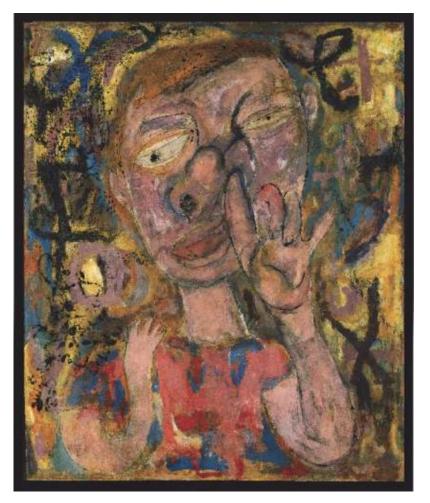
To My Skeleton and 3 Haiku

by Eric Norris (January 2018)



The Broad Gave Me My Face, But I Can Pick My Own Nose Andy Warhol, 1948

To My Skeleton

Forgive the wrapping paper. *Life* Was all I had around the house To use. It's a Swiss Army knife. You will have fun with it. Expose

The aching muscles, lies, and loves, That stuff-so-called connective tissue-Holding us together. Gloves You can get elsewhere, if you wish to,

Son. You are a boy, they say— These broken bones. I hope you will Find time for climbing things today; For fingerprinting ferns, fossil

Hunting, folding planes and boats From paper, telling jokes with poo, And writing "cryptic little notes" In lemon juice—for friends—which you

Keep hidden in a wooden box
Proudly stamped: Cigars 5¢.
Happy Birthday. Love you lots.
(Hope these hieroglyphs make sense.)



Over the Sun and Under the Radar, David Hale, 2010

<u>3 Haiku</u>

Blank Pages

Tell the full story— Days and nights I couldn't describe, Way too bright, or dark.

Away

Listening to Styx, One of my flip-flops sails off Down a little stream.

Power and Poetry

Yes, this haiku is Appropriated culture: I kiss Basho's feet.

More by Eric Norris.

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Eric Norris's short stories and reviews have appeared in: Foglifter, Ambit, Impossible Archetype, The Peacock Journal, Classical Outlook, E-Verse Radio, Singapore Poetry, Softblow, Assaracus, Glitterwolf, New Walk Magazine, The Raintown Review, The Goodmen Project, The Nervous Breakdown, and American Arts Quarterly. His latest book is <u>Astronomy</u> For Beginners.