

what has made
that aspen tremble
without a wind?
perhaps it too may be
troubled by the past

~ Anna Holley

again we return
to the family homestead,
front porch pulling,
year by year,
away from the house

~ Edward J. Rielly

an overcast day
without rain –
she sends me email
to tell me
of her new boyfriend

~ Michael Dylan Welch

for friend now
I will have only
the ageing moon,
who knows what it means
to leave spring behind

~ Anna Holley

Adjusting the hose
My arm up to the elbow
Water so cold it hurts
Scooping up leaves from the bottom
Never this clear in summer

~ Charles West

hair clean and long
sun-dried in the wind
my face
searches the blue sky
for its final destination

~ Jane Reichold

many barges mooring
in the black canal running
through Yokohama
Oh! my favorite city
I am going to leave soon

~ Aya Yuhki

walking to breakfast
through a motel courtyard
above the Interstate...
in the empty swimming pool
a mallard roosts on blue paint

~ Kaye Bache Snyder

After the burial
I walk through the house
without turning on the lights—
a different half-moon
in each window

~ George Swede

below freezing—
my new neighbor's truck whines
across the street
the lone lamp flickers
at his driveway's end

~ Lenard D. Moore

this credit card
already at its limit
I employ
this frosty morning
to scrape my windshield

~ Zane Parks

On late evenings
in the glow of the street lamp
I turn the house key to enter
our vacant house
where silence and darkness reign.

~ Hatsue Kawamura

musty towel –
how long will it be
till I wash her
and her memory
from its burgundy fibers

~ Michael Dylan Welch

One night he told me
he would go to study
for a year in Arkansas
after he retired. Oh my!
...but I said “yes.”

~ Hatsue Kawamura

My icy footprints
crunch an ephemeral trail.
Crystalline flakes fall
and cover in soft beauty
the imprint of loneliness.

~ Otilie Holman

Her father's razor
kept upon the bathroom shelf
disappeared with him.
Who hears his morning singing?
Whose nose is daubed with lather?

~ Dorothy Winslow Wright

the blizzard's leavings
plowed into submission...
I covet the spot
where a mound of snow
is parked

~ Zane Parks

In his reply
to our sympathy card
for his wife's death
the writer promotes
his new book

~ George Swede

the frozen river
the ice broken in places
pigeons and ducks
fight for each piece of bread thrown
by the giddy laughing boy

~ Gerald England

On rising I found
My rooms in greater clutter
than when I left them.
Outside, the cool morning wind
Tidies the dusty street.

~ Jean E. Leyman

I awaken
finding you still beside me
love of my life
in the early morning light
your gray hair looks like silver

~ F. Matthew Blaine

her look guarded
as she tells me
she may be late—
what great news this is
she will still come

~ Tom Clausen

cherry-blossoms pink
as a famous beauty's knees
drape the sunlit banks
where two rivers' confluence
is slim and brown in moonlight

~ C. Mulrooney

great-grandmother's
red-clay pitcher
filled with dried flowers—
the memory of buttermilk
brought from the springhouse

~ Elizabeth Howard

Crossing the still pond
the water strider leaves
cobweb-thin ripples—
my life form feels
huge and graceless

~ George Swede

In late spring
All school clocks seem
 To stop.
Little eyes freeze
On the minute hand.

~ Stan Proper

widely open
my window to hear the sound
of delicate rustle
of black stem bamboo thicket
planted by my late grand-father

~ Aya Yukhi

on the glass table
the one bronze chrysanthemum
you gave me last night.
beauty doubled, you whispered,
tangled in my dark hair's scent

~ Geraldine C. Little

To Ono No Komachi
I inhale
your sun,
and my chest
roars.

~ John Kelly

the sky sharp blue,
too blue
to understand—

beside the trail in the woods
a stone sweats

~ Tom Clausen

Spotted mimula,
caught in the shadows from two ferns,
what's up with you now?
Your spots are war paint, a fierce
mask, but the sun only laughs.

~ Kenneth Pobo

the way the summer winds
make the Swiss cotton dress
cling to her body—
thus would I cling
to her

~ Kenneth Tanemura

two girls
smoke long cigarettes
and sip
double daiquiris:
double happy

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

alone in the dark
I stare at the ceiling light
which I have broken—
listening to the noises
and sounds of the city.

~ Andrea Preziotti

watching a dark
unmoving object
in the salt marsh—
how inscrutable
are life's mysteries

~ Edward J. Rielly

the barometer
shows low pressure in Japan
the foliage is dense
due to the rainy season
women become full of life

~ Aya Yuhki

Probing the bottom
Of Rae's wretched, rural pond
Catfish combing me.
Within this cool sediment,
Under black muck, I belong.

~ Jimi Weiss

So, quite completely,
as perfectly usual
for blooming roses
in my lower garden, deer
have eaten a white wonder.

~ James Snyder

My cat does not think
That my poems are worth so much
Except to stand on
And leave his dirty footprints
In the litter of my thoughts.

~ Jean E. Leyman

the cry
of the sea-gull
is like this poem
unheard, dissipating
into the summer air

~ Kenneth Tanemura

This sweetest of days
Throbs with cricket and bird songs.
I fall into sleep
Dreaming of cricket and bird songs
And of falling into sleep.

~ Jean E. Leyman

I sip my wine
in the café
so slowly
even this summer will come to an end
as another train stops at the station.

~ Kenneth Tanemura

how fast they rotted
these pretty flowers of mine
I gave them blue skies
and water when they wanted
most ungrateful of wretches

~ James L. Secor

Soaked with sweat, wet through
after pushing the oak chest
against the front door,
listening to my heartbeat.
Listening for your footsteps.

~ Brooke Wiese

middle of the night
a heavy rain on the roof
tossing and turning
I smell the perfume
on my wife's pillow

~ Lenard D. Moore

a capsized canoe
sits atop the water blue,
suffocating me...
this so-called dream, fuzzy now
wakes me in a pool of sweat

~ Andrea Preziotti

Down the flooded creek
flow my chairs, table, new stove;
I rant and wail loudly
till I notice how
the sun returns, stays...

~ Geraldine C. Little

sea-green blue
the siren colors that bid me
to join them
to step off the cliff into air
touching my next life

~ Jane Reichold

All spring, all summer
this new growth has remained golden
upon a tree I don't know.
The streams drop nightward
as I await you here.

~ D. W. Parry

Pride-of-Madeira
whose tall towers of blossom
purple the landscape
I wander *Mother, Mother,*
where in this twilight are you?

~ Elizabeth Biller Chapman