Haikus with Masters
Daniel De Culla | Poetry

A lonely moor
With Emily Brontë’ air
To so we deem.

I muse Robert Burns
Wandering the Wood and field:
The happless fate mourns.

Come away, Yeats
Peace sings into her breast
To water and wild.

Charles Baudelaire
Glimmering in the Windows
Hope dead for aye.

I'm angry with me
William Blake a poison tree
Behind mine's foes.

It's still Poe.
Here's the breath of God
Sucking the unbroken.