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 ty 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.

* G.D. Goya