

Standing in the green-dusk
of the woods looking out—
how bright the meadow...

How odd this reluctance
to step into brilliance.

~ Larry Kimmel

relapse
into winter...
with white breath
I comfort
the camellias

~ Nasira Alma

The snow has finally melted away
and all day and all night
I waited, excited
for spring,
but still you did not call!

~ James Tipton

a pale sun
visits
every now and then
the crocus bed
you made

~ Tom Clausen

evacuated
when the river levee broke
a child walks a white poodle
around and around
the motel parking lot

~ David Rice

moss-draped live oaks
canopy stone angel
in the dripping rain –
I replace
your wilted flowers.

~ Neca Stoller

at the café
where inspiration once came
now only passing thoughts
as spring-clad ladies leave
perfume from their hair

~ Jeffrey M. Witkin

the booth
at the train station
reminded me
I had no one
to buy flowers for

~ Kenneth Tanemura

spring zephyrs
tossing petals
you greet me
on the terrace
partly sandaled

~ George Ralph

south of Salem
on the 45th parallel
halfway between
the north pole and equator:
your beautiful smile

~ Marc Thompson

wildwoodnewjersey
two doves whispering
boardwalk secrets
from a giant
neon saltwater taffy

~ Jimi Weiss

a Sequoia stump
so big they held dances on it –
I sway to the song
of a hermit thrush
singing from a distant tree

~ David Rice

missed within a blink
my once small hand sized kitten
now an adult cat
prone and stealthy steam-lined
the seasoned predator waits

~ Michael W. Blaine

first meeting:
somehow I recognize
his lissome body,
that tiger-like grace...
his eyes avoid mine

~ Francine Porad

Feverish
in a hotel room
I watch her climb
breast to the night cloud
-- that travelling moon

~ Marianne Bluger

I paint
the flamboyant butterfly,
its red markings...
all the while desiring you
rosy with heat

~ Francine Porad

On one slender leg
the white egret stands alone
skimming water bugs.
She's there each day, vigilant,
when you leave my bed at dawn.

~Barbara Van Noord

Sitting in the crowd
hearing the chatter...
without you, I am alone
not even the pink dogwood
brightens the place where I wait

~ Sue Stapleton Tkach

there is nothing nice
about the way that we fight,
but any words would
be less sharp than this
silence

~Rosemerry Wahtola

she ignores
strands of hair
across her eyes
I keep brushing
my face

~ Ronan

The cosmetician
twisting a new
lipstick reveals
on her pale inner arm
a purple bloom

~ Marianne Bluger

how did
it come to this?
the stranger
cutting into my lane
shaking his fist

~ John Sheirer

Thumb up, head down
she balances a baby
on her denim hip
her desperation bringing
tears flowing from my past

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

facing my father
across the room –
the nervous chatter
of our china cups
and saucers

~ Nasira Alma

dragonfly
displayed on a pin –
recalling my ride
through steel doors
into surgery

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

Not since Vietnam
warring have I played guitar.
Then, I sang for peace.
Now, I choose my solid chords
(and even sevenths) for love.

~ James Snyder

Before our first kiss,
I ask her if she'll tell me
one of her stories.
Now, it seems that we've become
inextricably entwined.

~ John Kelly

In the quiet house
the smell of bacon lingers;
he cooked my breakfast.
Alone, I sip my coffee
remembering his kisses.

~Dorothy Winslow Wright

Indian summer
Windows open, last hurrah...
How lucky to be
writing and not sleeping when
City road men start drilling.

~ Brooke Wiese

Sunday morning view
from my mountain retreat:
a nun climbs slowly
through redbud and dogwood
monastery bells bring peace.

~ Linda Jeanette Ward

slightly withered
fallen white flowers
of magnolia,
the texture of skin
that's never touched

~ Anna Holley

faintly I hear
summer coming to an end
yet this search
for something better
goes on

~ Kenneth Tanemura

Half-sunken ghost ship
Calm bay: bracing for a storm.
Lovers on the bow.
Tanabata stars above,
Spared from jealousy by fog.

~ Lonnie Hodge

All night
rain
and on the bridge
an endless chain
of tail-lights disappearing

~ Marianne Bluger

although we have parted
for only a few days,
I hear your
laughter in the
falling leaves

~ Pamela A. Babusci

as if headed full steam
for the year's end
I wonder
if I ought not dust off
the old cushion and sit

~ Sanford Goldstein

A whole day
of embarrassing moments
remembered.
A stack of old records –
playing them all.

~ Larry Kimmel

in the bottom of a box
during our yard sale
I find my childhood chieftan ring
-- within five minutes
my son has lost it

~ Tom Clausen

what words would
convince you to stay?
this autumn heart
shedding leaves
like a scarlet maple

~ Pamela A. Babusci

into an *akarui* mood
even along this Saturday night street
where long long ago
the longing lingered
at every crosswalk, every café window

~ Sanford Goldstein

watching my parents
together climbing the stairs
now in their eighties
I remember my youth
when they too were agile

~ F. Matthew Blaine

skating rink closes –
teenage girls shed roller skates
on the wet sidewalk;
clouds drift farther and farther
the autumn darkness

~ *Lenard D. Moore*

a quiet rain
passes over...
on the dark stone
last digits of the year
still to be chiseled

~ *Edward J. Rielly*

in the image of
my gloomy thoughts,
darkening
out over the grasslands,
a smoke-filled sky

~ *Anna Holley*

rain turning to ice,
husband and wife
drive home quietly,
bags of groceries
filling the trunk

~ *Edward J. Rielly*

strange old face
almost no hair
looking back at me
as I brush my teeth
yet still fire in the eyes

~ F. Matthew Blaine

Oh marvelous mad
impatiens – you got so pink,
I was falling in
love with you. Frost unblooms all.
Still in love, I wait.

~ Kenneth Pobo

the cat vaults
onto our bed
nursing her memory
of mother – long ago
and faraway as mine

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

A full moon
Sleeps in the oaks'
Empty arms,
A wraith like
White shadow.

~ Stan Proper

birdfeeder full
we await
the return
of hunger,
my wife and I

~ Edward J. Rielly

Winter night
we slow jazz dance
in the basement
last of the pine log
in the sooty fireplace

~ Lenard D. Moore

nothing changes
when my father comes to visit
my wife and I
listen respectfully
mountains gathering snow

~ Marc Thompson

bright moon
a few days from full
tonight
my mother in a hospital bed
dying of cancer

~ John Sheirer

no more
in this world
my Zen master
of the jumping eye
of the long mysterious sleeves

~ Sanford Goldstein

On snow-dusted fields
hay bales look like sleeping cows.
The orchard's bare trees –
gnarled, blackened, and gothic
in relief against the sky.

~ Rochelle Natt

When he said he would be gone
before the snow fell
I did not believe
now snow covers fallen leaves
and ashes darken the snow.

~ Sue Stapleton Tkach

winterwhite sun
this day before surgery
cloaked in grey clouds

your watch on my wrist
time in your hands

~ Pamela Miller Ness

white smoke curling
from the smokehouse's roof
the grizzled donkey
stands on the sunny side,
foggy breath rising

~ Elizabeth Howard

a slow drip-drip
from the maple trees
January
thaw reminding me
of that spring romance

~ George Ralph

take care,
I would tell them,
life is unkind;
blossoms coming out
into the cold

~ Anna Holley