

Mr. Del Elsworth, a Claims Adjuster, Lived in North Dakota,
Where He Tried To Figure Out the Meanings of Some Well-Known Haiku

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**Mr. Elsworth, a Claims Adjuster, Lived in North Dakota,
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Well-Known Haiku**

—for Tom Andrews

Each seems as old as the other: late winter, late spring. But that
can't be.

As if to say, *The whole world halved, toppling into mirrors—*

To address and to command a stone. Two different things. But to
the stone?

It so happens you're heading in the wind's direction.

The trick here is to sing and to hold your breath simultaneously.

If the pages are turned quickly, the words themselves appear to
move.

The charm of an eclipse, the charm of an apocalypse.

The shopfronts reflect each other six or seven times then stop,
though they do this constantly.

More than the simple wisdom of being where your enemies are
not: *punctuation*—

There is never more said of prescience than there is.

Everything is as it seems a little bit.

The stranger approaches as through telescopes.