

this year
the holiday symbol
on all the malls:
a high-heeled red boot
I could never wear

~ Editor's Tanka, Laura Maffei

already autumn:
the first chill
and my thoughts
follow the blue smoke
of distant chimneys

~ N. J. De Meri

over the bay
night falling
 the deck-mopper
 goes to the bow
 and stands

~ Michael McClintock

these spells of weeping
I fear to let go as if
they, like that frayed rope
stretched from boat to pier,
could keep me tied to you

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

burning
yet this morning
the porch light
I switched on last night
as you strode away

~ Ann Horn

a world veiled by
never-ending sheets of rain
if only I could
draw back the curtain
and find you again

~ Thelma Mariano

the sound
of leaves turning
rita hayworth
returning to my small screen
as gilda

~ ai li

turning back
toward the woodpecker—
the lagging line
of our ginko men
and women

~ Lenard Duane Moore

a strong wind
rustles the autumn grasses
as we walk
this talk of growing older
can't we stop for today?

~ David Rice

traffic stalled
autumn leaf lovers
view only red taillights—
rumor of a small bear
in a gully up ahead

~ Elizabeth Howard

how long
have we grown to love
each other
my hand like a leaf in stone
caught in the hollow of yours

~ Marjorie A. Buettner

Side by side,
Two herons quickly fly
Toward storm clouds—
The place where you and I
Always part amid rain.

~ Donna Ferrell

all the brushstrokes
on the bedroom door
going down
I wait for
her answer

~ Harold Bowes

Lightning on
the horizon
my child
takes a huge
bite from a pear

~ Robert Kusch

eyes squeezed,
the tabby in the bookstore window
sleeps—
I imagine you here,
your arm through mine

~ Larry Kimmel

In cool pink sunset
that last blood-red sumac leaf
hangs so tenuously...
Grandson! breaks my reverie
and smiling brings it to me

~ Guy Simser

waiting past midnight
for an unobstructed moon
with its milky light
I can see clearly
in the recesses of my heart

~ Cherie Hunter Day

jingle of the dog's collar
out in the hall—
we pause
in our lovemaking,
Christmas Eve

~ Michael Dylan Welch

Late
traffic heavy
the black car ahead
crisscrossed
with paw prints.

~ Michael Cadnum

winter
over hazy mountains
the wires
connecting electric towers
lead my drifting heart

~ Aya Yuhki

again today
my face somehow a mistake
abandoned to
the mirror by someone
who left years ago

~ Caroline Gourlay

rolling over
at midnight to eclipse
his missing shadow...
I should have kept silent
never confessed my love to him

~ Pamela A. Babusci

flat-gray
midnight dusk
no inaccuracy here
in the far north
of your heart

~ Giovanni Malito

winter journey
passing cars and trucks
sheathed in ice
your unexpected words
I cannot go on

~ Kirsty Karkow

the winter moon
seems cracked in two
--a bare twig
extends unpruned
from my neighbor's apple tree

~ Michael Dylan Welch

sometimes
I imagine an Alzheimer end
is just the right thing:
a directionless walk-through
without profit, without loss

~ Sanford Goldstein

twilight
is it night or day
she shrugged
I know when to work
I know when to sleep

~ Watha Lambert

the hole
in my abdomen
is where
I've let her criticisms
pass through

~ William M. Ramsey

old china
though crazed, can still carry
hot tea—
another of mother's sayings
I've come to understand

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

on the lopped-off pine
a frozen stream of sap awaits
the pale winter sun
but when will the light come
to one also torn in two?

~ Jeff Witkin

toying again
with thoughts of love
as I walk home
this new fallen snow
over yesterday's ice

~ Christine Leuck

The hills
delicately touched
by morning sun
I dream your fingertips
trace me

~ Karina Young

The early sunrise
Slants across the woods, reveals
The trunks of the trees.
Later the whole tree shining
in all its magnificence.

~Neal Henry Lawrence

not thinking really
I just roll paint
over five years of your life
and admire how it
freshens up the room

~ Jeanne Emrich

like Chagall's
floating lovers
hold me
tethered only
to air

~ Pamela Miller Ness

closer
she talks
of the film
stars trembling
in the sky

~Brendan Duffin

granddaughter's T-ball
erupts into swirling arms
and legs seeking
the elusive white sphere—
her glove on the wrong hand

~ Edward J. Reilly

in a voice that
hurries ahead
pauses then slows down
a man reading
to his children

~ Tony Beyer

pardon me, wren
but those nests upon nests
 in our dryer vent
were causing triple time
 to finish a load

~ Jimi Weiss

gazing at him, admiring him,
a screw-haired boy of just thirteen,
so quickly a river
leaving only its silt
behind

~ Gary LeBel

nine azaleas
blooming in my front yard
and the neighbor
whose picture window frames them
is on vacation

~ Dorothy McLaughlin

New vines spread out
along the wall
they did not bother
to tell you
it might come back

~ Karina Young

the little child
plucks the lily from the garden
clutching it tightly
in his grubby fingers
the pearly petals wither

~ Shannon Ryan

how quickly it fades
the dream that woke me
after you had gone
plum blossoms falling
all the livelong day

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

short summer night
watching the moth
circle the flame...
every now and then
I think of you

~ Stanford M. Forrester

the dry season
fog comes as the only relief
to these canyon hills
 during mornings like this
 I rarely start something new

~ Cherie Hunter Day

I stand by
and watch it
for awhile:
hard life
of a sand flea

~ Brook Zelcer

walking carefully
I come to a flat gray rock
a dragonfly
 so still upon it
 I do not move

~ Leatrice Lifshitz

the rounded leaves
of the linden trees
this morning
my mirrored image
in a lime-green sweater

~ Amelia Fielden

Seven a.m.
in the kitchen
you reach for me—
the scent of fried eggs
intoxicating

~ Karen Weissman

Mariana Islands
dimly seen
in the purple mist
where bananas are
becoming ripe

~ Yukiko Inoue

Is it my cologne
or garish batik shirt
that has you so confused?
Sorry I have no nectar
to give, Mr. Swallowtail

~ Richard Stevenson

night cannot hold
this river of stars
it spills
into the whiteness
of your face

~ Keith McMahan

searching for coins
in my pocket—
red seeds
collected by
my little daughter

~ K. Ramesh

returning
from a journey back
to former home
I drop in an embroidered
sack, wrong key

~ Ruth C. Holzer

in the rain
at the traffic lights
a young woman
struggling with a child
her back to the rainbow

~ Amelia Fielden

silver flute
on the bookshelf
for the in-laws to see—
 in the closet
 the accordion

~ Rod Thompson

how that commuter
made the plastic do its work,
digging to the dregs
of a melted chocolate heap
and spooning away his exhaustion

~ Sanford Goldstein

nestled together
he speaks of romance
i of the merits
of simple declarative
sentences

~ Doris Kasson

In the evening
as I ponder
her subtle withdrawal:
the music of the birds
tapering toward silence

~ Tom Tico

Sunset yellow clouds
billow on the cool, green banks—
ah, chrysanthemums.
Bitter-sweet as memories
how pungent and clean their smell.

~ Rafael Jesús González

each lap
around the track
i gain
on the girl
i left behind

~ Mike Spikes

track-suited
gray she, gray he
pause to admire
the last asters
their silvery heads

~ Ann Cooper

How did the tall tree
cram all its reflection
into this small pool?
I erase it with a stone.
Right away it starts over.

~ Paul O. Williams