

Albrecht Classen

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Haiku, Aug. 30, 2024:

Water pearls in cloud,
the earth sighs and waits for rain,
soon bursts the balloon.

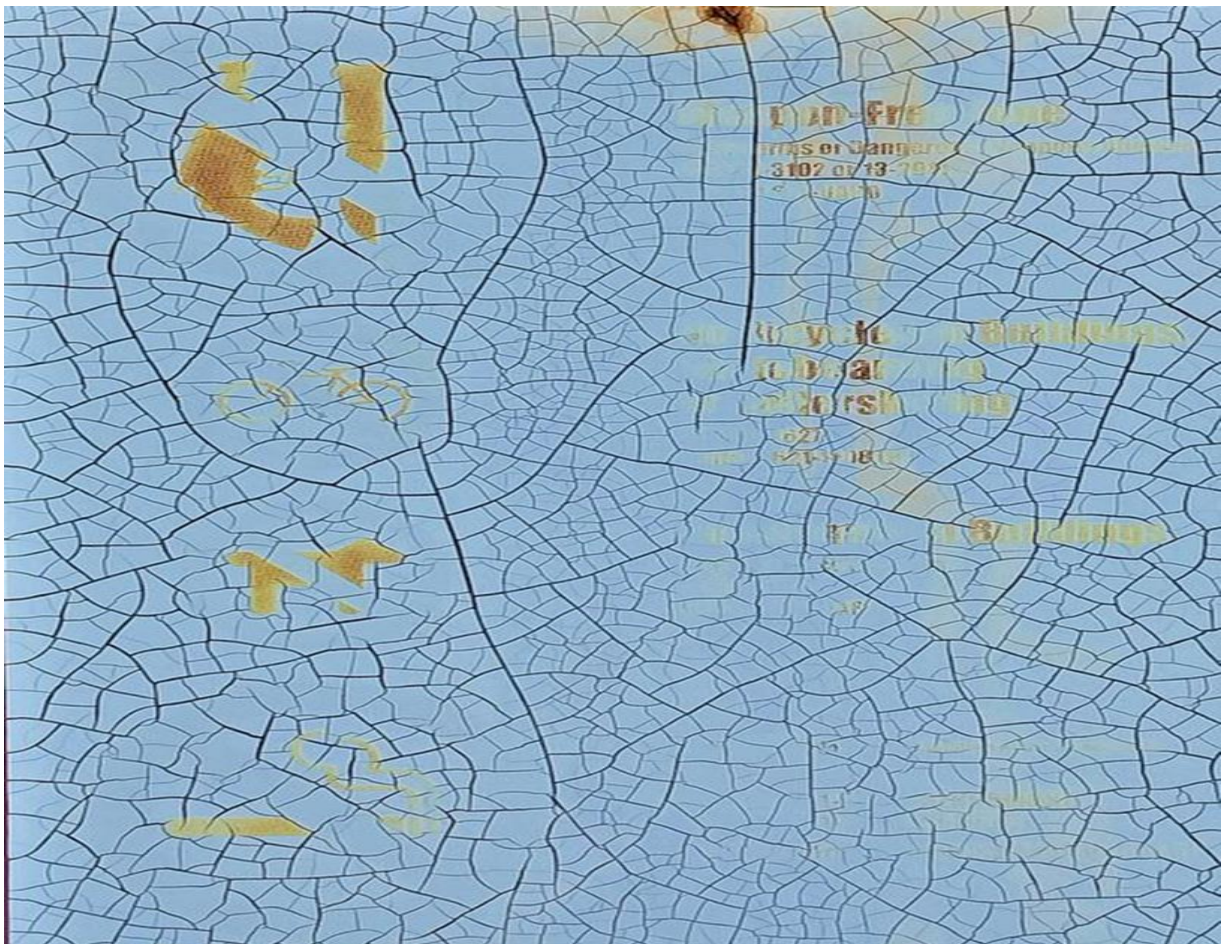


Haiku, Aug. 30, 2024:

Desert, what desert?
A little water goes far,
lush life throbs and thrives.



Haiku, Aug. 29, 2024:
Rust forms a new map,
random surface collapsing,
new patterns, new ways!



Haiku, Aug. 29, 2024:

Random encounter,
a Spanish beauty greets me,
next to the traffic.



Haiku, Aug. 27, 2024:

Purple leaf stands up
quietly showing its face,
green birds embrace it.



Haiku, Aug. 25, 2024:
Scattered clouds call out,
change is upon us, just wait,
they paint white in blue!



Haiku, Aug. 23, 2024:

When the mountains meet
the cumuli from the south
a thunderstorm brews.



Haiku, Aug. 23, 2024:

Cloud covers the sun,
futile efforts in the sky,
a clash of powers.



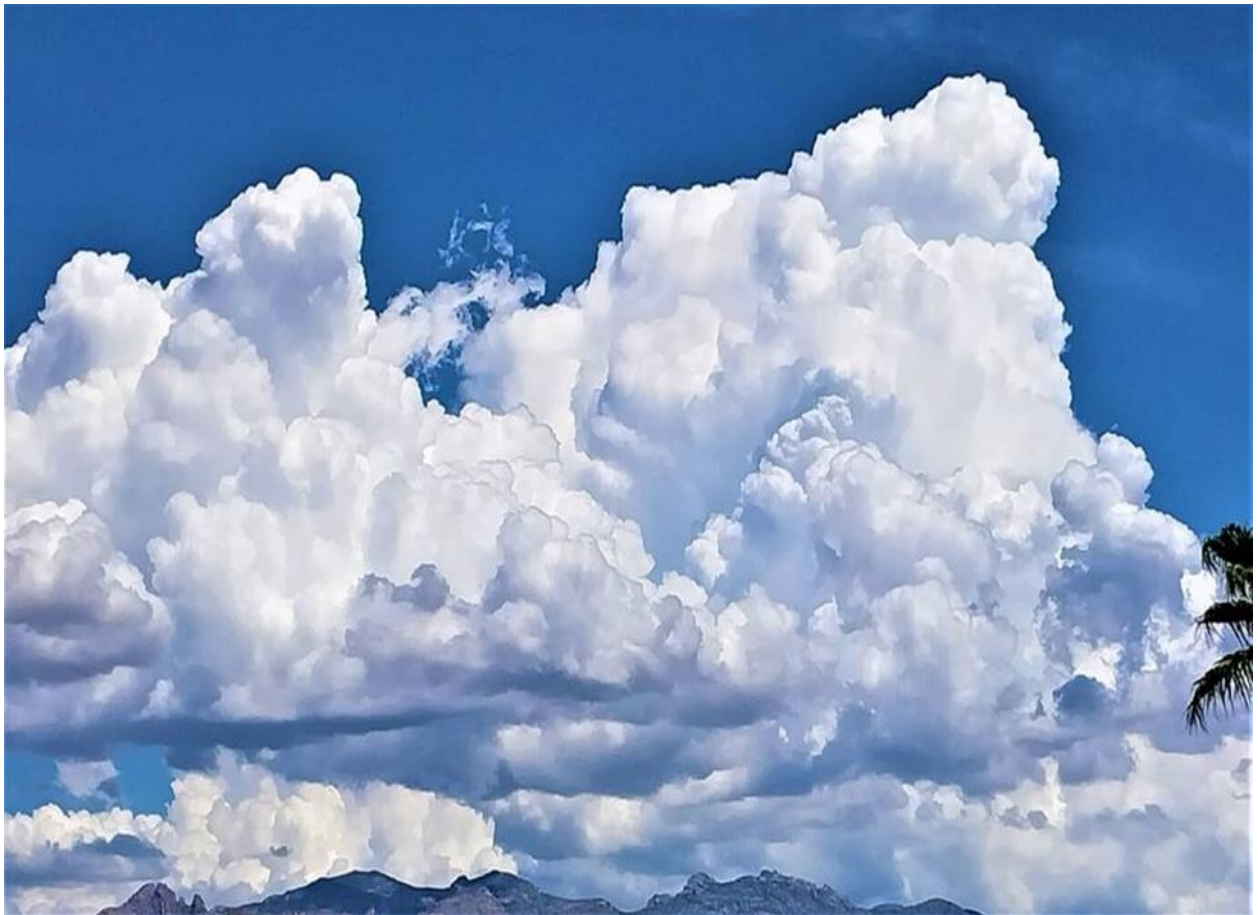
Haiku, Aug. 23, 2024:

Compact forces high,
gigantic white assembly,
Lord, spare us today!



Haiku, Aug. 22, 2024:

Atmospheric force,
what relief for the desert,
and then it bursts forth.



Haiku, Aug. 21, 2024:

Brotherly love rules,
what the leaves do, we can do,
friendly growth and life.



Haiku, Aug. 17, 2024:
Clouds rise up so high,
old forces since creation,
flying toward the sun.



Haiku, Aug. 17, 2024:
Scaffolding in green,
life alerts hidden behind,
rebirth guaranteed.



Haiku, Aug. 14, 2024:

Oakey dokey boo,
am laughing out loud at you,
giant of tree, whew!



Haiku, Aug. 13, 2024:
Holy trinity,
early messengers of Fall,
leafy birds in a row.



Haiku, Aug. 13, 2024:

Windy fellows, grass,
bending down, swaying freely,
indomitable!



Haiku, Aug. 12, 2024:

A candle rises
in the green jungle alone,
I follow the light.



Haiku, Aug. 11, 2024:

Chlorophyll at work,
calm throbbing and breathing life
ask the little bug.



Haiku, Aug. 10, 2024:

Temporality,
energy production done,
long rest awaits us.



Haiku, Aug. 10, 2024:
Find light and darkness
in the underbrush, waiting,
secrets take their time.



Haiku, Aug. 9, 2024:

Amidst the rainfall
stand out the tranquil bushes,
life will continue!



Haiku, Aug. 8, 2024:

Flowerscrapers grow
and rise above the ground floor,
complex, eager, proud.



Haiku, Aug. 7, 2024:
Ancient fern leaf greets,
hidden in the shady bush,
many eons old.



Haiku, Aug. 2, 2024:

Out of the depth comes
contingency and fleetingness,
reward me kindly.



Haiku, Aug. 1, 2024:

Lifecycle is done,
a final burst of colors
night is awaiting.

