

July 27, 2020

**All I can offer you today is a poem by my friend Henri Cole. I think it speaks to my moment.**

### **Haiku**

After the sewage flowed into the sea  
and took the oxygen away, the fishes fled,  
but the jellies didn't mind. They stayed  
and ate up the food the fishes left behind.  
I sat on the beach in my red pajamas  
and listened to the sparkling foam,  
like feelings being fustigated. Nearby,  
a crayfish tugged on a string. In the distance,  
a man waved. Unnatural cycles seemed to be  
establishing themselves, without regard to our lives.  
Deep inside, I could feel a needle skip:  
    Autumn dark.  
    Murmur of the saw.  
    Poor humans.