

Traffic Haiku

Scrap dealers car yard
tired rust friends reminiscence
about good old days.

Saw a traffic light
couldn't make little mind up
red, green, orange, red, green...

My new bicycle
shiny, modern, sparkling clean
then I rode in mud.

Frost hardens the ground
car coughs, shivers and decides
to go back to sleep.

Truck adventures gone
Rust replaces flaking paint
Alzheimer field.