



Hugh Findlay

SEVEN POEMS

WELL SO WHAT?

For the feel of it
I sat naked in the rain

But the judge said
I couldn't do it in public

And I said
I couldn't in the house either

So in jail
the roof felt the rain instead

And all night
the roof giggled

FROM THE CONVICTED TO HIS ACCUSERS

The trees hold their court in wind
The pigeons chortle agreement
And the staleness of the day
before sunset
heightens the echoes of testimony

I miss it already though it is not yet gone
What one may call "living memories"
cycles of nature and greater worlds will dissolve
Not death, it is merely the shedding of skin

My death is a length of rope for you
to measure from
Your law forces its heralded will upon me
But listen, if all things arrive
then they belong
and so too, if they are loved
they need not love

When morning comes, you will be me

5 SOCIALLY AWARE HAIKU

P R I S O N E R

Shoulder to shoulder
Walking squares in the jail yard
Turning right, slowly

P L A C E

Immigrant worker
Picking fruit in August sun—
Ripening country

S O N G

Cricket in a cage
Home in a home all alone
Singing tears for love

D A N G E R

Dangerous anger
Spilling out into the world —
Oval Office fears

H O M I E S

Delivery man,
Pizza dude, Uber guy, super'...
Lady mailboxer!

Hugh Findlay lives in Durham, NC, and would rather be caught fishing. He drives a little red MG, throws darts on Tuesdays, reads and writes a lot, dabbles in photography and makes a pretty good gumbo. His work has most recently been published in *The Dominion Review*, *Literary Accents*, *Tiny Seed Literary Journal*, *Bangalore Review*, *Burningwood Literary Journal*, *Wanderlust*, *Montana Mouthful*, and *Dream Noir*.