

the sun streaks
across her cluttered bedroom
the protestor's kid
on Sunday
sleeping in

~ Dan Schwerin

face down
on the lawn I examine
a blade of grass
and discover
all I need to know

~ Dave Bacharach

this morning
I haven't forgotten
all that isn't
the silence
of this cathedral

~ Liam Wilkinson

Strange coincidence—
my first day in new glasses
the evening bequeaths
clean bricks, an upended bowl
of crumbling saffron rice.

~ James Roderick Burns

Lake water, so still,
as a school of minnows swims
beneath the surface—
not a ripple, yet they dart
in such a hurry. Who knew?

~ Kenneth Poho

as we leave
for the airport
we finally see
those lovely white herons
they told us about

~ Garry Eaton

Morning bedroom sun:
the new leg and foot veins
an updated map
of all the roads
in this particular life

~ George Swede

one slice
of cornbread left
tonight—
I think of every girl
who has a piece of me

~ Dustin Neal

the bluntness
of my speech, at times,
stuns even me...
this tumbled Texas terrain
peppered with cactus

~ Janet Lynn Davis

this man who wears
the lowest-slung jeans I've ever seen
asks me to dance
I'd rather he tell me the name
of his personal waxer

~ Aurora Antonovic

evening hay ride
with every touch
of her knee
I long for another
bump in the road

~ Chad Lee Robinson

your kisses
like rain
as they came down my earlobe
I put cups and saucers
in all the wrong places

~ Wing Bo Tso

her blue jeans
worn soft
enough
to easily hang
on a doorknob

~ Douglas A. Fowler

tasting
muscat grapes
sweet as words
gathered
on a white page

~ Giselle Maya

Do they care—
the unseen inhabitants
of my body—
that for this dinner
I am in a tuxedo?

~ George Swede

bullfrog chorus
outside the gauzy curtains
all night long
we miss the sound of traffic
on a freeway back home

~ Deborah P. Kolodji

sweet-breathed baby boy
I come to you in shadows
I steal sly kisses
before we trade sharpened words
in the family tradition

~ Sue Ann Connaughton

I walk headstrong
after a whiff of men's cologne
smacks me on the street
with it the old idea of someone
wanting something of me

~ Annette Mineo

in the yard
you chase birds and butterflies—
I drink
another beer and watch
the sun dip below the back fence

~ Ray Liversidge

sunlit lake—
wading out
to where she floats
I become
smaller and smaller

~ Mike Spikes

memoranda
that you were mine
and I have lost you:
every star in the sky
every bud in the garden

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

unpacking
the market sack
heirloom tomatoes
I wish I could grow
myself

~ Deb Baker

there are days
when I think
i've done nothing in life—
from high in the pine a bird
leaves its temporary mark

~ Carolyn Thomas

even the dog
dragging its crushed butt
along the sidewalk
seems to be headed
somewhere

~ William Hart

my chalkboard
equations
washed away
in the night custodian's
pail of water

~ Douglas A. Fowler

in the shopping mall
between Red Haute and Saks Fifth
I am disturbed
not by the commercialism
but by trees that need dusting

~ John Samuel Tieman

Jekyll moon
and Hyde shadow,
you aren't what
I expected
this autumn afternoon

~ M. Kei

unseen as we talk
via cell phone—
the small bone
I shove to the rim
of my dinner plate

~ Jeanne Emrich

you accuse me
of hiding my emotions;
I chop up logs
for our friends
who have a real fire

~ Andrew Detheridge

instead of leaving
it would have been kinder
to take his hand
sit quietly
and listen to that jazz

~ Kirsty Karkow

above the shimmering pond
a plastic grocery bag
caught in a tree
blows to the shape of a cormorant
over and over in the wind

~ Fran M. Witham

two men
hands in pockets
talking
leaves lift
round their feet

~ Joanna M. Weston

A face
formed in the sky
is lost
as the wind pushes it apart
into something else

~ Kenzie McCurdy

a brown moth
folded on the windowsill
an expiration date
on my cereal box—
as if I need reminders

~ Cherie Hunter Day

screen blank
cursor flickering
I wonder
will dementia
also irritate

~ Jo McInerney

driving
through October cornfields
entering the autumn
of my life—how much of me
will dry on the stalk?

~ Cathy Drinkwater Better

twenty years later
I visited the park again
sapling Maples my brother
and I swung on
grown but now bent

~ Marine Robert Warden

waking up
to the first nudge
of pain...
great unweavings begin
with one loose thread

~ Dan Schwerin

menacing storm clouds
move across the flat plains
with no sign of stopping...
all those years that
I lived without kindness

~ Aurora Antonovic

taking mental notes
of my friend's wedding
to tell her later...
forgetting for a moment
we don't talk anymore

~ Kameshwara Rao

unrelentingly
an echo of rain
on rain, on
stone, on trees
on me

~ Terra Martin

instead of pizza in the dusk
we came to look at
fading headstones...
behind the steeple
the geese fly in and out

~ John Kinory

stubbornly
mistletoe clings
to dead ironwood
 every night
 the same dream

~ Edith Bartholomeusz

Are there
ten of her?
The homeless
woman I see
everywhere.

~ Alexis Rotella

a conference
on the flu epidemic
in the atrium
a single cough
echoes

~ Gina

she says we can't
call that slow driver
ahead
grandpa or grandma
now that we are

~ Zane Parks

late morning
I rise from a cold bed,
in the window facing mine
the neighbors
have placed a cross

~ Shawn Bowman

fifteen days after
the dog still halts
at your driveway
I stare down the street
and brace against its pulls

~ Joan Bedinger

christmas eve—
facing three generations
all under one roof,
my grandfather asks us
to saw his legs off

~ Michael Meyerhofer

reappearing
after years put away
the student's gift
Evening in Paris
evaporated

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

snow ceasing to be snow
as it hits the wet street
that moment
when i tried to make love
that i no longer loved

~ Grant D. Savage

take me, if
you will, into the
breath of winter...
the stillness in this
house, unsettling

~ Robert D. Wilson

at five degrees
the afternoon spills
into pink
not even a sparrow
to split the sky

~ Marc Thompson

this bit of grave
perched
on the back of a shovel—
it too
returns to the earth

~ Becky DeVito

Some night
my life-vein sap will snap
to icicle light
then I shall meet my kind
layered clay-cold by my roots

~ Guy Simser

winter pond
mourning doves
huddle
part of the border
of gray stones

~ *Elizabeth Howard*

ten years
since her death...
you give
as you open the door
a gap-toothed smile

~ *Jo McInerney*

Walking to work
after the snow
only today
do I notice
each footstep.

~ *Daniel Healy*

new year's eve—
my office windows
reflect
executive décor
and a winter face

~ *Cynthia Ludlow*

I have gone walking
but I will return
when the winter sky
has been burnished
mother-of-pearl

~ *Becky DeVito*

a bevy
of azure-winged magpies borne
on the wind
one morning
patches of snow still remain

~ Aya Yuhki

news of a neighbor's death—
wondering if I waved last time
I drove by her
watering the irises
now in bloom

~ Kerann Christopherson

half light, half dark
this morning's sky is full
of contradictions
haunted by the future
habited by the past

~ Marjorie Buettner

you assure me
that when I switch
from a dial-up connection
this cherished life
will go even faster

~ Linda Jeannette Ward