

# 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

DreamingTheLanguageOfQuanta

**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**