## hedgerow

a journal of small poems

#101

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garden plots the (quirky) yearnings of a city

wind wheels the breath of a mammoth

Dreaming The Language Of Quanta

**Dietmar Tauchner** 



**Chase Gagnon** 

Instagram stranger the Russian cats' serious faces

yesterday's snow the butter on my toast sinks in

winter park blue lights and white wings flashing

longest night a horse whinnying through the gale

feeling better she asks to die

**David Serjeant** 

my childhood home who are those ghosts in the window once I was someone I knew

the new me
out of range
of the old
climbing over the hill
and far away

Robert Epstein & Joy McCall



**Chase Gagnon** 

after Christmas . . . planting tangerine pits in a pot

my primary school on a class bench the heart pierced by an arrow

Marta Chocilowska

how i used to wish for things... leaves in the wind

the way the brush passes over and through it rice paper

my still mind sees it clearly movements on the moon

## Michael Rehling

she knew the trees by their leaves, he, by their bark – a man for all seasons

– a summer love

penny-brown oak leaves shiver under a sun the color of frozen butter – so sorry not to have been there when needed

**Larry Kimmel** 

the petal caught on a thorn--winter moon

David He Zhuanglang

recycling every Thursday we argue about putting out the bins

Louise Hopewell



**Chase Gagnon** 

asking his opinion not wanting his opinion old snow

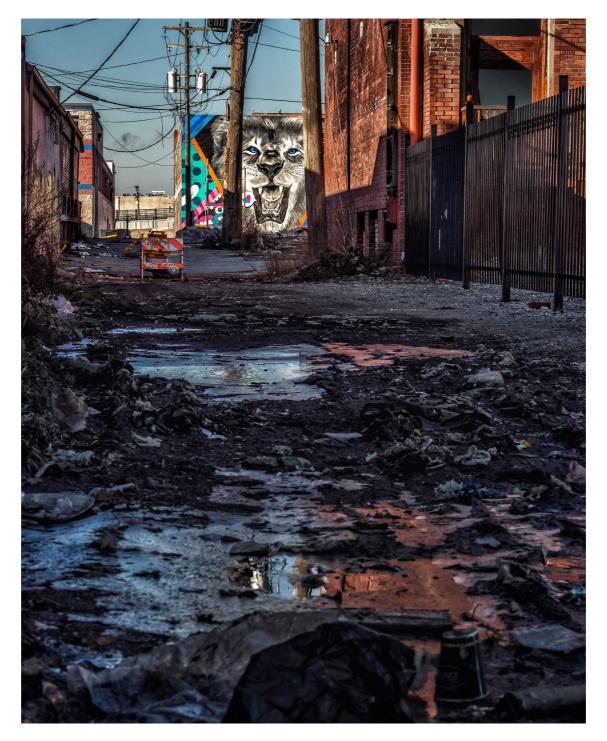
meadow tilt the shed branch of a far elk antler

**Tony Burfield** 

depth of winter he closes his camp box for the last time

dusking sky she tells the story one more time

Lynn Edge



**Chase Gagnon** 

All Saints' Day: a small superman costume on the barrio balcony

rushing to lunch I pass a homeless woman her sparkly sandals

night of Cohen's death salsa dancing my grief

Maeve O'Sullivan

the heat of her touch bending spoons

the moth returning to the window evening rain

evening heat the rise and fall of the fiddle bow

Ben Moeller-Gaa



**Chase Gagnon** 

last cigarette I lasso the stars with smoke rings

breathing in these old trees that will outlive me

all the times
I let myself die...
the old concrete
bursting to life
with dandelions

**Chase Gagnon**