

Today
my forty-seventh-birthday ~
the translucence
of white azalea petals
in this unrelenting rain.

~ Pamela Miller Ness

so low in the sky—
amber moon
getting a word in
between
telephone wires

~ Philip Rowland

the evening walk
my brown dog tugs at his leash
pulling me forward
the halo of street lamps
illuminates our silence

~ Michael W. Blaine

Streetlights
illuminate the maples
from within...
was it so much, my love,
to expect the truth?

~ Larry Kimmel

Rising from your bed,
you leave the faint imprint of
your body's sweet shape,
dark leaves against a white sky,
a bough that sweeps a window.

~ Bill West

Listening to four
 notes of bird song repeated
incessantly, I
 try to ignore the silence
which remains after you leave

~ Michael Jewell

in the alder crowns
a thousand yellow ribbons
braided by the sun
no one present but me
this morning by the lake

~ Allan Dystrup

I leave the flowers
to bloom unmolested,
but in their slow way,
ripening, withering,
they pick themselves

~ Paul O. Williams

it was cruel enough
to lose a child in autumn
now I turn back the clock
on what would have been
another of his birthdays

~ Joann Klontz

cars angle
into crowded lot
honking wildly
a jagged wedge of geese
splits clouded sky

~ Ann Horn

blizzard bits
of monarchs
hit the windshield
as we head south

hazard toward a fall home

~ Stephanie Jones

Snow in the garden
in the gold October light?—
white chrysanthemums.
This memory will warm me
when come winter soon enough.

~ Rafael Jesús González

the storm
passing
over mother
not an empty room
is dry

~ ai li

wildly flowing no more
the stream
we made love by
choked
by storm-torn limbs

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

Sunlight
in a dream
has a quality of darkness
like November afternoons
looked at through a screen.

~ Rossmé Taylor

no love between us
you leave the gate
ajar
hinge rust
for breath

~ ai li

Crimson and scattered
as my heart—
petals of the last camellia
tracing frozen footsteps
from my door.

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

a swaybacked mare
stands in the far pasture
blanketed in pink and gray
your mother also
faces the coming storm

~ Joann Klontz

running back
through the wicket
letting the last train go
I was wrapped
with his coat

~ Yoshiko Takei

*For the Bosnians
For the Albanians*

Another war
another correspondent
becomes a poet—
from sod a bear, a small hand
clutches at the sky

~ Daniel Schwerin

winter winds blow
the creek water backward,
eddying about the boulders—
heron in the frosty reeds
unruffled

~ Elizabeth Howard

all those short nights
listening to the soft breaths
in the darkness
and now hearing only
the roar of the emptiness

~ Harvey Watson

I may outlive you yet,
precious friend, who feeds my muse
...winter claims us both.
a mourning dove calls to me
and I reply...not yet...not yet
for Francie Wilcox

~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach

In my dream
when I finally enter
the old house
windblown leaves
enter with me

~ Tom Tico

Her ashes placed
inside the marble wall,
reflections of ducks disperse
to resume their riotous
singular chatter.

~ Charles Trammell

visiting again
the cemetery
remembering
 the sadness
 at the first stone

~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson

“Everyone’s fine.”
“Everything’s the same.”
Dad, you and I
still have nothing to say
without Mom

~ Carolyn Thomas

Shakers long gone
from this settlement—
room to room
their quiet and order
released from oiled wood

~ Cherie Hunter Day

the white
rectangular spaces
on the walls
remind me even more of my losses
than the pictures I’ve removed

~ Leonardo Alishan

the Diana car
bounces again and again
like a pingpong ball
hitting against the dark wall
of the tunnel in Paris

~ Aya Yuhki

fault line
between the rocks' face
and freshwater foam,
that's where I'll leave
my old tiresome ways

~ Jimi Weiss

tuned in
to the peripheries
of Japanese life,
I periphery
my own

~ Sanford Goldstein

on the wall
a triangular path of light
half a square

under the present circumstances
I'd call this a very good day

~ Leonardo Alishan

Why should I pity
The cedar's ice-bent branches:
Overnight jewels
A winter filigree, green
Crystal brooch against the sun?

~ June Owens

remembrance
of the past year
with all its full moons
saffron stars &
taintless sheets

~ Pamela A. Babusci

Weakened by flu, I
hold this yellow banister
the way a morning
glory holds a sunny fence,
moving slowly—but moving

~ Kenneth Pobo

My footsteps lengthen
in the spaces between trees—
particles of cloud,
blackberry ravens calling,
Listen. Winter is going.

~ Elizabeth Biller Chapman

pink calla lilies,
are they more beautiful
than white?
since you departed
the world is translucent

~ Pamela A. Babusci

just before dawn
the moon slips
beneath the horizon
you and I brace ourselves
against the sounds of sunrise

~ Barbara MacKay

My fingers
above the keyboard
waiting—
my indulgent muse
late, as usual

~ Art Stein

dust
settling
on the country road...
the freshly painted mailbox
still empty

~ Michael Dylan Welch

not sure what he wants to do
our younger son announces
he'd rather not work
 I watch a brisk spring wind
 shake the pale-green leaves

~ David Rice

gusty breeze
plum-petal blizzard
on the page
I have been not reading
for hours, awaiting you

~ Ann Cooper

caught in
an April thunderstorm
he clutches
his calculus text
close to his heart

~ Mike Spikes

it was spring
but wind-driven rain
was so bad
and so good
we joined umbrellas

~ Watha Lambert

morning mist—
I slow down
on the sidewalk
to stay behind the woman
wearing my girlfriend's perfume

~ Michael Dylan Welch

this spring
that sycamore we scarred
with our initials
last summer
is showing no buds

~ Giovanni Malito

The original
of a manuscript for years
presumed lost, the song
of the white-throated sparrow
descending through the red pines.

~ Michael Jewell

trimming the white
borders from her nails
radiant morning light
from every window
in the house

~ Harold Bowes

That the lily
rooted in dank mud shows forth
so fresh a face
moves me to forgive myself
the sources of my shining.

~ Barry Spacks

Walking her home
for the first time...
Both railings
of her front steps
adorned with morning glories

~ Tom Tico

June
and the clouds paint
Jackson Pollock numbers
in monochrome
just for us

~ John Barlow

a day and a night
in million-year-old mountains
my door wide
to hear
the white butterflies

~ Jeanne Lupton

tracing pond ripples
back to their source...
it's a duck
diving for its breakfast
affecting this world

~ Carolyn Thomas

sitting alone
in the seaside café
my apple pie
arrives with an extra squirt
of imitation cream

~ John Barlow

by the telephone
i find the poem you wrote
following no rule
except that of the poppy's
perfectly round open shape

~ John Brandi

Arch Cape Oregon
the ocean kisses Japan
sandy sand dollars
agates and shells are exposed
the wealth scattered at my feet

~ Shirley Kishiyama

entering the littered room
I stoop to read
your crumpled note
 folding and unfolding
 a fan in all this heat

~ Doris Kasson

in my mind
dancing to music
of a tango,
holding a silk rose
without one mis-step

~ Anna Holley

almost midnight
the lingering smell
of her nail polish
and the steady hum
of the window fan

~ Lenard D. Moore

Small town library
among blooming maple trees.
Fyodor Dostoyevsky
screaming
in the stacks.

~ Peter Clement Davis

again the peacock's
piercing cry—
my Buddhist landlord
talks of committing
an unbuddhist act

~ Rich Krivcher

one man outdoors
one man in
virulent velvet
leaning against
the house not ours

~ Werner Reichhold

click, click
from the corner
of the coffee shop—
a woman flossing
tooth by tooth by tooth

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

airport—
how inconveniently
her husband stands
in front of
the girl I want to see

~ Harold Bowes

I don't lick my stamps,
Since they stick and self-adhere
To letters and bills;
But I miss that ritual,
The last glue yuk on my tongue.

~ Wesley Allen Riddle

Our old table
and the place hasn't changed
a bit—
if it wasn't for the glint
of her diamond...

~ Larry Kimmel

holding hands,
lying beside
an acacia once
cleaved in two
by lightning

~ Thomas Keith

small sailboats
in the ornamental fountain—
almost random
although I see the children
play hand of God, pushing

~ Penelope Greenwell

father bought
me a one-way ticket
from Toledo
to Denver—wanting,
too late, to thank him

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

summer rain
against the window—
her e-mail asking
to write renku
with me

~ Lenard D. Moore

Summer dusk—
only a thin screen
of separation:
the voices of katydids
and listener

~ Gary LeBel

a slight breeze
shakes the dandelion spores
see how I tremble
even your softest whisper
blows me all away

~ Michael Cecilione

in the fading light
of a smoggy summer day
a fisherman
walks across the river
where water used to be

~ Marc Thompson

From above
the irrigated farms'
circular plots—
a huge board game
with infinite solutions.

~ Art Stein

lone woman lingers
on ferry's afterdeck
dyed hair
red and orange plastic chairs
no match for the setting sun

~ Ann Horn

in this drought
only old trees with deep roots
find water

the way I looked for reasons
to stay with you all those years

~ Chuck Easter

More frogs than princes
 in my pond
though sometimes
 even my prince
 retrogresses

for Bill Tkach

~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach

is it perhaps
a sign from you,
that a white
flower or camellia
has fallen untouched?

~ Anna Holley

mouth
watering
all the time:
is it sexual?
is it death?

~ Sanford Goldstein

hurricane wind
skirled through the city, trash-can
lids soaring like Frisbees—
in the lee of a shopping mall
a small wet cat

~ Dorothy Winslow Wright

a vinyl doorsign
shouting, "The Party's Here!"
in four colors
breaks free of its Scotch tape
and crumples to the carpet

~ Paul Watsky

We feed the ducks
you & I
and
the laughing little boy you
have begun to become.

~ Pamela Miller Ness