

how I wish  
I had it back—  
that scraped knee  
I got following you  
into our tree house

*~ Jeanne Emrich*

a red plastic toy  
under the bridge  
in April  
the river runs  
brown and fast

*~ Joanna M. Weston*

In the storm, beneath  
the clashing of wind and trees,  
the land is quiet  
like a woman who gave birth  
in an old silent movie.

*~ David Caruso*

I turn away  
from a sky of pollen  
in my neighborhood  
empty of cars  
along the street

*~ Lenard D. Moore*

was it for me  
or the woman who replaced me?  
office calla lily  
blooming for the first time  
the week that I retired

*~ Thelma Mariano*

forming a bonsai  
out of paper clips—  
walking by  
my supervisor  
trims a branch

*~ Michael Meyerhofer*

your entire life  
in short bursts of office  
conversation  
I wrap our lives  
around my wristwatch

*~ Alan Spring*

at 53  
I study ballet  
it's okay  
I cannot plié  
like the girls

*~ Pamela Miller Ness*

mortality  
in the nick of time  
just now  
a bright goldfinch  
with orange feet

*~ Bruce Ross*

summer morning —  
my child plucks a flower  
to save  
its blue dazzle  
even as I am explaining

*~ Mike Spikes*

Vacation checklist  
a map of summer stars  
and a fat Russian novel  
to read when the tide of happiness  
runs too high

*~ Carol Purington*

beach safari—  
umbrella, chairs, food, drink  
and a child wondering  
how she'll manage this  
some day

*~ Peggy Heinrich*

the basement studio window  
frames thousands of feet  
passing anonymously  
as my canvas  
fills with trees

*~ Sita Seng*

in the window, bread  
and a baker hard-kneading  
maybe he's angry  
or passionately in love  
his knuckles white as fire

*~ Sarah Birl*

you turn, smile  
in that particular way—  
a promise  
that if spoken aloud  
I would hold you to

*~ Caroline Gourlay*

when you laugh  
your earrings swing  
hypnotically  
I forgive  
whatever it was

*~ Dan Schwerin*

staining  
watercolor paper  
with hibiscus tea  
that night when our  
blood flowed together

*~ Pamela A. Babusci*

from the moon-garden  
into my dream  
lily scent  
i touch you just to hear you  
sigh in your sleep

*~ Grant D. Savage*

He will be  
home by now, soaking  
in a hot bath...  
behind me, Denver is  
a chrysanthemum of light

*~ Kaye Bache-Snyder*

late night  
leaving Kailua-Kona  
the scent of plumeria  
disappears  
when the plane is fueled

*~ Jari Thymian*

as I sulk  
in curtained shadows  
drifting in—  
the drone of him  
mowing the lawn

*~ Marianne Bluger*

she said  
give me time  
alone  
I lie in the dark  
with a thread thin hope

*~ Keith McMahon*

I have to be at work  
but I know  
where the saw-whet owl hides  
tucked under  
the boughs of off-road pines

*~ Douglas A. Fowler*

minutes pass...  
slowly from the spoon  
I draw  
patterns on my toast  
with golden syrup

*~ Kirsty Karkow*

just when I was feeling  
there is always  
too much to do,  
Cassiopeia so sharp  
in the autumn night sky

*~ Tom Clausen*

amid worn furnishings  
stacked in the cellar  
I tread with care, oiling  
the hinges of chests, smoothing  
creases on dust covers

*~ Michael McClintock*

the moment  
I reach home  
finally  
so far away  
are my thoughts

*~ Caleb McMahan*

I remember you,  
as I wade along the shore,  
always wondering  
whether you're thinking of me  
up to my knees in salt water

*~ Bill West*

but for the mist  
settling in the trees  
I could bear  
that lonesome sound  
cutting through

*~ John Elsberg*

glazed with sweat  
like clover in morning frost  
I shudder awake—  
just above my pillow  
the fan twirls its blades

*~ Andy Wellington*

scuffling through dry leaves  
this blue October day—  
when did it leave me,  
exactly,  
my strong confident stride?

*~ Larry Kimmel*

conversation  
with the cornfield  
scarecrow  
a bit onesided  
but therapeutic

*~ Art Stein*

at the net—  
the sudden realization  
you're getting old:  
you greet me with a smile  
that says you don't mind losing

*~ Andrew Detheridge*

teasing out  
my careless collar  
a friend  
laughter in the face  
of life alone

*~ Andria Plowman*

the arrival  
of a white-tailed kite  
marks the end  
of my fantasy  
in this scrub oak canyon

*~ Cherie Hunter Day*

watching  
leaves on the wind  
hand on my belly  
a week  
since the last kick

*~ Irene Golas*

swaying heads  
on the last  
late-nite bus,  
each one a world  
each one a dream

*~ Richard von Sturmer*

falling snow...  
the softness of day  
makes light of shadows  
and one by one  
I re-examine my thoughts

*~ Marilyn Appl Walker*

protesting his walk  
our old mutt lies in the street  
nose to winter's wind  
impatient as I look skyward  
for Orion and his hounds

*~ Lee Spain*

this slow ferry—  
wondering will someone be there  
when I get home  
high and dry onshore  
a ship's rusty hull

*~ Melissa Dixon*

the camera set  
for two long-ago friends  
to smile together—  
how impossible to detach  
even an inch of pain

*~ Sanford Goldstein*

her pronounced bigotry  
at the news  
of her granddaughter's  
new love  
winter wind

*~ Cathy Drinkwater Better*

Christmas Mall—  
choosing a widescreen TV  
with an unsilent night  
from a bombed-out mosque  
in Fallujah

*~ Linda Jeannette Ward*

closing her eyes  
between bites of biscotti  
she talks  
of Christmas and death  
together

*~ Brenda Humhrey-McMahen*

Facial massage: I  
feel the skin moving over  
the holes that will soon  
define me instead—the hum  
of CD singing bowls

*~ George Swede*

stranger sitting directly  
across from me  
waiting for the same plane  
what life  
are you returning to

*~ Zack Rogow*