

## Haiku

The garbage truck clanks  
lifts, tips, empties, crushes, beeps  
one more empty bin

Slovenly neighbor  
drops garbage on patio  
wind blows it over

Sunset approaches  
I gaze the shimmering orb  
with reverent eyes

Gladsome milestone  
Surpassing six million votes  
Feelin' mo' betta

Fearsome memories  
Oh no, a dictator here?  
Democracy holds

Have we really had  
an unsullied election?  
Is it possible?

Might we imagine  
a return to decency  
now manifested?

I do have one friend  
That's better than none, ain't it?  
Too bad she left town

There are real friends  
And there are acquaintance friends  
Most are the latter

Last bit of salmon  
found and crushed between front teeth  
sweet satiation