



a homely street's sweet palette:  
a collection of haikus  
hiru batepola

the little green house  
with a sooty hat tipped slight,  
dusts snow off its brim

the yellow house sits  
(pretty as a buttercup)  
stuck up and gorgeous

the red house stands tall  
proud and strong; so much to do!  
firewood, fix door...

the white house murmurs  
nervous little sabotage  
to itself, sometimes