

DENNIS RICHARDSON

In Winter

Liquidambers,
Bare branched now, their long threaded rise, Four stories high.

Liquidambers,
Bare branched now, their long threaded rise, Wait for spring.

Haiku-ish-ness

Springish green, Summerish blue
Autumnish gold,
Winterish black and white

When New is Old Again

Early morning sunlight
Through brown drapes,
Sepia everywhere