

## More Haiku

O the grip  
my laptop has on me  
I feel its warmth and stare

Late November sun  
sliding down afternoon sky  
hot on the face like June

Gone blind, he bites bee  
on sandwich It stings his lip  
Months later he dies

For how long allow him  
to subvert due process?  
Till democracy breaks?

That orange pocket  
just above the just set sun  
how it turns my heart

Vote breaks all records  
Still eighty-seven million  
couldn't be bothered

No integrity  
No cognitive dissonance  
Our nation's leader

Blue hates Red hates Blue  
Readily the lies pour forth  
Our Land of Bigots