

beneath the open
library window
she wakes slightly to stretch,
and beautifully
change position.

~ Thomas P. Clausen

A full moon
in the window
of the house

upon the hill
in the crack of my front door

~ Richard Marx Weinraub

Gray first day of Spring;
the crystals in my windows
cannot cast rainbows.
Is the sun at your window?
I am jealous – of the sun.

~ Rafael Jesús González

march earth rich and dark
brown scents of humus rising
promise bubbles up
your laughter erupts like a tree
burgeoning with sudden fruit

~ Otilie Holman

Reaching up,
she touches the first lilac bloom
of the season.
“Even if I’m meditating
let me know when you leave.”

~ Larry Kimmel

morning walk
earlier than usual
squirrels not out yet
 our dog tugs at my heart
 instead of a leash

~ David Rice

in a still wood
scattering father's ashes
at easter
rising up out of the brush
a wild turkey flies away

~ Jeanne Lupton

watching
the pear tree blossom
a new sorrow—
this year it is my turn
to leave

~ Cherie Hunter Day

Our eye contact
like a poem in me
a brief burst—
intense, unforgotten
mostly

~ Tanya Smith

out on a spring walk,
I notice a wildflower
too precious to pick—
what is, what will never be,
it seems at times, are the same

~ Fumio Ogoshi

But has the moon grown?
Is the spring somehow sweeter?
Or has my love tinged
the world, making it richer
through my pulsating senses?
after Ariwara Narihira

~ Bill West

a plain LaPush room
not fancy, no room service
nor maid nor phone, only

Conception, ladybugs flit
'round, blessing our decision.

~ Kara L. C. Jones

*To my young wife Yumi, on the day
of our marriage...*

A wise gardener
has planted young Sakura
next to old Maple.
Come Spring and Fall, they take turns
complimenting each other.

~ James Knepler

sitting beneath
the plum tree all day...
covered in white petals,
and yet, I'll still adore
its naked beauty tomorrow

~ Pamela A. Babusci

passing us
as we leave the christening
the old woman
and her pram
filled with groceries

~ Tom Hartman

walking in the woods
without a flashlight
toward a full moon meadow
each step brings me closer
to the day I was born

~ David Rice

below the wing
plains and pinnacles in sun
from sea to sea—
may it be a spring like this
on my last flight out

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

A woman rides by on her bicycle
her hair behind her,
sudden flame
of carp in a green pond
abandoning the shadows.

~ Christina Hutchins

her fingernails
long, strong, perfect
but yesterday she
bit one to the quick
and liked it

~ Jane Drichta

burdock root darkens
my fingers as I cut small sticks
bitter taste from youth
I long for the taste of earth
I long for the crunch, crunch, crunch

~ Shirley Kishiyama

in line
at the post office
I watch her
pen point search
for the last thing to say

~ Thomas P. Clausen

'na' means water
in the Athabaskan tongue
far to the north
Joanna the river guide
rides the wild Nenana

~ Marc Thompson

in front of me
down the twisting path
my daughters
running to the waterfall—
their youth falling behind

~ David Gross

sun
white clover
on a hillside—
a wilderness of childhood
haunts me

~ Rossmé Taylor

voices from the playground
echoing between
the screech of metal
conjuring up the vision
of swings

~ Carolyn Thomas

circling gulls
claim parking spots reserved
for condo dwellers
clinging to parasails
soaring near shell-strewn beach

~ Ann Horn

Water licks
hydra blue
our toes kiss
knob on knob
touching

~ Alyson Mosquera

warm breath on my back
your skin soft as apricots
a red peony
unfolding in my belly
reaches for the falling sun

~ Susan Bernstein

evening song
of the meadowlark
scraps of lyric verse
my only caress
until your lips awaken mine

~ Barbara J. MacKay

do I ever
appear in your dreams
or is the distance
between us too great
for heat to travel?

~ Art Stein

away from home...
long strands
of your hair
tangled
with my belongings

~ John Barlow

talking gibberish
in your sleep—
listening I miss
the crucial last line
of the late film

~ John Barlow

I slam the phone down
on yet another
solicitor
don't they know how badly
I wanted it to be you?

~ Susan Grigsby

the preacher's voice
rising and falling
as the cardboard fan
with the Moses face
parts the mosquitoes

~ Neca Stoller

Halfway up the mountain
three boys and a dog
take in the view—
white clouds spewing
from a '67 Chevy engine

~ Tanya Smith

tall tank of helium
with a gauge

off in a corner

a clown
loading his hatchback

~ Jimi Weiss

a mother duck
with five ducklings
almost as large as herself
still following her

late august

~ Leonard Alishan

matchbook collectors
don't do much once others hear
about unque lust
sulphurous paper trophies
brought by friends to fire friendship

~ Zyskandar A. Jaimot

Bird feeder, you call
and call. It's not even long
distance. If only some
chickadees would answer! If
only the squirrels wouldn't.

~ Kenneth Pobo

a moth clings
to the screen door
past midnight
just the two of us
in the tv light

~ Michael Cecilione

The hemlock's bough,
over the path
to the studio,
demands I perform
daily obeisance.

~ Art Stein

 catalpha blossoms
knocked down by the hard rain
 beginning to darken—
 your poems recited
 once again in my memory

~ Harvey Watson

I am as restless as the wind
while you sleep like
a floating waterlily...
how i pine for the return
of your affection

~ Pamela A. Babusci

room filled with evening,
little book of Buddha-sayings,

emperor-sized bed
shared by two lovers
so much empty space

~ Barry Spacks

reason enough
for the new lake,
the magenta sunset
spread across
placid sky and water

~ Elizabeth Howard

summer cattle
crowd the waterhole
in the shade
of the deserted
church steeple

~ David Gross

A lawn mower
cut short the Sabbath.
Dead ends
from leaves of grass
stick to everything

~ Daniel Schwerin

tiger swallowtail
fluttering at the screen door
in my childhood home
 a trace of dust
settles over everything

~ Cherie Hunter Day

Out of love but still
pretending to myself that
our last argument
never took place, I listen
for your breathing in darkness.

~ Michael Jewell

along her forehead
she traces a fine line
where the scar will be
I pray the surgeon's touch
will be as delicate

~ Joann Klontz

from his roof he sees
humpback mountains breaching
storm clouds in the west;
the tops of houses like ships
just before going under

~ Charles H. Johnson

almost as if
it cared for me,
gently comes
the wind of autumn
loosening my robe

~ Anna Holley

a moment ago
I thought you were near, Buddha
...or was it the wind
searching through the trees,
finding and losing the sun?

~ Linda Jeanette Ward

travelling alone,
“who is your companion?”
strangers ask of me—
asleep beneath an old tree,
the rustling of its leaves

~ Fumio Ogoshi

Fall, a black cricket
crosses my rented threshold
when the cold settles.

Hop away from my cupped hands—
no gold ring to prove I'm tame.

~ Valerie Nieman

On the old bridge:
"John loves Caroline".
Do you suppose
Mary points it out to him
whenever they pass nearby?

~ Jean Leyman

The lava lamp of
age, unplugged and cooling off;
the dimly colored
bulbs of wax that wane and whirl—
pool to the bottom.

~ Marc Kipniss

Mom thinks I am
my brother and my brother me
sometimes—not always—
and perhaps we are (a little)—
but he talks of investing

~ Paul O. Williams

their picture hangs framed
on a wall in the hall where
their children pass;
before there was a family
a man and a woman were one

~ Charles H. Johnson

our ladder propped
against the gutter—
you turn to see
if I am here
steading it

~ Michael Dylan Welch

in my daughter's house
shelves of old books
some well worn
 her childhood
 my childhood

~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson

on your return home
unpacking the bags I packed
with hidden love notes...
folded unused handkerchiefs
neatly back in the drawer

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

I wonder again
why you never write—
I remember you wondering why
one never sees summer rainbows
at noon

~ Michael Dylan Welch

does she sometimes pause
by the gate where we last touched
that vine-clinging girl
when we tore away
I could not look back

~ Watha Lambert

three full balckboards
yet the answer still evades...
just outside, the wind dances
branches scratch the windows
as if to draw me elsewhere

~ William E. Lee

the falling leaves,
piled here and there on the road
by a blast of wind,
I walk with unsteady steps
in the passage of seasons.

~ Aya Yuhki

in the front yard
the darkness settles
between the lit lamps
where I swept this morning
the hunching of a cat

~ Lenard D. Moore

I wake at midnight
hearing my daughter call me.
My heart beats faster.
Only one thing wrong with this:
she moved out a year ago.

~ Billie Morrill

a long shadow
follows behind me
on the road;
never will I be able
to outrun the past

~ Anna Holley

box after box
hailed up the stairs
no time
to think how
I shall leave you here

~ Connie Meester

in memory—
your phone number.
fading—
your everyday face
outside the snapshots

~ Ann Cooper

you used to dry your hair
near the window
by the cracked wall
how do I paint the room
and leave the cracks?

~ Norm Trigoboff

November twilight,
Jupiter near the half-moon
—drivers watch the road.
Most of what's happening
passes at the speed of light.

~ Peter Clement Davis

mandibles vibrate
stirred by gentle cold breathing
three caterpillars
yellow and brown striped bodies
race against the coming snows

~ Michael W. Blaine

my old neighbor's hands
trembling like trapped birds—
and who will tell me
all those old jokes, slurring through
them in a gravelly voice?

~ Paul O. Williams

Aged
she picks up maple leaves
holding them loosely
 between palm
 and chest

~ Tim Tico

with no one
in the sweet corn furrow,
a sagging scarecrow;
I consider entering
the wind

~ Lenard D. Moore

don't take me
into your old age
with you, mother—
even the waning moon
keeps its distance

~ Jeanne Emrich

winter dusk
over a deserted construction site
a single wire
ever so slowly
swinging

~ Philip Rowland

the hands of the sun
color the sky turquoise blue
outside my window
the old thermometer reads
zero...and I feel betrayed

~ Michelle Gerlt

Fifty foot pine tree
offers all the needles I want.
Very generous!
Except like this poem of mine
no one can find any use.

~ Jon Wesick

For entertainment,
I put my ear close to hear
my environment
resounding from the bottom
of a plastic container.

~ Mike Nickels-Wisdom

taking a walk
on Super Bowl Sunday
along empty streets—
hearing a vacuum truck
cleaning out the bank

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

Out of breath, I run
to catch the bus, failing which
I admit defeat
and watch the indifferent
clouds pass slowly to the west.

~ Michael Jewell

The city is mean—
I'm afraid of eviction.
A lone pigeon soars
over the brownstones
screaming black feathers.

~ LaVerne Williams

evergreens attend
the old graystone facade
of the burned church
on this Sunday
snow in the churchyard

~ Jeanne Lupton

visiting again
the cemetery
remembering
 the sadness
 at the first stone

~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson

Did he see his reflection
 in adoring eyes
 and lose perspective?
Or did he, like Icarus
simply fly too near the sun?

~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach

 with cohesiveness
long gone from this marriage
 I stick ticky-tack
 to the back
of our scheduled events

~ Jimi Weiss

not speaking
all the way home
measuring the silence
one telephone pole
at a time

~ Michael Cecilione

When the night grows long
and my eyes refuse to close
I conjure up scenes
from some other world
we once shared

~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach

the moon
and you have left me
in utter darkness
the call of a whippoorwill,
a passing train

after Hank Williams
~ Linda Jeanette Ward

overcast
we watch in silence
tugs push
the rusting warship on
towards the scrapyard

~ Kylan Jones-Huffman

dying animal
I would hush
the world
for you
if I could

~ ai li

leaving you
constant whine of turbines
flying high
over broken icy crags
resembling my heart

~ Kylan Jones-Huffman

Thirty-thousand feet:
sunrise so close
I can touch the light.
In such sheen (perhaps)
not so bad to die.

~ Pamela Miller Ness

the last train
in a dream
I get on it
with
the embalmer

~ ai li

in dead of winter
playing back the cricket song
we taped last summer
how simple life's rhythm
when only crickets sing

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

winter blossoms
so red,
so Van Gogh fresh,
along this snow-plowed
street

~ Sanford Goldstein

After feeding a stray
a bowl of milk
on Christmas Day

feathers
at my doorstep

~ Richard Marx Weinraub

fireworks blister
midnight sky
boom the new year in.
I stay at home
pat the dog, who shivers

~ Dorothy Winslow Wright

alone
at a table
in this huge mall,
and I feel, feel,
the size of my life

~ Sanford Goldstein

at the horizon
a fringe of winter bare trees,
a gathering of clouds,
and I wait, sleep-stunned, house-held,
for the sun's first touch of light

~ Dorothy McLaughlin