

A Haiku.  
By G.D. Goya

A haiku consists  
Of five, seven, and then five  
Syllables to list.

They provide us bliss  
Through their mechanics, and their  
Graceful poet's kiss.

A Haiku can prove  
To be an undertaking  
For us to exude.

Writing a haiku  
Can be a daunting process  
And takes time to smooth.

Still, I sit and write.  
The words jumbled in my mind  
Fill the page with might.

I try to sound right.  
Yet, I can seem pretentious  
And outright contrite.

Nonetheless I move  
The pencil in my cold hand  
As my handy tool.

What I say to you  
May seem absolutely wrong  
And a little cruel.

But, I must atone  
Through these words, structure, and my  
Earnest, sad poem.

But, what have I done  
To warrant a confession  
I will tell no one?

I will tell you now  
How I was with my brother  
And I struck him down...

With the greatest frown  
I left my lover in angst  
And went into town.

We parted with stress  
And I sought my dear sibling  
To relieve the mess.

He brought much success,  
And within minutes, I had  
The grief off my chest.

But, with great concern,  
I discovered a secret  
No one man should learn.

My poor heart burned  
When I saw my lady's lace  
On his floor, upturned.

It was so obscene.  
For my brother and lover  
To do this to me.

With their lies and schemes  
My thoughts raced for revenge.  
Blood, guts, gore, and spleens.

My hand as a mace,  
I sought great wraith upon him  
And caved his face.

Dashing to her place,  
I strangled her lovely neck,  
And sat in distaste.

Then, I discovered  
The same lace in her drawer  
And my skin shuddered.

Sibling and lover,  
Both slaughtered by my mistake.  
Poor girl, dead brother.

And now, in my cell.  
I sit and rot while waiting  
For my turn in hell.

I can scream, or yell,  
But haikus, in their beauty,  
Keep me sane and well.