

on my way
to return library books
--at a red light
reading that sentence
one last time

~ Editor's Tanka, Laura Maffei

In Memoriam
Sue-Stapleton Tkach
July 3, 1924 – October 29, 2001

Hearing I'm gone, suddenly
do not wish me back
nor mourn too long...
Say she's followed the wild geese
into the beckoning blue

~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach

morning breaks
& I know she is still writing
tanka among the stars
my beloved friend
who enriched my spirit

~ Pamela A. Babusci

sun
warm on my wrists
as I cut
sprays of budding forsythia
and shake the wet snow off

~ Marianne Bluger

I leave my caterpillar life
 behind (the long night
stuffed in my morning
 bath), to set out again
slightly above the earth...

~ Dan Stryk

Table jade plant—
I can't know your true being
only the beauty you show;
her blue eyes, as she sips tea
are streaked with dawn

~ George Swede

How long will it take
 Until we marry
 And build a home?
I watch our cat grooming
 Himself over and over

~ Jack Galmitz

through patterned glass
see how the water bends
the flower stems
my heart and many other
optical illusions

~ Cherie Hunter Day

past midnight
battling income tax
at my desk
framed by the window
a red fox, motionless

~ Ann Cooper

a break between
the blue and brown swaths
of earth and sky—
child's paintings need the poet
e.e. cummings' singing bird

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

carrying the sun, the clouds,
the mountains easily—
a small stream
wandering unnamed
in this wild place

~ Michael McClintock

Where has she gone to,
she who dialed the wrong number?
her apology
from the ether of angels
coming along copper wire

~ Gerald St. Maur

radio waves
in shimmering colors cross
my computer screen
SETI scans for life on a star—
stranger, speak to us! O speak!

~Melissa Dixon

we celebrate
in first-class swivel chairs
but I'd prefer to feel
the rhythm of this train
beside you on a bench seat

~ Joanne Klontz

in a dream
making love with an old flame
becoming mother
to a swarm of fireflies
he bugs me still

~ Jeanne Lupton

tell me
ancient Auntie asks
one day in her cups
what is it exactly
men like about sex

~ Marianne Bluger

the wine is ordered
the waiter long gone
awkward silence—
you say
three prong forks are sexy

~ Sarah Birl

Your
suffocating love
between the sheets
I can't get close
enough

~ Pamela A. Babusci

your breath
rolls across
my cheekbone...
falling water
on solid stone

~ John Grey

cycling on
the ring road
around the island,
company of
the sea

~ K. Ramesh

over the road
at the fruit stall
a friend waves
the bunch of bananas
in his hand

~ Tony Beyer

whirling
white petals on the road
a truck
races down the slope
at mid-day

~ Aya Yuhki

doves cooing
through salted blue air
at low tide—
without a lover
I long for the sea

~ Amelia Fielden

at dusk
my shadow walks
beside me—
a tall fellow, easy-
going as the breeze

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

when the soul wobbles
like some dazed pin-point bug
climbing a white string,
what's a body to do
this lifelong summer night?

~ Sanford Goldstein

camellia bushes
all glossy green and crimson
beyond white walls—
we never talk about
the big things, she complains

~ Amelia Fielden

my daughter leads
bushwacking us down the slope
I remember
when I carried all her gear
except the candy bars

~ David Rice

you move
like marram grass in the wind...
in time the hourglass
empties and fills
empties and fills

~ John Barlow

Kid's beachball
too big for
further commerce
down the
meadow's creek

~ Brook Zelcer

step by step
to the top of the treehouse
where my granddaughter
 has suddenly become
 my child

~ Leatrice Lifshitz

in the fading heat
of an asphalt parking lot
two crows
pick at the carcass
of summer

~ Marc Thompson

after a long storm
we meet again changed
diaphanous eyes
and tamed feelings smooth
as glass washed by the sea

~ Giselle Maya

half asleep
the sweet sounds I hear
are from you—
from another world
from different times

~ Art Stein

not bothering to tune
the old guitar...
after so long a summer
let us each sing
our own song

~ John Barlow

autumn equinox—
stride of the woman
through the crosswalk
waving from corner pole
flag at half-mast

~Lenard Duane Moore

a butterfly
among the weeds
flutters
I wasn't sure what to say
when she passed

~ Keith McMahan

on this gray day
geese flying in a V—
i am left behind
palms pressed
to the frosted window

~ Tim W. Younce

awakened
in the middle of the night
by the wind
or is it instead
the sting of regret?

~ Angela Leuck

unfinished books
beside the bed—
I rise to part the curtains
to see if clouds
cover my day

~ Michael Dylan Welch

hanging out the wash
I try to comprehend
this changeable sky
such a simple task compared
to reading your heart

~ Angela Leuck

sit with me
you said
in the porch
out of rain
the moment old

~ ai li

missing you
the night before I leave
imagining
how we'll kiss when I return
--if only dying could be like that

~David Rice

A gold leaf floats
horizontal down the slow wind
moving away
 but the grandmother's attic
 won't fit in boxes

~ Carol Purington

where the remains
of slave quarters mingle
with tilled earth
a tourist couple
stuffs Walmart bags with cotton

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

three days removed
from Halloween
the ghost of me goes
through the motions
in this tattered family costume

~ Thomas P. Clausen

from the window
I watch as you leave
taking
our son's hand
and his every other weekend

~ Brenda Turner

my father sleeps
all day now...
still he stands
in my bedroom doorway
talking, talking

~ Carolyn Hall

raking beans
into a steel pot
over a sink—
 let me not forget
 where I am

~ Michael McClintock

taking October
off the calendar
all those days
in the hospital
you were learning to breathe

~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson

morning frost
hibiscus bush withered
--one green stalk

among the monthly bills
a perfumed envelope

~ Madelyn Eastlund

Have some wine and make
Indian pudding for
Thanksgiving:
you will remember
how he stirs and stirs you

~ Diann Wildes

behind rattling combines
flocks of brown birds
how can I name the sparrows?
how can I name my sorrows?
one ache much like another

~ Elizabeth Howard

In this spot so lost
from earth in tranquility
of buried leaves
did some forgotten saint
once live?

~ Rosme Taylor

dead baby bird
i scoop it into
a plastic bag
perhaps in the next world
we'll both get a chance to sing

~ Grant D. Savage

her voice gone now
to where all echoes go—
back to yesterday
and into the mouths on faces
that face in photographs

~ Giovanni Malito

winter drizzle—
looking and looking
but not finding
my lost book
on enlightenment

~ *Michael Dylan Welch*

long distance call
from my best friend
I say little
hypnotized by the strobe flashes
from the muted tv

~ *William S. Simms*

If only years ago I
had seen myself more clearly—
the weight of many snowfalls
bends to the ground
the juniper branch

~ *George Swede*

wondering
if having nothing
is wisdom
a bird flies over
a snow-topped roof

~ *Bruce Ross*

Bright sun
this first Christmas
without you.
On the parlor wall
a pattern of lace.

~ Pamela Miller Ness

in the solarium
the buzz of a winter fly
crossing the silence
a black brush stroke
on white paper

~ Larry Kimmel

like old men
seen through the decades,
I now see myself
hobbling over cane-thrust curbs
and curious in a black beret

~ Sanford Goldstein

now your letters
are only
paper and ink—
maybe the years
have been kind

~ Stanford M. Forrester

on Owassa Road
in fading winter light—
the man
I see standing
is a bare young birch!

~ Melissa Montimurro

restless I go
on a midnight walk alone
in the coastal town
beneath every streetlight
snow is turning to sleet

~ Cherie Hunter Day

forsythia
so eager and bright
in early March
quietly slipped away
will you

~ Watha Lambert

sleepless night
remembering the scent
of your skin on mine
as snow melts into the earth
steam rides an ageless river

~ Marjorie A. Buettner