

I suppose  
anything can happen  
in this world  
where wind in the leaves  
sounds like rain

*~ Thom Williams*

where the woods  
give way to broomsedge  
and spent apple trees  
his ballerina daughter  
leaps once, twice

*~ Dave Russo*

walking away  
your back small and erect  
the wind  
dissolving your child's words  
that I was trying to catch

*~ Caroline Gourlay*

disappointing the dog  
I leave to do errands  
without her  
strangers' pets ask to be petted  
as I walk from store to store

*~ David Rice*

wind I will not hurry  
to this wedding while  
I am still unwed...  
autumn leaves keep  
falling endlessly

*~ Pamela A. Babusci*

kneeling on the ground  
as if praying to the gods  
lower back breaking  
another fall ritual  
with chrysanthemums

*~ Joan Payne Kincaid*

all afternoon  
an old friend and I  
catching up on history  
--the cat plays  
with a bottle cap

*~ Robert Kusch*

his face  
the color of ash,  
yet, still we talk—  
rose petals miss the table's edge  
fall to the floor

*~ Carolyn Thomas*

You raised me high  
to pluck the best apple—  
Winesap, I think,  
your white shirt  
my only beacon.

*~ Karen Weissman*

There was a garden here,  
a tree that I remember—  
Won't you come and see  
loneliness? Just one yellowed leaf  
the color of your hair?

*~ Rossmie Taylor*

is it the tree  
or the leaf that knows  
just when the stem  
should separate  
and the leaf fall

*~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson*

the mannequin  
in the hat shop window  
has lost its body,  
each day the hat you wore  
wants more imagination

*~ Larry Kelts*

from station wickets  
city lights dull  
people dispersing  
in all directions  
with bent backs

*~ Aya Yuhki*

You are not  
in my thoughts  
but after a five hour flight  
just about to unpack—  
one cat hair on my sleeve

*~ Michael Cadnum*

contrails split the sky  
west to east toward daybreak  
I wake alone  
not even your fragrance  
lingering in the bedclothes

*~ Yvonne Hardenbrook*

after an evening  
playing maj jonn  
in my dream I hear  
“discard the green dragon”  
as if I could still win...

*~ Miriam Sagan*

the garden  
where I played  
as a child  
among tomatoes and beans  
...black and white now

*~ Giovanni Malito*

silence  
pooling around me  
and dreams  
everyday my children  
wake with a different face

*~ Marjorie A. Buettner*

white mountain  
with pines bent eastward  
blasting wind  
so this is the sound  
of the earth breathing

*~ Phillip Woodruff*

let us leave  
the mountaintop in fog  
another world  
far below the tree line  
something shining

*~ Yvonne Hardenbrook*

next door  
the lovemaking  
subsides  
stars fall  
from other worlds

*~ Michael McClintock*

Under street lamp  
my two shadows  
collapsing into me  
admitting  
darkness

*~ Guy Simser*

Ten-year-old boys  
tunneling  
with No. 10 can tomato cans  
under barbed wire fences  
Heart Mountain Relocation Center, 1943

*~ Margie Taketa*

two venerable  
plane trees have escaped  
his pruning shears—  
we untangle our feelings  
my daughter and i

*~ Giselle Maya*

Your laughter  
fills the night air.  
Another winter  
on our knees for pinon  
before snow.

*~ Barbara Robidoux*

the circus would rest  
winters in florida sun  
banyan trees gave shade  
animals and performers  
drowsing in winds of applause

*~ Zyskandar A. Jaimot*

a gloomy Sunday  
I sip my wine  
and watch the rain  
once on such a day  
it was the time for love

*~ Betty Kaplan*

in the darkened room  
the tv screen and I  
both seem to float  
even when you are here  
even then...

*~ Cathy Drinkwater Better*

If she were with me,  
moonviewing and rye whiskey  
from a paper cup  
instead of from the bottle,  
Elvis on the radio

*~ Michael Nickels-Wisdom*

no longer  
in love with the blueness  
of your eyes  
now I look at the sky  
only when it's gray

*~ Stanford M. Forrester*

night will follow rain  
I dry a plate  
sit down to eat  
at the table  
with six chairs

*~ ai li*

I'm just saying  
how good it is to see her  
when suddenly  
she sticks out her tongue—  
catches a snowflake

*~ Larry Kimmel*

the ache of all  
that's untranslatable...  
advancing cars blooming  
dust, left  
raised above the road

*~ Philip Rowland*

in the used book shop  
buying back his own book  
inscribed to a friend  
he forgets the bad reviews  
and the good ones too

*~ Giovanni Malito*

From troubled sleep  
I wake to hear  
the baby's rising screams—  
is her bedroom always  
darker than my own?

*~ Penny Harter*

i note the small arrows  
pointing down  
that my doctor makes,  
as he notes the cause  
of my parents death

*~ Thomas P. Clausen*

Awakened by fear  
kitten blind in the blue black hour  
my flesh gravitates  
to find in your warmth  
my window to sleep

*~ Kathryn T. S. Bass*

my mother called it  
that halo around my brain  
I'd like to call it  
that, but Alzheimer's is  
the doctor's diagnosis

*~ Barbara Maloutas*

a whim bids me look  
beyond the frayed arm of my chair.  
who wanders out there?  
it is old brook under ice  
remembering its springtimes.

*~ June Owens*

How does such thick ice  
old enough to have turned white  
from many thawings  
and refreezings under the  
sun and moon,  
harden your pond?

*~ Bill West*

it was an experience  
I'll never forget  
my frail mother tells me  
sipping her tea  
asking again for my name

*~ Doris Kasson*

In this ensemble  
I fudge most of the notes but  
Do the rests just fine  
If you listen very hard  
You can hear my silences

*~ Jean Leyman*

knee-bent  
I rub the rough cloth  
on the stained tile  
as if trying to remove  
even this fingered self

*~ Sanford Goldstein*

Gathering  
mother's things to take  
to the morgue  
I place her wedding ring  
on my other hand.

*~ Pamela Miller Ness*

dolphin on the beach  
its mouth  
frozen slightly open—  
if only I'd held back  
those wounding words

*~ Linda Jeannette Ward*

the doorknob  
of the Jurassic Museum  
is icy cold  
as if it rejected me,  
a Homo sapiens

*~ Mari Kunno*

entering the door  
a heavy floral scent  
wraps around us  
as smothering  
as the grief

*~ Joyce Sandeen Johnson*

37 years after her death  
a sale of gowns  
beads  
in the light  
long diminished

*in loving memory MM*  
*~ ai li*

Anne Frank,  
how you scribbled,  
endured,  
and now I tramp up these stairs  
they hurried you down

*~ Sanford Goldstein*

this road  
connecting to another  
that to another  
until reaching the spot  
where I will turn cold

*~ William M. Ramsey*

after my mother's death  
why does the mourning dove  
awaken me every morning?  
perhaps to console me with  
words she never said

*~ Pamela A. Babusci*

Written in my youth  
used now as kindling,  
my old poems burn ~  
lackluster literature  
they make a beautiful light.

*~ Richard Cody*

Tiny lanterns burn  
on thin gray stalks in the cold—  
red winterberries.  
Small, frequent celebrations  
give warmth and light up the dark.

*~ Rafael Jesús González*

the alarm goes off  
at 5 a.m. to let him  
catch a plane. He groans  
through dressing, but what  
a sunrise! What a sunrise!

*~ Paul O. Williams*

waiting first cut  
my ragged lawn glistens  
in emerging sun  
iridescent snow melts  
on forsythia booms

*~ Ann Horn*

The snow's melted. Still,  
my neighbor's forsythia  
can't shake off winter:  
bright yellow blossoms cling to  
branches strung with Christmas lights—

*~ Maxianne Berger*

our new cat  
sleeps within  
the ghostly outline  
of her revered  
predecessor

*~ Tony Beyer*

Dumb in the  
dark April cold  
the bee hits  
the same blossom  
over and over again

*~ Brook Zelcer*

Oh young greens  
Now I sit on you  
feeling sorry  
but how nice  
to feel you

*~ Nobuhiro Sato*

wanting to linger  
with my uprooted tree  
I sat down  
immediately two ants  
routed me from their castle

*~ Watha Lambert*

my life  
resumes  
a kink  
in the toothpaste tube  
kneaded out

*~ Michael McClintock*

small shock  
of finding a daffodil  
in a wild hollow  
will she feel less lonely  
if I take her home?

*~ Melissa Dixon*

Art show.  
Other pieces. Hung.  
Complete.  
Art student's perfume  
has possibilities.

*~ H. Edgar Hix*

sheen on the back  
of swallows diving  
in a cloudless sky  
I want to neglect this work  
and reinvent myself

*~ Cherie Hunter Day*

Sinsei pushes my  
clasped hands lower on my chest,  
my elbows tighter  
to my sides. How ecstatic  
to not be something you're not.

*~ Marion Lee*

clearly I'll have no  
brilliant career in  
knowledge management—  
walking around all day  
budgie feathers on my head

*~ Ruth C. Holzer*

shaking my hand  
his look of disdain  
I wonder what she did  
the girl  
who looks like me

*~ Doris Kasson*

her number  
on a scrap of paper  
    the sound of a tap running  
    from the next apartment—  
the weight of the phone

*~ Michael Dylan Welch*

If we could we stay like this—  
dawn rain  
my neighbor  
trying forever to  
start his car

*~ Michael Cadnum*

on my son's fourteenth  
two peacocks strut  
in our neighborhood  
their owner trails behind  
trying to guide them home

*~ Joann Klontz*

when we were children  
we sang, blue bird, blue bird  
in my window  
    bluebird...  
    I barely knew a sparrow

*~ Leatrice Lifshitz*

an evening walk  
with my son—  
so soon I will lose him  
to a curve  
of smooth shoulders

*~ Gary LeBel*

Logging hours  
on the Broadway local  
bound to visit you  
in those early glory days  
when everything seemed possible

*~ John K. Gillespie*

This rainwater pool  
reflecting lofty cypresses  
seems deep enough—  
so does this love, and yet  
it could change tomorrow

*~ Doris Heitmeyer*

Noah sent a dove  
for a place to sustain life.  
On the psych ward floor  
the holy in me sees  
the holy in you

*~ Daniel Schwerin*

rainy season seems  
to last for centuries  
I go out into the garden  
looking for the tree  
the rain hasn't touched

*~ Peter Jansen*

I am alone  
with the sound of rapids  
constantly churning  
tonight this river  
will not sleep

*~ Thelma Mariano*

moonless night  
over pillars and beams  
hanging jasmine  
where clustered stars touch clouds  
I trace new constellations

*~ Debra Woolard Bender*

Sister's apartment  
filled with brother-in-law's  
science, maps, ideas  
and her writing, books, journals  
--creativity entwined.

*~ Stephanie DiBari*

together we carry  
this four-poster bed—  
stopping on the driveway  
we both notice a bee  
penetrating a rose

*~ Michael Dylan Welch*

smiling  
behind a finger  
pressed to your lips  
licking the cream  
from profiteroles

*~ Andrew Detheridge*

my girlfriend spreads out  
in the steaming bathtub she  
laughs when our boycat  
leaps upon the edge to lap  
hot mouthfuls of human soup

*~ Noah Hoffenberg*

A blade of grass  
morphs to fields, forests,  
beasts, villages.  
Life too short to finish  
drawing that single leaf.

*~ Gary Blankenship*

I don't trust sweet peas.  
They take over, have no sense  
of other's space. Just  
today I saw tendrils grab  
onto a rose cane. What next?

*~ Kenneth Pobo*

a trimmed little shrub  
mutilated  
to look like a man  
anthropomorphic criminals  
have moved into our neighborhood

*~ Leonardo Alishan*

All the way from L.A.  
a blooming orchid plant  
    for mother's birthday...  
almost made it home until  
the blooming luggage shifted

*~ Sue-Stapleton Tkach*

The weight of the bricks  
has buckled the cement slab  
on which the thing sits:  
a behemoth barbecue  
from – ah! – nineteen sixty-two.

*~ Richard Stevenson*

summer evening  
walk along the lake  
holding hands  
like the teenagers  
we never were together

*~ Stephen S. Engleman*

Dawn.  
I peel willing petals  
from each  
of the long-stem roses  
you brought me last night.

*~ Pamela Miller Ness*

The summer night  
must be dreaming...  
Look at all those white  
butterflies swarming  
around the moon.

*~ June Moreau*

enough distance  
to circle the globe  
an arctic tern  
flying all those miles  
without any baggage

*~ Cindy Tebo*

the scarf slaps and flails  
as if it is his arm  
and that man checking the lines  
for walleye pike  
is drowning in all that blue blue

*~ Gwen Williams*

bright moment  
just before noon  
night lingers in the stairwell  
air cool as a silver flute  
running down minor scales

*~ Christina Hutchins*

Girl in cool white  
who lives in the museum painting  
always serene—  
but what if the artist's brush  
had red-lined a locked door?

*~ Carol Purington*

guided home  
in the summer dark  
arrowroot  
how to bear the burden  
love sets on my back?

*~ Jane Reichhold*

Heat that blurs, silver  
on the Interstate, the hawk  
that circles, harassed  
by blackbirds, the tension felt  
all day, waiting for the storm.

*~ Michael Jewell*

through open doorways  
summer wind enters our house  
to disturb the dust.  
I am stopped in my sweeping  
blown in many directions

*~ Joy Hewitt Mann*

on a steep rocky trail  
in a fierce rainstorm  
I slip and fall  
face to face  
with a magenta orchid

*~ Dorothy Joslyn*

the dark spot  
on my father's x-ray  
growing  
a scatter of weeds  
in the summer heat

*~ Marc Thompson*

hummingbird lost  
in the garage ceiling—  
how confusing  
stairs, wings, corridors, exits  
in the office complex

*~ Elizabeth Howard*

emptying drawers  
full of loose photographs  
there we are  
at the beach at Point Reyes  
standing apart

*~ Peggy Heinrich*

As she shares again  
her late husband's opinions,  
bees bury their heads  
in the bright colored blossoms  
of the nodding hollyhocks.

*~ Nancy S. Young*

how many summers now  
without even a thought  
for the june bride?  
the pregnant belly of a girl  
crosses the wine bar window

*~ John Barlow*

After the picnic  
staying outside till twilight  
From the hill  
I no longer climb  
the wood thrush does not sing

*~ Carol Purington*

late july  
but already  
the black-headed gulls' faces  
fading  
to gray

*~ John Barlow*

my hotel window  
overlooking the lake  
is nailed shut—  
I imagine the call  
of that solitary loon

*~ Kaye Bache-Snyder*

all our furniture  
moved out of the house  
we've sold—  
for the first time the words  
you speak to me echo

*~ Mike Spikes*

What should be done  
about the wild morning glory  
twined through the rosebush,  
its pink flowers trumpeting  
along the dying branches?

*~ Dorothy McLaughlin*

warm summer day  
and what a surprise to see  
a flock of geese heading  
south long before my neighbors  
make their annual journey

*~ Edward Rielly*

Cutting the roses  
I planted for her  
I've no use  
for the blossoms  
no need for the thorns

*~ Jeff Swan*

In the afternoon  
of an August day the sun  
sinks unattended—  
I rush to the garden bed  
sole witness and next of kin

*~ Douglas Roberts*

buzzing cicadas—  
a warm breeze rustles leaves  
outside my window  
so soon the winter will come  
to take away these days

*~ Michael W. Blaine*

unconcerned with time  
among the old, worn headstones,  
the neighbor's cows graze  
in ripples of meadow grass  
and the turning of the tide.

*~ Edward Baranosky*

thru the turbulence  
in this small plane  
I try to shape the outcome  
writing this poem  
about a safe landing

*~ Harold Bowes*

Morning road  
go careful over the hill  
not knowing what's next  
a tractor going slow  
or a pheasant, fast.

*~ Maureen Halligan Tobin*

if i could walk this moonpath  
ebbing to your distant shore—  
would i find you there  
yearning to follow  
the same shining trail to me?

~Linda Jeannette Ward