

I polish
the brawny refrigerator
standing
marked with my fingerprints
on the first day of spring

~ Aya Yuhki

one erasure
and the world's
changed:
how pleasurable
the ambiguity of smudge

~ Sanford Goldstein

band room
beginners practice
contrary horns
young roosters
outcrowing each other

~ Elizabeth Howard

Walking on the street
I wave at a family
The youngest
Alone
Waves back

~ Madison Wetzell

Sweet-faced kittens
on the birth announcement
in pink lettering
the name I would have given
the daughter I do not have

~ Carol Purington

spring day—
warning my son
to turn down the water
so that her glass
can hold it

~ Mike Spikes

handbells arrayed,
the white-gloved choir
rehearses
tones of heaven
until a cell phone rings

~ *Ann Horn*

on the porch
hearing two blonde
young joggers
passing
“thick ribbons with curly edges”

~ *John Elsberg*

butterflies—
a yellow trio
round and round
in the tree tops—prettier
than any screen saver

~ *Melissa Dixon*

Suddenly flapping
a perched morning dove pounces
to mount another:
 onto my upturned face
 cherry blossoms cascade

~ *Guy Simser*

after a rain squall
two persistent crows mobbing
a red-tailed hawk
 our son uses his deeper voice
 to argue with his dad

~ Cherie Hunter Day

we say hello
as she picks tomatoes
from the crate
...what she doesn't know
about her teenage daughter

~ Marilyn Appl Walker

the
magnetism
of flame azaleas ~
my monochrome life
more visible

~ Pamela A. Babusci

flying by night
Moscow to Madagan
I gazed for hours
across three time zones
into my heart

~ Michael McClintock

your eyes
in their sunken state
are more bright
and in the drought year
hippeastrums bloom

~ Janice M. Bostock

one light
escaping through
the window curtains
her silk hand
lavender rain

~ Marine Robert Warden

like a painting
in a museum
her face
over the cubicle wall
I cannot touch

~ Alan Spring

Fruit sweats in the sun.
I put it there to ripen,
hard tart grapefruit and
fuzzy voluptuous peach.
I too wait for one warm mouth,

~ Moira Egan

maybe we'll meet again
in the fullness of tomorrow's moon
alone in my room
I notice how smoothly my jeans
slide off my hips

~ Thelma Mariano

listening to Bach
while making love—
her tiny gasp
between the fourth
and fifth movements

~ Michael Meyerhofer

lilacs weighed down
by last night's rain
after softening
deep inside
my slow scented withdrawal

~ *Grant Savage*

Burgundy helmet—
perm stays still as Tia shakes
her head asking my
mother,
no husband, and she's happy?

~ *Roxana Rivera*

with a single arc,
you sweep the crumbs
into a cupped hand;
if only my grandmother
could have met you

~ *Andrew Detheridge*

climbing higher
as cloud shade slips
over hot granite
I hear the scree
hit far below

~ *Marianne Bluger*

in a steady rain
the patio umbrella
with arms at its side
has no answers
either

~ *Susan Antolin*

waves, brilliant,
wild as I once was,
crash
at the rocky absence
of a beach

~ Brittney Schoonebeck

our yearbook,
no better than a
Ouija board—
not one of us
a Rhodes Scholar

~ Art Stein

Draining the pond
my scrub brush
heavy,
the plastic bucket
gleams with fins.

~ Michael Cadnum

how much
longer will I live?
the vehement
season of my life
is coming to an end

~ Yukiko Inoue

she never said
and I never asked
about her mother—
now peony petals
have blown across the lawn

~ Kirsty Karkow

muted footfalls
on the bedroom floor
bright October moon
your sleeping form
stirs just a little

~ Cathy Drinkwater Better

wind over the lake
desiccate leaves
scrape indolently
at our feet
like the years

~ Dave Baldwin

rain splashes
cold on the hearth of
last night's fire—
when you rise to get dressed
I put back the clock

~ Caroline Gourlay

beyond the open casement
the crashes of waves on rock
you sit
in broken sunlight
unavailable as a Wyeth

~ Larry Kimmel

afternoon alone
but for the keening sirens
the chitter of birds
the loose fence paling
in the wind

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

granddad
in his favourite chair
pushing back his cuticles—
the mail today
has not yet come

~ Michael Dylan Welch

moonclouds
shift silver linings
outside this high-rise room
cocktails and small talk
about how a body falls

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

there is no poverty
like this—
the way the sparrow
clips the earth
without fail or notice

~ Alicia A. Curtis

Under the skin
of a Granny Smith,
into the meat
at the core already
I am forty

~ Dan Schwerin

fall leaves—
pinned on the walls
for show and tell
at school
and at the rest home

~ Francis Masat

these leaves
last to lose their hold
carry our grief
throughout the entire day
how many ways I failed you

~ Marjorie Buettner

rose petals
eddy on the water's edge
like ashes
reluctant to float away
and disappear into the sea

~ Barbara MacKay

Not because
my closet is empty
I buy
yet another silk blouse
this year of her dying.

~ Pamela Miller Ness

calm
not even a ripple
this lake
where once I swam
with you

~ Keith McMahan

which to choose
this winter morning
moonset, sunrise
or televised photos
from Mars

~ Joann Klontz

I sign
on the blank line
my name
the only thing
you left me

~ Brenda Humphrey-McMahon

Snow drifts
above the windowsill
Remembering Mother
and the advice
I rejected

~ Peggy Heinrich

Special ed teacher
gives a Christmas hug
to her students,
each child held close
to the one she carries.

~ Dorothy McLaughlin

at the airport
camo clad soldier
folds and unfolds
folds and unfolds
his boarding pass

~ Tim W. Younce

thirty-five paperbacks
scattered in the median
I am the pages
flip-flopping
in the waning light

~ Michael Blaine

old lime kiln
in the shadows
of a cold afternoon
even the crows
are leaving

~ Cindy Tebo

To Find My Way Home
Lenard D. Moore

an aura
of light and fog
over the city
and no film left
in my daughter's camera

it's a hot day
when we bury our daughter
I don't stop
to dab the sweat
off my forehead

another flood
has swept the same road
without relent
the grief-knot tighten
in my chest

this grief
knots in my chest
I turn
to the full moon
to find my way home

how the moon
has highlighted your grave
alone
perhaps it knows you
didn't marvel at darkness

closing my eyes
in bed past midnight
I see behind my lids
my daughter walking
the way she did while alive

rain off
and on...
I stand
with my wife
next to our daughter's grave

I climbed it
as a boy
the tree
waving
in last night's dream

~ Robert Kush

the grief
a shawl I wear
ready to drop
 when I am
 warm once more

Joyce Sandeen Johnson

time, tedious time,
the sands have ceased their falling,
and then, suddenly,
time begins again, movement
boarding, rows 8 through 18

~ Joshua DeSipio

winter's ice and wind
little knives
your kisses on my skin
leave me unmade
opened to the bone

~ Eva LaFollette

It is because they
are wind-swept like the white clouds
that these pines appear
to be forever pointing,
with such certainty, somewhere.

~ David Caruso

street mural
the painted seahorse
sings
dejame olar
let me fly

~ Margarita Engle