

A Haiku,or two,or three ,or more.

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By : **Desilu**

I like to try to write Haiku. The discipline is good for me.

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What was,is not now,
diffused and dispersed,diluted
by time's slow passing.

we,like butterflies,
flutter to dizzying heights
together,then die.

scrubbed clean and absolved
cool water is a carress
on my naked skin.

Don't tell me,I know
I can see it in your eyes
it is no surprise.

playing hide and seek
eyes looking,but not seeing
coming ready or not

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