7 haiku

Matsuyama-jo.
Brief lives bloom and die. Wood burns.
Yet these stones persist.

Sakura buds swell.
Autumn’s beauty is coming
but we will be gone.

We climb castle steps
at winter’s end, clouds coming
down, meet us half way.

Bike ride, castle stairs.
These knees creak like wooden steps.
Two ancient structures.

March morning chatter.
Ma- Matsu- Matsuyama!
trams clatter in tracks.

Light showers outside.
On okonomiyaki,
bonito dancing.

Toshi’s laugh wrinkles
carved into Nikko’s Noh mask
six hundred years past.

rob walker