

# To My Skeleton and 3 Haiku

by Eric Norris (January 2018)



*The Broad Gave Me My Face, But I Can Pick My Own Nose*

Andy Warhol, 1948

## To My Skeleton

Forgive the wrapping paper. *Life*  
Was all I had around the house  
To use. It's a Swiss Army knife.  
You will have fun with it. Expose

The aching muscles, lies, and loves,  
That stuff—so-called connective tissue—  
Holding us together. Gloves  
You can get elsewhere, if you wish to,

Son. You are a boy, they say—  
These broken bones. I hope you will  
Find time for climbing things today;  
For fingerprinting ferns, fossil

Hunting, folding planes and boats  
From paper, telling jokes with poo,  
And writing “cryptic little notes”  
In lemon juice—for friends—which you

Keep hidden in a wooden box  
Proudly stamped: Cigars 5¢.  
Happy Birthday. Love you lots.  
(Hope these hieroglyphs make sense.)



*Over the Sun and Under the Radar*, David Hale, 2010

### **3 Haiku**

**Blank Pages**

Tell the full story—  
Days and nights I couldn't describe,  
Way too bright, or dark.

### **Away**

Listening to Styx,  
One of my flip-flops sails off  
Down a little stream.

### **Power and Poetry**

Yes, this haiku is  
Appropriated culture:  
I kiss Basho's feet.

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**Eric Norris**'s short stories and reviews have appeared in: *Foglifter*, *Ambit*, *Impossible Archetype*, *The Peacock Journal*, *Classical Outlook*, *E-Verse Radio*, *Singapore Poetry*, *Softblow*, *Assaracus*, *Glitterwolf*, *New Walk Magazine*, *The Raintown Review*, *The Goodmen Project*, *The Nervous Breakdown*, and *American Arts Quarterly*. His latest book is [Astronomy For Beginners](#).

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