

morning light...
dew dripping from
wisterias could make
a bucket of rain
to bask in, my love

~ Pamela A. Babusci

The bell of the cat
rings clearly at a distance,
then here beside me
as love is first here, then there
tauntingly sharp, then a tease.

~ Harvey Watson

once barren branches
expose tender red fingers
awaken slowly
while my brown Labrador waits
moist nostrils pulsing, in, out

~ Michael W. Blaine

long untouched
he thinks out the hugging
leaves his
treasured pocket protector
in the car

~ Jeanne Lupton

where the stem ends
there should be something bright
a flower, some fruit
where your arm narrows, there is this:
your hand, the unadorned fingers

~ Harold Bowes

In the gray night mist,
an early flowering branch
of an old plum tree
offers the cup of a nest
to catch the light of the moon

~ Rafael Jesús González

My mother
on the window sill
flicking
iris petals
between her fingers

~ Christine Shook

the realization
at any moment
the world can blow...
blooming flowers
circle the house

~ Francine Porad

carnival
fortune teller begins with
“You won’t marry
the one you’re with tonight...”
I am relieved to hear it

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

following
a cherry red
convertible sports car
I notice
the bald spot

~ Anne Marie Mitchell

over Niagara Falls
slivers of rainbow
like silk scarves
I dreamt we floated
last night

~ Pamela Miller Ness

Burrowing into
perfumed purple depths:
bumblebees siphon nectar;
Remembering how you posed
near these same wisterias.

~ Emily Romano

Forget-me-not blooms
and matches the sky,
the eyes of your cat
and the clear ocean waters.
I am not sad with you near.

~ Janice Dabney

On Monet's green bridge
surrounded by wisteria,
I pinch myself.
Am I dreaming this tableau
under a sunny French sky?

~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach

Wednesday morning.
Someone remembers the trash.
Upstairs, cats rough-house.
Fresh parsley in a blue pot.
Look, we have made a life here.

~ Martha Henry

on the wet sand—
walking together
beside the fugitive foam
 a driftwood stick
 for writing initials

~ *Ronan*

dragonfly
by last evening light
drinks from pool water—
in the stillness, the moon
hangs silent

~ *Carolyn Thomas*

your poems
as my only consolation—
pear blossoms
falling on an empty street
wash away with the rain

~ *Cherie Hunter Day*

By the river
boulders gather
I sit
in contemplation
a grain of sand

~ *L. L. Langness*

bending in the path
he finds a pair of dog tags—
sun strikes rusty chair
black butterfly dips and skims
the flowering white gardenia

~ *Lenard D. Moore*

moon light
in the yard
and on
the rooftiles
I cannot sleep

~ ai li

air raid siren
again...
kicking, kicking
my child
in my womb

~ Fay Aoyagi

The muezzin calls
noon prayer from the minaret
rising from the lot
next door to my tenement—
I have overslept again.

~ Brooke Wiese

In the lavatory
of a 747

with swollen glands
and a low-grade fever

I am the equator

~ Jimi Weiss

peacock's plaintive cries
ringing through the meadow
darken the long shadows
of an August morning—
heat waves rising

~ Elizabeth Howard

riding a bus
through the Oklahoma heat
an old woman
tells everything that matters
to someone else's son

~ Marc Thompson

Suddenly I snap to
for the stop sign
in the middle of the road—
peripatetic squirrel
also lost in thought

~ Tanya Smith

like a mark
left on the heart
by long grief,
petals of gardenia
slightly bruised

~ Anna Holley

fifty years later
still the same
poison ivy vine
clinging to the faucet
near my brother's grave

~ Susan D. Delaney Mech

the roses I got
for our anniversary
have lasted a week...
being something so fragile
they too have stood up to time

~ F. Matthew Blaine

there's a singer
she's fond of and I'm not...
nine time zones from home
I hear his song
and smile

~ Zane Parks

soon I will be
an ocean away
from your soft voice
 squawk of English
 echoes through the terminal

~ Charles H. Easter

delicate leaves
hidden within these pages,
do you tremble
as i write words
where rain once fell?

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

tonight the moon, too
is broken-hearted
teardrops splintered
golden through
the woods

~ David Gross

rain falling
for the third day—
on my walk
not even a shadow
to keep me company

~ Neca Stoller

my hands remember
how it feels to fly—
a crow
its wing tips flared
is balanced in the air

~ Christina Moon

at farmer's market
I pick up an eggplant
small enough
to fit in my palm
...Pearl Harbor anniversary

~ Fay Aoyagi

young women now
smile sweetly as before
when our eyes meet
but glancing back
only I

~ Watha Lambert

loud music
coming from the tavern
back at the hotel
there is nothing to put on
that will make me look young

~ Harold Bowes

dried persimmons
on the kitchen counter—
again you tell me
of your son's
promotion

~ Michael Dylan Welch

this bright weather
and in it
an image of Nasira
holding before her
the black lacquered begging bowl

*In memory of Nasira Alma
~ Sanford Goldstein*

listening—
the Mozart Requiem—
yearning to hear
your door key, a voice,
once again before winter

~ Ann Cooper

without you
woods beyond the meadow gate
stark and still
every living thing nothing
nothing but shades of grey

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

she rises quickly
to answer the phone—
the empty rocking chair
slows
its rocking

~ Michael Dylan Welch

surrounded
by noisy snow geese
I begin to burble
and flap my arms faster
forgetting I don't have wings

~ David Rice

I'm too far away,
after losing the remote,
to turn off the tube.
In a time before my birth,
women wore gloves, men wore hats.

~ Mike Nickels-Wisdom

Knowing you are with
someone else, I dread longing
and yearning for you—
like knocks on a winter night
from an unwanted stranger.

~ Fumio Ogoshi

wind from the north now
cold the fires eating themselves
cold night gale mangles
the wild reeds shattering flutes
that will never be played

~ Thomas Fitzsimmons

A purple sunset
and the starless night sky meet
in a shallow breath—
there is a density
in the cold scent of nothing

~ Daniel Schwerin

Ice weighs down the fence
that holds the empty garden.
No footprints but mine
across the land in new snow,
past stakes where the house will rise.

~ Mary Makofske

weathered dock
half as long today
I too
have wished to vanish
into winter mist

~ Fred Donovan

sweet to me
this solitude
when I link chain
to door
and shut out the rough world

~ Sanford Goldstein

I sit for hours
in total darkness...
just these white peonies
on the night stand
fluorescent like the moon

~ Pamela A. Babusci

your surprise visit
but only for an hour—
winter thaw
a dove calls repeatedly
into the surrounding mist

~ Cherie Hunter Day

as if to tell me
to look instead
to life
my cat sprawls across
the book in my lap

~ Jeanne Emrich

And I find myself
reaching to light a candle,
through the morning's bright,
in memory, it seems, of
a rapidly dimming dream.

~ Terri Watrous Berry