

how many days  
we passed in the hall  
too busy for words...  
fallen blossoms  
from her farewell bouquet  
*for Kathy Ney, MD*

*~ Linda Jeannette Ward*

in stained glass  
I see all the colors  
of myself,  
and one blue piece,  
the color you left

*~ Anna Holley*

A feeling these days  
I will not live much longer.  
But so what? Outside,  
the birch leaves turn up silver  
undersides to the wind.

*~ Richard Broderick*

night wind scatters the clouds  
the pale hunter's moon  
broken again and again  
on wind-wrinkled water  
so easily mends

*~ Ebby Malmgren*

all her things  
put into bags and boxes—  
face down  
on the elevator floor  
a tiny photograph

*~ Leatrice Lifshitz*

Through the metal detector  
poodle under one arm  
purse in the other  
so fragile...yet so strong  
home to France at ninety-three  
*for Yvonne Gaudriot*  
*Juan les Pins, France*  
~ *Sue-Stapleton Tkach*

A drizzly day,  
with yellow leaves pasted  
to wet black pavement—  
Returning the library books  
she left behind...

~ *Larry Kimmel*

waking at night  
rain on the windows—  
the neighbor's dog  
chained to its house  
is barking, barking

~ *Kaye Bache-Snyder*

as if sensing  
my unspoken guilt,  
the long finger  
of a mountain shadow,  
points right at me

~ *Anna Holley*

standing by the sill.  
I watch the wind as it jolts  
the limbs of the trees.  
tosses the leaves shaken off  
like acrobats in the air.

~ *Frederico C. Peralta*

strange but it is true  
I talk much with my neighbors  
more friendly after  
the decision we are soon  
to move away from this house.

*~ Aya Yuhki*

The late orange sun  
ignites the yellow, red leaves  
a peddler, cart full,  
sells villagers black eggplants  
and so, to each house, night comes.

*~ Rafael Jesús González*

for nine moons  
I haven't seen you  
yet I know  
you are more lovely  
the moon is brighter

*~ Watha Lambert*

His forehead  
furled when I missed a pill  
smooth now as gently  
he changes  
my bandage

*~ Marianne Bluger*

first snow  
home alone, yet  
yellow tulips  
in a cut glass vase  
on his upright piano

*~ Pamela Miller Ness*

A red-wing catbird  
in the dogwood searches  
this December dusk.  
The snow slowly fills the marsh  
I must cross to be near you

*~ Daniel Schwerin*

black crows  
screech over the field  
my young son  
looks up and  
covers his ears

*~ Arlene Ang*

I stand alone  
in these woods      pine trees  
drop needles and the wind  
stuffs the mattress  
upon which I will sleep

*~ Giovanni Malito*

the first poem I wrote  
where you and I used to sit  
viewing the green trees  
in the summer and autumn  
is now only a memory

for Ellen Rothberg  
In Memoriam

*~ Gerard John Conforti*

your birthday  
in the sky  
the paper plane  
I fold  
in an empty room

*~ ai li*

Birds in the chimneys  
trapped by curiosity  
send feathers floating  
as their wings flap to escape  
from our old Kentucky home.

*~ Elizabeth Fuller*

puddles  
in the gutter...  
a man sleeps  
in the darkened doorway  
of the pet shelter

*~ Michael Dylan Welch*

at dusk—  
beneath the kitchen light  
a winter cranefly  
my son pins down a long leg  
with the tip of his pencil

*~ Cherie Hunter Day*

toasted hazelnuts  
cracked open by the wood-fire  
I fill your bowl  
with their empty husks  
as you drive away

*~ Renée Gregorio*

A closed book  
And a broken fiddle  
Protest the silence  
In silence  
To the empty room.

*~ Jean E. Leyman*

Fats Domino sings  
on my stereo, captures  
how much I've missed you  
when he breaks up "loneliness"  
into two separate words

*~ Michael Jewell*

reading a book  
after the music stops  
it grows dark  
somewhere outside  
a car drives away

*~ Kylan Jones-Huffman*

standing alone  
in the frozen earth  
a shovel  
someone left for just a moment  
last spring

*~ Michael Cecilione*

abandoned railroad  
leading to the west  
different times  
when my grandparents played  
in this silent house.

*~ Stephanie Lyncheski*

Flings a shovelfull  
pauses, laughs in triumph:  
again no heart-attack!

Slow-falling population  
snow comes down and down.

*~ Barry Spacks*

true, there's wind  
and the house  
is crowded  
but the stout yellow candle  
makes a slurring sound tonight

*~ Jimi Weiss*

alone  
and yet not alone  
in the sickroom  
the faces of pansies  
the person who sent them

*~ Jane Reichhold*

How can I  
dwell on lost loves  
when this old dog  
runs so spiritedly  
through the newly fallen snow?

*~ James Tipton*

only days have passed  
since her husband's death—  
from the ground she picks  
a heads-up penny  
and puts it in my hand

*~ Jeffrey M. Witkin*

on the day  
my old girlfriend  
moves away,  
I change my calendar  
to a picture of spring

*~ Michael Dylan Welch*

blunting the edge  
of my jagged  
train of thought,  
the bluebird's  
intermittent twitter

~ *Kenneth Tanemura*

Blue and red china  
plates—I thought winter had put  
them all away. Wrong!  
Here's one anemone washed  
by the dripping hands of spring.

~ *Kenneth Pobo*

this morning  
no osteoporosis  
just a clear sky  
and all the time in the world  
at my window.

~ *Leatrice Lifshitz*

was it you who passed  
smiling wryly like a cat  
a split second caught  
in the corner of your mouth  
plump with ripe recognition

~ *Otilie Holman*

Mother has sent  
a photo of her facelift—  
behind her an  
ancient French cathedral  
covered with scaffolding

~ *George Swede*

old pine,  
every spring you drop  
another perfect branch  
and all I do is just  
lay down my pen

*~ Jeanne Emrich*

As slender as the  
snowy egret, love is there  
once you look up—  
graceful and pure, and certain  
to fly off in a moment.

*~ Peter Goodman*

awakened from  
a late afternoon nap  
a different pitch to  
the phone's ring  
when I know it's her

*~ John Sheirer*

he is the reason  
I awaken each morning  
if only to brush  
his lips  
with my eyes

*~ Pamela A. Babusci*

stumbling  
with her proud little bean plant  
the break in her face  
as she sees  
me looking

*~ Thomas P. Clausen*

She writes me  
a joyful letter  
about her new baby  
even including pictures—  
my former girlfriend.

*~ Tom Tico*

Memorial Day—  
placing plastic red roses  
on my mother's grave—  
Good Humor tune begins  
playing in the distance

*~ Harvey Watson*

morning sunlight—  
the aroma of coffee  
and Prince Albert smoke  
she tells me again  
of her son in Washington

*~ Harvey Watson*

With the promotion  
a corner office—  
two window reflections  
now vie for  
my attention

*~ George Swede*

after five years  
confessing my feelings  
for her  
almost inaudible  
the squeak of the swivel chair

*~ John Sheirer*

meadowlark  
your exuberant burbling  
silences me  
hours later  
in mid-sentence

*~ David Rice*

on the messy table  
his fortune cookie's  
crumpled message  
    her Mona Lisa smile  
    as she folds her tiny slip

*~ Rowan*

Shore alchemy  
changing bored children  
into water sprites,  
bored adults into  
builders of fine castles.

*~ Art Stein*

an errant firefly  
in the motel room—  
its light twinkling  
across the mirrors  
like shooting stars

*~ Elizabeth Howard*

sheet-draped window  
through the folds and creases  
a bright moon  
    turning away—  
    your white narrow back

*~ Harold Bowes*

The trees  
I can't name  
are emerald-green—  
the glance you cast I define  
eight different ways

*~ Kenneth Tanemura*

I was envious  
of my neighbor's flower pot  
his pride and delight  
circled by forsythia  
shaded by a rosebud tree

*~ Larry R. Brooks*

tribal sounds  
and the boom of drums  
the young ones are out  
getting old tonight...  
I'm getting younger

*~ Giovanni Malito*

in a narrow street  
an unshaven man  
pounds his palms  
again and again and again  
on the hood of my car

*~ Edward Rielly*

Is it the cell phone  
Or my cricket roommate  
Complaining all night?  
A rattling train rumbles by,  
Drowning out my tracking thought

*~ Edward Baranosky*

shaking rocky depths  
thundering water  
reverberates loudly  
through canyon walls  
my lofty pretensions

*~ Ann Horn*

the chair-rental man  
patrols wavelets with a net  
to tidy his beach  
when the surf has gathered red  
bougainvillea petals

*~ Paul Watsky*

sun setting  
swiftly meeting the horizon  
heat settles to earth  
he pulls his jacket  
around my bare shoulders

*~ Barbara MacKay*

as though you had  
sent the sun  
from your English garden  
these buttercups pressed  
between your letter of sorrows

*for Kevin Bailey, Editor*  
*The Haiku Quarterly*

*~ Linda Jeannette Ward*

so silent  
in the woods  
even the moldy tree stump  
grows a fungus  
of stiff white ears

*~ Michael Cecilione*

in Kodiak  
at the tip of the island  
an eagle  
perches on the fishing wharf  
and waits

*~ Marc Thompson*

creating a space  
in himself  
that can't be filled  
--his lengthy ritual  
seaside walks

*~ Thomas P. Clausen*

if tomorrow  
only brings sadness...  
I would like to float inside  
the heart of a calla lily  
and drown in its nectar

*~ Pamela A. Babusci*

Headed back  
from good-byes at the airport  
I keep checking  
in rear-view the sky  
where your contrail lingers

*~ Marianne Bluger*