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72 Haiku

by

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To:  
Holly

Who personifies love and compassion  
in every way she is...



Our friendship  
is made  
of being awake!

-Rumi



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Still pond  
A frog jumps in  
Plop!

- Basho



Our love  
is the unfolding miracle  
that expands our joy  
to include our pain.

- Bozarth



This world of dew  
is a world of dew—  
and yet, and yet...

- Issa

72

Haiku

My love is as such  
can you feel my everything  
reaching for your touch?



Was, should, and shall be  
shadow light by midnight sky.  
Every moment is.



As nothing so is  
the invisible wind  
brings everywhere here.

The sum of our love  
relationship equals us  
with everyone else.



Love exists as is  
and is never imprisoned  
with all time's trials.



Even our flaws speak  
true volumes on the wordless  
purpose of our births.

Black Sand Beach turtles  
dive then surface, their grace shared  
by these witnesses.



Writing poetry  
as a spiritual practice  
always in compose.



Just like nirvana  
forever is now without  
changing locations.

Your touch what surprise  
red-tinged blushes on rose leaves  
soon the buds will bloom.



Bird on the limb sits.  
Who I am is in that act;  
every moment stills.



The only hell I'll  
ever suffer is the hell  
I create myself.



The afternoon fog  
reaches deep and nests around  
that need to be seen.



My closed eyes open  
to the light from inside trees:  
pretty the colors.



Your birthday in life  
is my birthday to love you  
eventually.

Green stems vibrate spring.  
Pregnant they pulse with fresh life:  
Passionate tulips.



We danced shadowless  
in the dark with love's one light  
illuminated.



How your exquisite  
touch meets my wonderful feel:  
together's listen.

Maybe flood waters  
will rise and wash us away  
perhaps, maybe not?



All the leaves return  
shading paradise it seems  
perhaps, maybe so?



The moon at the lips  
of this river's mouth kisses  
every one's ocean.

Brown grass now turns green.  
The moist spring underfoot gives  
New worlds to receive.



At times lonely and  
forlorn but never alone  
Once a father born.



A single moment  
as midwife to the next breath  
so life begets death.

Desert after dark  
winds open doors and windows  
gives the night-time eyes.



What without effort  
stirs and steers permanent joy  
Only you can feel?



The moon half full on  
the horizon is my mind  
halfway enlightened.

Clear muddy waters  
let go of reasons for rain  
see "The Moon of Truth."



The first sunset from  
our ship's cabin balcony:  
three reach paradise.



Every moment shared  
is our joy of giving joy -  
One with the whole world.

Dolphin magic made  
in Cabo: swam, danced and kissed  
those magic swimmers.



Wonderful colors  
your plaster masterpieces  
hand painted as gifts.



Black lava landscapes  
steam rich, barren, lavish:  
earth embraces our us.

Never bigger sun,  
eye level the horizon,  
we rise as it sets.



The mountain river  
dances ecstatic pathways  
to earth's own movements.



Upper valley trails,  
we soar equal heights, hawks fly  
above all below.



Yosemite nights  
empty and full all at once  
close stars, open spaces.



Night music rises  
from the ground of every sound  
Vibrating all life.



Body surfing waves,  
my daughters become dolphins  
sun-gilded, sand-shined.

Our spirits rise, top's down.  
We, in one convertible,  
find paradise now.



The ocean arrived  
in waves of vast rain puddles.  
How drunk now the sun.



"Makes no difference  
what time is to permanence,"  
said Hi to Goodbye.

Glimpses of sky float  
on the ground in fast moving  
cloud-shadowed dances.



Letter, word, sentence—  
the notes you wrote still smolder.  
Letting go quiets fire.



Aware in the now—  
when the vast inside tiny—  
moments expand life.

Hand in hand fast fans  
for your first pro-baseball game  
father, brother, son.



No where but now here  
forever is now's no-mind  
Nirvana aware.



Soaring Kona's sky  
parasailing daughters fly  
their wings bring me flight.

Swallowed by the moon.  
Sweet pink insides blush-orange,  
grey and neon blue.



Dance the waltz of time:  
Life and death as partners set  
movements unending.



Out from tree shadows  
a flurry of birds flutter  
lightly into sky.

We, as each leaf's life,  
at different depths of green,  
enter death's exist.



The wind stays stock still  
as heat waves imbue what moves  
in the mid-day sun.



Graduation Day  
when what is endless meets your  
beginningless is.

Early morning haze  
suspended over the glade -  
Earth's own perfect mist.



Gathering sea shells  
of creatures's former homes.  
How vast the tiny.



Let the pretty birds  
release your imprisoned joys.  
Forever is now.

Words themselves aren't Truth-  
Just breathe into the silencing  
sunrise and sunset.



Morning moon full bloom  
Earth's horizon visible  
Sun's embrace and kiss.



See, hear, smell, taste, feel  
Our ideals do not heal.  
Love as always is.



Sitting with the sky,  
one on a little park bench  
in the light of night.



In the sudden rush—  
sitting still as the earth moves,  
I am its whirlwind.



The red sun stands still  
in the evening's bliss of wind  
transcending nothing.

We moved with the Moon,  
nothing but one and blue eyes  
kissing our return.



Let me count the ways.  
I'm still captivated by  
what's so beautiful.



Love's the un-secret  
ingredient to being  
what's impossible.

Autumn clouds blossom  
with the storms release of seeds  
so everything blooms.



Gathering clouds now  
flowers growing in the sky  
gardens upside down.



Thirty years a friend  
every emotion we've shared  
separate as one.

Memory is now  
now being continuous  
always already.



In this universe,  
the wind is one and timeless  
kissing the many.



Mid-day darkens dim,  
the storm makes horizons blind.  
Still suns shine within.