

Excerpts from *“Guyku: A Year of Haiku for Boys”*

By: Bob Raczka

If this puddle could  
talk, I think it would tell me  
to splash my sister.

Mosquito lands on  
my cheek. I try to slap her,  
but I just slap me.

From underneath the  
leaf pile, my invisible  
brother is giggling.

How many million  
flakes will it take to make a  
snow day tomorrow?