as a child,
 Ghosts only watched like shy beasts in the wild.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1624 "PARALLEL"

2021-01-10



The tree took two paths:
both were upward wanderings,
both sought out the sky.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1625 "THE RECURRING MAPS IN MY DREAMS"

2021-01-11



Dreamed
I searched
for a book
but failed to find
wandered cities, towns
the tierra caliente
in Mexico's humid south
a book of hand-drawn maps appeared
the man refused to sell it to me

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1626 "FRAGMENTED REALITY"

2021-01-12



Shards of reaction
against a world not well-known
scatter through our minds

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1627 "NOPE"

2021-01-13

□

Do you really think
anyone's going to read
all these dumb haikus?

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1628 "A BOATLESS SAIL"

2021-01-14

□

The wind absconded
with the big dirty white tarp.
So I put it back.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1629 "THE SONG MUST GO ON"

2021-01-15

□

The rain and the snow
alternated while clouds passed.
But I heard a bird.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1630 "WINTER IN THE RAINFOREST"

2021-01-16

□

Last winter at this time, the cold hummed.
 It tasted trees and wrought sparkles.
 It made the road as cool glass.
 This winter's song's distinct.
 It sends endless storms.
 It layers rain
 upon rain
 upon
 rain.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1631 "MOSTLY CLOUDY"

2021-01-17

□

Okay, just a patch
 of blue sky making a show
 but the clouds return.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1632 "VISIONARY"

2021-01-18

□

I woke so early.
 The open window murmured.
 I watched the darkness.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1633 "BY FEEL"

2021-01-19



It's dark and I walk
 Just the dimmest light from stars
 Ah there's a tree.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1634 "COOLING"

2021-01-20



The stars had appeared
 as the clouds yielded to wind
 and the damp air froze.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1635 "ONOMATOPOEIC SUMMARY"

2021-01-21



I commute to town via potholes.
 Sometimes I can dodge them, swerving.
 But always, it's bumpiness.
 Thachunkity roughness.
 Umpadonkiness.
 Thunka wunka.
 Slow-fast-stop.
 Rattle.
 Bonk!

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1636 "WARINESS"

2021-01-22

□

The stellar jay hopped.
There on a branch, watching me.
Distrustful creature.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1637 "ARCHEOLOGY"

2021-01-23

□

My papers in piles,
a vague archeology
indicating time.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1638 "FRICTIONLESS PLANET"

2021-01-24

□

A pale slush appeared
coating road and rock and rail
denying traction.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1639 "SPLINTERS"

2021-01-25



I cut all these boards
so they'll fit together right,
but I got splinters.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1640 "A MOUNTAIN'S MOODS"

2021-01-26



Sunnahae has moods
demarcated by the clouds
showing gold or white.

- *a pseudo-haiku. Sunnahae is a local mountain, prominent to our west.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1641 "USED WORDS"

2021-01-27



Here are some of the words I have used;
they present themselves to you all
for your consideration;
they might not be so clear,
and they might lack flow;
in halts and starts,
they tumble
outward,
lost.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1642 "THE DUCK"

2021-01-28

□

I step out onto the north balcony.
 The railing is covered with rime.
 The sun had set hours ago.
 Clear nights here mean cold nights.
 They mean scattered frost.
 I see a duck:
 Floating, there;
 Above,
 Stars.

*- a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1643 "THE BACK END"**

2021-01-29

□

The machine wore the map as numbers.
 On the inside, rows of data
 preserved the points of the globe.
 Other algorithms
 Evaluated
 These abstractions,
 Drew pixels,
 Rendered
 Lines.

- a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #1644 "IT'S FUN TO GO TO THE DMV IN A
SNOWSTORM"**

2021-01-30



We drove off to town through falling snow
intent to see the DMV
to enjoy bureaucracy
and renew a license.
On our return drive,
Snow lay blankets
across things,
obscured
all.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1645 "CRAIG"

2021-01-31



I looked up at Sunnahae Mountain.
The moon rose over the west flank.
A raven was on a truck.
Another rose, flying.
The parking lot dwelt
among buildings
by the streets
in cold
Craig.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1646 "CHTHONIC CONSTRAINTS"

2021-02-01

□

I was digging a hole in the earth
that would lie beneath my new shed
but I ran into problems:
some twisted buried roots,
a gigantic rock,
matted branches,
uneven ground,
frozen
mud.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1647 "PROPAGATION"

2021-02-02

□

The road is icy,
despite it having rained, now.
The old ice makes new.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1648 "STUFF"

2021-02-03

□

Bits of the world, framed:
fern, shell, stone, glass, leaf, seed, bolt.
Things dwell in their spots.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1649 "THE STONES"

2021-02-04



No words can be found
out on the slopes strewn with stone
all that's there is time.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1650 "THE SKY"

2021-02-05



The sky was not dark.
It could have been, but dawn came.
So it turned pale gray.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1651 "THE SPOON"

2021-02-06



The spoon on my desk
had been used to stir my tea
but now it's just there.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1652 "THE SMALL"

2021-02-07



The words are so short,
They fall and spin and lose speed,
at last they just stop.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1653 "MONOSYLLABLES"

2021-02-08



Small words are the best.
In the end they serve my needs.
They come down like frost.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1654 "THE WORLD IS A MAP OF ITSELF"

2021-02-09



The stones hold the earth
or are they some kind of map
drawn out from there, then?

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1655 "AND EVERYTHING JUST STOPS"

2021-02-10



Dark days of dull light
 cooled to a cold that's so cold
 that the birds might fall.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1656 "DUTY"

2021-02-11



I let out a sigh.
 These things I feel I must do...
 So then, some more sighs.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1657 "GOD'S SPIROGRAPH"

2021-02-12



The wind pulled out curls of snow, and they streamed,
 the air dreamed of where to go,
 the gusts spun and kept their flow.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1658 "YAWNING DOOM"

2021-02-13



The water accumulates in great piles,
and all the while, something waits,
the culvert fills, knowing fate.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1659 "THE PARABLE OF THE WASHER(S)"

2021-02-14



I found a washer in my pocket, and...
my thought was that I should remove it quick.
Because in fact to leave it lurking there
would make for problems when I washed my pants.
The washer would escape and bang around,
a fearsome thing would then occur, no doubt:
the thing would bounce and dance across the floor..
a washer wrecked by washers getting washed.

- *some lines in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1660 "TRAFFIC PATTERNS"

2021-02-15



The raven waited.
A smaller bird crossed the road.
Tiny marks in snow.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1661 "NOT SO INNOCENT"

2021-02-16



Rain abuses snow,
exploits its caducity,
abrogates its dreams.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1662 "SERIOUS BUSINESS"

2021-02-17



The cormorant squawked,
and as if interrupted,
flew away annoyed.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1663 "SOCIAL MEDIA"

2021-02-18



First, I click the thing,
and then I think to myself,
why did I click that?

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1664 "THEIR GHOSTS ARE THERE WATCHING"

2021-02-19

□

There beside the road,
I see some bones, abandoned
by their denizens.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1665 "THE BUCKET"

2021-02-20

□

I overturned the bucket, gave a thunk,
a big, round chunk of ice hit
the cold ground, to sit.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1666 "EVENTS IN A DARKROOM"

2021-02-21

□

Wind,
purple
clouds hanging,
spots of blackness,
patches of white snow,
something greenish, or brown,
inchoate shapes emerging,
gravel on the gray road, waiting,
the sky's first light rendering the world.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1667 "THE CONTINENT'S DEFEAT AT ITS EDGE"

2021-02-22



In water's empire -
its satrapies of damp trees -
snow conquers nothing.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1668 "SYNECDOCHE"

2021-02-23



Symbols of weather
distribute themselves like clouds...
well, in fact, they're clouds.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1669 "PHENOMENOLOGY"

2021-02-24



There's no perfection.
There are eddies and currents.
There will be events.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1672 "RELIABILITY"

2021-02-27



my clockwork bladder
awakens me each morning
right at five-fifteen

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1673 "IT FAILED TO ANSWER"

2021-02-28



There is a bird there:
the branch outside my window.
So I said, "Hi bird!"

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1674 "CLIMA(C)TIC ASSIST"

2021-03-01



So I went outside.
Got set up to do some work.
It started snowing.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1675 "STUPA"

2021-03-02



To stack a stone on another stone,
first you must survey your options,
then you must select the stone,
casually lift it,
surprise the other,
finding balance,
placing it
with care:
plonk.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1676 "SLUSHLAND"

2021-03-03



Through the night it snows.
Then during the day it rains.
Net result: damp slush.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1677 "NOT YOUR AVERAGE MINDFULNESS"

2021-03-04



My monotony
makes maps, manifests, morose,
moody mindfulness.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1678 "CABO SUSPIRO"

2021-03-05



Here at Cape of Sighs,
our sighs are uttered daily;
and each night we sigh.

- a pseudo-haiku. Some centuries ago, "Cabo Suspiro" was the name Spanish explorers gave to what is now Craig, Alaska (Haida name Shaan-Seet). I think it's a much better name than "Craig."

CAVEAT: POEM #1679 "THE WITNESS"

2021-03-06



The raven sits there.
On the wire, it's a good view:
the cars and people.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1680 "THE TIDE"

2021-03-07



Down by the water
I watched the tide eat some stones
while a raven laughed.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1681 "UNSPEAKING FOREST"

2021-03-08



The tree thrust its branches out, awaiting fate
and feeling late, feeling doubt,
unwilling to give a shout.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1682 "SCHADENFREUDE"

2021-03-09



The dull sky stole it:
it took my schadenfreude,
and melted it down.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1683 "HUNGER"

2021-03-10



The bird hopped along
through the tree's outstretched branches,
too busy to sing.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1684 "TAKEOFF"

2021-03-11



The morning was chilled.
A raven stood in the road.
It jumped and then flew.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1685 "THAT'S YOUR JOB"

2021-03-12



I dreamed of falling
amid dull catastrophe
broken picture frames

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1686 "THE WAR MACHINE"

2021-03-13



On the path I meet:
small birds, narcissistic slugs,
and militant ferns.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1687 "ON SEVERAL REGIMES OF SIGNS"

2021-03-14



On the path I meet:
some random, ego-bound souls,
and a bit of wood.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1688 "THE APPARATUS OF CAPTURE"

2021-03-15



On the path I meet:
a jaunty doppelganger,
and my own shadow.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1689 "THE SMOOTH AND THE STRIATED"

2021-03-16



On the path I meet:
day-old snow and piles of slush,
the end of the world.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1690 "THE GEOLOGY OF MORALS"

2021-03-17



On the path I meet:
an apocalypse of stones,
tiny sprouts of trees.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1691 "THE RHIZOME"

2021-03-18



On the path I meet:
a near-infinite branching,
a maze of subpaths.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1692 "MEMOIRS OF THE ARCHITECT"

2021-03-19

□

-> . . .) Memoirs of the Architect ? {Post title}
 When the calico cat on the couch fades
 in the slanted rays of the wintersun
 And when the streets outside the window
 reach not for home but for their origins
 Gentle, gentle, do my tears come.
 Without the calculus of my memory to guide
 those tears
 Without the nurture of my once heroic
 imaginings
 Quiet, quiet, the pain slips heavily.
 Toward anger . Time
 the . out
 Knife . of
 slips time
 home. lost,
 Cannot,
 for whatever reason,
 That these viscous drops of blood are mine.
 And so bloodied a knife in my trembling
 hand
 Call me to mind,
 A japanese garden I once
 saw in a photograph which I perceived
 with an ambition to become an architect.
 A designer of my struggling end.
 Little pebbles, little pebbles
 meaning
 . for
 . nought
 Quiet .
 11/17/83 JARED

There's no eagerness here.
 Nor will it ever come to pass
 But in the thick, timid soul
 of the non-architect.
 There.
 It is irremediable. (... ->

- a free-form poem, which I wrote in the Fall of 1983 - in mid-November - the evidence is right in the text, for this one. Around 2010, I posted this under my "retroblogging" category at the appropriate date, but I've also occasionally included these ancient efforts in my "daily poem" category so that they would eventually be included in a book. This poem appears to commemorate the exact moment in my youth when I gave up my childhood dream of becoming an architect.

CAVEAT: POEM #1693 "BEST OF BOTH WORLDS"
 2021-03-20



The two alternate:
 nights of earnest, falling snow;
 days of cleansing rain.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1694 "SUN VS MOON IN THE PRIMEVAL GARDEN"

2021-03-21



Long ago, the sun had a garden.
 She worked her hands in the damp earth.
 Sometimes the stars helped with seeds.
 The green things flourished, there.
 The moon watched, jealous.
 One night, she crept.
 She sent clouds.
 It rained.
 Flood.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1695 "A TIMELESS NARRATIVE"

2021-03-22



Then more recently,
 the narrative got muddled
 by obstinate time.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1696 "POWERFUL PROPHECIES"

2021-03-23



The forecast said rain.
 Sometimes the forecast is right.
 Like, when it says rain.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1697 "NOT THAT YOUR ANSWER MATTERS"

2021-03-24



So, I'm wondering,
 You think these poems are okay?
 They're pretty boring.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1698 "DECEPTIVE WEATHER"

2021-03-25



The dawn came, rainless.
 Well, what kind of place is this?
 I felt quite confused.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1699 "NO SENSE OF HUMOR"

2021-03-26



The cormorant sat.
 I spoke to it playfully.
 It squawked, unamused.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1700 "WHAT'S THE POINT?"

2021-03-27

□

The map laid it out:
imagined cartographies
full of aimless nodes.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1701 "MUSIC"

2021-03-28

□

And it came to pass
the trees, stones and brooding sea
all sang their sad songs.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1702 "800 TREES"

2021-03-29

□

And it came to pass
some eight hundred daily trees
appeared in this blog.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1703 "WASHED INSIDE AND OUT"

2021-03-30



And it came to pass
that the morning dawned with rain
and the ghosts were cleaned.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1704 "GRAMMAR'S FAULT"

2021-03-31



And it came to pass
that the syntax was questioned,
the story ignored.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1705 "THE WINTER'S DELAYED COLLOQUIUM"

2021-04-01



What is the end result of this thing?
The whole is unsustainable.
Can we even specify?
Perhaps we should discuss.
As a group, I mean.
All us snowflakes:
we're falling,
soulless,
lost.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1706 "I WANNA BE COOL"

2021-04-02

□

I'm not a robot.
But frankly, I keep trying.
'Cause robots are cool.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1707 "SNACK ATTACK"

2021-04-03

□

The mouse ventured in.
There on the floor, a small snack.
Oops, the snack attacked!

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1708 "POORLY CRAFTED ENGLYN"

2021-04-04

□

The seagulls watched the sea, congregated,
and having fed, then felt free
to just see what they could see.

- *an englyn penfyr with a mistake - it breaks the rules, even my loose interpretation of them. I've decided to leave it anyway.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1709 "Us"

2021-04-05



Those social creatures discuss their dreamings,
exchange meanings, raise a fuss...
but it's all superfluous.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1710 "A FEW WORDS ON THE VIEW"

2021-04-06



The branches reach out.
The sea serves as a background.
It's silvery blue.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1711 "APRIL SNOW"

2021-04-07



The wires line the road.
They convey fragments of thought.
Snow coats the outside.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1712 "ROCKS AT LOW TIDE"

2021-04-08



The cormorant sat.
It had found a fine new spot:
those rocks at low tide.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1713 "MICHELLE'S VISIT"

2021-04-09



Sometimes her ghost comes
She'll descend into my dreams
full of rage and joy

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1714 "MOUSE MEETS MOUSETRAP"

2021-04-10



Can there be feeling
for such a hapless being?
Empathy? Or no...

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1715 "INTENDED CONSEQUENCES"

2021-04-11



The robot was bored.
It decided to fall down.
This act broke things up.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1716 "A SNOWFLAKE DISGUISED AS MERE WATER"

2021-04-12



The sun came briefly,
so the pale snow stepped away
and hid among streams.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1717 "BOWLEGGED TOYOTA"

2021-04-13



The pothole attacked!
Some guy's truck's front axle broke.
So now: stranded truck.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1718 "STAR, NO CLOUD"

2021-04-14

□

I saw a few stars.
There - that's a sign it won't rain.
Perhaps the sun comes.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1719 "COOL TRICK"

2021-04-15

□

Temporarily,
I became an immortal.
But then that ended.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1720 "RECONSTITUTING THE SELF"

2021-04-16

□

Shards of consciousness
delineate the morning
and reflect old dreams.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1721 "THIRTY-THIRD STANZA"

2021-04-17



Kiamon looked at the rocks and the stones
 scattered about on the slope by the road.
 Pointlessness dwelt in her frustrated mind:
 what could she do but attempt to survive?

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1722 "THIRTY-FOURTH STANZA"

2021-04-18



Kiamon thought about stories and songs,
 struggled to figure out what was her own.
 Only the ending seemed clear in the least,
 all was a blur beyond that, she was sure.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1723 "UNMOVING"

2021-04-19



Up in my treehouse,
 which is a work in progress,
 I lie and listen.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1724 "THE UNSEEING GAZE"

2021-04-20



Half a moon hung there.
I felt as if it watched us:
blind indifference.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1725 "I SCARED IT AWAY"

2021-04-21



The bear's track was there:
in the dark mud on the trail
up to the treehouse.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1726 "IT MIGHT BE RIGHT"

2021-04-22



There's a big spider.
It's moving along a wall.
It thinks I'm a ghost.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1727 "NECTAR"

2021-04-23



The hummingbirds come.
Plastic flowers await them.
Sweet false nectar tempts.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1728 "THE SURVIVALIST'S MANIFESTO"

2021-04-24



Never consider the reasons for things.
Don't even think on the hummingbirds' wings.
Doubt all the logic the wide world presents.
Let's all go back to sharp stones and skin tents.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1729 "AND"

2021-04-25



Un-Rhymed Sonnet.

A rotated rose is nothing more than
 Some reconsidered kiss, intractable;
 Love creeps like cats, like lawn-mowers across
 The green summery suburbs of my heartbeat,
 Who tug mercifully passive, all alone
 To evoke the blood of reptiles beneath
 The scattered rocks of over-civilized spirit
 To drain into the corners of my room.
 Lovelost. Your face as if beyond recall,
 Memoriam: As if black / cupric seas
 Did separate two serpent-blue-green isles.
 Lovelost. Lost love which clings to my conscience
 While I wait like zoo-monkeys in a cage
 A hop and step distant from my desire.

And Rhymed Sonnet.

What's lost? I may die tomorrow-matins
 While metamorphic metaphors fly blind
 Through the lonesome corridors of my mind
 To leap 'gainst these fearsome, scaley satins
 Which clothe a cowering lust. Somehow your smile
 Can drag old bears from under winter oaks
 To shed carelessly their black hair cloaks
 On the floor: rests a love note all the while
 Discarded by love-green-romantic fool;
 With the ruby guts of a lizard-king
 Spattered on my innards by silver knife,

Parabolic precursor to blood-pool,
 Inward-facing stone, little pebble-thing.
 The fool must be fool; I must try at life.

And prose-poem.

Dream: A rose is your cliché - an expression
 of horizontal love that's no love at all
 but just like some simple multicolored
 leaf - pretty but irrelevant to the soul
 which is more like some dead leaf.
 A rotated rose is the essence of cut
 summer grass - moribund like the subjunctive,
 lovelost. Trees throw leaves down in angry
 disgust, "you're too beautiful, and look:
 winter comes!" I want you more than any
 silly rose because, somewhat as the cupric
 seas of mythic green, you trace magic on
 the retina; a residue fluttering downward
 from your eyes like rusting spring
 leaves - caught in a late winter drizzling.
 I guess it's more your face, tracteries of
 sea-foam on the somber, pensive rocks, which
 danse irreverent of the genius of mother
 earth. Which, of course, evokes further
 souls, more, more, than silly, shy, mine.
 Suppose it's best you ignore this, as an
 angel properly should, but remember to
 dream at night about the saintless ocean,
 glycerine panic, and that muddy path
 along leaf-strewn, yellow-pink, cavernous
 cliffs - your name has become my most
 sacred prayer, and I don't even know you.
 Calm the injunction now, the heartfelt
 fool, under post-priori cobalt skies,

romancing a ghost within his own imagined kingdom. But you're real, aren't you?

Paragraph.

Nevermind. *Néanmoins*. Maybe it's just that you're Parisian in spirit: kind-of-inconclusive. But even dark satan brightens when you blink. Your smile brings only bleeding, ecstatic lesions of joy; romantics turn away and laugh, but only at myself. So what's funnier, this poem or this man-boy? A nasty wasp of something cupid hath stung me. Unsting me or not; ice cream at the beach in July and now the leaves fly, now thinking thoughts about you - because now I've seen more in the wine-blue waves than just cold Aphrodite.

And.

If in some further time removed, fate could act as sea waves to wash, for one brief mote of singular time, your lips nigh mine, I would fall within that mote as someone from a bridge towards...

- a pair of sonnets and an accompanying prose-poem, written originally in November, 1984, and (retroactively) blog-posted on that date but now also added to these daily poems.

CAVEAT: POEM #1730 "LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND"

2021-04-26



The raven walked - danced - along the edge,
 perhaps its talons felt the rust
 of the sun-cooked trailer's rim.
 Glancing down, it saw white:
 a discarded tub
 made of plastic.
 It hopped down
 and pecked.
 Squawked.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1731 "STUPID PUN"

2021-04-27



"What are you doing?"
 I queried the busy bee.
 It said, "I'm being."

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1732 "AN ABROGATION OF SOLAR FORMALITY"

2021-04-28



The sky returned to its gray: more normal,
 more informal. The sun's way
 makes for a bright, rigid day.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1733 "DREAM IMITATES LIFE IMITATES..."

2021-04-29

□

Dream:
full of
frustrating
anxiety,
a teacher's nightmare,
you went to the staff room
for some last-minute copies
for a pop-quiz you were giving,
but lo, the copier malfunctioned!

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1734 "BEYOND THE WINDOW"

2021-04-30

□

The seagull waited.
It took time to clean itself.
Wind made the sea jump.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1735 "AT THE WINDOW"

2021-05-01

□

The hummingbirds make a hum, a whirring,
a red flashing, a black thrum,
here they come.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1736 "SPEAK ONLY TO THE WORLD"

2021-05-02



Moods can be nebulous, days tend to blur.
 No one is listening, which I prefer:
 telling some stories to stones or to trees,
 even the birds as they sing to the breeze.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1737 "REVERSAL"

2021-05-03



Yesterday, I saw,
 the slug with spots headed west.
 Today, it went east.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1738 "UNCHANGED OPINIONS"

2021-05-04



And, in time's fullness,
 the droll clouds returned again
 to share their input.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1739 "숙제"

2021-05-05

□

선생님, 왜요?
숙제 할수없어요.
그래서 미안.

- a pseudo-haiku in pseudo-Korean - because I sometimes still dream that I'm teaching in a classroom in Korea. Here is an English-version pseudo-haiku, which approximates the meaning.

□

But, teacher, why me?
I couldn't do my homework.
So, sorry for that.

CAVEAT: POEM #1740 "SHATTERED"

2021-05-06

□

The dragonfly broke.
It was made of fragile glass.
The guy didn't buy.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1741 "NOSTALGIA FOR AN ABSTRACTION"

2021-05-07

□

I miss the city.
Though it's not that I'm social.
I just like its feel.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1742 "FATE"

2021-05-08



A seagull ponders fate - but pondering,
 for such a bird, is little more than sleep.
 Instead, it tastes the sea-thick, rainy air,
 and cleans its feathers, witnessing dull dawn.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1743 "EL VAQUERO DE GOJANGÚ"

2021-05-09



Como estamos descansando
 quisiera en este canzó
 contarles lo que pasó
 allá en el llano a un vaquero,
 nombre de Che Quim el fiero,
 p'acá de Gojangú andó.

- *un fragmento poético en métrica romance.*

I wrote this bit of poetry in around 2015. It's a bit complex in terms of what it's meant to be - it's a fragment of a poem embedded in a fiction, so it has its own "author" within that fiction. I had been quite involved in creating fictional "wiki articles" about one of my imaginary countries, at the time, and this poem occupies that space. Note that the poem's protagonist, Che Quim, is a "fictional character" within the broader fiction that is the enclosing wiki article - if that makes sense. He's doubly fictional: a fiction-within-a-fiction.

CAVEAT: POEM #1744 "HOWDY NEIGHBOR"

2021-05-10

□

A fishing boat parked
in the inlet just offshore
and played loud music.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1745 "THE TEMPLE"

2021-05-11

□

The last few days, I head out,
in the morning, muck about
with my treehouse, so devout.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1746 "ONLY A BLUR OF BRANCHES"

2021-05-12

□

In the morning, with coffee,
I look out the window, see
the world obscured by a tree.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1747 "ASEMIA CONCRETIZED"

2021-05-13



And
 slowly
 the short words
 stretched themselves out,
 becoming longer,
 unfurling, banner-like,
 propagating, asemic,
 distorting unconsciousnesses,
 controversially cartographic.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1748 "I SAW IT SEE ME"

2021-05-14



The bird was hiding,
 there among blueberry leaves.
 It saw me, startled.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1749 "THIRTY-FIFTH STANZA"

2021-05-15



Kiamon stared at her coffee and stirred,
 watching the tendrils of cream spin around.
 Nothing had happened in line with her hopes.
 Patterns emerged but the picture was vague.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1750 "BROUGHT LOW TO EARTH"

2021-05-16



The slug proceeded down the forest path.
 It was a leisurely, one-footed stroll.
 The sky attempted rain. But nature's math
 miscalculated, missed that hoped-for goal.

Instead the damp air licked at leaves, and clouds
 just hovered low and ominous, like ghouls.
 In trees the birds made plots in secret crowds,
 and droplets hung, undried, from leaves like jewels.

I took a walk, then, clearing out my mind.
 The patterns shifted. "That's quite strange," I mused.
 The randomness of things seemed all designed.
 These apophenic turns kept me confused.

And meditating thus, a hole I'd dug
 appeared. And so I fell. "Well! Hi there, slug."

- a sonnet in iambic pentameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1751 "STAYING ACTIVE"

2021-05-17



Two robins perched on the dock.
 One hopped to the rail, to walk.
 The other flew to a rock.

- an englyn milwr.

CAVEAT: POEM #1752 "GOTTA SERVE SOMEBODY"

2021-05-18



So I woke and sat
and solved that nagging problem
on my new server.

- a pseudo-haiku. The title is shared with a Bob Dylan song, for no good reason.

CAVEAT: POEM #1753 "THE GEOLOGIC ORIGINS OF THE WEATHER"

2021-05-19



The sun was bright yesterday.
Our damp island slid away,
southward. I doubt it will stay.

- an englyn milwr.

CAVEAT: POEM #1754 "BUDDHAMAS"

2021-05-20



So. Buddha's birthday happened.
The Buddha died, in the end.
I think maybe that's a trend.

- an englyn milwr. Yesterday, May 19, was Buddha's birthday on the lunar calendar, as celebrated in my esrtwhile home, South Korea.

CAVEAT: POEM #1755 "UNDERCOVER"

2021-05-21

□

It feels more normal
when the dawn comes overcast:
no bright, scary sky.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1756 "ADVANCEMENT"

2021-05-22

□

A
nonnet
done backwards
starts out quite small
but quickly widens
stretching subsequent lines
stacking up the syllables
adding in more complex syntax
until at last something can be said.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1757 "A DIAGRAM OF HEAVEN AND EARTH"

2021-05-23



infinite sky cerulean sky arching sky
sky-blue heavens

lurking cloud cobalt cloud obscure cloud
cloud-gray shrouds

forested island green island upthrust island
tree-green temples

holds up
pushes down
goes through
stretches out
lies over
connects between
universally

dancing sea sapphire sea windswept sea
sea-blue deeps

- *a quennet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1758 "SYNAPSES"

2021-05-24



My past appears in fragments in my brain
but fades like ghosts the moment I look close.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1759 "PEEP"

2021-05-25

□

A small bird outside
looking in through my window.
It's yellow and gray.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1760 "JUST LIKE REAL LIFE"

2021-05-26

□

Fragments of text files
in hypnagogic moments,
snippeted with code.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1761 "RETREAT"

2021-05-27

□

There's nothing to say.
I tried and failed to explain.
I'll go hide somewhere.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1762 "REGRET"

2021-05-28

□

Just one bad action
obliterates years and years
of mindful effort.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1763 "TAKING CHARGE"

2021-05-29

□

In a lucid dream,
I lay in my bed, asleep.
So I did nothing

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1764 "PRASOPHAGY"

2021-05-30

□

With soup, committed
to prasophagic pursuits,
I shall add some leeks.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1765 "ANTI-MOUSE"

2021-05-31



I planted a bunch of radish seeds
 in my greenhouse, in a planter.
 A mouse came and dug them up.
 I planted them again.
 This time with mouse traps.
 I caught a mouse.
 Yesterday,
 I saw
 sprouts.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1766 "APPROACHING SOLSTICE"

2021-06-01



This time of year, the nearing solstice
 makes it light when I go to sleep
 and light when I wake up too.
 With eyes shut in between,
 I start believing
 that the night's gone;
 the day left
 running
 things.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1767 "BECAUSE CLOUDS"

2021-06-02



despite the long days
the sun hasn't been seen here
since some time ago

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1768 "WORKING IN RETAIL"

2021-06-03



Some days in the store are slow.
Other days are hectic - no,
just very busy, you know.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1769 "A GREEN THEME"

2021-06-04



With late spring, all became green...
all under rain, but still green...
clean, luxuriant, bright green...

- *an englyn milwr, just repeating the rhyme-word rather than rhyming.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1770 "ANCIENT WISDOM"

2021-06-05

□

I wonder if there's a mouse.
I run up to the greenhouse.
But no. Like a quote from Lao-tse.

- *an englyn milwr. The rhyme is quite horrible.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1771 "EXPRESSED PREFERENCES"

2021-06-06

□

So, sometimes out on waters still,
at dawn, I'll see a boat.
They park there when the sea is rough:
they'd rather stay afloat.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1772 "THE GOAL IS MORE RUST"

2021-06-07

□

A day of rain seemed just the thing
to wash away the dust,
but then the clouds decided that
more days would make more rust.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1773 "FOR EACH BIRD, ITS OWN WAY"

2021-06-08



The eagle swooped past.
Then the raven zoomed on by.
Meanwhile a jay sat.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1774 "ATMOSPHERE"

2021-06-09



nobody sees sky's glimmer, the sun falls,
-nobody feels the summer-
nobody sees air's shimmer.

- *an englyn penfyr. I originally wrote and published this englyn on my blog in June, 2008. That was in the era before the enumeration began.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1775 "LIKE GED THE WIZARD"

2021-06-10



It's unfindable,
lurking there among dark shrubs:
my lost inner voice.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1776 "THE TWITTERVERSE"

2021-06-11

□

birds
log on
to twitter
and so begin
a day of tweeting
offering social thoughts
to others who disagree
perhaps expressing opinions
that create bad feelings later on

- a reverse nonnet. Just to be clear, this is about actual birds, and the metaphor goes in that direction, not the opposite direction - I haven't logged on to twitter in more than two years.

CAVEAT: POEM #1777 "A PAINTING"

2021-06-12

□

At four, the sun rose:
streaks of orange and purple,
like a child's painting.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1778 "PHASER GAZE"

2021-06-13

□

A deer in the road
just standing there looking up
small brain stuck on stun

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1779 "FALSE CONSCIOUSNESS"

2021-06-14



It comes with dusk and settles in;
 it dominates the air:
 a feel of calm exhaled by trees
 as if they are aware.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1780 "ON OR OFF"

2021-06-15



Computers don't believe in things
 they really only know.
 Their knowledge spans the integers,
 from one down to zero.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1781 "EVIDENTIAL DEDUCTION"

2021-06-16



I didn't hear rain
 but saw everything was wet
 when I looked outside.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1782 "SOME KIND OF WEASEL"

2021-06-17

□

A small beast jogged by,
an undulating tilde,
down at the tideline.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1783 "LOCAL SIGHTS"

2021-06-18

□

the hills are robed in dreaming mists
the sea is smooth and green
a distant boat adjusts her nets
the deckhands barely seen

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1784 "INEVITABILITY"

2021-06-19

□

Raven stealing sun:
a story, but imagine:
it had to happen.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1785 "AWOKE AT 2 AM"

2021-06-20



Awoke at 2 AM
 I dreamed 3 things.
 The first thing: I dreamed a language.
 I was holding a language, that writhed in my arms
 like a weeping child.
 Or like a laughing child.
 It was a rough and restless language.
 I was holding a language.
 The second thing: I dreamed an emptiness.
 I was holding an emptiness, that stretched out around
 me like an enveloping forest.
 But it was shapeless, quiet, cool.
 A smooth, safe emptiness.
 More safe than feelings, more safe than optimism.
 I was holding an emptiness.
 These were evaporating abstractions, but I held them
 close to me, like two musical instruments, ready to
 play.
 The third thing: I dreamed a smile.
 I was holding a smile, that was like a cat's face in the
 sunshine.
 Or like a painting of the stormy sky at sunset, more
 stunning than reality.
 Or like a mask that reveals everything.
 But it was a kind and guileless smile.
 I was holding your beautiful smile, in memory.
 I awoke at 2 am, from sleeping on a warm floor.

- a free-form poem from my past. I wrote and published this poem on my blog March 3, 2010, when I was living, temporarily, in Suwon, South Korea.

CAVEAT: POEM #1786 "SHOWERS IN JUNE"

2021-06-21

□

Up in my greenhouse,
the garden hose exploded:
Water everywhere.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1787 "AFTERMATH OF THE MOUSE-POCALYPSE"

2021-06-22

□

a lone radish seed
survived the mouse-pocalypse
and grew pale and round.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1788 "HORIZON AS CAUSE"

2021-06-23

□

The sky offers itself, gray:
a slate against which the day
can put the hills on display.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1789 "BEGINNER'S LUCK"

2021-06-24



Younger than others,
the tree was just starting out.
Still, it was bright green.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1790 "AUTUMNAL SOUL"

2021-06-25



Empathy is a weakness. It slowly
emerges, leaflike, unless
it's suppressed.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1791 "SIX CATS IN TRIESTE"

2021-06-26



Six cats in Trieste
 in the blue wind off the cold Adriatic,
 off the snow-covered Alps
 weirdly visible on the northern horizon,
 I climbed the Scala dei Giganti,
 up the hill to the castle,
 around the back of the cathedral San Giusto,
 past the monument to the dead of world war two,
 down the stairs behind the ruins
 of the foundations of the roman theater;
 I saw six cats:
 one in the sun in a window;
 one on some grass,
 looking up at the first one;
 one on an abandoned,
 ratty-looking suitcase in a vacant lot, behind the
 stairs;
 one colored brown,
 hunting the blades of grass,
 staring at ghosts;
 one mewing in the dark shadow of a crumbling stone
 step;
 one sitting high up on the top of a wall
 that was covered with spikes to keep the pigeons
 away,
 but the spikes where broken off
 and the cat was comfortable.

- a free-form poem originally written in March, 2005, when I was visiting Trieste, Italy. I wrote it on paper at that time, then transcribed it into my blog a bit later. I'm "republishing" it now, as one of my daily poems. I republish these older poems in this series of daily poems out of some notion of completeness.

CAVEAT: POEM #1792 "SO TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE"

2021-06-27



When words are refused
they spin around helplessly
and pile up like trash

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1793 "REPRESSION"

2021-06-28



my dreams encouraged
my new laconicity
steeped in helplessness

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1794 "HEATWAVE"

2021-06-29



And suddenly, weather's hot: a heatwave
came and gave us a lot
of radiation, and sought
to wilt the plants with its plot.

- *an englyn unodl union.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1795 "EPISTEMOLOGICAL SHORTCOMINGS"

2021-06-30

□

"Tweet,"
 birds said.
 "Squawk, squawk, squawk,"
 others answered.
 The conversations
 went on, repetitive.
 Conclusions may have been reached.
 These creatures failed to develop
 any true epistemology.

*- a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1796 "THIRTY-SIXTH STANZA"**

2021-07-01

□

Kiamon stared at the sky with distaste.
 Solutions she'd tried had all gone to waste.
 Still, she had hoped to explain her concerns.
 Life always tossed her these frustrating turns.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1797 "THIRTY-SEVENTH STANZA"

2021-07-02



Kiamon leads in a novel I'll write,
 someday eventually bring into light.
 Meanwhile she serves as a suffering foil,
 taking the place of my own mortal coil.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1798 "LOQUACITY"

2021-07-03



The ravens were loud.
 They apparently believe
 they have much to say.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1799 "10 WAYS OF LOOKING @ A CITY BUS"

2021-07-04

□

(after W. Stevens which I just was reading)

1. A boy is kissed by his girl
 @ a bus stop on Figueroa St.
 By the taco stand. A bus pulls up.
 And struggles away in a cloud of exhaust.

2. A child watches the red & yellow bus,
 all angular, be-wheeled giant,
 irrelevant to his life
 He watches from the window.

3. Rural, inter-city county bus,
 bound for the university
 A column of eucalyptus trees flips past
 College students look out at
 the lumber stacked in rows

4. 11 pm on Washington Blvd.
 A man waits, stomping to stay warm
 Almost dancing on the icy sidewalk
 The 16A doesn't come.

5. Two yellow and brown buses
 careen down Avenida Insurgentes @ 2 am
 their drivers are racing.
 The passengers doze, or are drunk.

6. The newspaper headline says
 the buses are overcrowded.
 The state orders the transit authority
 to buy more buses
 one man asks "Where's the money
 going to come from?"

7. An old woman clambers onto a bus,
 Somewhere along 6th Avenue - the 50's, I think.
 An impatient young man flicks his burning
 cigarette into the gutter
 And reaches for the handrail to climb aboard.

8. Somewhere near St.-Germaine-des-Pres
 a bus disgorges its passengers
 The rich, intoxicating smell of diesel fumes
 Still makes me think of Paris in January.

9. Accelerating passionately
 the rural bus swings into opposing traffic
 To pass a donkey cart
 An old woman who boarded @ the mercado
 hugs her chicken protectively.

10. Sgt. Jones was impressed, when I knew
 which bus to board - I'd deciphered the hangul.
 We went to the modern art museum
 South of Seoul, amid luxuriant green trees.

- a free-form poem from my past. This poem was written April 18, 1999, in a paper journal, and originally transcribed under that date to my blog in 2013. The poem is mostly autobiographical.

CAVEAT: POEM #1800 "AS WORDS DO"

2021-07-05

□

The words emerged, round,
looping, spinning and curling,
crafting bold landscapes.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1801 "TREPANATION"

2021-07-06

□

I once heard that some shamans drilled holes
in the centers of their foreheads,
causing hallucinations,
and sometimes I wake up
in a weird panic,
touching up there,
just in case,
checking:
nope.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1802 "MEAN BEAR"

2021-07-07

□

So far I only have seen just one bear.
It was there in the green
near the beach, looking quite mean.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1803 "JUNKYARD"

2021-07-08

□

I dreamed some chaos.
 Row upon disordered row
 of just random things.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1804 "STASIS"

2021-07-09

□

Well, when I woke up,
 at dawn, the power was out.
 So I just sat there.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1805 "SAMPLING"

2021-07-10

□

The bugs will buzz and fly around
 because they're testing things,
 to try and see if somewhere's worth
 a stop to rest their wings.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1806 "ON FORGETTING HAVING SEEN THE CORNICE
OF A HOUSE"**

2021-07-11



The group of people I find myself with
That night as per the howling fugitives
Dana, Kray, yourself, others — perhaps dan,
In vaguely snow-strewn streets dwelling
The Darkness somehow uninterested in the
 commitment
Which is inevitably involved in introspection
We did walk and laugh as per the
adjourned party of this dream, perhaps
hoping, or at least hopeful.

Inevitable, perhaps again, that Kray & Dan
should take the stage, a wall along
the sidewalk bearing the hasty, sublime
imprint of white which has
its origins in this Minnesota winter.

That stage I forget. But, when if moved
to a framed window at the brown
forgotten cornice of a house, A framed action
which jumped through the window tho' the
picture was indeed still — The actress
my young mother, whom I've never known,
Tilted in misery, — Who appeared (after
Kray's antics as the carefree dog on an
elevator — which that boxed cornice became
through some trick of photography which I once
knew in some philosophic context, but which

given the retrospect of those pews I now forget.
 More on the pews later. Kray swallowed
 the spittle in his throat and danced,
 blinking wildly in the droplets which escaped
 his mouth to dance the blowing gusts of
 The open window on this cornice accelerating
 so rapidly downward.) in that aquamarine
 fluorescence of the bottom of the ocean seen
 in a black and white film which must
 be seething with imagination or at least the
 unwarranted indication of things
 outside the realm of a black and white reality.

It was fine green workshop lighting,
 as If Jacques Cousteau had wandered in
 to film this depth, the nascent,
 Yes, oedipally so, nascent sun filtering
 downward with those discouraged probability
 functions
 which Max Planck may or may not have understood,
 but which the fish understand without
 asking — perhaps that is their key. A fine gold
 key it must be they possess, an ancient one
 as they swim within the metaphor which
 My motionless child-mother evokes as she bends
 foetally upon herself, framed like the light,
 within the cornice of that house
 above the wall upon the street, wreathed with
 the heavy winter taste of night.

The funeral, the man who entered talking loudly
 as if he himself were the dead, the discussion
 of his purpose on the gravel outside the whiteness
 Of those pews, with mooning.

The arrival at your house, the... the decoration,
 the food. Your athletics. Your "father."
 the ensuing days. The shoes,
 The car trip. The black place, the nukes, & John.
 The terminal, taxes. writing. sleep.

- a free-form poem from my distant past. I wrote this in the late fall of 1983. It was the record of a dream, written on paper, but then later I transcribed the poem to my blog in 2014 (though I posted the poem under an estimated date of composition, as I tend to do). You can tell I'd been reading Ginsberg and Borges.

CAVEAT: POEM #1807 "DETERMINISM"

2021-07-12



Always there are whales
 off the shores of Whale Island:
 nominative fate

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1808 "LIKE THE CLOUDS"

2021-07-13



I fail at sleeping.
Instead, I sit, wide awake:
awake like the clouds.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1809 "WELL, THAT'S HANDY"

2021-07-14



I dreamed that I found
just lying there abandoned
a working chain-saw.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1810 "GEOGRAPHIC INFORMATION SYSTEM"

2021-07-15



And it came to pass
the database was rendered
into a picture.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1811 "GENTLY"

2021-07-16

□

A deer walked by on the road.
Then another passed, and slowed.
And the dawning gray sky glowed.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1812 "NIGHTTIME CONVERSATION"

2021-07-17

□

The demon made suggestions.
I listened, asked no questions.
Instead, I gave confessions.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1813 "I DID NOT ANSWER"

2021-07-18

□

There on the tree branch,
a little blue and brown bird
queried my status.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1814 "CHIAROSCURO"

2021-07-19



The sun will sometimes make a try at shining
 and draw fantastic shapes on all the hills
 until at last a cloud occludes its glory
 with brooding landscapes made of pure ennui.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1815 "PHANTOM"

2021-07-20



In dreams my daughter comes to visit me:
 a fictive being made of memories.
 She speaks Korean, tells me things she's seen:
 I try to listen, offer short replies.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1816 "OPPORTUNISM AMONG CLOUDS"

2021-07-21



The clouds can get low:
 they massage the dim shoreline
 and poke at the trees.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1817 "BETTER THAN LIGHT"

2021-07-22

□

The dark dwells, uncurious.
It lurks darkly, unconscious.
It fills spaces, serious.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1818 "BETTER THAN DARKNESS"

2021-07-23

□

abstractions linger
like drifting wisps of torn clouds
behind my eyelids

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1819 "THE NATURE OF TIME"

2021-07-24

□

The future and past
blend and blur, intermingle,
creating the now.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1820 "THIRTY-EIGHTH STANZA"

2021-07-25



Kiamon wanders the dreams of the dead,
 questing through mythical stories, she said.
 Then she awakes with a start, and she thought
 "moonlight's cold hands are alive!" - but they're not.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1821 "PHYSICAL PHENOMENA"

2021-07-26



The one cloud is pink.
 That's the nature of dawnlight.
 The wavelengths are spread.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1822 "ONE LAST, PITIABLE BEEP"

2021-07-27



And at last it died:
 my always-sick computer
 had a bad, bad day.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1823 "A FULL AGENDA"

2021-07-28

□

the raven went east
there was a sun to capture
and peers to visit

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1824 "ADRIFT"

2021-07-29

□

I have felt listless
wandering through consciousness
unanchored in time

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1825 "ADVOCACY"

2021-07-30

□

Then, the fog rolled in,
coating the world like childhood,
advocating sloth.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1826 "QUICK! HE'S NOT LOOKING!"

2021-07-31



I like to watch tomatoes grow
 but mostly they just wait
 and only when I turn away
 do they increase their weight.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1827 "COLLOQUY"

2021-08-01



Still
 hours till
 morning sun
 nevertheless
 I'm already up
 and my window's open
 so I hear the world outside
 the purposeful discourse of birds
 and the crunch of deer's feet on gravel.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1828 "NOT SURE WHAT THIS MEANS"

2021-08-02



I dreamed the states became balkanized.
Nevada was divided up.
The senator from Elko
believed he was a god.
The Las Vegas one
was ten years old.
She asked me
to try
too.

- *a nonnet. Dreams are weird.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1829 "THIRTY-NINTH STANZA"

2021-08-03



Kiamon dwelt in her house by the lake
built by her grandmothers' hands long ago.
Daily she walked the two blocks up the street,
rode on the streetcar downtown to her work.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1830 "SUMMER'S WINTER"

2021-08-04



The clouds piled themselves,
undoing all horizons:
summer's winter came.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1831 "THE FOREST FLOOR"

2021-08-05



Walking along my small trail,
I saw a slug's spotted tail,
a far mountain's tiny scale.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1832 "LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING"

2021-08-06



The birds were noisy.
They flew around and chattered.
One bonked the window.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1833 "TEMPORARY SUNSHINE"

2021-08-07



Around 6 or so
the clouds gave way to the sun,
but only briefly.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1834 "THE SEMIOTIC DARE"

2021-08-08



I was walking here and there, and searching
for some meaning, in the air,
on some semiotic dare.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1835 "SUMMER'S HOUR"

2021-08-09



The summer here refrains from lasting long.
Instead it stays some hours, and then moves on.
Interpolated clouds extend their damp
and dull suggestions lowered down to earth.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1836 "A BOLD MOVE"

2021-08-10



Suicide's a bold move,
like rage-quitting from the world.
And there's no backsies.

Waking from that dream,
you're surprised to be alive.
You sit up, startled.

- *a pair of pseudo-haiku stanzas*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1837 "A STRAY THOUGHT"

2021-08-11



The deer on the road
walked by and paused, looking down,
then jumped and ran off.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1838 "A DIFFICULT LIFE"

2021-08-12



The bear shuffled, unwary, and lonesome,
among some huckleberries,
and scary.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1839 "A RIOT DRESSED IN ALL BLACK"

2021-08-13



Those goddamn ravens
carrying on like gossips
rioting in trees.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1840 "TRACKLESS"

2021-08-14

□

feeling directionless
lacks self-motivation
gut-wrenching boredom

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1841 "STORM"

2021-08-15

□

A storm from the west presses the sea.
The sea leaps up and climbs the rocks.
It pushes the dock up, down,
and rocks the little boat,
which pulls at its ropes.
Flecks of white foam
line the beach.
The trees
swing.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1842 "FOILED AMBITIONS"

2021-08-16



The tree's being, unfathomable,
 defies gravity for a while,
 attempting to run away,
 to rise up and escape,
 yearning for the sky,
 for the cool clouds,
 but it can't,
 it's stuck,
 still.

- *a nonnet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1843 "THE FOG"

2021-08-17



The fog is a cloud suffering doubt.
 The fog has some low self-esteem.
 The fog is the risen sea.
 The fog absorbs the light.
 The fog grasps the earth.
 The fog is damp.
 The fog waits.
 The fog
 is...

- *a nonnet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1844 "PERSEVERANCE"

2021-08-18



I plow through time, inconsolable,
 as if it were heavy, deep snow,
 exhilarated by cold
 but unclear on what goals
 I should be chasing,
 stepping ahead,
 feeling feet
 go down...
 whomp.

- a nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1845 "THE GREENHOUSE REPORT"

2021-08-19



My greenhouse has its hits and misses.
 It has done well with cucumbers.
 Onions, though: mediocre.
 A few green tomatoes.
 A fine hot pepper.
 Some nice carrots.
 And always
 lots of
 mold.

- a nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1846 "A POOR SUBSTITUTE"

2021-08-20



I had a dream where I wrote a poem.
 The dream-poem was quite amazing.
 The words were all well-crafted.
 It seemed a masterpiece.
 I knew I'd awake.
 The poem would fade,
 forgotten,
 unreal,
 gone.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1847 "NATURALISTIC FALLACY"

2021-08-21



The wind came and aroused all the trees.
 They danced and waved and carried on.
 The sky observed, unobserved.
 A dragonfly flew by.
 Clouds gathered and sulked.
 The sun peaked through.
 A branch broke.
 It fell.
 Creak.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1848 "NONNET VS HAIKU"

2021-08-22



A reader noticed all these nonnets.
 They queried as to why nonnets?
 I said I'd tired of haiku.
 Now the default's nonnets.
 If you liked haiku,
 well, go make one.
 Or read one
 from before.
 Right?

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1849 "HANGING OUT IN PANMUNJEOM, FOREVER"

2021-08-23



I took a bus to the DMZ
 I didn't cross but just hung out
 then the dream got really weird
 the South Koreans said
 I couldn't come back
 so I was there
 like Kafka
 adrift
 trapped

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1850 "JOE'S HALIBUT"

2021-08-24



At the southwest edge of Saint Ignace
 a mongo halibut was hooked
 the sea surged in sympathy
 and the blue-gray waves leapt
 and the wind drew lines
 while the fish fought
 but was caught
 reeled in
 died.

- *a nonnet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1851 "POWERLESS"

2021-08-25



Another dream where I failed, and drifted
 lost, unwanted, goals veiled,
 as if jailed.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1852 "NO, NOT NEVERMORE"

2021-08-26



The sun was still a bit too low to see
 but dawn's begrudging fingers grasped the sky.
 A raven came and sat outside my room
 and watched me watch it staring down at me.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1853 "PRIMEVAL"

2021-08-27

□

First:
 nothing.
 Unholy.
 The road's imposed,
 the trees forced to yield,
 the small streams surmounted,
 and the rocks are crushed and spread.
 But below, the absences wait.
 The potholes are older than the road.

*- a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1854 "THE"**

2021-08-28

□

The
 world, the
 places, the
 sky and sea, the
 people in it, the
 words they tend to use, the
 most common expressions, the
 scattered semantic fragments, the
 ever-flowing meaninglessness, the

- a reverse nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1855 "THE MONKEY MIND"

2021-08-29



some things lurk and wait and can cause stress
 and ask the mind to test its doubts
 no ghost can dodge this mind's work
 but nor do they bow down
 they just furl their souls
 drift through loose time
 leave their signs
 on stones
 dark

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1856 "NO GPS, EITHER"

2021-08-30



If you look at the map, carefully,
 maybe you will learn where you are.
 But what if the map and world
 are not on the same page?
 What if you're dreaming
 imagined things
 and the map
 isn't
 real?

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1857 "CANVAS"

2021-08-31

□

I look out the window at the fog.
 It's pleasant and calming to see:
 a blank slate where I can dwell.
 There's no mountain, no sea.
 I draft my own world.
 That works quite well.
 A bird calls.
 Fish jump.
 Splork.

*- a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1858 "ORBIS TERTIA"**

2021-09-01

□

Mash
 the keys
 and with time
 a world is made,
 order emerges,
 influences spread out,
 conquering all time and space,
 like a net capturing some fish,
 but even then it's not really real.

- a reverse nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1859 "NEVERMIND"

2021-09-02

□

Nah.
 Won't work.
 Why would it?
 Be nice to have.
 But I don't know how.
 I keep learning new things.
 Still, there's always more out there.
 And I sometimes get overwhelmed.
 So you'll have to patient for now.

*- a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1860 "IMITATION"**

2021-09-03

□

I set things up and ran it.
 But then the server just quit.
 I guess I'll take a break, sit.

*- an englyn milwr.***CAVEAT: POEM #1861 "THIS POEM IS SELF-AWARE"**

2021-09-04

□

No poem is shorter than this.
 But words rise from the abyss.
 Stopping now would be remiss.

- an englyn milwr.

CAVEAT: POEM #1862 "THE RAIN CAME"

2021-09-05



Just in case we were having a drought...
 well, we were not having a drought.
 The rain came and moistened leaves.
 The rain came to wash roads.
 The rain came and pooled.
 The rain fell down.
 The rain hung.
 The rain
 came.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1863 "THINGS ENDING IN -ATO"

2021-09-06



The lowly greenhouse... I grow, amid weeds
 not from seeds, my tomato,
 perhaps a few potato.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1864 "ARCATA, CALIFORNIA, 1971"

2021-09-07



The road is wet; the cars can make a sound
 evoking rainy childhood days inscribed
 by ancient time across the mind's expanse,
 that rise unbidden, closing off the now.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1865 "MAINTENANCE"

2021-09-08



I checked the water cistern: not filling.
 I tried cleaning a filter;
 that made it somewhat better.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1866 "THE DOGS OF THIS HERE ISLAND"

2021-09-09



A dog rode in a truck's back.
 Another dog watched, jaw slack.
 A third one sprawled on its back.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1867 "FORTIETH STANZA"

2021-09-10



Kiamon studied the map in detail
 trying her best to determine her trail.
 Hopelessly lost, she set out in the end,
 randomly choosing a turn past the bend.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1868 "FORTY-FIRST STANZA"

2021-09-11



Kiamon stared at the mist and the trees.
Recent events filled her soul with unease.
All of reality's rules had been bent.
Now she'd just wait and would see how things went.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1869 "NOT LIKE NORMAL"

2021-09-12



I have been getting older, recently,
indecently. I shudder
and wonder.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1870 "JABBERWOCKISM"

2021-09-13



Sometimes I utter nonsense. To myself.
Mumassa helf. Lavik lence.
Oof. Silence.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1871 "TOO MANY BLOWS"

2021-09-14



Oh, and then the rain came hard, pounding down,
 its drumming sound in the yard
 leaving all the gravel scarred.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1872 "MAP BOY"

2021-09-15



Maps -
 conjured,
 imagined -
 and stored, abstract,
 as all ones and zeros,
 then rendered upon request,
 sent streaming through the internet
 and displayed as vast, complex portraits.

- *a reverse nonnet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1873 "LOSS, ENFORCED"

2021-09-16

□

I lay in bed like a cold statue
I had aged more than usual
but sleep was still failing me
the old pains nagged at me
the scars in my mouth
and down my neck
ache often
enforce
loss

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1874 "MY JAWBONE"

2021-09-17

□

The radiation weakened some bones.
So the teeth on my lower jaw...
well, they have difficulties.
That's what the dentist said.
She confirmed for me
that which I knew
already
about
bones.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1875 "NARRATOLOGY"

2021-09-18



It's in the nature of narrative
 to ensnare imagination
 and launch brief detours of mind
 conjuring mental scenes
 vague speculations
 memories too
 more solid
 concrete
 thoughts

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1876 "FORTY-SECOND STANZA"

2021-09-19



Kiamon sat in the dark before dawn
 trying to focus her mind: where'd it gone?
 Time had been swallowed by efforts in vain;
 now all she had was the slow, quiet rain.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1877 "THE GHOSTS OF SLUGS PASSED"

2021-09-20



The slugs, they race across the road with hopes,
 expecting to avoid the zooming cars;
 but now and then the tires take their toll,
 and leave a slug in ghost form, free at last.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1878 "RAINFOREST PATTERNS"

2021-09-21



Why so much about the rain? You might ask.
Well in this task, past the pain,
I write what I see, again.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1879 "RAIN GAUGE"

2021-09-22



The guy said it's rained a lot;
seventeen inches we've got;
that is September's snapshot.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1880 "SCARY BEAR"

2021-09-23



The bear had crossed the river
and looked up at the road, here;
I saw it; made me shiver.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1881 "DEMIURGES"

2021-09-24



All the streets seem real enough.
 The terrain is broken, rough.
 But it's all made of dream-stuff.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1882 "HOW THE WORLD WORKS"

2021-09-25



The world pretends by rearranging things,
 by moving atoms constantly through arcs,
 through curves of time and space in ways that cause
 the ghosts of complex things to manifest.

- *a philosophical quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1883 "CARD CATALOG"

2021-09-26



My insomnia arrives,
 ruffles through my brain's archives;
 a fragment of dream survives.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1884 "FOR WHEN THE MUSES FAIL ME"

2021-09-27

□

If I examine the art,
study its patterns, each part,
I find new memories start.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1885 "SUN CREEPS SOUTHWARD"

2021-09-28

□

The equinox has passed, so...
the dawn comes later, you know...
I still get up early, though.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1886 "FRAMES"

2021-09-29

□

Frames
enclose
images
and suggest ways
of looking at things,
new angles, perspectives,
on the same old world's contents,
but it's all just a mental trick,
a simple reframing, so to speak.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1887 "MERITOCRACY"

2021-09-30



Diligence doesn't result in success;
 luck plays a role when statistics regress;
 Random events and the spinnings of time;
 harsh distributions of reason and rhyme.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1888 "THE WIND"

2021-10-01



Wind will blow to arrange all the clouds.
 Wind will tug at the trees' branches.
 Wind rests among the mountains.
 Wind tests all the windows.
 Wind makes mournful sounds
 Wind speaks cliches
 of cold air;
 and rain
 blows.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1889 "THE USUAL"

2021-10-02



The power went out at just after six.
 Day made a mix with the dusk,
 rain made rust.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1890 "OR YOU COULD JUST SAY HE TRIPPED AND FELL"

2021-10-03



The dark was absolute, obsessive, blind;
it piled up like an angry ghost, dismissed,
and lashing out it sent the author down
till spinning like a leaf he tasted mud.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

CAVEAT: POEM #1891 "SUNNAHAE SUN"

2021-10-04



Dawn touched Sunnahae.
The mountain glowed with fresh snow.
I guess summer's done.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1892 "GANGNAM STYLE"

2021-10-05



I took the subway into Gangnam's heart
and walked up Teheranno, through the crowd,
immersed in human restlessness, alone -
until the dream unmade itself at dawn.

- a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter). This is about the familiar streetscape in Gangnam, Seoul, a few blocks north of the main subway station. I was there every day for a few months in 2010, when I was studying Korean language full-time. So it sometimes appears in dreams.

CAVEAT: POEM #1893 "MY LIFE'S PLAN"

2021-10-06



Up until now I have been... existing -
just persisting. So but then,
I'll do the same - up through when?

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1894 "SOME OLD MILITARY WISDOM"

2021-10-07



Some days, I do lots.
Other days, I do little:
lucky my bed's made.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1895 "SOMEONE ELSE'S COMMUTE"

2021-10-08



Lights
pass by
bound for town
in the predawn
dodging the potholes
plonking along loudly
dispelling small bits of mist
noticing reflective droplets
suspended like shattered glass from leaves

- *a reverse nonnet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1896 "ON WHY HAIKU ARE PREFERRED"

2021-10-09



No rhyme is worth it.
The matching sounds barge on in,
wreck seriousness.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1897 "TYPICALLY UNRELIABLE"

2021-10-10



The rain, it comes on even days
and then it comes on odd;
the weather site predicted sun -
the forecasts, they are flawed.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1898 "A PRAISE-POEM"

2021-10-11



The time for poems is past for now,
there's nothing new to say.
The rain has tired of being praised,
it's staying every day.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1899 "WEATHERIZED"

2021-10-12



A branch flew past me borne by wind
and landed on the ground.
The trees were swinging left and right
and making whooshing sounds.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1900 "LIMINALITY"

2021-10-13



A state of liminality
suspended me, alone,
and slowly I returned to see
I'd made my way back home.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1901 "YES, THAT WOULD BE THE BEST DREAM"

2021-10-14



If I could choose a certain dream
I'd pick a house with halls -
with corridors that never stopped,
with decorated walls.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1902 "WHAT IS HAIKU FOR?"

2021-10-15



No haiku prepares
for the world's meaninglessness.
It can only show.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1903 "INVERTED TRIANGLE"

2021-10-16



Nonnets can start with syllable-hills,
sequipedalianally,
with well-entrained thoughts and words,
but then metamorphize,
into something tight
and narrower
difficult,
gnomic,
closed.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1904 "ON LOOKING DOWN"

2021-10-17



I'm up high, perched there in my treehouse.
 See, a mistake needs reversing.
 I've got to get one screw loose.
 Being so high is hard.
 I don't enjoy it.
 Still, I'm trying.
 "Don't look down."
 I say.
 Oops.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1905 "TREEHOUSE POEM"

2021-10-18



I add walls platforms
 a vague human-made fungus
 higher and higher

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1906 "THE TYRANNY OF WAKING UP"

2021-10-19



I woke up quickly
 shocked out of an eerie dream
 but now I'm too slow

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1907 "THE FOURTH DIMENSION STRIKES AGAIN"

2021-10-20

□

time
 wobbles
 spins along
 marches forward
 takes a little break
 counts down various things
 crashes into folds of space
 makes small matters salient
 renders important things meaningless

*- a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #1908 "STEPS FORWARD, STEPS BACK"**

2021-10-21

□

work
 can seem
 a road to
 futility
 or just passing through
 some tedious labor
 that's already frustrating
 only to realize it's wasted
 as you must now reverse what you'd done.

- a reverse nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1909 "THE EASY PATH"

2021-10-22



Upon awaking
I heard the hard rain and winds
so I stayed inside.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1910 "COULD HAVE HAPPENED SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO BUT IT DIDN'T"

2021-10-23



I awoke from an unpleasant dream.
There was a very long bus trip.
I was sleeping on the bus.
But then I was startled.
A woman stood there,
told me, "Get off."
I asked why.
She said,
"No."

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1911 "THE RIGHT SEQUENCE"

2021-10-24



We must invent things.
But what will we do with them?
turn them to stories.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #1912 "AND THAT MADE ME THINK OF THE POET
LABORDETA"**

2021-10-25



I dreamed yet another vivid dream:
a kafkaesque replay of when
I had gone off to grad school.
In this version, I stalled,
avoided meeting
the professors
till at last
they found
me.

The woman was quite pleasant to me.
She showed me these small clay figures,
instructed me to describe
each one in fine detail.
One was a strange thing:
a fire-breathing
trolleybus
with green
eyes.

- a pair of nonnets. The title's reference is to the Spanish poet

CAVEAT: POEM #1913 "GREAT POWER, GREAT RESPONSIBILITY"

2021-10-26



I deployed them all:
powers of observation.
I noticed a bug.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1914 "A BOAT!"

2021-10-27



Another weird dream:
the sea rose and rose higher,
and the house floated.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1915 "MORNING PERAMBULATION"

2021-10-28



I took a walk before the sun came up.
A vaguely pinkish cloud betrayed the dawn.
The rain had paused to gather up its strength.
A mist was gnawing trees off to the west.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1916 "A SIGN FROM HEAVEN"

2021-10-29



Driving home last night:
a snowflake among raindrops.
Does that mean winter?

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1917 "SIGNIFIER / SIGNIFIED"

2021-10-30



What words could solve the doubts I have each day?
There's nothing in these words to understand.
Instead I trudge along as if bestowed
with words which form a burden in my soul.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1918 "A STUNNING VISION"

2021-10-31



Just before the dawn
I journeyed down to the beach
and saw some pink clouds.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1919 "SHAKESPEARE'S CONCEIT"

2021-11-01



It's possible to have a dream, I know,
that convolutes the mind's perceptions such
that all the words the dream presents unfold
in quatrains executed in blank verse.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1920 "SO THAT'S DONE, THEN"

2021-11-02



That one leaf was hanging there, still attached,
but as I watched, the cold air
blew it away, who knows where.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1921 "BLACKOUT"

2021-11-03



Nothing happened, then.
The entire night: eventless.
Seven hours were lost.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1922 "CODE AS ABUSE"

2021-11-04



Sometimes computers refuse to do things.
This habit springs from abuse:
a programmer's unwise views.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1923 "RUN THE PERCENTAGES"

2021-11-05

□

the air gets chilly
but the rain continues on
chance of snow tonight

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1924 "RIGHT?"

2021-11-06

□

I forgot what's next
just sitting around instead
you'd think I'd keep track.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1925 "FALL BACK"

2021-11-07

□

That silly custom
we have in this here country...
I slept one more hour

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1926 "JOURNAL"

2021-11-08



I've been feeling uninspired: no good words,
thoughts like birds, my brain mired,
sorta tired.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1927 "A GHOST IN THE MACHINE"

2021-11-09



In unrendered forests, oddities lurk,
awaiting moments when the servers sleep.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1928 "QUOTIDIAN CONCERNS"

2021-11-10



The snow began before the rising sun,
but with the dawn it petered out, as rain.
I drove to town as usual, again,
but wondered if I should have brought the chains.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1929 "BEST WAY TO HANDLE IT"

2021-11-11



I accepted loss
and the failure of the plan.
I'd restart later.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1930 "A FINE MACHINE"

2021-11-12



I had a dream in which I stopped my heart
There was a button down beside my bed
I pressed it once and that would make it stop
Another touch would make it start again.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1931 "DUTY"

2021-11-13



A dog was supervising traffic, there,
imperious and proud, beside the road.

- *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1932 "GOOD THING I MISSED IT"

2021-11-14



I awoke sweating.
I don't feel sick, so what's this?
Some exhausting dream.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1933 "DID YOU TRY REBOOTING IT?"

2021-11-15



Hypnagogia:
like hitting a soft reset
for my buggy brain.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1934 "THE DAY"

2021-11-16



Got to work, put the flag. There was snow.
I'd driven slow, hit no snag.
No customers, what a drag.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1935 "PLATONIC IDEAL"

2021-11-17

□

The world offered trees to see. I saw them.
They seemed emphatically
rather more tree-like to me.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1936 "YES, ALL THOSE THINGS"

2021-11-18

□

hallucinations
of days of nights of forests
of my banal life.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1937 "DREAMS LIKE A WHIRLWIND"

2021-11-19

□

several short naps
came upon me unawares
took my brain by storm

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1938 "NEURONS"

2021-11-20



The neurons give up
and we steadily forget.
Nothing to be done

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1939 "OBJECTIVE"

2021-11-21



rogue cartographers
try to shift reality
artistically

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1940 "BANALITIES"

2021-11-22



dull cartographers
reproduce the lived-in world
slavishly banal

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1941 "DECEPTION"

2021-11-23

□

fake cartographers
produce their maplike objects
to impress people

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1942 "THE MAP"

2021-11-24

□

Lost cartographers
are fundamental failures.
I mean... got the map?

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1943 "APATHY"

2021-11-25

□

Dumb cartographers
draw some lines, call it a day.
The next guy gets lost.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1944 "AND THEY SUCCEED"

2021-11-26



Mad cartographers
try to make a world in which
physicists shudder.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1945 "IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY ENOUGH"

2021-11-27



Bored cartographers
add improbable places
which you can detect.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1946 "TAG-TEAMED"

2021-11-28



Some snow covered the driveway, but then rain
overtook it again, and all day
snow and rain, switching, at play.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1947 "FORTY-THIRD STANZA"

2021-11-29



Kiamon reached a decision, at last;
do what was needed and take on the past;
ghosts might object that the time wasn't right;
they'd give up soon, and would fade with the night.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1948 "NOT QUITE TRUE"

2021-11-30



Eldritch cartographers drafted the world,
coastlines and islets took shape and unfurled,
demons were crafted to lurk in the holes
scattered about like impertinent souls.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1949 "A DARK GREY MISSION"

2021-12-01



In winter's dark
 the stones lurk, stark
 my light's an ark
 guiding my way.
 Raindrops glisten;
 I walk, listen
 without mission
 to start my day.
 I stand and think
 on the path's brink
 trees shade like ink...
 the sky turns grey.

- a rhupunt - a Welsh poem style I tried once before.

CAVEAT: POEM #1950 "ILLUMINATION"

2021-12-02



When I woke up, now,
 I went out and walked, predawn.
 Stars and snow made light.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #1951 "CENTRISTS"

2021-12-03

□

Fun philologists
generate appendices
for complex fictions.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1952 "RADICALS"

2021-12-04

□

Bad philologists
invent implausible tongues
which no one can speak.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1953 "PROGRESSIVES"

2021-12-05

□

Failed philologists
walk dogs on snow-covered roads
and write bad haiku.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1954 "REACTIONARIES"

2021-12-06



Sad philologists
mourn the loss of words unheard
and rant against youth.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1955 "SO IT WASN'T THAT BAD"

2021-12-07



I drove on the icy road, going slow
the potholes, though, were all snowed,
the clouds glowed.

- *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1956 "MY CORPOREAL HYDROLOGY"

2021-12-08



My body is full of blood. It races
around, courses like a flood,
rests at the edges like mud.

- *an englyn penfyr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1957 "WISDOM"

2021-12-09

□

There's no easy path.
There are easy points of view.
There are hard moments.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1958 "THE DAY'S START"

2021-12-10

□

I wake up early.
Too early, but I'm awake.
Might as well get up.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1959 "FORTY-FOURTH STANZA"

2021-12-11

□

Kiamon thought to herself, what a life:
struggling and fighting through battles and strife.
Now she could rest for a moment at least,
gazing down past the old trees toward the east.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1960 "YOU READ ABOUT IT FIRST, HERE"

2021-12-12



Looping in circles:
 I dreamed I started a blog.
 Yes. Another blog.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1961 "AH, THE LIFE"

2021-12-13



The power was out.
 So I spent the day reading
 and shoveling snow.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1962 "THE SIGN OF THE SHOVEL"

2021-12-14



There's no surprise
 I spent all the night dreaming
 of snowshoveling.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1963 "THE INEVITABLE EVOLUTION OF THINGS"

2021-12-15

□

I have made some friends
that I have since failed to keep;
time becomes neglect.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1964 "PROGRESS"

2021-12-16

□

The sun leaves early.
Then the pale dusk hangs around.
At last, the stars show.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1965 "HOPES AND DREAMS"

2021-12-17

□

I wake up each day
and realize I'm a dog.
It's so exciting.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1966 "FORTY-FIFTH STANZA"

2021-12-18



Kiamon watched as the fields tumbled by.
 Moonlight illumined the snow and the sky.
 Slowly the train made its way down the shore.
 Kiamon didn't know what was in store.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1967 "FORTY-SIXTH STANZA"

2021-12-19



Kiamon didn't know what was in store.
 Riding the train through the night was a bore.
 Suddenly someone appeared in the car:
 dangerous face, with a notable scar.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1968 "FORTY-SEVENTH STANZA"

2021-12-20



Kiamon ducked to avoid the man's gaze.
 He only glanced quickly, stuck in his ways.
 Once he had gone, she got up and pursued,
 mind overwhelmed with resolving the feud.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1969 "BANE"

2021-12-21

□

No, I'd rather it not rain. Snow is fine,
with the moonshine. With the rain
ice on the road is my bane.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1970 "TENSE"

2021-12-22

□

I'm feeling burnt out.
I think it's the bad commute:
a near hour on ice.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1971 "CITIZENSHIP"

2021-12-23

□

I'm a citizen
of these nights' contingencies
awaiting the cold.

- *a pseudo-haiku*.

CAVEAT: POEM #1972 "PHOTONIC FLIGHT"

2021-12-24



The atoms slowed down
 the few photons fled the scene
 the air became still.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1973 "BORNE HOME, UNMOVED"

2021-12-25



Recent years, I haven't traveled much.
 So Minnesota came to me.
 First, a hefty dose of snow,
 then clear skies and chill air
 and a dry coldness
 that makes the snow
 underfoot
 loudly
 crunch.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1974 "SELF-ACTUALIZATION"

2021-12-26



The city contemplated its form:
 There were passages of water;
 people came and made houses;
 roads were cut in the land;
 factories appeared;
 highways evolved;
 trains laid tracks;
 parks grew.
 Done.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1975 "SNUFFLED"

2021-12-27



There was a mouse, down under the snow.
 It hid in its small burrow, there.
 A dog came along the road.
 The dog's nose sought this mouse.
 She pawed at the snow.
 She snuffled close.
 Still no mouse.
 Paws clawed.
 Snort!

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1976 "DRIVEN"

2021-12-28



A few fresh inches of snow appeared
 for yesterday morning's commute.
 But I'm getting used to it.
 I zig-zag down the road
 like a blue bobsled
 armed with four wheels
 crunching snow
 tasting
 ice.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1977 "THE CLIMATE IS DIFFERENT, A FEW MILES INLAND"

2021-12-29



The town is out on a point of land.
 It's always a bit windy there.
 Going home, I drive inland,
 following the sea's arm,
 the snow gets deeper,
 the wind dies down,
 the trees calm,
 a mist
 hangs.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1978 "NATURE'S HANDIWORK"

2021-12-30



Rain.
 It came:
 to coat snow
 with some slick slush;
 to make walking hard
 so you have to shuffle;
 to sculpt incongruous clouds
 that lurk around at ground level,
 laced with dirt and stones and dog's urine.

- a reverse nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1979 "CARTOGRAPHER'S PAUSE"

2021-12-31



The map is sometimes quite neglected.
 I abandon ideas, plans,
 and I can't decide what's next.
 But the past is still there,
 Rendered in bold lines,
 true diagrams
 of unreal
 places
 dreamed.

- a reverse nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #1980 "NEW YEAR, NEW WEATHER"

2022-01-01



Last year, it had snowed.
This year, it's now raining hard.
Piles of snow, undone.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1981 "WAVE FUNCTION COLLAPSE"

2022-01-02



we are all just ghosts
if we fail to pause and look
but looking, we live

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1982 "LAYERS"

2022-01-03



Some inches of snow
attempted to cover ice
but then more rain came.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1983 "SLIDE"

2022-01-04



If Christmas were a country road,
the presents made of ice
then that would be my daily drive
and really not so nice.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1984 "STILL DEAD"

2022-01-05



In hospital, I realized I was dead:
a ghost abroad in lands just dimly lit.
I wandered past the wails of those in pain
aware of only dust and aimless paths.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #1985 "AWAITING A PROGRAM TO RUN"

2022-01-06



The morning is not here yet.
I cast about, thoughts a net,
adrift, opinions unset.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1986 "MIRACLE"

2022-01-07



The cancer grew and made a stand,
 but doctors made it die
 The years have passed both slow and fast
 and somehow I'm still spry.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1987 "ADAPTABILITY"

2022-01-08



The power went out.
 The air outside swarmed with snow.
 So I built a fire.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1988 "LIFE SUMMARY"

2022-01-09



Sometimes I try, but...
 I'm bad at interacting
 alone's easier

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1989 "HOMOGENEOUS"

2022-01-10

□

I'm a kind of paste
of pure unmotivation
these recent wet days

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1990 "IT'S BETTER THAT WAY"

2022-01-11

□

as awakeness fades
slip into solipsism
other worlds flicker

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1991 "WITHOUT STRIATIONS"

2022-01-12

□

my mind was a flat expanse
where only a few ghosts dance
meditations left to chance

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1992 "FORTY-EIGHTH STANZA"

2022-01-13



Kiamon gazed at the fog on the lake
 weather had forced her to take a short break.
 Still she grew frustrated, time passed her by...
 hopes were obscured just as clouds hid the sky.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #1993 "THE SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT"

2022-01-14



Negativity
 All those close share it with me
 So I succumb too.

I wax negative
 About everyone's anger
 Sure. Let me join in!

I can savor it
 All the terrors and worries
 Better than beauty.

- a poem constructed with three pseudo-haiku stanzas.

CAVEAT: POEM #1994 "THE WORLD VS THE TRIP TO TOWN"

2022-01-15



It never just rains
but it pours and makes more ice
for driving pleasure

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1995 "WITHOUT PHYSICS"

2022-01-16



Those oscillations...
What's time got to do with it?
That's just how it works.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1996 "BENEVOLENCE"

2022-01-17



The moon was fullish
and smiled down on well-aged snow
whitening the night.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1997 "EVENTFUL COMMUTE"

2022-01-18



Just past seven mile,
the car spun out on smooth ice.
Still... I got to town.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1998 "FORTY-NINTH STANZA"

2022-01-19



Kiamon maybe once thought to herself
"might just be better to put on a shelf;
face all the ways that we each reach our end;
face just the fact that the gods' wills don't bend."

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1999 "COLDER"

2022-01-20



When it's cold enough
the icy road's driveable
'cause it gets sticky.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2000 "AND YET"

2022-01-21

□

You'd think that by now
I'd have just given it up:
this daily writing.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2001 "FALSE MUSE"

2022-01-22

□

Off in the future,
a poem I want to write
takes shape and then fades.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2002 "AN UNSNOWING"

2022-01-23

□

A great unsnowing
unfolded itself across
branches and gravel

showing the rains' souls
in the ice-bottomed puddles
and rushing streamlets.

- *two stanzas in haiku form.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2003 "GONE"

2022-01-24



The dusk was purple,
the fog, thick. The trees had gone
wherever trees go.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2004 "THE INTERNALS"

2022-01-25



I hear what I want.
Easier to make up words
than to understand.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2005 "A PINK UNICORN"

2022-01-26



she needed it wrapped
for a three-year-old's birthday:
a pink unicorn

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2006 "RESERVED"

2022-01-27

□

there's a pile of books
just there by that other one
worth reading I guess

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2007 "IN THE LEE OF THE MOUNTAIN"

2022-01-28

□

The rain can bring windy days,
but from the southwest. It stays
calm right here where our house lays.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2008 "THE PROCEDURE"

2022-01-29

□

walk along behind the dog
among the trees that grasp fog
then record it for the blog

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2009 "INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT"

2022-01-30



I spend my time around old people
 people who nurture their anger
 and their fears and resentments
 they craft conspiracies
 to frighten themselves
 insult objects
 dread yet crave
 gentle
 death

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2010 "SWONK"

2022-01-31



Swonk!
 Some snow
 tumbled down
 out of a tree
 as the falling flakes
 shifted back to cold rain
 transforming all the landscape
 into a tableau of churned slush
 mostly quiet except for the dripping.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2011 "DETAIL"

2022-02-01

□

space
and time
unfolding
operating
not quite like clockwork
more like a blind person
reading out each moment's steps
in a tactile way across knots
tied in tiny strings made of ether

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2012 "TITLE"

2022-02-02

□

the poem starts out with energy
full of ambition and big plans
but then as the lines proceed
concepts are forgotten
syllables cut off
words are unused
things get terse
shorter
stop

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2013 "MELTING"

2022-02-03



I shovel paths through the slush.
The rain on trees breaks the hush.
Some snow slides down in a rush.

- *an englyn milwr*:

CAVEAT: POEM #2014 "HERE IN THE RAINFOREST"

2022-02-04



the rain and then more rain came
not even the clouds bore blame
instead everything stayed same

- *an englyn milwr*:

CAVEAT: POEM #2015 "BAD CODE"

2022-02-05



My own software has some bugs
my brain seems to be on drugs
though it's just neurons like slugs

- *an englyn milwr*:

CAVEAT: POEM #2016 "UNIVERSALITY"

2022-02-06

□

the weirdness of the banal
extends even past nightfall
to occupy a dreamt thrall

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2017 "YOUR LOSS"

2022-02-07

□

The words, they fell like winter rain,
they scattered as they fell.
Those listening refused to hear,
in silence they would dwell.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2018 "UNFORTUNATELY DELAYED"

2022-02-08

□

The dream presented seas in flood
I had to flee the flow
But at my spot along the road
the buses were too slow.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2018 "ANNOUNCEMENT"

2022-02-09



When I was young I liked the rain
 it always seemed to sing.
 I'm older now but I still like
 that tapping, plonking thing.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2019 "GNOMIC REMARKS"

2022-02-10



The map was drawn by idiots
 it failed to show the way;
 instead it led the gullible
 to lostness - and astray.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2020 "NOT WHAT IT SEEMS"

2022-02-11



The moon was there behind the clouds,
 and lurking like a whale;
 the sky was like the surging sea:
 a torn cloud showed its tail.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2021 "MOSTLY EMPTY SPACE"

2022-02-12



The sea is not what seems to be,
instead it sloshes there:
a mass of molecules and space
that grasps up at the air.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2022 "PHASE TRANSITION"

2022-02-13



No rain is quite like rain at dawn -
it wakes you up, you see;
a rain like that is integral
to making dreams be free.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2023 "RECORD KEEPING"

2022-02-14



The dog will sniff from here to there;
her nose will show the way.
She tries to find the places where
she'd stopped the other day.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2024 "SQUASHED LIKE A BUG, MORE LIKE"
2022-02-15



The storage tent gave up the ghost,
the weather had been such
that over time its structure'd failed
the stress had been too much.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2025 "HYPOTHETICALLY UNTREED"
2022-02-16



Before leaving for work I walked there -
down by the treehouse, by the sea.
I check on it every day.
So far it hasn't moved.
Sometimes I worry.
I imagine
going there,
finding
doom.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2026 "ANCHORITE"
2022-02-17



Just off the Port Saint Nick Road, here,
my hermitage resides
among the trees where cars can't go
my dampened spirit hides.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2027 "DARN"

2022-02-18



The tree had done its best to live
including growing roots;
but then the wind had whipped along
and broke its attributes.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2029 "PREMONITION"

2022-02-20



I once believed I'd live so long
and basically I have...
But as my life goes on and on
I think more of my grave.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2030 "ARABESQUES"

2022-02-21



The frost arrived and settled down,
and plotted out its plans,
drew diagrams and detailed maps
across cold wood in spans.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2031 "BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN"

2022-02-22



The sun was in the sky all day
 but hid behind the trees
 and all the same the air was ice
 embittered by a breeze.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2032 "RELEASE OF ELECTRICAL SPIRITS"

2022-02-23



The breaker'd waited long enough
 to let out wisps of smoke;
 electrons came, electrons went,
 and in the end it broke.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2033 "COMPOSITIONAL CONTEXT"

2022-02-24



My window is a darkened square
 where ghosts can hide and lurk;
 the night outside is made of snow
 and inside, here, I work.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2034 "FIFTIETH STANZA"

2022-02-25

□

Kiamon doubted they'd ever make sense:
ghosts always tended to opt for suspense;
speaking at times when she danced for them, true;
sadly their meanings gave no single clue.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #2035 "THE DREAM WAS SHOWN TO BE AN ILLUSION
UPON WAKING"**

2022-02-26

□

I dreamed it was night
I was surrounded by dark
but then I woke up

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2036 "SEMIOTIC VACUUM"

2022-02-27

□

but no words appeared...
but nothing had meaning then...
but silence ruled us...

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: ПОЕМ #2037 "VIOLENT HOPES"

2022-02-28



ХАЙ ЖИВЕ, ВІЛЬНА УКРАЇНА.

historical hopes proud hopes possible hopes
revanchist expectations

diplomatic action logistical action military action
geopolitical advancement

necessary war justified war holy war
pointless invasion

send them in
let them fight
take the land
burn houses
get captured
shoot it all
go to hell

righteous violence mud-strewn violence bitter violence
violent hopes

- *a quennet.*

CAVEAT: ПОЕМ #2038 "Мрії"

2022-03-01



dreams in cyrillic
arise from watching the war
craft disjoint stories

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2039 "SEMIOTIC SYRUP"

2022-03-02

□

the dreams are so thick
a semiotic syrup
hard to navigate

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2040 "ANOTHER PLAN FOR A NOVEL I WON'T WRITE"

2022-03-03

□

I ask myself if there could ever be
a dream wherein the morning never came
and in the end the dreamer would become
a kind of listless spirit, all alone.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #2041 "OMEN"

2022-03-04

□

I looked down to check:
my phone's weather forecast app
had a small snowflake.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2042 "INSCRIPTION ON AIR"

2022-03-05



"As far as blah-blah on the words," she said...
 No meaning mattered once the tongue got loose,
 it made its own saussurean designs
 inscribed across the map of hopes and doubts.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #2043 "A DOG"

2022-03-06



a dog will bound along the road
 a dog will dance and twist
 a dog will gnaw the leaning trees
 a dog will taste the mist

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2044 "NO DOG"

2022-03-07



no dog preferred to just sit still
 no dog would contemplate
 no dog could ever be a sage
 no dog can self-sedate

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2045 "TOWARD EPISTEMIC HEAT DEATH"

2022-03-08



*"If you are a divergentist, you hold that the
social-cognitive universe is expanding towards
an epistemic heat death of universal solipsism,
and you are at peace with this thought."*

- Venktash Rao

when epistemic death heat comes
the universe will end
amid an endless chattering
of apophenic trends

*- a quatrain in ballad meter, on a philosophical topic that piqued
my interest.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2046 "STILL, THEY GOT THE COLD PART RIGHT"

2022-03-09



the morning was cold
the forecast had promised snow
but there was just frost

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #2047 "A POEM ABOUT ITS OWN ORIGIN"

2022-03-10



See,
 sometimes
 I wake up
 in the morning
 so very early
 and take the decision
 to just remain awake, then,
 and perhaps to try to write down
 a bunch of syllables: a nonnet.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2048 "FLOOD"

2022-03-11



Numbers emerged like leaking water,
 filling up the machine's hard drive.
 Gradually, the space filled.
 Baroque bits of data
 spread themselves over
 virtual planes,
 surfaces
 until
 full.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2049 "NOT A TRUE FACT"

2022-03-12

□

I poked the bear's eye
with a stick I had with me.
This upset the bear.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2050 "MYSTERY"

2022-03-13

□

A small bird appeared.
It hopped along, branch to branch.
It warily watched.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2051 "GRR"

2022-03-14

□

I walked along my path today
and gave the plants a glare
so mean that in the end they fell
back, seemingly aware.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2052 "FAILURE TO COMMENT"

2022-03-15



"Is there enough rain?"
 they asked, and the clouds answered,
 "We cannot comment."

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2053 "THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU'RE AN EAGLE"

2022-03-16



I rose up through the air on my wings
 and made sweeping circles, slowly
 surveying the trees and rocks
 tasting the salty wind
 until in the end
 I chose a spot
 and swooped down
 and perched
 there.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2054 "AWKWARD"

2022-03-17



I was a bug, crawling there,
 when, whoosh, I had a scare:
 water washed me down the stair.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2055 "CHILLIN'"

2022-03-18

□

I was a cold fish:
there under the dock, drifting,
I tasted the sea.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2056 "UNPREPARED TO TRAVEL"

2022-03-19

□

A terrible dream:
I couldn't find any bus
and lost my passport.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2057 "PREPARING TO TRAVEL"

2022-03-20

□

Another dream harassed my wake-up time
and left me short of breath as I sat up
I'd dreamed I was supposed to move again
but running late, I'd failed to start to pack.
A child was at my door and begged to know
if I would take the time to pack my soul.

- *a sexain (AKA hexastich) in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #2058 "STUFF THAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY"

2022-03-21



Then I walked the dog,
and there was a lot of wind.
The rain changed to snow.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2059 "DEFAULT BEHAVIOR"

2022-03-22



I've failed to avoid
a minimalist approach
to staying alive.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2060 "JUST BECAUSE"

2022-03-23



I can't make haiku
that seem to be at all new
so here's a stale one.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2061 "FAKE IT, THEN"

2022-03-24

□

I'll pretend I know
how to be a sprouting tree
but really I don't.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2062 "ANTICIPATION"

2022-03-25

□

Now I was a seed
The dirt was all around me
I wanted to grow

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2063 "BOUND FOR THE CENTER OF MASS"

2022-03-26

□

I was some water,
settling in among the rocks.
The earth pulled me down.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2064 "REGULAR EVENTS"

2022-03-27

□

I was stuck in mud.
But then a dog attacked me.
She chewed on her stick.

*- a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #2065 "TRUE FACT"**

2022-03-28

□

I was a small cloud,
drifting across a pale sky.
The sun was shining.

*- a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #2066 "ON MINIMALISM"**

2022-03-29

□

A minimalist,
I wrote down a few short words
and one less short word.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #2067 "EL LICENCIADO VIDRIERA"

2022-03-30



The meanings spread out,
like cracks in glass, diffusing
across people's brains.

- a pseudo-haiku. The poem's title is a reference to one of Miguel de Cervantes' "Novelas ejemplares."

**CAVEAT: POEM #2068 "THE GREAT SOUTHEAST ALASKAN DROUGHT
OF LAST WEDNESDAY, FROM 1 TO 4 PM"**

2022-03-31



The drought lasted for three hours
but at last came rain showers
to water wilting flowers

- an englyn milwr.

CAVEAT: POEM #2069 "THE SEEDLING"

2022-04-01



I had bought a maple tree seedling.
It arrived in the mail last year.
I got it a pot with dirt.
Last fall it seemed okay.
But winter was hard.
It is sproutless:
no new leaves,
no green...
dead.

- a nonnet.

CAVEAT: POEM #2070 "THIS ONE TIME"

2022-04-02



This one time I woke up so hungry.
 I went downstairs to get oatmeal.
 Eating at strange times is bad:
 discombobulated,
 I will forget when
 things should happen.
 Anyway,
 I ate.
 Done.

- *a nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2071 "CECI POÈME N'EXISTE PAS"

2022-04-03



I awoke, and found
 the blog server had gone down.
 I'd ceased to exist.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2072 "SO LONG"

2022-04-04

□

In April you would think that snow
had finished with its song,
but here it seems that winter goes,
and goes and goes so long.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2073 "LUCK"

2022-04-05

□

If I get lucky
I manage to fall asleep,
having woke early.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2074 "CAGE OF LIONS AND I"

2022-04-06



Cage of lions and I we are two things

Secure within immutability
 safe inside my sphere
 I pound my head against
 its walls
 begging to be free.
 Then a man with silver key
 cracks my prison
 sets me free.
 I grab some glue,
 I gasp for breath
 I beg the man to take his
 key, and go away.
 Patching sphere
 repairing cracks
 I turn around and
 pound my head against
 its other walls.

I know the answer
 I have asked the questions
 but no one tells me how

Dog and bug are in a room.

A green plant.

- a free-form poem. This poem is a "guest post" from my own past: I wrote this poem while in high school, in 1982. I transcribed to my "retroblog" in 2010.

CAVEAT: POEM #2075 "CRAIG WEATHER"

2022-04-07



The wind in town was strong today,
it spun the dust around;
the snow was blowing sideways too,
but failed to reach the ground.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2076 "A FOR EFFORT"

2022-04-08



The birds attempted happy songs
to celebrate the spring,
but still the winds blew rain and sleet
and wrecked the whole darn thing.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2077 "THE GOOSE'S BURDEN"

2022-04-09



I saw a goose down in the sea,
it seemed to swim with verve,
but on its back a load of snow
seemed to get on its nerve.

- a quatrain in ballad meter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2078 "VISITATION IN WHITE"

2022-04-10



The salmonberry bloom had come
to celebrate the mood
of spring's return along the road;
the snow did not feel good.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2079 "WHAT THE TREES SAW"

2022-04-11



Today the sun came, took the snow,
the trees were quite relieved
'cause yesterday they'd seen a lot:
in April, who'd believe?

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2080 "FIFTY-FIRST STANZA"

2022-04-12



Kiamon never imagined there'd be
obvious answers to questions we see;
nevertheless she still could not deny
ghost-given answers were often quite sly.

- *a quatrain dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2081 "FIFTY-SECOND STANZA"

2022-04-13



Kiamon felt that the dreams were obscure.
Meaning was vague and she just wasn't sure.
Grandfather's ghost never laid it all out:
rather he seemed to throw symbols about.

- *a quatrain dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2082 "WHILE THE MEN CONVERSE"

2022-04-14



Went so. / for Wntr.
 / can y. undstd --
 In spc. mny types
 awt. the end.
 |
 |
 °°° ~ now the
 blue/bk. over / turned
 the eggs of Tps.
 To reveal to me the
 Vrts.
 That man dwells amidst * - c
 ? Id.s. ,,, / (,,) -- ...
 / / / -- \ °°°
 Tps Vrts -- flowing like
 lamposts on dusty grey
 bookshelves --
 While the Men.
 Converse°°° °°

- a free-form poem, a guest-poem from my past. I wrote this in the summer of 1983, a point in time when I was keeping a fairly regular journal (a kind of analogue predecessor to my blog). This poem was hard to transcribe - I was experimenting with what is called "concrete poetry." My handwritten letters and the spaces that I filled with bits of punctuation and pseudo-writing were as important as the actual text. I was being deliberately gnomic with my weird abbreviations and omissions of letters - most of these I can figure out, but in fact I'm clueless about the meaning of "Tps" in the above poem. I'm guessing that "Vrts" is "virtues"... maybe? So perhaps "Tps" means "typos" - that would please my notion of meta-referentiality, anyway. Let it be so.

CAVEAT: POEM #2083 "MANIFESTO"

2022-04-15



Spring is unbearable, just like the fall:
 seasons do best when they're in one and all.
 Likewise the sun shouldn't vary each day:
 better to have it a lot, or away.

- *a quatrain dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2084 "DEBATABLE"

2022-04-16



Poems are good, or they're bad - you decide.
 Take a position, defend either side.
 Meanings can bend, semiotics can shift,
 all in your mind, and the changes are swift.

- *a quatrain dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2085 "MIGHT AS WELL"

2022-04-17



I woke too early
 but there was light in the east,
 so I went with it.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2086 "SKEWED"

2022-04-18

□

The treehouse's thing
 is a lack of right angles.
 This is hard to solve.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2087 "SOCIABILITY"

2022-04-19

□

This one bird made noise,
 so some other birds did too,
 until it was loud.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2088 "STORY OUTLINE"

2022-04-20

□

This protagonist
 suffers subjectivity
 till the story's end.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2089 "SHAME"

2022-04-21

□

Admitting mistakes
is necessary but hard.
Shame sticks in your throat.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2090 "ARBOREAL DISOBEDIENCE"

2022-04-22

□

And the tree refused.
It had its plans: chose to die.
It was just a stick.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2091 "PROPHECY"

2022-04-23

□

The house made of trash:
I lived there like a prophet.
That was a strange dream.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2092 "HOPE"

2022-04-24



The garden lay, ungrowing (damp, brown earth);
it was a dearth of sprouting
and a surfeit of waiting.

- *an englyn penfyr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2093 "INSTANT DAY"

2022-04-25



Each morning leaps into place
through a kind of dreamy space
and a rigid, stony grace.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2094 "A PARABLE ABOUT FOUND STONES"

2022-04-26



Of course the stones were arreptitious,
just existing in the present:
a passing truck might raise up
their weighty singing souls
only a moment
then flung sideways
they'd lie down
with weeds,
lost.

- *a nonnet*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2095 "A PARABLE ABOUT LOST ASTRONAUTS"

2022-04-27



"Look!"
 they said.
 "This journey,"
 they continued,
 "is impossible.
 The geometry's wrong,
 and the shape of space and time
 will soon lead all of us astray."
 They sat, shaking their heads, crestfallen.

- *a reverse nonnet.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2096 "FIND WHAT?"

2022-04-28



If you can find it, in fact,
 then you will know how to act,
 to compensate what you lacked.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2097 "STILL TOO EARLY, MAYBE"

2022-04-29



A few carrots sprout
 but the lettuce, radishes,
 prefer not growing.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2098 "BRAIN TRAFFIC"

2022-04-30



The dreams solve nothing.
 They pile up some fraught symbols
 and leave me anxious.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2099 "IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT ME"

2022-05-01



I dreamed that it snowed.
 People laughed at my distress.
 But I had to cope.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2100 "A REVIEW OF LAST NIGHT'S EVENTS"

2022-05-02



Down in the woods on the other lot's line,
 Fences were found... and the gate to a mine.
 Paths wound around topiaries and trees,
 contractors engineered highways by threes.
 Dreams can be like that, confusing and fey,
 finally ending, exposed to the day.

- *a sextet of dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2101 "FIFTY-THIRD STANZA"

2022-05-03



Kiamon barely remembered her name.
Trying but failing, she'd ended the game.
Tired and broken, she needed to rest.
So her antagonist gloated, "I'm best!"

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2102 "FIFTY-FOURTH STANZA"

2022-05-04



Kiamon felt slightly positive then,
still at a loss as to exactly when
winds would begin to die down for a while,
ghosts would at last pause a bit, give a smile.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2103 "WORDS"

2022-05-05



No words for the stones.
No words for the resting trees.
No words for the clouds.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #2104 "FLOWERS"

2022-05-06



And it came to pass,
that the bees saw the flowers
and did what bees do.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2105 "SURVEY THE WORLD"

2022-05-07



Problematic maps
occupied the waking dreams
of damp artistry.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2106 "ALTERNATE EPITAPH"

2022-05-08



When I'm old, I pray
that I will not blame others
for my own failures.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2107 "A BREAK"

2022-05-09

□

The gray took a break.
The clouds scudded off eastward,
to rest weary souls.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #2108 "NOT SURE IF ANYTHING CHANGED DURING
THE NIGHT"**

2022-05-10

□

Having rested well,
the gray marched back the next day,
triumphantly damp.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2109 "NOSTALGIA FOR THE CANCER WARD"

2022-05-11

□

In the hospital...
a dream full of awkwardness,
yet not a nightmare.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2110 "DON'T MIX IT UP"

2022-05-12



First you have morning.
Then you get the evening.
Keep things in order.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2111 "SPLOrk"

2022-05-13



The slug had set out
intending to cross the road;
but it met a truck.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2112 "NADIR"

2022-05-14



I've lost momentum.
And nothing seems worth doing.
I can't explain why.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2113 "FALSE EPIPHANY"

2022-05-15

□

I plunged down into
a reckless lucidity
and bright nothingness.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2114 "MONOLOGUE"

2022-05-16

□

The bird in the tree
was having conversations
with invisibles.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2115 "SPACETIME'S CURVATURE"

2022-05-17

□

The raindrop queried
"Where can I go but downward?
Gravity summons."

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2116 "FIFTY-FIFTH STANZA"

2022-05-18



Kiamon yielded to sleep's dull caress.
 What they had said had all failed to impress.
 Nothing she knew was in fact making sense:
 she'd have to wait now for future events.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2117 "ES QUE SOMOS POBRES"

2022-05-19



Accumulating
 the world's intransigencies,
 I stoop, carry on.

- *a pseudo-haiku. The title is a reference to a short story by Mexican author Juan Rulfo.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2118 "BLANK PHOTOGRAPH"

2022-05-20



It's a foggy dawn.
 The mist grasps at the green sea.
 The light is diffuse.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2119 "APOTHEOSIS"

2022-05-21

□

I paused to look at a tree.
The gravel road smiled at me.
The potholes will set you free.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2120 "GREENHOUSE REPORT"

2022-05-22

□

The young lettuce does okay.
The leeks are having a day.
But the radishes delay.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2121 "THE SUN IS HEAVY"

2022-05-23

□

It is good the drizzle's back:
under the sun's glaring track
you feel the cooling cloud's lack.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2122 "MISPERCEPTION"

2022-05-24



Late at night there was a glow
 The sky was white, I thought: snow;
 it was just some fog, so... no.

- *an englyn milwr*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2123 "UNMOTIVATED"

2022-05-25



The day presented tasks to do,
 and some of them got done;
 but in the end I noticed more
 the clouds yield to the sun.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2124 "THE EVENTUAL REWARD"

2022-05-26



Despite my best procrastination games,
 the map took shape. Regardless of my aims,
 a steady application makes it grow
 and finally it looks like somewhere real.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

CAVEAT: POEM #2125 "PURPLE"

2022-05-27

□

The sun departed.
But its trip took quite a while.
It lingered out west.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2126 "LATITUDE"

2022-05-28

□

Light when I lie down.
The solstice's light persists.
Light when I get up.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2127 "FINDING A PURPOSE IN LIFE"

2022-05-29

□

The bugs flew around.
They focused on finding food.
I could fill that role.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2128 "FIFTY-SIXTH STANZA"

2022-05-30



Kiamon sat and gazed out at the fog:
 seemed she was facing a bit of a slog.
 Not so much bodily as with her mind;
 somehow she had to escape from this bind.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2129 "THINGS A DOG CAN FIND WITH HER NOSE"

2022-05-31



Slug and fog and stone.
 Road, potholes, dog running west.
 She found bear poop. Nice.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2130 "LABOR SUPPLY"

2022-06-01



I carry matboard.
 The store is moving: much work.
 We move the huge safe.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2131 "NOT ACTUALLY A DREAM"

2022-06-02

□

I had this bad dream.
Arthur disassembling things...
I couldn't fix them.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2132 "MINOR OFFERING"

2022-06-03

□

Well, there's some lettuce.
So the garden hasn't failed,
just disappointing.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2133 "YES, FOR THE TREES"

2022-06-04

□

For the trees, I saw
the forest grasping the world
and just being there.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2134 "BLAH BLAH"

2022-06-05

□

la lluvia 와 [wa]
 sueña con 많은 말들 [manheunmaldeul]
 y 드르르 [deureureu] cae

- a pseudo-haiku. I am fluent (if rusty) in Spanish, and have at least a passing competence and familiarity with Korean. So my innermost monologue - the ongoing "narrator's voice" in my head - is often a mishmash of languages, and switches around a bit randomly. I thought I'd try to capture that in this poem. This mix of Spanish and Korean would translate in English as: the rain comes / dreams of many words / and smoothly falls.

CAVEAT: POEM #2135 "404"

2022-06-06

□

the blog crashed, went down:
 the endless stream of haiku
 was snuffed out. briefly.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #2136 "FIFTY-SEVENTH STANZA"

2022-06-07

□

Kiamon struggled to bring it together.
 All of the clues were piled up like the weather;
 when you see storm clouds all laden with rain,
 moody and dark, premonitions of pain.

- a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

CAVEAT: POEM #2137 "FIFTY-EIGHTH STANZA"

2022-06-08



Kiamon drifted along in a daze;
 life had become an ineffable maze,
 endlessly throwing up difficult games,
 sending on detours her previous aims.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2138 "NATURALIST POEM"

2022-06-09



In the light of the morning
 I can see that it's raining
 and I watch the wind spinning.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2139 "DOWN ON THE BEACH"

2022-06-10



I went to watch by the sea,
 by the lumpy, bumpy sea,
 the surging, unsleeping sea.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2140 "DIALOGUE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

2022-06-11



The raindrop made assertions
on gravity's exertions
and all the clouds' dispersions.

- *an englyn milwr.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2141 "RAVEN"

2022-06-12



The raven circled.
It went up around a tree,
then swooped down, across.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2142 "INTRUDER"

2022-06-13



What is that? A cloud?
That's a weird place for a cloud.
It hovers too low.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2143 "POSSIBLE USER ERROR"

2022-06-14

□

The software just won't...
you try asking it nicely,
but it just sits there.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2144 "GET BACK TO ME IN TEN YEARS"

2022-06-15

□

How can I avoid
becoming a narcissist
as I grow older?

Or worse, am I now,
already such a lost cause,
that it can't matter?

If I should ever
lose my curiosity,
please let me just quit.

- *three pseudo-haiku as stanzas, enchained.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2145 "BEGINNING OR END OF A STORY"

2022-06-16



The sun has cast its glances down
 upon the fishy seas
 and lit the dust of narrow roads
 and mirthless, earnest trees.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2146 "REVIEW OF THE PREVIOUS DAY"

2022-06-17



My sleep was disturbed.
 Distressing dreams of hard tasks
 on some computer.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2147 "ROOTED"

2022-06-18



The wind, it came and pushed the waves along;
 they gently stroked the stones along the shore.
 The clouds extended, capturing the sky,
 and droplets fell to nourish all the green.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #2148 "PHATIC"

2022-06-19

□

you do what you can
but it isn't really much
you just hang in there

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #1249 "INVERSION"

2022-06-20

□

Eccentrically, I don't use a bed.
Instead each night I lie down on the floor.
But that confuses things: I make my bed
at bedtime; when I rise it gets unmade.

- *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

CAVEAT: POEM #2150 "AS EXPECTED"

2022-06-21

□

Oh! The rain has stopped.
Wait, no, it's raining again.
So back to normal.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2151 "META"

2022-06-22



I lay in the dark.
 I failed to arrange my thoughts.
 I thought about that.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2152 "PROCESS"

2022-06-23



Indecisive clouds
 and a general grayness
 took over the sky.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2153 "1985"

2022-06-24



In last night's dream space,
 back in Mexico City,
 there was an earthquake.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2154 "OLEFACTORY"

2022-06-25

□

tree, rock, slug, stream, dirt,
road, bug, poo, crab, trash, shoe, grass...
things a dog will smell.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2155 "THE FUTURE"

2022-06-26

□

the days get shorter
the nights begin to lengthen
you can't tell at first

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2156 "DISCUSS"

2022-06-27

□

The ravens squawking
and calling to each other:
pure cacophony.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2157 "MUST BE NEAR SOLSTICE"

2022-06-28



the sunlight streams in
through the north window at dawn
unexpectedly

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2158 "THE PATH TAKEN"

2022-06-29



I took a road, abstractly lost,
awaiting clarity;
instead I wandered aimless paths,
pure angularity.

- *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2159 "POINTILLISM"

2022-06-30



I saw high-speed boats
on a slow-motion ocean.
They sketched trails of white.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2160 "FINDINGS"

2022-07-01



I picked four of them:
they were nice, green cucumbers;
I gave them away.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2161 "FIFTY-NINTH STANZA"

2022-07-02



Kiamon never considered the fact:
others disliked her avoidance of tact;
personally she just viewed it as truth...
slightly heroic, to be so uncouth.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2162 "SIXTIETH STANZA"

2022-07-03



Kiamon watched as a raven took wing,
pondering just what engendered this thing.
Doubts seemed to flee as she hardened her soul,
knowing she'd finally take on the role.

- *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2162-BIS "SOLACE"

2022-07-04



So then I tune in
Nature's profligate broadcasts
And sit and listen

- a pseudo-haiku. This poem got mis-numbered, repeating the previous poem's number. I didn't notice for almost a year. So renumbering all the subsequent poems was not practical. Thus its number is suffixed with "-bis".

CAVEAT: POEM #2163 "THE BIRDS"

2022-07-05



I traveled outside,
visited the black ravens
who chattered and danced.

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #2164 "TREEHOUSE MAINTENANCE RECORD"

2022-07-06



I guess there's a leak...
at this one spot in the roof...
I knew the roof leaked

- a pseudo-haiku.

CAVEAT: POEM #2165 "DALÍ STYLE"

2022-07-07

□

in a square-shaped dream
palpable anxiety
sky became solid

- *a pseudo-haiku.*

CAVEAT: POEM #2166 "SLOW DOWN AND ENJOY THE SCENERY"

2022-07-08

□

The slug headed west
and found a nice, tasty leaf,
so it stopped rushing.

- *a pseudo-haiku.*