

BROKEN TRUMPETS AND OTHER POEMS

By Ayaz daryl nielsen

a caravan of time-traveling
dream seekers and moon maidens
harmonious desperadoes
who live for others, a
group with too many martyrs,
coming through these
abandoned grave-yard gates
time-spawned story-tellers,
owl-wizened, pungent memories
of the sacredness within our
peeled and cored images
retelling, reaffirming
what was right in
the millions of years
before the broken Trumpets

NEEDING SLEEP

it's night, all right
it's quiet, all right,
except for damn toad...
please! quietly contain
your noisy horniness
'til morning...
yet...

if this happens
to be your
joyfulness...
well,
ok.

the ripe plumpness
of existence
perpetual motion
with
or without
us

POETS SEARCHING

the searing heat
of living and dreaming,
forming words from
the pure burning coals
within the collective
heart of all being

lily pads opening
dozens bloom
toads sit on some,
croaking,
on other pads

a few feet away
other toads reply
and I find myself
laughing

twitching beneath
a snow-covered lilac bush
bunnies pink nose

Bio

Ayaz daryl nielsen, veteran and former hospice nurse, lives in Longmont, Colorado, USA. Editor of bear creek haiku (30+ years/145+ issues) with poetry published worldwide (and deeply appreciated), he is online at: [bear creek haiku poetry, poems and info.](#)