A poem in 5 haikus

 with a little something on the side, like a glaze or jelly, or condensed milk

The moon caught my heart

And released my hidden breath In spite of her distance

In spite of her loft

With each step I took

My sisters passed Luna through My sisters know she’s there

Gnarly ancient branches

In their knobby arms

The blue and white whale wilted Carrying ancient knowledge

Its lost flight they mourn

The winds move strangely

Like an angry captured bear Trying to make us see

Pulling and tugging

They don’t howl or sing

Or whistle the same moaning song The violence we wrought

Just rip, tear, rip, tear