

WPC Haiku Competition Entries

- Bruce Ballard, April 5, 2018

Limping leg, trembling
Arm, poker face – Cure all things
Parkinsonian.

Bladder urgency?
Five-alarm emergency!
Find a rest room....Ahhhhhh.....

In the autumn wind,
The leaves tremble, shake and fall.
Sometimes so do I.

You wake up at night,
Pillow a damp, drool-drenched swamp.
What – no croaking frogs?

Poker-faced like me,
The pond's turtle, from its rock,
Stares my way. Then blinks.

Co-workers shuffle,
Fall on the icy sidewalk.
They must have PD.

Your soft voice can't rise
Above the hurricane's howls.
Yet both speak volumes.

Sitting on my porch,
I munch on crisp green peppers,
Drooling emeralds.

All my pill bottles,
Standing tall on my bureau:
Factory smokestacks.

Who is number one
In affection, smarts, and fun?
Parky the Raccoon!

Left hand uses mouse.
Left hand types at the keyboard.
Right hand gone kaput.

Who said I would die
Not of PD but with it?
Let it die *sans moi*.

What is wrong with me?
I wake up nightly at three,
But don't need to pee!