

mekah.online

**haiku a day keep the evil eye away**

september 23rd-august 24th, 2025

september 23rd, 2025

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a preponderance  
of guilt doesn't do us good.  
harm is caused, fix it.

september 22nd, 2025

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the first day of fall  
and I'm falling for you, me,  
my dreams and high thought.

the chill finds the wind  
and the mosquitoes go for  
last bites before cold.

september 21st, 2025

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Cotton candy skies.

Eclipse to open one's eyes.

Pause, reflect, give thanks.

september 20th, 2025

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seated between fate  
and secret. propositions  
for prosperity.

september 19th, 2025

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taking the time to  
move more slowly, with heart -  
soul. despacito.

september 18th, 2025

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partitions up and  
we have some space to ourselves.  
what you say in close

quarters does matter.  
who are you when no one is  
looking? be yourself

september 17th, 2025

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not taking things so  
personal. no letting go  
and no holding back.

september 16th, 2025

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take children's toys and  
equate them to an adult's  
tools. same things to God.

september 15th, 2025

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remarkable ways

to remix grief and fate. all

those fears fall away.

september 14th, 2025

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temptation at its  
finest. we remember all  
the tricks of the trade.

september 13th, 2025

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climb out of the mind  
drama and into pure, sweet  
realities. you

are truly free when  
you act in sovereignty and  
practice saying 'NO!'

september 12th, 2025

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we remember the  
way things were, when fear was not  
the first response here.

september 11th, 2025

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you don't get to judge  
my dreams then corrupt them and  
make them your own, man.

september 10th, 2025

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the color palette

of nature resides in your

eyes, smile and laugh.

september 9th, 2025

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september always  
rushes in with wisps of wind  
and loose leaf embers.

fires we build and  
sit around to hold heat with  
the following 'bers(burrs).

October, then comes  
November and December.  
resting time for signs.

what if? what if all  
of humanity lived in  
seasonal rhythm?

live based on the place  
and time. adapt, share resource  
and collective rest.

september 8th, 2025

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sleepless nights, once on  
the inside. Cambodian  
mystics hold steady

in the mind. never  
really alone, all one. the  
whole world is with you.

september 7th, 2025

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full moon mysteries  
revealed to be so close  
to reality.

no more guessing or  
obsessing. there is promise  
in the earth and sky.

september 6th, 2025

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granting access to  
those who speak the same language  
of love and spirit.

september 5th, 2025

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take me to your deep  
end, I promise I can swim  
there. caution, no need.

september 4th, 2025

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I am not special  
but I am unique. we are  
all one of one but

not everyone is  
'top of top'. know the difference,  
act accordingly.

september 3rd, 2025

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told my tooth that I'm  
sorry and I love it. time  
to let go and move

on. told therapist  
that I choose not to suffer  
during a challenge.

self compassion and  
courage and clarity- these  
are what I pray for.

september 2nd, 2025

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this game is never  
ending. but to lose means to  
die. i ain't going.

september 1st, 2025

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colonization

got us fighting over spilled  
milk. who has the cows?

august 31st, 2025

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tear and tyranny

amongst those who shamelessly

take with no give - stop

august 30th, 2025

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moorish behavior

hinges on privacy and

what? knowledge of self.

we are separate

based on nomenclature. this

is how we go on.

august 29th, 2025

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move fast or slow? as  
long as we are moving with  
truth, joy, peace - freedom.

august 28th, 2025

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they say the eyes are  
windows to the soul. feet are  
road maps to good health.

august 27th, 2025

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reabsorption on  
the playground. what does the one  
sacred body learn?

august 26th, 2025

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your gifts are meant to  
be given, not hidden. pain,  
turned to power now.

august 25th, 2025

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student of this life.

I am teacher's pet. come out  
to play. wake up to

what is happening.

charged with ringing the bells to  
bring others from their

slumber. it is not

always easy to take so  
many tests, sweet one.

august 24th, 2025

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there they were, father  
and daughter, sitting on front  
stoop. fixing broken

steps. I stopped to tell  
them that I loved seeing them  
there, together with

tools. materials  
to patch up what was broken.  
my father did not

teach me these things. he  
showed me how to cover up  
and cower down, down.