

hedgerow

a journal of small poems

#105

half-mast flag
moth holes
between the stars

eventide
a kettle of vultures
vexes the sky

obsidian night
a skiff slips beneath
the moon bridge

Terri French



i follow
the river sounds
deeper
into the mountains...

photo- Tom Clausen
haiku-kris moon

I look
from my tanka draft
at the day moon ...
a cup of black coffee
becomes another

another cup
of wulong tea made
in my hometown ...
the first snowy morning
since I settled abroad

Chen-ou Liu

time
after time
the way the wind blows

in a silent way
i become one
with nothing in particular

Mike Rehling

in
&
out

of the ice floes. . . .

the whales

photo Tom Clausen

haiku kris moon

a frond for frances angela

the midnight blue
cardboard box uncovered —
a fossil fern

fossil fern
on my table where
the vase would go

maidenhair fern
and fossil fern —
it's a wood folding table

winter sun throws
patterns on my table —
a fossil fern

sketching a fossil
I fumble with
my eraser

a fern has left
its mark in stone —
this snowless winter

time-out-of-time —
my fingerprints
on a fossil fern

a single red hair
mother's relic of a saint —
my fossil fern

a fossil fern
in the sun
again

coda

winter woods
an unbent dogwood's
grace

John Martone



late autumn...

pulled into the ancient lives

on

temple

scrolls

photo-Tom Clausen

haiku-kris moon

sheep crop grass
around ancient stone circles
no more chest pains

Earl Livings

last chemo...
she scratches the skin
under her wig

winter wind
further and further
the bend of a tree

Grace Galton



turning 70...

life curls in
upon itself

photo- Tom Clausen
haiku-kris moon

Amish hillside
a horse plods by
in blinders

red coral versus acid rain
how the moon pulls

Anna Cates

run of the house—
God
in a kitten's eyes

Barry George



grandma's eyes ripple with shared laughter...

grandma's eyes ripple with shared laughter...

photo- Tom Clausen
haiku- kris moon

every night
in the dark garden
I talk with the hedgehogs
Venus and Orion bright
above the rooftops

I'm sitting
on the middle
of the plank
feeling the seesaw
tip and balance again

the grey witch
waves her bent hands
in the air, muttering –
ease and settle
all these troubles and woes

Joy McCall

completely obscured
by
the
mountain
i
live
on.
mount fuji

completely
obscured
by
the mountain i live on
mount fuji

photo- Tom Clausen

haiku- kris moon

snow capped mountains
in the sea of pink
my flowery hat

snow after she left primrose blue

her butterfly bag
by my bedside now
goodwill walker

hummingbird nest
we bow to the branch
in front of our door

Kath Abela Wilson

Valentine's Day—
pigeons scatter
in front of our moped

turn turn turn . . .
my j-stroke
to face the summer sun

Michael Dylan Welch

Spicy Collards

by Lenard D. Moore, Alice Frampton, and Michael Dylan Welch

spicy collards
on the tin plate
hazy sunset

Lenard

crumbs from the cookie jar
in plain sight

Alice

veggie burger
with all the trimmings . . .
dinner alone

Michael

recalling grandma's peach cobbler
at the roadside fruit stand


Lenard

long day at the beach
the popsicle melting
on his chest

Alice

spaghetti sauce covers
my daughter's grin

Michael



a cat named squirrel

disappears

&

reappears

among

the

birch

trees

photo- Tom Clausen

haiku- kris moon