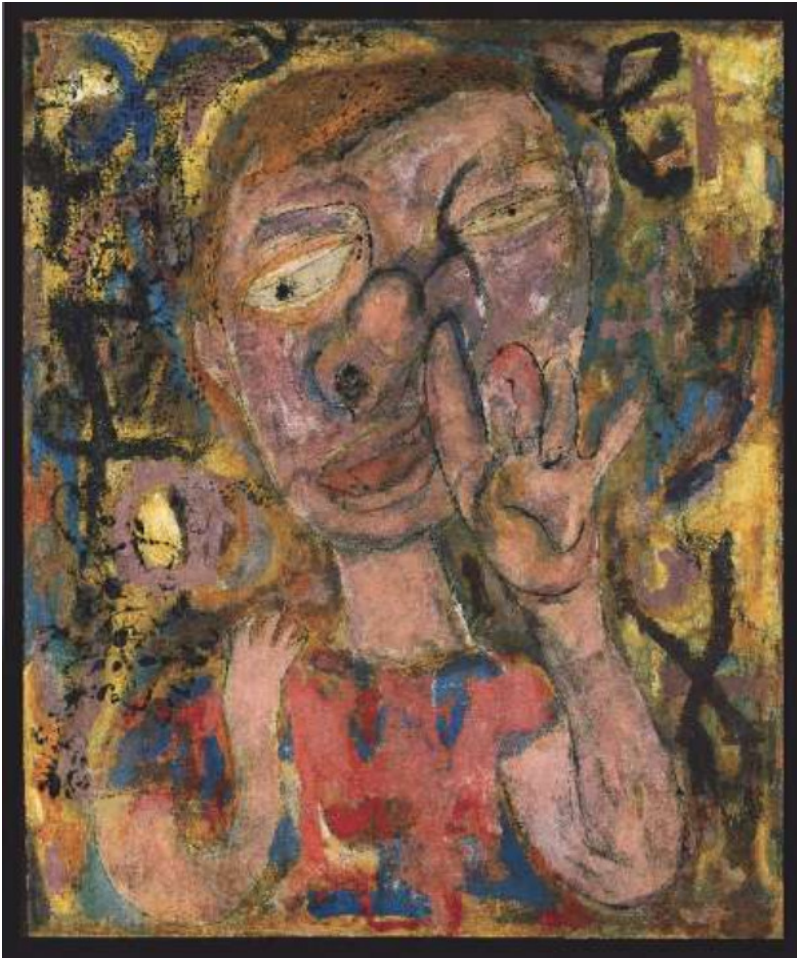


To My Skeleton and 3 Haiku

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

3 Haiku

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.

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 [Astronomy For Beginners](#).

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