

His Best Haiku From Sixth Grade

Like a love I dine^{infinity}
 on the scraps you leave behind^{minus}
 Living off of you^{trinity}

^{infinity}

Love's one syllable. Love is complex, elegant. I am not stupid.
 I *know* similes. Seven syllables exact. The Bible's Haiku
 I shall compose next. In your name, your image, *girl*. I'll sneak your sixth grade
 haiku from the trash, mail it to you in five years, unmarked envelope.
 To forget, forgets, had forgotten, will forget, should have forgotten.
When you have forgotten.

^{minus}

I have more of you, plus a soundtrack to announce my sweet intentions.
 Symbols of your self: Five '75 nickels, your birthyear. I save all I find.
 Paper scraps topped by your name in careful cursive. From these I will make
 my writing like yours. Your alphabet seduces. I am up to n.
 You do not know this. I have always known. To know, knows, had known, will know.
You should have known.

^{trinity}

I will tell you this, tell in seven years, knife point, metal glints on skin,
 how I always feared, had feared, will fear, should have feared? Should not have so feared.
How at my death I might call for you, not God.