

WARREN DECKER

Your Name

Chaos is inherent in all compounded things.
— Buddha

Grimacing, I hang
her bras out to dry — no more
blue bikini days.

Tagged in a green field
smiling — I only click *like*,
but *friend*, I love you.

Years of messages —
distant textuality,
but now: *are you here?*

At the ticket gate,
you've waited for me. How long
can I hold you now?

At the old-book fair
together — turning pages,
breathing old-book air.

Sharing one small seat,
giggling, we miss our stop —
so close on the train.

"I met my good friend
in Kyoto." No lies
mostly, we just walked.

While she softly snores,
I text, *thanks for today!* but
send it with no heart.

I drink wine alone,
but still I see your nostrils
twitch each time you laugh.



Drunk with patterned words
I write these haiku to you,
bold title — your name.

WARREN DECKER's poems have appeared in *Think*, *Arc Poetry Magazine*, and *The Gambler*. He teaches and writes in Japan, and describes his life of ceaseless adventure with unabashed hyperbole when writing about himself in the third person.

