



# HAIKU

Harry Thomas



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Every hour the bell  
In the Catholic belfry  
The pine is heedless

Slender cypresses  
A Roman poet called you  
Candles of darkness

O eucalyptus  
So many limbs lopped from you  
How do you survive?

The flowers falling  
From the jacaranda paint  
The patio blue

What is that tree called?  
I asked. Oh, an olive tree  
But non-fruit-bearing