

WAYFARER

By Ayaz Daryl Nielsen

Under my foot the
Snap of a dry twig

Restlessness
Moving me onward

Every curve in the trail
A welcome embrace.

Morning's
Mirror Image,
Evening's
Mirror Image,
Same, Same
Similar Image...
And, You Know,
Nothing
Needs To
Be Done.



At Times, It Seems
If All My Failures And
Wayward Moments
Were Made Into
Golden Building Blocks
I Could Create Elegant
Cathedrals, And Castles,
Stupas, And/Or Temples
For You, For Us, For Them
Ok, For Each And
Every One Of Us...
Hmmm, There's Something
Rather Appealing
About Enough
Building Blocks...
Stop, Stop That
Line Of Thought!
Just... Stop... It!
Hmmm, Yes...
Maybe...

Registry

they asked for what
was needed: one
cup and one plate
one day whose
stunt double
would be night,
and two miner's lights

for when each
was lost
from the other

yesterday

yesterday, on the porch, the
distant songs we sang within
that city, a city now far behind-
an empty dining room,
dirty dishes and spoons,
something's else now
ahead of us-
on the road again
yes! we're
on the road,
again!

moon shadows lengthen,
the growing silence of
an encroaching sunset
and it seems that
within us winged
sighs will linger,
the leftovers of a
gentle Spring day

Bio

Ayaz daryl nielsen, veteran and former hospice nurse, lives in Longmont, Colorado, USA. Editor of bear creek haiku (28+ years/150+ issues) with poetry published worldwide, he is online at: bear creek haiku poetry, poems and info Recent publications of ayaz daryl nielsen's poetry include the 100 page a nameless stream released by Cholla Needles Arts and Literary Magazine, and the chapbook Kissing the Stitches, released by Scars Publications. Among other deeply appreciated honors, he is especially delighted by the depth and heart of poets worldwide whose poems have a home in bear creek haiku's print and online presence.

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