

I taunt each dawn  
for a new prelude  
an intro  
with all stops out something  
never heard before

*~ Art Stein*

downloading the movie  
“The Martians Attack”  
from a satellite—  
a moment to wonder who else  
may be watching tonight

*~ Michael McClintock*

brisk morning...  
I hesitate before putting out  
my cigarette  
so she can pass  
and I can follow

*~ Zane Parks*

oh, curse you  
april snow  
the crocuses are losing  
their colors  
& i am losing my mind

*~ Pamela A. Babusci*

my father  
asks me to stop  
tapping the tune in public—  
my 25<sup>th</sup> year of childhood  
annoys him

*~ Anastasia Mirzoyants*

boys on bikes  
bright shirts ballooning  
with spring wind  
this afternoon  
my computer stays closed

*~ Amelia Fielden*

a moving line  
of ants—  
a motionless snail  
on half a leaf—  
outdoor seminar

*~ Francis Masat*

At the broken cliff,  
pebbles tumble down again,  
a gathering of scree.  
At thirteen my only son  
still struggles with his letters.

*~ M. Kei*

silently  
drifting with the river  
interrupted  
by my dad  
with his tanka

*~ Caleb McMahan*

she asks  
about my beliefs...  
a black crow  
shakes the rain  
from leaf to leaf

*~ John Barlow*

clearing sky—  
cherry petals lying blown  
upon the asphalt—  
what have you taught us  
except to fall, and fall, and fall?

*~ D.F. Tweney*

My dog's sudden,  
alarmed bark has startled  
a year off my life—  
it was just the rain  
on the roof.

*~ Fran Witham*

picking plums  
a young man's shadow  
invades mine  
I try to recall  
when I last had sex

*~ Kathy Lippard Cobb*

We decide to get along  
and I keep quiet  
even when you take  
a flash photo  
of the sunset

*~ Michael Cadman*

annual trip  
we pass the historic parkway  
we intended to take  
its name changed to honor  
an upstart politician

*~ Elizabeth Howard*

out the window  
the ripe orchard glitters  
in the afternoon wind:  
the sounds of you undressing  
in the next room.

*~ Mike Dillon*

all attention  
four men of this committee  
as I give my speech  
tingling from the stars  
you released in me last night

*~ Linda Jeannette Ward*

summer rain...  
the bicycle under covers  
by the front door  
the yellow of your glove  
still fading in the basket

*~ John Kinory*

book marked in Nabokov  
an old grocery list  
*prosciutto, milk, bread*  
how pleasurable the days  
when living was easy

*~ Sarah Birl*

always  
the dictionary  
on the side table  
    placed by my father  
    to settle arguments

*~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson*

flicker of candles  
on the darkening terrace—  
beneath the table  
the touch on my leg  
of the neighbor's cat

*~ Angela Leuck*

ink black morning  
I slip into cold jeans  
while you sleep  
and out your door  
wily as a man

*~ Annette Mineo*

laughing at superstition  
I see you  
at the bottom  
of every cup of tea  
laughing back

*~ Jean LeBlanc*

did you ever pass this way—  
your little German Shepherd  
tumbling  
out of the cab  
onto the truck stop asphalt?

*~ Douglas A. Fowler*

Somehow lying  
so deep in these woods  
a traffic cone  
pointing me  
due north

*~ Tom Hartman*

Slack tide—  
the choice of walking the strand  
or doubling back:  
a very old, upturned  
very barnacled boat

~ Richard Stevenson

when  
did it start to rain  
she asks  
before leaving  
with my umbrella

~ *Brenda Humphrey-McMahon*

no more tears...  
in the time it takes  
for ripples in the rainbarrel  
to subside,  
I could have forgiven you

~ *Michael Dylan Welch*

autumn arrives  
the sharp ends  
of her knitting needles  
point me  
to the door

~ *Andrew Riutta*

antique shop  
on the main street...  
shelter  
from rain  
and the present

~ *J. Andrew Lockhart*

Chiseled in silver,  
tarnished, we are opposite  
sides of the same coin.  
Is this why we can't turn to  
see the other's face clearly?

~ *Moira Egan*

I open  
a box of my things  
sent by a lover  
my picture  
looks me in the eye

~ *Adam Beaudoin*

Leafing through a packet of poems,  
I find someone's thumb  
caught  
in the margin  
of the Xeroxed page

~ *Michael Leong*

riding lesson  
the picture is black-and-white  
but I know  
the horse  
is red

~ *Natalia L. Rudychev*

October—  
the droning  
of one cicada  
your letter  
still unanswered

~ *Robert Kusch*

slicing  
an onion I raised  
myself  
not a word from  
my far-away son

*~ Giselle Maya*

Snippets of Brahms  
flow past clattering china.  
Each café morning  
more leaves turn the color  
of apples, pumpkins and dust.

*~ CarrieAnn Thunell*

November begins...  
between each gust of twilight,  
the skeleton hung  
as a porch decoration,  
knocking, knocking at the door

*~ Zolo*

with each passing taxi  
loose manhole covers  
below our windows  
strike up like reggae drums  
raising the dead for war

*~ William Hart*

With one  
short quick axe stroke  
I bring down  
the tree my father  
has been chopping all winter.

*~ Roger Jones*



confined to bed  
I sleep fitfully  
in dreams  
my backbone acquires  
nearly perfect alignment

*~ Cherie Hunter Day*

shadows or violet paint,  
more snow mounds  
on horizontal dogwood  
branches,  
where are you

*~ Lucy McIlvaine*

gazing at the moon  
I find it cold and lifeless  
what if I try  
splitting this rugged geode  
to know its crystal heart

*~ Yvonne Hardenbrook*

between us  
no more words  
on the river  
the moon floats  
among the clouds

*~ Keith McMahan*

I roll back my chair  
to where the winter sun  
sets  
and the only thing half-done  
is my work

*~ Becky DeVito*

father-in-law  
who taught me how to sail  
now asks me the word  
for the place  
where horses sleep

~ *Margaret Chula*

one quick deed  
before it's bedtime—  
to douse the lights  
for fear of missing  
my very last star

~ *an'ya*

Etched into her  
heirloom sherry glass  
a game bird rises  
ever upward  
in freedom flight

*for Florence*

~ *Guy Simser*