

WESTERN HAIKU

On the bomb

Sun blaze over oceans now
cities then and then
Prometheus hugs the crag.

On the secular city

City streets go catacomb-
ing down the scrapers
disinterring Christian bones.

On modern art

Midas can touch all to gold
so we are told so
we go ignoring the gold.



On the races

Red earth bled forth the white man
dawn the golden sun
in the dark cried black on black.

On capital punishment

—a sympathetic vibration from the echo chamber—
The march down the corridor
tempering the heart
drums drums can you hold your breath.

Timothy Mahoney, O.P.