

# Haiku Shelter



William George Paul

<https://willipaulstudio.com/>

<https://www.planetshifter.com/>

Tree holds quiet light  
spirit shade food and promise  
roots dream toward sky.

Global hearts take root  
Soil transforms with kind hands  
Love grows, peace takes form.

Flag stirs in soft wind  
beneath, roots weave their own prayer  
light grows where doubt sleeps.

Cold sirens wailing  
Borders harden, voices fade  
Winter hearts tremble.

Staring at the ceiling  
seeing my nation in the mirror  
I cry too much.

landing on the future  
I close my eyes  
and dreams are real.

Trump's soldiers  
and green junk  
are relaxing in the  
back yard.

Slow winds guide their path  
Waves whisper of hopeful peace  
Purpose their true home.

Through dust, light filters  
love and care outlast the storm  
New roots rise again.

Ash turns into loam  
rivers hum the earth awake  
green spirals of hope.

Sunlit waves at play  
shells whisper on the shoreline  
fun, extra, always.

The truth is my friend  
she bathes me in light  
The planet glows.

The record spins  
another twisted day  
Thumbnail waits alone.

Show me some love  
I'll show you mine  
We have until the  
end of time.

My purpose  
falls from a tree  
as the green gunk  
barks back.

Sweet lights, quiet hum  
global dawn begins to glow  
crawling hearts breathe free.

Hands join, seeds take root  
wisdom shared becomes the soil  
new strength grows from care.

Pray for peace in green  
hands like roots hold blooming earth  
feet walk rain-soft paths.

Angel-song pings  
Love climbs the mountain softly  
Heaven hums in code.

Dawn sweeps through the heart  
God's light washes our fears away  
The world prays in peace.

Copper bells clang  
We teach hearts to ring as one  
Calm mends out loud.

Love folds into love  
Soil breathes for joining hearts  
Sun slips into moon.

you can't just sit here  
staring at yourself  
the Superbowl is over.

When I have nothing left  
I sit in the Sun  
Pushing down new roots.

From ash, green roots rise  
hands reweave the breath of Earth  
dawn hums through the soil.

Song bells greet the wind  
dawn glows on joined, steady hands  
hope hums through the hills.

small fears become  
huge hopes,  
balance always resides  
in my heart for you.

I'm coming to your door  
in fifteen minutes  
knowing that your smile  
will let me in.

the red cloak running over  
unfolds my eyes  
our cross that never sleeps.

Together we rise  
Shared hearts forge the sacred path  
We return as one.

you will know us  
when the moment meets infinity  
we are the Quakers.

Old chances molt away  
beneath a quiet release  
of something newly born.

My watch just stopped  
but we didn't  
the end comes around  
to the beginning.

earthy and mindful  
dirty hands and feet  
elevated with Nature -  
little compost hearts.

Moon nests in the pines  
kids murmur old river songs  
Wood Men dream us green.

Her myth did not end in a crown  
but in a circle -  
open, bright, and breathing.

Succulent gardens  
Light spills, quiet and tender -  
Love grows, unbroken.

she is a cocoon  
buried in her head  
the tower protects  
the King's daughter.

Earth care for our hands  
People thrive in harmony  
Surplus flows, restored.

Wind bells clang and rise again  
our voices gather, mending storms  
calming roots to bloom.

Breath meets the swelling  
storm within, softens to still  
Choice roots in the ground.

Love builds through patience  
Quiet hands shape lasting dreams  
Grateful paths unfold.

Mycelial threads grow  
Earth's breath weaves minds and hearts whole  
Peace roots, life reborn.

Spring hums in Earth  
Minds unfold with lengthening days  
Wind, word, soul in bloom.

passive fish  
roaring log  
i exhale  
but no one sees.

