

Selected Haiku

By Nancy, Gresham, Oregon

Ore dumps and mine shafts
Greed paints the hills with remorse
Mother Nature cries

Old pines long stood guard
Until felled by cutters ax
Winters fire will burn

Plum flowers fallen
Walkers step carries them by
Delicate beauty

Age has entered me
Stealthy creeping on wee tiny feet
How will I prevail?

The world was aflame
Save other children lost yours
Desolate mothers