

## Haiku

A Spring breeze,  
Under the cherry trees  
it is petaling.

Ginkoless city.  
They look down at the pavement  
not up at the sky.

No life with M.E.  
I open another door  
accept the new me.

Golden barley field.  
Bloodied by invading red  
passionate poppies.

*Brid MacSweeney.*  
*May 2007*