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

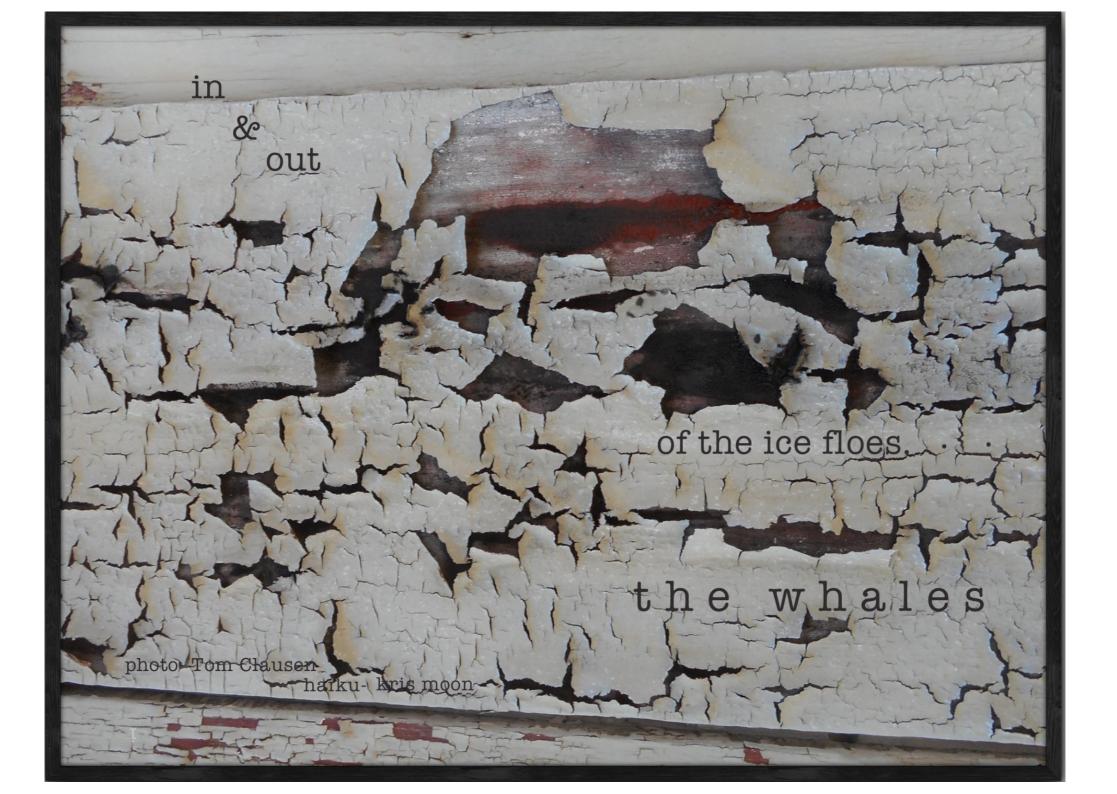
another cup of wulong tea made in my hometown ... the first snowy morning since I settled abroad

Chen-ou Liu

time after time the way the wind blows

in a silent way i become one with nothing in particular

Mike Rehling



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



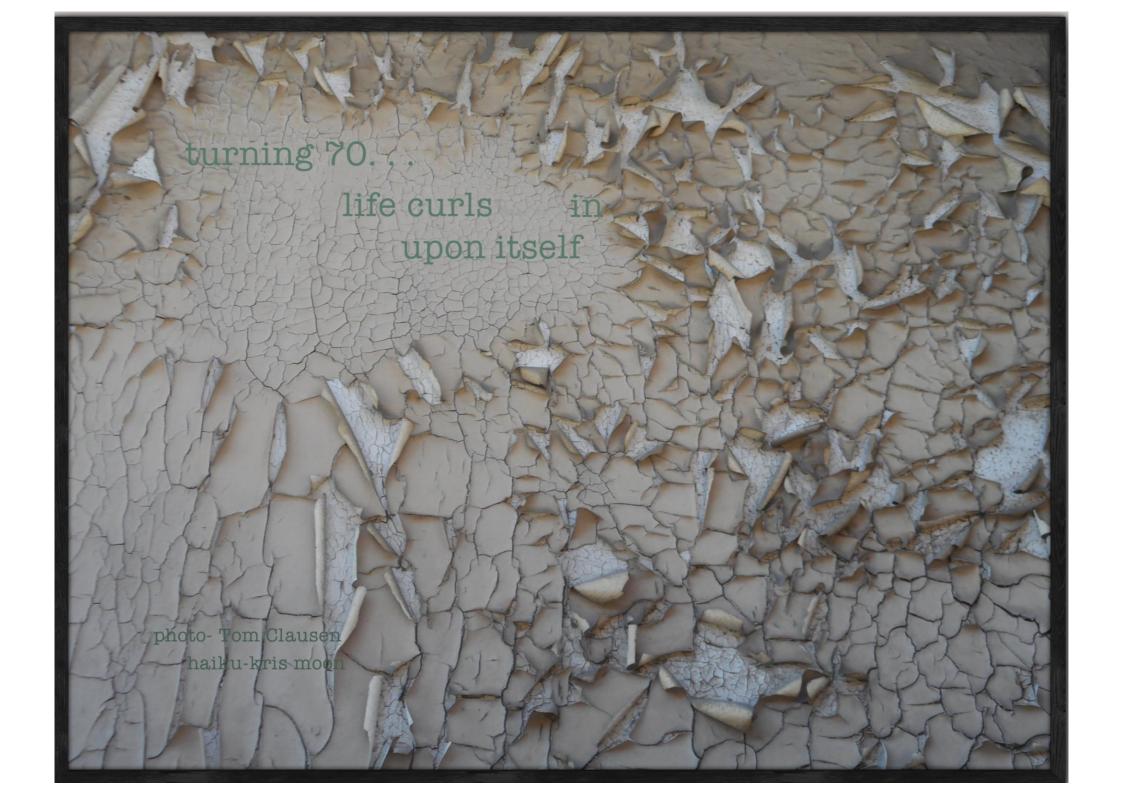
sheep crop grass around ancient stone circles no more chest pains

Earl Livings

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

winter wind further and further the bend of a tree

Grace Galton



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

Standma's eyes ripple with shaned 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 mountain mount fuji ioto- Tom Clausen

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

