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Haiku

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Monarch Moves

A monarch of the hand
lies damp with three days' alcohol,
and we, subject to these wings,
feel somehow pudgier and more pale.

But then he moves—a whole dominion,
leg by leg, with flex and creep,
moves through death of brain and limb,
moves in nightmare walk, no rather,
some raging holy ghost strides
through the bright domain of orange and black
leaving staggered traces of its passage.

We vote: father, mother, son.

And are unanimous for death.

Kill it, says the father. This is wrong.

Let it go, the mother chides.

Don't kill it! whines the boy. I want
to keep it on a pin.

