

East Meets West

In Samurai frown
Poet Basho's leaving town
To a silent sound.

Where, why, which and when?
Fate's finger may point and then
Split the minds of men.

Are you red, or blue
Grandest Master of Haiku
How do we know you?

With naked haiku
Can you tell us something new
Or our bards undo?

We unchain the pen
Relax the line, brook no yen
For too brief zazen.

Then John met Yoko
Made music (without Ringo)
Never said O no.

Lady and Lennon
Like the mortise and tenon
Born to be as one.