

I see them!
those fat, dark buds
outside the post office—
harbingers of spring
and god knows what!

~ Editor's Tanka, Laura Maffei

lovely child,
to suck with such freedom
your tiny thumb
waiting like the rest of us
for the flight to Japan

~ Sanford Goldstein

sitting in class
my mind flying
down interstate 80
gliding smoothly
into your arms

~ Melissa Bartecki

I hesitate
to plant pansies—
today
the north wind blew my hat
over the tool shed roof

~ Kirsty Karkow

The apparition
of cabs taking
people to people
yellow butterfly
flower to flower

~ Marcus Larsson

arguing all night
our bodies not touching—
falling asleep
you do not see the dawn
slip between the branches

~ Caroline Gourlay

all day
rain has come down
drop by drop
the pain of your absence
has penetrated me

~ Keith McMahan

I didn't ask
for a miracle
& yet, these hills
of endless
sunflowers

~ Pamela A. Babusci

I am looking up
at the clouds scudding
across the sky
undoing one breast button
of my tight blouse

~ Yukiko Inoue

tracing with my finger
along the rim
of the wide-mouthed vase
till I reach the ladybug—
rustling leaves

~ Michael Dylan Welch

in the breeze
a flag lifts and falls
with slow abandon
bringing thoughts of you
and the night ahead

~ Thelma Mariano

the spoon of your hips
I pour myself into
when I wake
trembling at four a.m.
dips me out of the dark

~ Mike Spikes

the moon tonight
a humid bean
I imagine men and women
climbing down from it
on thin, silver ladders

~ Michael McClintock

the gravel humps of
the sea serpent
in a roadside lot;
awaiting the day
it rears its head

~ Thomas Keith

home from college
working the hardware counter
at the five-and-dime
I learn the difference between
male and female sockets

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

from summer hills
we watch
the shooting stars
my last aunt
and i

~ Jeanne Lupton

I wonder if this
is what we'll remember—
finding the aquarium crowded
and wondering which rock
is the eel?

~ Michael Cadnum

Before we split
she taught me
how to distinguish
between the waxing
and waning moon

~ Tom Tico

my best suit
wilts in the summer heat
as we drink
coffee with platitudes
we will never remember

~ Marc Thompson

willow fronds
drifting with the river's
dark currents—
such distance between
our unclasped hands

~ Amelia Fielden

The leaf-cutter ant
with its sail-shaped burden
re-crosses the tennis court—
recalling all those lost
at sea, or in their minds

~ George Swede

washed away
with the laundry water
my wedding ring—
circle around
the moon

~ Barbara Campitelli

Ninety-one years old
and spitting image of mom,
my aunt at high tea:
swallowed with my hard biscuit
the lost opportunities

~ Guy Simser

another ball game
and she wonders why
I'm so taken by the win and lose
as if our lives should be
nothing like that

~ Thomas P. Clausen

tired of walking
the same dusty trail
I plant
a green forest
in my mind

~ Margarita Engle

The still
of a summer storm sky
like all
the words we stifle
this year of her dying.

~ Pamela Miller Ness

grown children
flailing ... flailing
 I hang up the phone
 and pick out a pebble
 from the uncooked beans.

~ David Rice

the sea
so harsh tonight
wave after wave
dragging back
our sleepless silence

~ John Barlow

lost
in a town once familiar
asking for directions
without
the accent

~ Brenda Turner

a thin trail of clouds
goes on
for a whole county
rushing the ghosts
to their carnival

~ Zack Rogow

September
in this quiet museum
a glass coffin
reminds us of what
we're here to forget

~ *Joann Klontz*

accidentally loading
an old roll of film—
one lover
superimposing
the next

~ *Michael Meyerhofer*

The cool autumn
morning air, fogs
the window pane
Am I too young
to know what I do?

~ *Michael Blaine*

This apple tree
whose April buds frosted
I did not name
till late the pain of losing
what I never had

~ *Carol Purington*

her platitudes
and clichés irk me—
Seize the day, she says
as day after day falls
through her scrubbed hands

~ *Giovanni Malito*

distorted
by little patches of rain
in the window screen
father's first view
from the nursing home

~ Grant D. Savage

Tonight, a full moon
brightens the lane.
I never told you
I thought it a bad sign
fog, on the day we met.

~ Peggy Heinrich

on landing
overseas
smoke of a
neighbor's leaf fire
preserved in my shirt

~ Tony Beyer

Startled to hear
myself think
so abruptly does
the November path
curve away from the waterfall

~ Brook Zelcer

sliding toward the drain
a trickle of color
from my paintbrush
autumn reasserts itself
with a burst of chrome yellow

~ Cherie Hunter Day

yes Phyllis
we and the wine are old
therefore let our
endeavors be vintage
and intense

~ Watha Lambert

Venus glows—
from darkened yards
warning barks
pursue my steps
on silken snow

~ James Rohrer

gangplank
night after night
it wakes me
splinter
at the end

~ ai li

wandering
aisle after aisle—
my wants and needs
ought to be easier
to tell apart

~ Jane E. Wilson

The computer
with all its plugs out as I
try to re-configure—
my bare bulb shadow head
hair in all directions

~ George Swede

six o'clock
on a winter night
I find myself
with eight items or less
a cliché at the cash

~ Marianne Bluger

through the fog
of our last evening
your taillights
pulsing on and off
down the rutted drive

~ Art Stein

snow-stranded at a truck stop
picking apart sticky fries
I watch a girl
who looks like my teen
leave with her third man

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

Is it too loud—
the manger ornament
received as a gift
for scraping plates
at the homeless shelter?

~ Daniel Schwerin

sent to his address
a box
of remains
will I ever be sure
whose bones these are

~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson

new year's eve
i step on
a frozen puddle
the moon
is hollow

~ Stanford M. Forrester

she told me
never retire, Sanford,
and now my aunt,
my precious aunt,
has retired from the world

~ Sanford Goldstein

Moon nearly full
this January evening
her face radiant
in the photographs
above her hospital bed

for Virginia Fife, 1916 - 2002
~ Karina Young

I do not mind
The way dried salt feels
Under my beard
There was gratitude there
And I had a taste

~ Nicholas P. Roosevelt

train whistle
far back into
darkness
I have lost
my name

~ Robert Kusch

midnight now
and the snow is just as deep
on the Indian reservation
across the bay—
the constellations flow west

~ *Mike Dillon*

my years
jumping like sheep over a fence
and I am awake
 and I count
 one... two... three...

~ *Leatrice Lifshitz*