

Haikus with Masters

Daniel De Culla | Poetry

A lonely moor

With Emily Brontë's air

To so we deem.

I muse Robert Burns

Wandering the Wood and field:

The hapless 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.