

# hedgerow

a journal of small poems

# #108

in my dream  
the rose parade floats by  
without crowds

friends  
put their heads together  
early spring

wiped  
with lavender  
her last pulse points

rainy night  
the percussion  
of dark stars

full circle  
hearing the music playing  
while I was born

*Kath Abela Wilson*





## Brushstroke

songs we love . . .  
a paper windmill  
spinning raindrops

growing into ourselves  
the bluebell and i

birthday concert  
tiny ballerinas  
jeté into the air

blending  
the spring breeze  
fan brush

mother's best umbrella  
catching fallen stars

spring moon  
a brushstroke  
of petals . . .

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## Nightfall

nightfall

there's a sudden silence  
left by the wind

and when the book is closed  
Bloom stops  
walking

## Half a Moon

just half a moon

I retreat  
to the cloud of unknowing

knowing too well  
I'll never unknow  
enough

*Johannes S. H. Bjerg*



the misery of  
knowing and then not knowing  
early morning fog

giving away  
all my sins  
free to good home

*Mike Rehling*

another obituary  
I watch  
a documentary  
on how  
the world ends

road trip  
passing all of her  
memories

year's end  
listening to the rain  
alone

*Gabriel Bates*

breakfast  
the stiletto heel  
in the drive-thru lane

sparrows the undoing of night

the reflection in my father's eyes the oak tree

*Jennifer Hambrick*

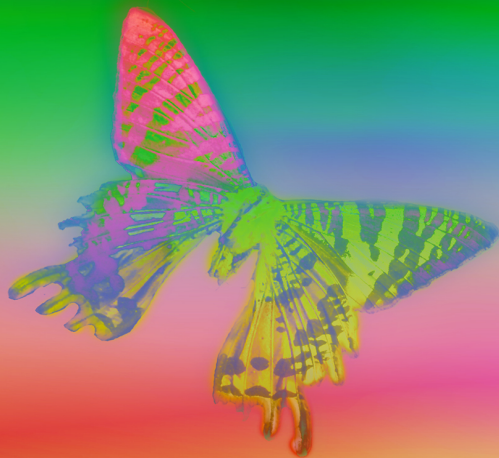


## Just Passing Through

Summer birds visit our bird feeder as individuals, pairs, or small families. Spring birds, though, come in flocks — two dozen, three dozen hungry beaks at a time. They shovel down the birdseed and strut around like they're at an airport food court . . . which, in a way, they are.

chatter of starlings  
— WHOOSH —  
and then silence

*Bill Waters*



## Gently Swaying

first butterfly  
still damp earth  
to bare feet

golden daffodils  
gently swaying

trailing  
the woodpigeon's flight  
one small feather

twin lambkins  
slip in and out  
of sleep

an unfurling of pink  
on the hazel tree

white balloons  
in a sunbeam  
floating to heaven

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early spring  
last snow trickles  
through budding willows

*David He*



## Speed Trap

autumn rain  
coastal giants watch  
the moss grow

*half-eaten nachos  
crows make their getaway*

heated conversation  
the noodles  
boil over

*outlaw races  
on a Saturday night  
run what ya brung*

muffled growl of an F-16  
snow swirls in the wind

*blink and the town  
is behind you  
speed trap*

Clayton Beach and  
*Johnny Baranski*

through the night  
of my dark soul  
I strum the guitar  
pondering  
how to tell her

despite the frost forsythia

*S. M. Kozubek*

a deeper red  
within my folded hands  
where your heart has been

*Zee Zahava*



what more can I say?  
—the cherry in bloom

*Anna Cates*

heavy shower —  
I take down my umbrella  
to feel the warm rain

*Diarmuid Fitzgerald*

giving advice  
I stumble over  
my words

her lies  
taking root  
poison ivy

public library  
a homeless man sits  
in the warmth of books

*Debbi Antebi*





# Wings Of Moonlight

thorny thicket  
the blossoming  
of finch song

scarlet robins  
flutter in a rainbow

barely making out  
a sandpiper's teetering  
river mist

black cockatoos  
opening pine cones  
dusted with pollen

in silence dusk gathers  
a heron's reflection

forest ravens . . .  
wings of moonlight  
and stars for eyes

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further uphill  
autumn birdsong leads the way –  
Buson's grave

*Maeve O'Sullivan*

the movement of bodies –  
those hours lost until now

from water you bring form –  
a yellow mountain beneath silk

spiritfold among branches –  
what stone can hold the flower's shape?

*Robert Farrell*

downtown  
Colbert GA  
by the splashing  
municipal water fountain  
portable sign:  
"Drought—please  
conserve water."

morning rush  
puts his little son's shoes  
on the wrong feet  
takes them off  
puts them on  
the wrong feet  
again

*David Oates*

family reunion  
in the wash tub of iced coke  
one birch beer

longing for home  
#sidewalkchalk tweets  
#thewhitecliffsofdover

*Maureen Kingston*

two duostich

night clouds  
the pull of the sound-fox

straight falling snow  
the small talk in prison

*Alan Summers*





## Pale Moon

first flurries  
a dusting of light  
on the village

darkening indigo...  
the depth of stillness

a warm glow  
from an old stable  
covered in stars

midnight chimes  
the tawny owl's  
silhouette

pine cones flicker  
with firelight

pale moon  
a child's snow angel  
barely there

Ron C. Moss & Caroline Skanne