

## HAIKUS WITH MASTERS' CORPSES -Daniel de Cullá

A lonely moor  
With Emily Brontë' air  
To so we deem.

I muse Robert Burns  
Wandering the Wood and field:  
The happless fate mourns.

Come away, Yeats  
Peace sings into her breast  
To water and wild.

Charles Baudelaire  
Glimmering in the Windows  
Hope dead for aye.

I'm angry with me  
William Blake a poison tree  
Behind mine's foes.

It's still Poe.  
Here's the breath of God  
Sucking the unbroken.