It's been a long day.
Waning light, weary me – ah . . .
you left the light on.

{pinspired haiku | yvonne lieblein}

I've devoured books, yes -
and you, too, in this very
seat by the window.

{pinspired haiku | yvonne lieblein}

Now I've forgotten
our destination. Your hand.
This poem. I'm here.

{pinspired haiku | yvonne lieblein}

We move through the air,
letting go just to hang on.
It's like that sometimes.

{pinspired haiku | yvonne lieblein}