

# 2011 Haiku Year-in-Review

WINTER



How tall was the wave  
that came to the door and knocked  
a hole in the sun?



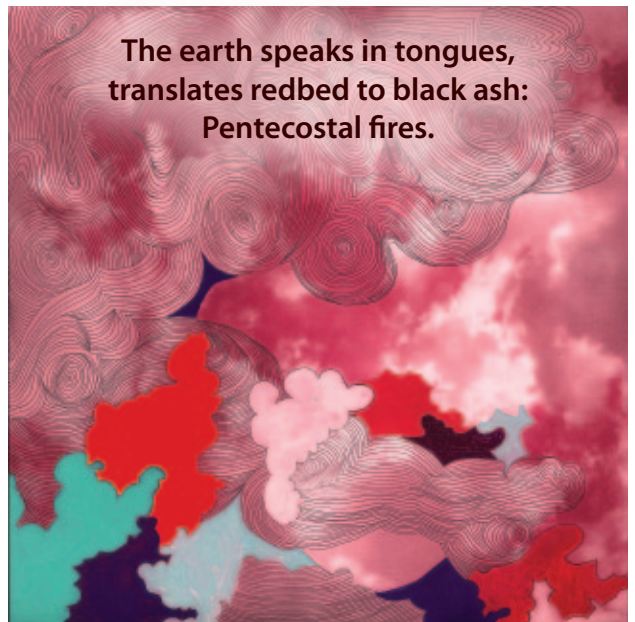
SPRING



We may not know what  
we want, but when is easy  
to say. Yesterday.



FALL



The earth speaks in tongues,  
translates red to black ash:  
Pentecostal fires.

SUMMER

