

I'LL TELL YOU SO

A flash story / haibun collection

by

Jeffrey Winke

Forget the word "haibun" for now. Just enjoy the pleasure and energy of Jeff Winke's writing, so brilliantly exhibited below. There are over eighty of these in this collection. Breathe in—one at a time. Hold. Exhale. Feel the difference in yourself, everything around you. The man's a master.

Limited edition. 250 copies. It will be gone in another breath. If you care about the art of writing—this book belongs in your hands. —norbert blei

A Way of Living

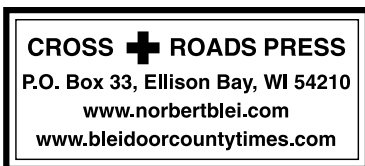
The unfortunate thing about the unexpected is that it occurs with most people not noticing. Little earthquakes, a red fox running through a city neighborhood, a car backs up within a fraction of another car, and two potential love-you-for-life people pass in opposite directions through a building's revolving door. It must be the busy-ness of 21st century life or the numbing focus of getting ahead. But I've got the solution... a way of living that's delightfully simple in its philosophy. Ready? Here it goes: Each day, view the world like you're looking at one of those What's Wrong with This Picture puzzles. Think of what we might notice beyond the penguin wearing a fedora, the upside down picture of Abe Lincoln and missing piece from the pie cooling on the windowsill.

city apartment
in the kitchen comer
a pitchfork, tines up

And Prying, They Thought

It's a small house located in a small town where the retired poet lives a small life. No one living in the small town remembers when the retired poet living the small life moved into the small house. It happened quietly and seamlessly. Yes, life is simple and slow-paced in the small town, but still, it was no small feat that the retired poet could pull it off. The small town residents were ever respectful of the retired poet's small life. Curious as they were, they never felt right asking. To ask would be more than a bit rude and prying, they thought. Still, the big question bums in the minds of the small town residents. Call it small town trepidation or misplaced mores, but all resisted the dare to rap on the door of the small houses where the retired poet lives to ask: Can a poet really retire from poetry?

no hoopla
a single ant
slowly passes by



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