

living in seventeen syllables or less

*haiku and senryu by
Mike Rehling*

Most of these have been previously published, in 'online' publications, but also in print. I hope you enjoy reading them, and my thanks to the editors who were kind enough to publish my little poems.

Mike Rehling

[CLICK HERE OR VIDEO AND READING](#)

*tree shadows
a peregrine hides
in plain sight*

walking past
the war memorial
suddenly lonely

summer moon

everywhere

a poem

*light circles
with the gulls...
old lighthouse*

*i walk the dog
both of us follow
the moon*

winter moon
the sea of tranquility
in my front yard

reviewing
my new years resolutions
over a doughnut

anarchist picnic
someone
sets the trash can on fire

*planting dreams
in the universe
moon watching*

hitchhiking
on the milky way
every star passes me by

*in my kitchen
the tea kettle whistles
to Bach*

reading

the miranda warning

to the squirrels

*past midnight
and nothing seems right
but the stars*

lingering
in the shadow of a tree
first snow

warm rain

the mosquitos follow me

into the mens room

discovering the path to the end of the world i wander past it

*meditation
by the falls,,,
just the sound of it*

memorial-

rose petals float

on our reflections

winter moon
gentle shadows
from the willow

origami

three folds ago...

is when I blew it!

coyote

nothing

but an echo

*where other trees
reach upwards
the willow*

*the odd sound
at the end of my thoughts
windchimes*

in the barrel

rain

finds its levels

too much to think about
i review
the rules to tiddlywinks

waving
at a sunset
that contains you

my death poem

i read it

ever so slowly

longer

than any dramatic pause

moon viewing

*the moon and i
argue politics
over beers*

*the maple
has chosen today to turn-
September 11*

slowly

my mind fills

winter snow

over the top
mick jagger and i
singing a duet

*listening
for the rhythm of it
a hawk's cry*

*i chop the kale
the way he always liked it
my long dead friend*

parting

we speak in french

for no reason

slowly

the last leaves

gather the breeze

linked verse

i eat grapes

while waiting for italics

wishing

i was somewhere else

the rock in my shoe

still water
my mind
stops wandering

*waiting
for the cicadas
i hum to myself*

*the misery of
knowing and then not knowing
early morning fog*

*giving away
all my sins
free to good home*

time

after time

the way the wind blows

in a silent way
i become one
with nothing in particular

*the distance
you have to walk
to truly find the fog*

*how i used to
wish for things...
leaves in the wind*

ripples in my tea cup the sweetness of rain

jabberwocky
confusing a poem
with a presidential debate

*on a pine bough
the politics of
chickadees*

bitter cold
the high quick steps
of the dog

A video of my work, by Steve Hodge who also performed on the piano.
CLICK ABOVE TO VIEW!