

## **Haiku**

*By Tina Johnson*

In death blood red, in  
Life I grow fresh bright green.  
Not in dry hard death

All alone, at last  
I hang playfully alone  
High, bright as a crimson star

They call, they're calling  
me, not yet, not now; no tis  
not my time to rot

## **Red**

*By Tina Johnson*

Dancing beauty of  
A crimson star that will not  
Ever leave its wick

Deep passionate warmth  
Full and fruity to taste is  
Always welcoming