

Slapp Happy, Haiku

Were chippin at the moon with an old bone
Issa and her sister chip until the moon is gone
An endless row of wagons in the snow
Issa grabs her sister says cmon lets go cause
Yeah, I think Ill write a haiku
Well, you know as well as I do
You gotta, gott have a high IQ
So eat this and have a cup of tea
Widow lighting lamps at cock crow
Sengai stamps to help his blood flow
From his brush figures rush
In the middle sits a poet
Almost smothered, almost crushed, crying
"yeah, I think I'll write a haiku..."
(Systole, diastole
Dealing with the parts but
Feeling with the whole.)
Yo!
Han Shan's tears, small worlds
In the wood a drop of blood
Hits an inky pond which ripples as it should...