



Jane Stuart

Three Haiku and a Tanka

An April wind
blows sweet rain
across yesterday

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The last butterfly
sticks to drops of snow
. . . a shivering flight

*

Cold setting sun
rattling wind
a skeleton sky

*

Windblown pinecones
turning, swirling
into the abyss
but you walk on through time
on a swinging bridge

Jane Stuart is a widely published poet living in Kentucky.

Photo from Skip Nall