

## **achoo! (in haiku)**

A wisteria  
elegant and bright purple  
its flowers, windswept

Its sweet pollen blows  
filling the air with its life  
it spreads all around

Like a sick virus  
illness spread through the wind  
caught by everyone

Pollen particles  
I need a mask in order  
to protect my lungs

The purple pollen  
itchy, it carpets the ground  
a nose twitch, you sneeze

Explosive air runs  
a river flowing with germs  
there it multiplies

The cities' ghost towns  
gardens left unattended  
I wonder when I

Can go see the wisteria  
walking down its purple road  
without me sneezing