

company
at the door—
the house's silence
slips away
as they enter

~ Dorothy McLaughlin

They shouldn't do it—
these paperwhites insist on
surging up too soon
for their own good. Stupid stems,
I'm ecstatic to see you!

~ Kenneth Pobo

thin black cat
looks up from water's edge
friend or foe?
how fragile this trust
when we first meet

~ Thelma Mariano

Mother-in-law opens
the family album
to my wife's teenage years.
Outside in the spring window
a lovely patch of iris.

~ Mike Dillon

Like the young beds of kelp
off the coast at Point Reyes
that sway with the currents
this way and that
your every whim moves me

~ Michael Mayo

Children laugh and cry
Everywhere they are playing
Wearing your faces
Singing your many voices
And you are not yet here

~ Charles L. Trammell

Your first grade drawing
of our clan on the prairie
colored carefully:
gentle blue sky so perfect—
space between us is a gift

~ Daniel Schwerin

arranging her girth
over the kitchen sink
she tells me again
where I came from
how far I can go

~ Doris Kasson

three girls
coming down the sidewalk—
one with new breasts
seeking my eyes
for just a moment

~ William M. Ramsey

April Fool's—
the daffodil
is golden
in its coat
of ice

~ John B. Ower

college students
sharing the kitchen
in three languages:
new slang, freshest acronyms,
internet jargon

~ Ronan

your even breathing
as you lie beside me
our love grows too
these spring nights
when leaves unfold

~ Cathy Drinkwater Better

how many times
will the wisteria blossom
before the vines reach
the chain link fence
that surrounds my property

~ Larry Kelts

another gray day,
a gloomy radio voice
predicts—
on the blanket of my bed
a pink slice of dawn lies

~ Ann Horn

Some on the surface,
others already melted
into the earth,
cherry petals dot
the damp forest path

~ Brook Zelcer

Nodding in the breeze,
reflected in the still pond,
the sweet narcissus.
Long ago, they tell, it was
a boy in love with himself.

~ Rafael Jesús González

through night rain
with the radio on
by the dash light
I study the man
with whom I am crossing the continent

~ Marianne Bluger

scattered clouds—
the pieces of bright sulfur
we place by the tracks
to mark
where our pennies are

~ Michael Dylan Welch

wary guinea hen
peers into wild-rose bramble—
how Grandmother searched
hayfields and ditches
for concealed nests

~ Elizabeth Howard

carousel horses
start and stop with the music—
the ticket taker
swinging from pole to pole
meets the charge head-on

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

power lines
casting long shadows
on the hot asphalt

a beetle lies still
in the shade of one strand

~ John Elsberg

by its light
a firefly reveals
its love,
like me forgetting
the dark intervals

~ Anna Holley

from the other room
you laugh and chirp on the phone,
my own private bird
each of your small squeals
an effective mating call

~ Paul O. Williams

painting the bedroom
nothing but the sound
of our two brushes
one filling in the silence
where the other left off

~ Michael Cross

At the wedding
The guests argue about love
Versus lust
I look at you in your hat,
Feel both.

~ Miriam Sagan

falling asleep together
on the phone
she murmurs
something about
horses having sex

~ chris gordon

our legs
intertwined
softly rubbing
putting crickets
to shame

~ Giovanni Malito

on that screen James Dean
and I were never lovers
but we could have been
like a car hurtling through night
lights off dangerous—like that

~ Zyskandar A. Jaimot

Through the bedroom
window, moonlight
arranged neatly
in twelve squares
on the floor.

~ Matthew Hohner

what is it about
the night of the full moon:
every birthing room full,
non-stop calls to 911,
you whisper please marry me

~ Rita Z. Mazur

a quick *sliph*
the foot through one pantleg
at a time
it seems we're much alike
after all

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

two toes forward
two toes backward
the roadrunner's X
reveals and conceals
the way he goes

~ Watha Lambert

My friendly sheepdog
jumps into your outstretched arms
A tongue licks stubble
Nose to nose, love is exchanged
I question who you visit

~ Sherain Veale

Kaleidoscoped sights
of prised pink-orange clouds
spin behind my lids.
Will you please stop jabbering
and admire the damned sunset?

~ Marci Sellers

Beautiful stranger
beside me on the train—
what is it about me
that keeps her filing her nails
for nearly fifty miles?

~ Tom Hartman

Clinging
to this great dream
desperately
groping along the shelf
for the damn alarm clock.

~ Art Stein

is Breughel's
Tower of Babel
the reason
my Japanese comes out
so tangled, so comic-inane?

~ Sanford Goldstein

cardboard Jesus
and a silver cross
dangle from
a rearview mirror
amid mangled metal

~ Ann Marie Mitchell

showing my daughter
my childhood 'fish' jackknife
she promptly says:
"I'll put that in your grave
when you die"

~ Thomas P. Clausen

my wife on one side
holding wrench to a nut
we tighten the bond
to ensure our survival
on those future voyages

~ F. Matthew Blaine

rising
the grass also rises
as if
we had never
lain here

~ Giovanni Malito

All morning
silence between us
red carp
invisible
in the downpour

~ Michael Cadnum

like a pigeon
landing on its one
remaining foot
I surreptitiously reveal
past infidelities

~ chris gordon

in the morning air
my hair loose not tangled
just your false words of love
twisted & knotted
choke me

~ Pamela A. Babusci

boardwalk restaurant
family groups out boating
egrets in seagrass
vacation ambiance
I don't fit in this picture

~ Joan Payne Kincaid

at twilight
a lone cyclist
on a back road
finds me
lonelier

~ ai li

I've lost track of time
and where I need to be—
a man with a hand truck
enters backwards
into the grocery

~ Chuck Easter

you run laughing
with your brother piggyback
through the waves
just so carry me someday
when I am old

~ Jeanne Emrich

Summer's end ~
saying goodbye
to the sandpipers,
I wipe the sand off
father's feet.

~ Pamela Miller Ness

I head out
into the stormy night
an old friend
still rocking on her porch
in my rearview mirror

~ Ann Horn

a stranger
I drive through a village
past a chapel with people
at a wedding
 or funeral...

~ Marianne Bluger

even without leaves
the tulip tree
has petalled candelabra—
autumn's cathedral
open to the sky

~ Myroslava

next to the scarecrow
and wondering
if this is the right place
to declare
my secret love

~ Thom Williams

Hush, noisy children!
Go play at my neighbor's door.
I need my cat nap.
(Why sleep and miss their laughter
For a few imperfect dreams?)

~ June Owens

walkers
on the hillside
bereft of bird song
by the music
clamped to their ears

~ Tony Beyer

After your
solitary walk,
I stole imprints of the night wind
from your cheeks
with soft kisses

~ Kenneth Tanemura

I kiss her goodnight
and roll over on my pillow
to face the wall
only the ticks of the clock
and the beat of my heart

~ Harvey Watson

Rainy fall morning.
I sit thinking about you
in the kitchen while
on the stove our three-minute
eggs rock with false life.

~ Richard Broderick

She's working
late again—
I read the poem
I wrote today
to the cat

~ Tom Hartman

autumn gusts
bring sweet music
from the windchime
on the porch
of my unfriendly neighbor

~ Jeanne Lupton

at the performance
my grown daughter dozes
for a few moments
her head against my shoulder
 my favorite part of the show

~ David Rice

before you move out
I lie in an empty bath
contemplating life
without even your back brush
and splashproof fish radio

~ John Barlow

on the fall wind
migrating monarchs cruise out
across the river—
their wings so fragile, their flight
so unhesitating

~ Paul O. Williams

Emptying the house
of thirty years of us
Dad asks me what I want
in my small-apartment life
to make room for

~ Laurie Tellis

it was probably
the stuffed marlin
mounted on a plaque
i let it go
all that shored up grief

~ Doris Kasson

my pen poised
above the notepaper—
no words come
for my friend
moving away

~ Michael Dylan Welch

a gravel road
following the river's curve—
the breast I don't have
 bouncing along with the one
 that's real

~ Leatrice Lifshitz

leaving...
far down this street
how bright the neon
in a place
I will never be

~ Harold Bowes

A calm morning,
each soft rush bent at
its own reflection—
 How empty the clear sky,
 now that you're gone.

~ Allan Dystrup

Leaving her sickroom
my shadow climbs
the subway stairs;
in the twilight sky
a gibbous moon.

~ Pamela Miller Ness

I've come again
to this oak-gripped bank—
who knows why?
recalling our last time here together
I watch a red leaf drift out of sight

~ Larry Kimmel

homemade ghosts
fill a tenement window
October morning
a bedraggled man
slowly crosses the street

~ Marc Thompson

The trees are aflame
Now blazing out of control
Oranges, reds, yellows
Flickering in the sunlight
Extinguished by winter winds

~ Tom Radoszewski

she said it was
on a hill, under a tree—
looking
for her mother's grave
my mother

~ Leatrice Lifshitz

my father
in the waiting room
watching fish—
his face sea-green
his eyes floating

~ Kaye Bache-Snyder

Car lights which intrude
through venetian blinds and cross
the ceiling nearly
convince me. There is a world
outside the walls of my room.

~ Michael Jewell

October frosts...
sitting at the kitchen table
with the checkbook—
gladiolas?
how long have they been here?

~ Del Doughty

No symptoms, yet the doctor
urges a brain scan
no way do I yield
let my brain alone, please
that's where I keep my secrets

~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach

recovering from migraine
I doze fitfully on the beach
a ghost crab
drags a bird's tiny skull
into its hole

~ Linda Jeannette Ward

one day
my age
more than hers
when she was gone
my older sister

~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson

taking therapy
my mother at eighty three
pushes her walker
down hospital corridor—
steadily moving away

~ F. Matthew Blaine

red-veined autumn leaf
clinging to a thread of twig
in final fusion
your trembling fingers hold mine,
then release me to winter

~ Joy Tucker

cloud swirls
circling a full moon
this winter solstice
while the lengthening darkness
is almost audible now

~ Marjorie A. Buettner

twilight's heavy shade
furls down too soon in winter,
not ready for sleep
we've hours yet to stare
into the folds of darkness

~ Susan Grigsby

you leave
nothing but empty nails
on the walls
nothing but snagging reminders
of nothingness

~ John Barlow

I am alone
at dusk
you make risotto
perfume
another life

~ ai li

a full moon
in a few days the blood will come
out of step with her
artificial
and forced

~ Deirdre Grimes

I fear for these hills
these embankments
soon they'll want to build
milli-cities, pico-cities
giga-cities

~ Jim Weiss

bitter winter storm
bus half an hour late
neighborhood kids still waiting
...recalling when I
worried from the window

~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach

in the endless
falling snow
nothing in my flower beds
is recognizable, even the
waxing moon has vanished

~ Pamela A. Babusci

I can no longer
promise to be faithful
in the winter wind
even the mourning doves are blown
this way and that

~ Cherie Hunter Day

Through white distances
broken by ice-fishermen
who stand at their holes
I walk the lake, leaving tracks
where the Ferry used to cross.

~ Michael Jewell

night fog
over the snowy bridge
over the river
Coltrane riffing
on the radio

~ Lenard Duane Moore

now that he's home
with his
university degree
he serves
French soup

~ Michael McClintock

a Democrat
with type A blood
details I never knew
until sorting through
my father's wallet

~ Joann Klontz

MLK Day—
thousands of marchers gather
at the state capitol
I too turn toward the sound—
this flapping of flags

~ Lenard Duane Moore

A pedestrian
slips and slides
on the frozen river
 summer ripples
 under ice

~ Joanna M. Weston

there should be a poem
in the grandeur of this church
almost a cathedral
an ancient leafless oak
shelters a sparrow

~ Marc Thompson

I never pranced
a Bovary crying
“I have a lover!”—
no, it was quiet,
it was sad

~ Sanford Goldstein

how without
mercy
the children play
at twilight, outside
the graveyard

~ Michael McClintock

from the sea
tide pools gather castaways
I long to join them
cradled, until high tide
and the journey out

~ Barbara MacKay

as long as it lasts
in the winter storm
the bell on the deck
beaten by wind

~ Lewis Ashman

Spring again leads to
mornings with full sunshine and
blue Seattle sky
but the mountains still carry
the snows, cold with my son's death.

~ Kara L.C. Jones

After
a whole slew
of colorful clouds at dawn
the crows
caw

~ Tom Tico

This life—
the clatter of golden bells...
fools!
I want to sleep
under this old homely tree.

~ Sun Zhongen

am I to end as dust?
very well, let me float
in the morning sunlight
set me aswirl
with your laughter

~ Jeanne Emrich