

hedgerow #100

a journal of small poems



EDITED BY CAROLINE SKANNE

'head in the clouds'

hedgerow --

100 starlings

rise up

sunlight in the silver birch

so much laughter

a cooling breeze

through shrubs and trees . . .

my head in the clouds

waning sun . . .

a ladybird enters

the conversation

hidden in the hawthorn

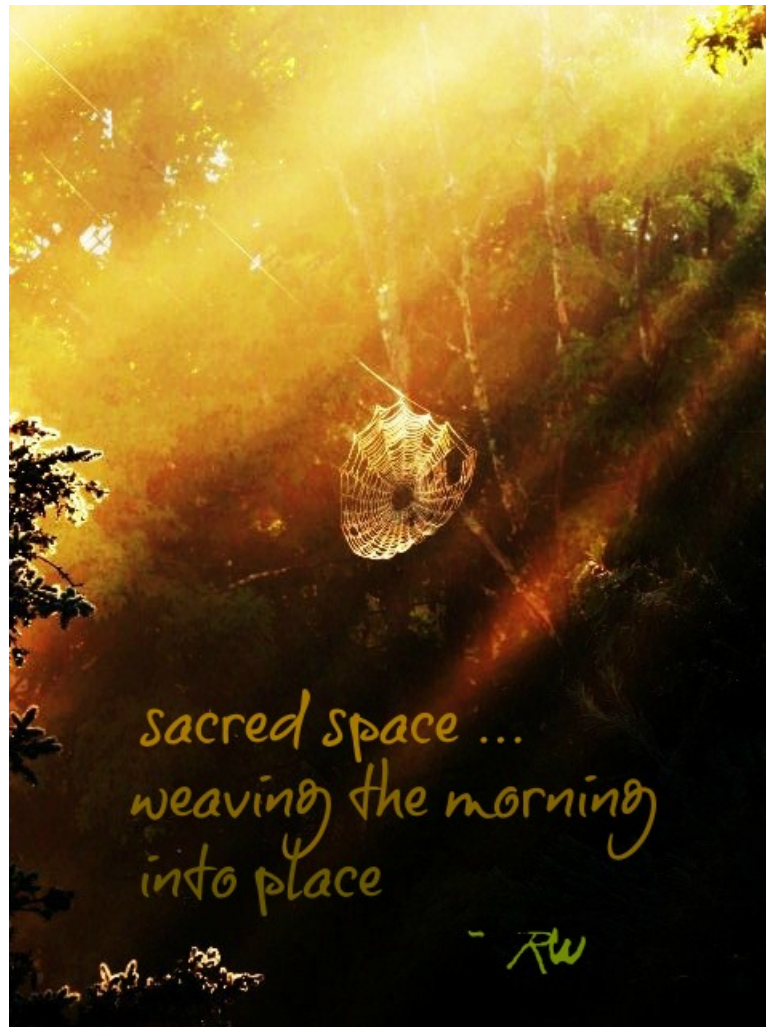
sparrows rustle the shadows

last scraps

of twilight vanishes

with the fox

Bill Waters & Caroline Skanne



Robin White

a morning w/o birds
I haven't been on a bus
for 30 years

switching off the phone
a song starts up
in my belly

past her bedtime
my niece wants to know where
fireflies sleep

no mention
of hope or destiny
sea spray

trying to remember
the last time I found a love note
on my windshield

Robert Epstein

Ripples in Wood

bloodwood leaves
drift past
the song maker

*under the canopy
green sunlight*

desert thunder
red gums brushed
with steam

*summer haze
grazing emus
under a casuarina*

carved circles
on the sacred tree

*ironbark
season by season
ripples in wood*

**Ron C. Moss
& Simon Hanson**



Ron C Moss

Ron C. Moss

the sudden weight
of all the moments
I never fully
lived ---
autumn rain

struggling to make sense
of it all ---
the dead butterfly's
silence
lingers on

bamboo flute ---
speaking my heart
to a moonless sky

Paul Smith

baroque music
a light in the distance
shines into the room

quilting patterns
mixed feeding flocks
circle the marsh

by the fountain
a toddler pockets
his pennies

Devin Harrison

baked pumpkin seeds
my oldest asks if I believe
in ghosts

explaining zen
to a ten-year-old...
gibbous moon

Elizabeth Alford

at last
above the clouds
a view of Fuji

Japanese spa...
his towel bigger
than mine

singin' in the rain field crickets

Tim Gardiner

a couple of oceans withheld on a first date

it makes
a lot of sense
visiting the broom

the way
you wear
that trickling stream

in the mirror made to look like water

Elmedin Kadric

brushes by size
in jars
by size

open mic night
the harmonica player
starts to sing

Tom Sacramona



*the stillness
of one hundred herons . . .
my quiet mind*

words/image © DStrange

Debbie Strange

Ghost Dance
the white horse
casts a shadow

my son trying
to sound it out . . .
evening snowfall

crows talking
over us talking
over each other

Chad Lee Robinson

derelict church
the moon showing
its bomb damage

one last pizza stop
in the warmth of an evening
a cyclist calls home

snowdrops
-- a crow falls
from the moon

Alan Summers

calloused hands
the deep forest within
a life of its own

crossing the border
crows of indistinguishable
nationality

morning talk
of aches and pains
burnt toast

Tuesday's pill
I rewrite
my future

Nika

blasting wind...
a spider's thread falls slack
between the reed heads

pre-dawn frost...
a flicker of light
in the bull's nostril

another winter...
the dog tears the fabric
from a tennis ball

deeper
and deeper still
pine scent

Paul Chamber



Veronika Zora Novak

a skin of ice
brings the moon
into it

about meds
the eyes shut tightly
in his praying face

deep woods
an understory
of pines

Dan Schwerin

same old jokes
the slight curve
of a smile

almost Christmas
riding home
on father's shoulders

departure day
the darkness
returns

the silence
between words
says more

Rachel Sutcliffe

summer birth
the cat I hold
like my child

hours
lost in memory
first child

muddy puddles
cold rain
against my calves

twigs across a puddle
my son builds a bridge
for the fire ants

Christina Sng

my old friend for a second i forget her name

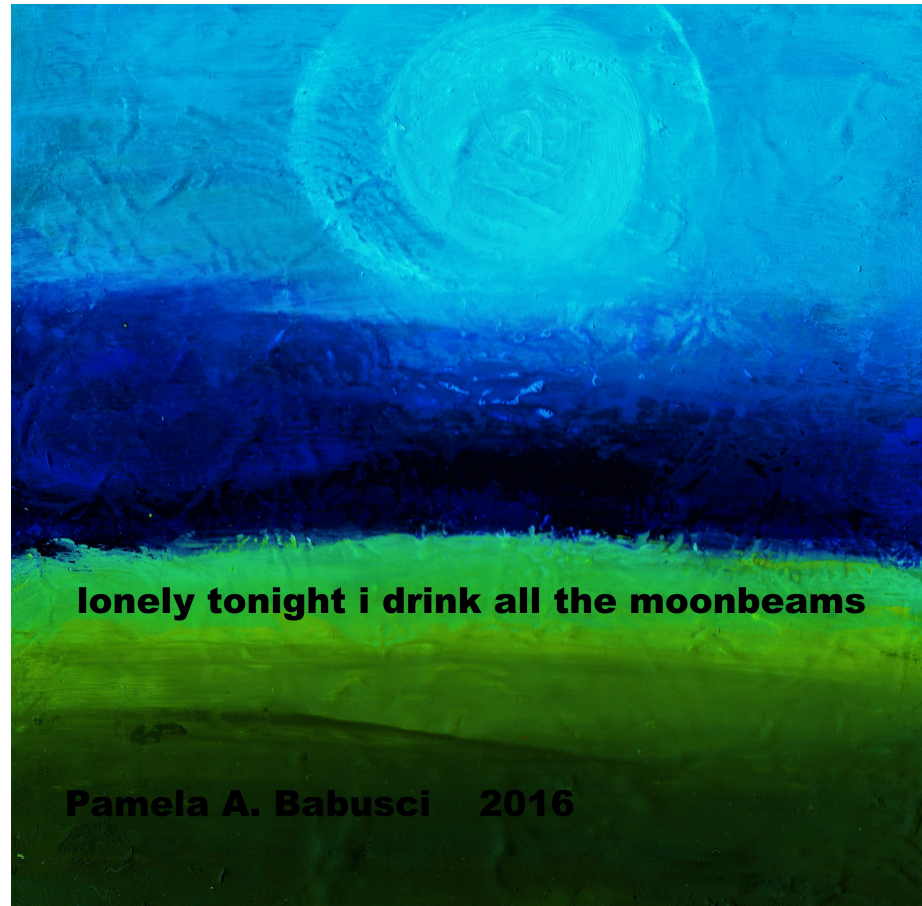
quick before it's too late ripening avocado

cousins the same brown eyes the same big ears

pond walk making a bouquet of duck feathers

running — he drops his muffin but catches the bus

Zee Zahava



Pamela A. Babusci

purple streaks in the busker's hair wild violets

I inhale
and my lungs fill up
with bees
though all hope is lost
there is still this hum

night blindness moonbeams tangled in your lashes

we slept
beneath a star blanket
that summer
and washed our faces
with morning dew

Debbie Strange

after rain
and all the tears
I will dig
in fertile soil
plant tulip bulbs

sparrow wings and ginger tea comfort

scrolling
through my photos
1,000 moons

Carole Johnston

in the mist

not knowing if I'm

COMING or going



Mike Keville

working up a sweat
he spots an ex
at the Y

second lap
someone's alarm
still running

digital cleanse
look at all these crumbs
on the kitchen floor

her small hand in mine
the suspended skeleton
of an early whale

Ian Willey

foggy dawn
I fall in love
with his image of me

new town
I settle into
my old self

winter moon
finding a friend
in my shadow

falling leaves
one by one I shed
my attachments

a child's laugh
bubbles up in me-
cherry blossoms

Debbi Antebi

wanting nothing
more or less
solstice moon

trickling down
the snow-lined stream
sunset colors

hospital chapel
I pray to the God
she believes in

Rick Tarquinio



*not doing...
my mind wanders
to still water*

Mike Rehling

the weight
of his touch
bare branches

whispered prayer
a snowflake fades
from her hand

waning moon
trying so hard
to be full

one by one leaves bleed your last goodbye

Julie Warther

mental ward
the girl who sees dead people
smiles my way

candlelight vigil
a mourner's
frozen breath

hard to swallow
this tiny pill
I can't live without

Chase Gagnon



Caroline Skanne

crescent moon
the first drop of water
on a stone

falling leaves
on an old to-do list
today's tasks

ginko
poets before me
and after

scarlet leaves
a black umbrella turns
inside out

northern lights
a white advent star
goes green

Anna Maris

shrugging off
woodsmoke
autumn dusk

filtered sky
through the arbour
blue wren song

on the verandah
her breasts overflow
early moonrise

Marietta Jane McGregor

a matchbox
rehousing ladybirds
in a new shrub

autumnal sunset
who will blink
first?

no rush
to say good-bye
this quiet sunset

Iliyana Stoyanova



foggy morning
our steps fade away
in the autumn rain

Iliyana Stoyanova

publication credits

p. 27 'lonely tonight' by Pamela A. Babusci, poem only appeared in Frogpond, spring, 1995.

p. 37 'every autumn' by Caroline Skanne, poem only appeared in otata 11, November, 2016.

p. 41 'foggy morning' by Iliyana Stoyanova, haiga appeared at a haiga exhibition in Oct 2016 as part of the 27th Days of Japanese Culture in Bulgaria and was also shown on Bulgarian TV.

hedgerow #100 a journal of small poems
Copyright © 2016 Caroline Skanne

all rights revert to respective authors & artists upon publication. no work featured here may be used, copied, sold or distributed elsewhere without permission.

www.wildflowerpoetrypress.wordpress.com

hedgerowsubmissions@gmail.com

front cover photograph & design: Caroline Skanne
editor: Caroline Skanne