

if trees could be landlords

*Heron's Nest*, XVII:3, 2015

wind through the pass a zipper's pitch

*NOON* 9, 2015

a beetle leg twitches golden the quiet

*Frogpond* 38:3, 2015

part maggot  
part bone  
part prayer

*Heron's Nest* XVI:3, 2014

maybe in my amygdala maybe a minefield

*Bones* 4, 2014

redbud  
I relinquish father  
from my sacrum

*Frogpond* 37.2, 2014

what might suffice a peony's unfurled magnetic

*NOON* 8, 2014

a delta  
of refrains  
sun-scrubbed  
salt  
you who speak of clarity

*NOON* 8, 2014

rush hour  
I enter  
in third person

*Heron's Nest XVI:1, 2014*

snow through          teeth in  
the window          a glass

*Modern Haiku 45.1 2013*

On the Corner

except at the gas station new moon  
back against the wall blow jobbing cold blade curve of her neck  
foiled bag inside out spit shimmy  
passenger-side for a piece a black eye  
sham shiny penny still I pick it up

*Bones 2, 2013*

a moth  
a flame  
a voice inside my head

*Modern Haiku 44.2 2013*

throbbing stars  
the tilt  
of my pelvis

*Frogpond 36.1, 2013*

or a nun bared to the bone shined night

*R'r. 13.1*

*FARM FRESH*

the San Joaquin— plums, melons, and meth  
in the spoon, hunger  
as long as the table as long as you want  
a cornucopia of chlorpyrifos, how to sing it?  
bent-back picking a green dream  
disappearing bees another workday undocumented  
annuals growing blue sky margins with dead seeds  
soil soiled  
a river owed  
in the rosy sunset a smiling cow on the label

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 44.2, 2013*

*...peace, but a sword. cut the baby in half*

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 43:1, 2012*

A country road. A tree.  
for lack of a bit of  
crow

*Roadrunner 12.3, 2012*

stepping on something tender like territory

*Roadrunner 12.2, 2012*

a long hard lie swells into perjury. spit or swallow?

*Roadrunner 12.2, 2012*

< cat  
> a carcass  
28 flies

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 43:3, 2012*

in tune with  
its  
ob  
st  
ac  
|  
es  
rain

nothing in the window: 2012 Red Moon Anthology

creek singing the mind to un-

*Lilliput Review #186, 2012*

soft  
in the  
col  
lapse  
of a  
star  
heels clicking

*R'r 12.1*

in the salt breeze a memory of speechlessness

*Honorable Mention, HAIKU NOW!, 2011*

from his rib, she  
framed  
to shoulder the fall

*A Hundred Gourds 1:2, 2012*

sore to the touch his name in my mouth

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 42:3, 2011*

the old names for countries levitating the Pentagon

*Roadrunner 10.1, 2010*

bleeding under my skin the American dream

*Roadrunner X:1, 2010*

fall  
  en  
angel  
  need  
les  
  in  
  the  
tend  
er  
spots

*R'r 12.1*

moonrise burying the embers

*2<sup>nd</sup> Prize, 16th International Kusamakura Haiku Competition, 2011*

the pianist's  
page turner's  
slightly parted  
lips

*Modern Haiku Vol.41:3, 2010*

ribs picked clean licking the flesh of my fingers

*Modern Haiku Vol.41:3, 2010*

the metallic taste  
of what  
I can't imagine  
negative tide

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 41:2, 2010*

words  
still pink  
close to the bone

the mountain submerged  
in wind  
an old gospel song

c u m u l o  
n i m b u s  
d r i f t the  
d a y  
o f f  
s c h e d u l e

seeding the clouds  
the rumble of earthworms

half moon in broad daylight the placebo effect

somewhere like Islamabad reaching for a cluster of loquats

ironing so the wrinkles have a place to return to

"Call me Ishmael . . ." mother reads to me in utero

blue moon  
her milk  
comes in

out of the agave  
out of the blue  
Guadalupe

sticks and stones . . . in the beginning was the word

*Modern Haiku Vol.41:1, 2010*

Mojave sunrise  
a splinter swells  
my fingertip

*Heron's Nest, Vol. XII:3, 2010*

his kiss deepens midnight's throat of stars

*Roadrunner IX:3, 2009*

matching  
this black to that black  
crow's caw

*A New Resonance 6, 2009*

untethered  
mid (my swelling eyes) sentence

*Modern Haiku Vol.40:3, 2009*

wispy clouds  
all the way  
to the wrong airport

*Modern Haiku, Vol. 39:2, 2008*

dressing room mirror  
the glint of a straight pin  
at my throat

*Frogpond XXX:2, 2007*

open scissors beside a vase of water

*Museum of Haiku Literature Award, Frogpond XXIX:2, 2006*

behind the camera  
I face  
my family

*Frogpond XXVIII:2, 2005*