



oatmeal girl

recent haikus by william george paul

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Dedicated to Rose Micheals, Phoenix, AZ

I slide into second: safe!
the ball goes to home base
pitcher snarls.

Silk skin melts away
Your hands learn me all over
Love stays, newly born.

youthful romance blooms
drive-in kisses linger
behind the glowing big screen.

king of the haikus
swirling tides, heartbeats
pulsing under moonlight.

NYC dawn hums
lion's share of the light spills
on glass rivers wake.

I'm waiting for the Sun
to kiss my neck
in orbit again.

when we get up early
people are chasing us around
while we are standing still.

in her eyes a tenderness
a yearning, truthfulness
picnic for two.

chocolate-dark eyes
pink suit in morning sunlight
pool hums her secret.

black hole leaving
sand bar rising
Get ready to walk.

Two minds out of tune
Words fall where meaning can't land
Love grows tired, unheard.

Wooden bones still sing
salt eats light from gears
old horses still turn.

honey bear hears me coming
she is heart and skin magic
I will hold on.

Soft breath returns now
God's promises bloom in light
Healing sings within.

Seven days return
Childhood shadows guide our steps
Futures bloom as one.

Her other worldly eyes
offer a journey unknown
the shore is waiting.

Hidden silver thread
Silent river mends the blood
World breathes, unaware.

be safe from the people
who are healing you
they know not what they do.

Not surrendering
just the soft art of staying
breath beside breath.

crossing the boundary
of a new spirit
champion supreme.

Glorious feelings
Friends draw closer as heaven
Softly calls our hearts.

you are up early
expecting something to happen
comb your hair, boy.

steady hands at dawn
love ripens in patient soil
her light feeds the years.

Golden wings arise
Toward the heart of living fire
Light becomes our home.

She walks before dawn
Carrying a nation's hope
In calloused, soften hands.

Neon rivers burn
your hands steer
through my restless heart
I wait in dawn light.

Catch and release
love arcs between open hands
tide returns again.

I am the heart-braker
I am the heart
I am the dollar store.

Two hearts touch the ground
Shared landing gear in the dusk
Steady through crosswinds.

skyscraper love affair
city rains cleanse
what God forgot.

Front porch songs for dawn
salt air hums with old guitars
California dreams.

Screens hold our soft breath
miles dissolve in whispered light
with dawn we are closer

chocolate eyes
a spirit close
my oatmeal girl.

coming down the mountain
the blue pool gives up love
she's my holy grail.

I'm that purple vortex
a honeycomb
your loving womb
climb aboard.

One walks in the woods
The other walks in the words
Stream flows between screens.

Messages like footprints
Pressed in soil, the other reads
But never quite feels.

manchild crawls out
that semi-retirement cave
into his life of supplements.

Every honest conversation
every laugh, every moment we share
helps us to be a better pair.

coming down the mountain
fire below - your love for me
unbreakable, true.

Moonlit windowpane
Her fingers trace hidden names
Silent heart beats wild.

waiting for her work to end
cancelling head phones
I put yesterday's dishes away.

I can't get enough
You are rich in play
My hands explode.

the river is long
see us swim and seek
we are snorkels.

saved by crypto
black garden chains
smiles by global sins

dirty finger nails
strong shoulders
pot holder thighs

ideal woman

desktop flash
member crossing
I am the short-cut.

Hub caps washed and shined
Heaven will wait
Keep it under 70 mph.

Neon ghosts at dusk
A drumbeat haunts Hotel California
You are the key.

come closer, be safe
the edge is melting
I am round earth.

work-out woman
pulling her weight
water from the mountain.

we are the edge of the bed
singing beneath dawn light
dreams wear running shoes.

another taste
another brand
another love tattoo.

Two lovers wander
beneath cedar-scented mist
moss holds their secret.

Light outshines darkness
Truth rises above all lies
God loves everyone.

flying in bed
no excuses
my purple boyhood dream

frozen from the defeats
head down on desktop
no work no play.

I wake with a star
she is travelling with peace
I can touch her light.

she is the tree above
and the roots in soil
I am the falling leaves.

there you are
a lump in my gut
your telephone is offline.

you left without a trace
except my broken heart
is screaming quietly.

jumping off the bed
wanting gym sweat
pushing orange juice.

A ship rides sea winds
love, a parcel from fate's hand
finds its destined shore.

muddy boots
crow calls tingle
you are candle light.

green light baby
turning tight corners
call me the dream.

hiking in a mossy forest
birds overhead
our feet stand still.

big chocolate eyes
fire sprinkled hair
soul on fire, Eve.

Rose has roots for hair
Candy Apple lips
Owls for eyes.

we are a blank page
seeking the end of the story
at the beginning of time.

in your eyes
the spirit wraps and sings
I am checking the oil.

I'm carrying your flag
boots on the ground
Love your haircut.

5:35 am Signal
toll house is stirring
cell phone love affair.

soil with you is sacred
I just can't get my fill
I am your compost Man.

give us a time-out
praying aloud
let's get sacred.

Moonlight catches you
long legs sweeping through the grass
we turn as one, breathless.

Rose unfolds in faith
romance rooted in the truth
love keeps its promise.

love is about freedom
not obsession
Is that my side of the bed?

A circle of gold
our journey bends toward home
your hand is my shore.

machines are warped & wired
AI casts a greedy nest
Are you a robot girl?

love me now
you will never love me again
I can't forget you already.

Fingers trace your skin
deep kisses linger in dawn
romance without words.

Rose is my bonanza girl
all speed demon and game
never gonna be late.

go ahead dream
the defensible space
howls for forgiveness.

you flee with the Moon
sparks and treason
orbiting lunar ticks.

she's the reason
to be good to women
she's my Shining Star

I know her from her heart
she's takes only what she needs
and shares the rest.

the afternoon bakes into dusk
and I start dreaming
of her scent and the dew.

Love or lust
She coaches the finest
me that she has found.

Mist drifts from the steam
the train pulls away - your hand
still warm on the rail.

chocolate eyes
a spirit close
my oatmeal girl.



william