Dusk now sparrows settling outside the motel – my parents' empty house was sold today

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

in my mirror a woman appears who is older; one petal at a time spring has declined

~ Anna Holley

Maple leaves, go on and fall if you must. Spiral away! I'll pretend each leaf is a letter sent from a dead friend, urgent, mine.

~ Kenneth Pobo

old woman asking directions stands very close touching, touching my arm narrow birch limbs tremble in a chill autumn breeze

~ Harold Bowes

From behind the dunes
I can feel the ocean's breath
Silent as a cat
Creeping gray along the lane
Brush my cheek a chilling kiss

~ Terry McElroy

this withering oak no longer does it hold a full limb of leaves yet, one leaf clings firm before an impending storm

~ Robert Henry Poulin

So long I've waited for the Buddha to appear was it his shadow following your footsteps to my secret garden?

~ Sue Stapleton Tkach

Always in Autumn when leaves are changing and brisk winds make their own music from somewhere on high your voice embraces me.

~ Sue Stapleton Tkach

This bit of woods its hush, its russet carpet so smooth – Enchanted it seems – If there was one thing we might have agreed upon...

~ Larry Kimmel

Discussing the various ways a face can age, the beautiful forty-year-old

~ Tom Tico

before this flower droops, drops to earth and withers, let me pluck it now. let it deck—though stale and pale the altar of your temple.

~ Frederico C. Peralta

in late afternoon commuter traffic slows with Stone Mountain's sunset the gray generals' eyes once again ablaze

~ Neca Stoller

so many chances in a day to say something to you, but here it is growing late

~ Tom Clausen

Dark now by six & the children in distant cities with lives of their own...

~ Marianne Bluger

Night descends. A blue jay flashes, subdues the autumn chill. Silence. I wait now in your absence. Will winter hush memory?

~ Frances Hunter

carrying his bowl up to the attic where his other things are stacked for safe keeping – my old dog's treasures

~ F. Matthew Blaine

as if my faint sorrow had assumed visible form, the dark shadow cast by wings of a bird

~ Anna Holley

her face reveals less than an immobile sculpture – a film of white foam tops my double latte in the bookstore café

~ Kenneth Tanemura

the book of love poems laid aside... through the window she sees a man and a woman get into a London taxi

(after Virginia Woolf)

~ Michael Dylan Welch

My tracks in the drive to work... now a rut pulls me back to the same choices

~ Daniel Schwerin

I once wrote poems that were messages to her, pebbles tossed against a great wall – the echo lingers...

~ Kenneth Tanemura

at seven a.m. as the full moon lights the city ghost walkers shuffling through the streets disturb the newfallen snow

~ Marc Thompson

After Christmas the old lame duck year red-faced for still being around slips quietly out

~ Watha Lambert

Just visiting my friend in the asylum I too start to see every happy face as a fascist device

~ Marianne Bluger

two saplings bowed under snow intertwine so too have our troubles brought us together

~ Jeanne Emrich

revisiting the hill where we scattered his ashes – how still today's air

~ Ronan

the confines of my basement study call me as if my life were there to be resolved

~ Tom Clausen

A pile of red clay behind the graveside service, the frost has gone out: Grandpa's brother, the farmer toes the ground

~ Daniel Schwerin

touch of wind the first spring night we leave windows open, and your presence adding just enough warmth

~ Edward J. Rielly

melting snow gurgles in the little creek – you tell a joke and already I'm laughing before the punchline

~ Jeanne Emrich

a flock of birds of paradise brought home from the hospital: the worse they look the better I feel

~ Timothy Russell

the Tama river, murmuring in the sunshine, darkened by the clouds, running rapidly, bending... all aspects of my heart, too.

~ Aya Yuhki

dear May Sarton~ bequeath me your phoenix soaring from granite slab and whispering words to this wet green world

~ Pamela Miller Ness

Spilling an extravagance of yellow gold: Forsythia folds in a pair of finches.

~ Emily Romano

I'd abandon all my peaches to exceed my joy from a thousand nightly dreams – just one nod from you passing in the market.

(after Ono no Komachi)

~ Michael Dylan Welch

wisteria in tasseled oaks cascading through my mind her lilting laugh

~ Neca Stoller

don't know how she does it – cat poised in the margin of the top bookcase shelf

~ Carolyn Thomas

surprising you at work for lunch you handle gauze and surgical gloves so disdainfully not unlike new potatoes

~ Jim Weiss

Tonight's Boston moon crescent canoe gliding low across sheer ravines suddenly oh! makes landfall behind the tall Prudential

~ Elaine Sofer

The coyotes sing more insanely than usual this late spring night, or did I make up those sounds while dreaming of you?

~ James Tipton

the heavy rain past, a green tree frog leaps past my porch swing to the sunny screen – both of us drying out

~ Elizabeth Howard

counting out the dwindling days left of spring, on beads of rosary polished with light

~ Anna Holley

wiping off my lipstick I taste your mouth... will you long for me tonight when you are as distant as the Milky Way?

~ Pamela A. Babusci

an afternoon wind rustles the fan palm fronds beside the quiet stream no other hikers here we practice smooching

~ David Rice

How silent are the hills; how quietly the snake slithers through the grass!

A mouse chews hungrily on seed pods, its whiskers twitching.

~ Rita Summers

after love making dawn breaking in ever heightening tints of blue seated in silence lone gull on its pole

~ Pamela Miller Ness

walls full of artwork but all I see is her skirt moving in the ventilation breeze

~ John Scheirer

a song the Troubadors sang – all day I spoke of you as something that 'happened to me'

~ Susan Stanford

on the porch in wind-blown rain I pretend to get wet by accident

~ Nasira Alma

blue-gray waves retreat infinite mole crabs emerge spring from the soaked sand rush toward the water border promptly dig into the sand

~ Michael W. Blaine

Trout missing the fly embarrassed hides behind a rock in the shadows

~ Jon LaCure

Think of me as if
I really meant to be kind.
If you can't do that
Think of me as someone who
Delighted in a good shot.

~ Jean Leyman

third set the sax man's mouthpiece bloodied – on his face the dark essence of ecstasy

~ Nasira Alma

today's rains swell the roadside gully into a muddy torrent the way for me as well becomes unclear

~ Cherie Hunter Day

as I steer the boat I watch you through the hatchway putting things in place my wife for thirty years such beauty in your movement

~ F. Matthew Blaine

here we are again making love at sunset flower silhouettes so still on the bedroom wall

~ Pamela A. Babusci

again and again the swan's clipped wings reach for the sky – how I long to come to you now

~ Jeanne Emrich

I came here to be alone, but it was impossible – her presence lingering among the thin cool shadows of Spanish moss

~ Kevin Hull

watching sunlight on the redbrick wall how it moves how it extinguishes with only a wispy cloud

~ Linda Jeanette Ward

a long lunch –
pushing crumbs together
on the tablecloth
already this silence
between us

~ Cherie Hunter Day

In my room I have replaced the crystal I gave you at parting – the rainbows shift across the white wall, but still no letter comes.

~ Rafael Jesus Gonzalez

I glance up the clouds have changed configurations while I read of love and inconsistent moods

~ Francine Porad

On its wings of foam the sea is trying to fly into the sunset scattering with gold the waves the moon will turn to silver.

~ James Kirkup