

# hedgerow

a journal of small poems

# #1 1 1

windblown days  
the rose thorns scratch  
at heaven

is it treason  
to put the planet first?  
sunlit horses

packhorse bridge  
my wish for a vee  
of geese

hidden doors  
feeding mallards  
on a slow day

inside the apple core  
a pocket full of sorry  
kills the gun

steamy windows  
the spiral of sparrows  
across our shadows

stretching out  
the sunset in everyone's  
train window

*Alan Summers*



*closing my eyes... to see*

*all the colours of Brahms*

*his moon*

mist through the oak wood  
a broken antler  
sprouting shadows

fading footprints  
through a stand of tall pines  
the wind's low moan

*John Hawkhead*

before the snowfall  
branches of a million pines  
soften the wind

nature reserve  
even here  
crows

black clouds  
the white in the wave  
two swans

*Anna Maris*

origami

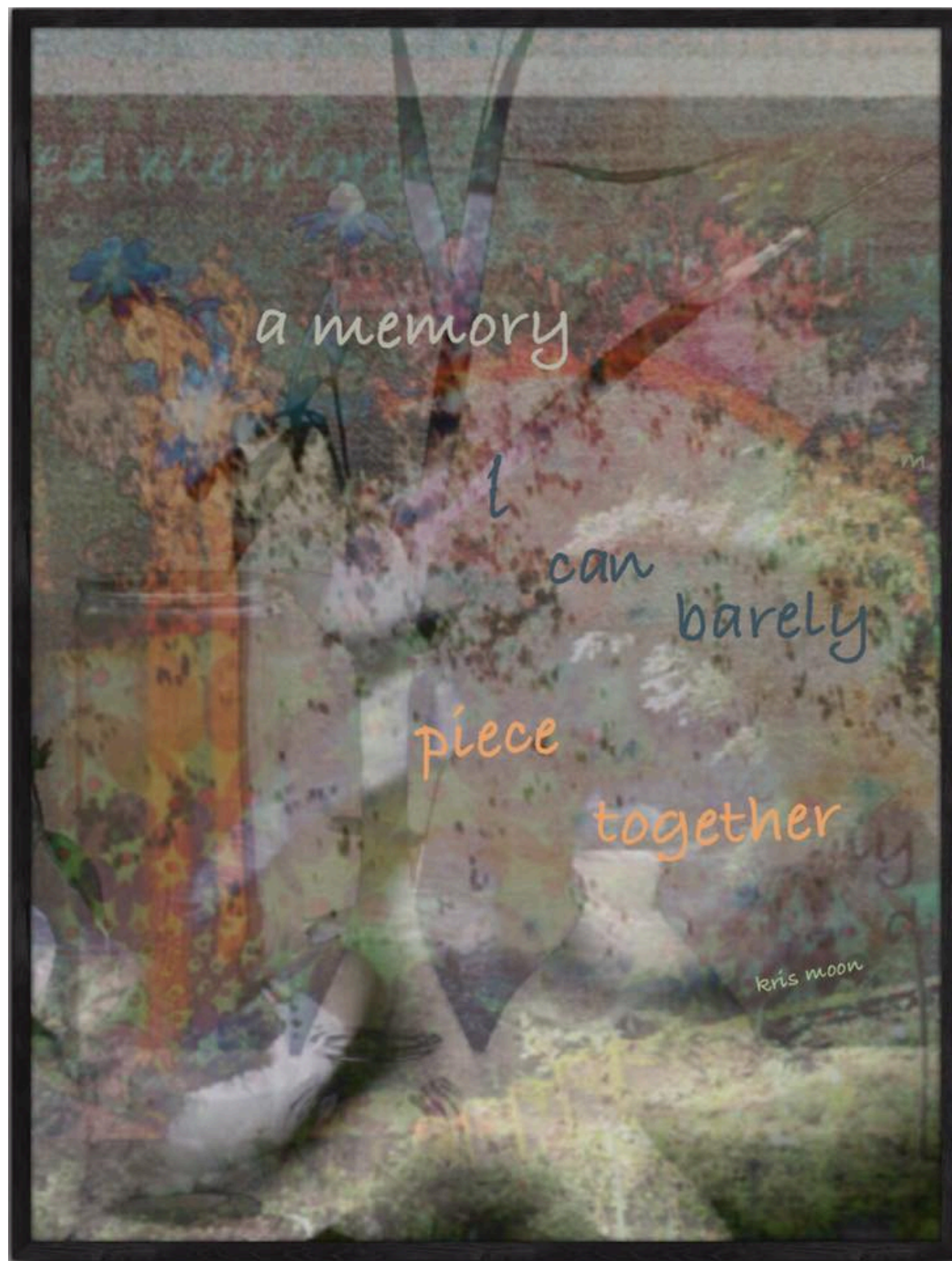
crane

loses

its

way

*Eufemia Griffo*



a memory

i

can

barely

piece

together

kris moon

ready for the day  
before it begins  
robin song

sunny spells  
spring sneaks a little further  
up the hillside

eclosion ...  
opening myself to you  
completely

*David J Kelly*



sardine clouds  
I feel a bit closer  
to the sun

*Pravat Kumar Padhy*

dawn light  
a Samaritans' billboard  
above the river

care home – his alternate reality

onions in the pan  
everything I've done  
leads to this

*David Serjeant*



*In the same vase flowers bloom and wither*

Hospice Guild Silent Auction

one more painting is the last thing we need  
but still, it's a good cause, so maybe ...

"The Rusty Old Fence"  
the artist is so good  
I can hear the squeak

a lone seagull

stays steady  
in the same spot

we drop anchor  
bowtie pasta, buttered  
and Chardonnay

*Neal Whitman*

hot summer:  
on the bus  
my world expands  
seeing the banner  
for Rahsaan

*dan smith*

spreading among  
the green green green green  
yellow crocuses

*Andy McLellan*

In the peonies  
we lose  
our logic



Alexis Rotella

morning rain  
the way everything  
slows down

the viewing . . .  
she stands next  
to the exit

by herself . . .  
the kindling catches  
piece by piece

*Tina Crenshaw*



deep inside  
her private thoughts  
winter cherry

parallel furrows  
channel the overcloud  
barley harvest

trusting the sun  
will rise tomorrow  
day lily

*Marietta McGregor*

meadow finches  
the pendulum of my soul  
comes to rest

Julie Warther



WHO WAS  
MY MOTHER  
BEFORE I WAS BORN?

ALEXIS ROTELLA

## **Petals in the Punch**

garden party...  
the fireflies  
fashionably late

*her polka-dot dress  
sparkles with moon glow*

petals in the punch...  
the clink  
of cut crystal

*on an easel  
in front of the bandstand  
their new Pollock*

a splattering  
of syncopated drumbeats

*with the pop of  
a champagne cork  
bubbling starlight*

Julie Warther &  
Angela Terry

young cherries  
almost summer  
in the robin's song

*Grant Savage*

under a migraine of clouds  
her saffron umbrella  
pops into bloom –  
a sudden insight snaps  
remorse off the page

a small village  
with yellow windows  
in the gloaming  
sometimes a little kitsch  
is just the thing

using a stick to help  
a turtle cross the road –  
you'll never tell  
that critter there aren't  
unfathomable forces

the brass door pull  
polished to a purr –  
when I work  
I work hard, when I play  
I play dead

*Larry Kimmel*



*Safiyyah Patel*

on soft grass  
I let an ant  
figure me out

ocean  
its big mouth  
open

suddenly goosebumps on her skin migrating

*Elmedin Kadric*



through hotel wall  
the sounds of a shower  
and singing

*David Oates*

silence  
now hearing the ringing  
in my ears

in my own shoes  
walking  
this worn path

full moon  
filling the sea before me  
and behind me

*Mary White*



Safiyyah Patel

newborn in the house  
no one knows  
what time it is

*Pat Davis*

dreams  
the facts of  
poetry

spring rain  
the smoke from  
my neighbor's chimney

the birds  
fly through it like  
it wasn't there  
sunset

*Mike Rehling*

summer clouds –  
sheets billowing on the line  
the sails of a pirate ship

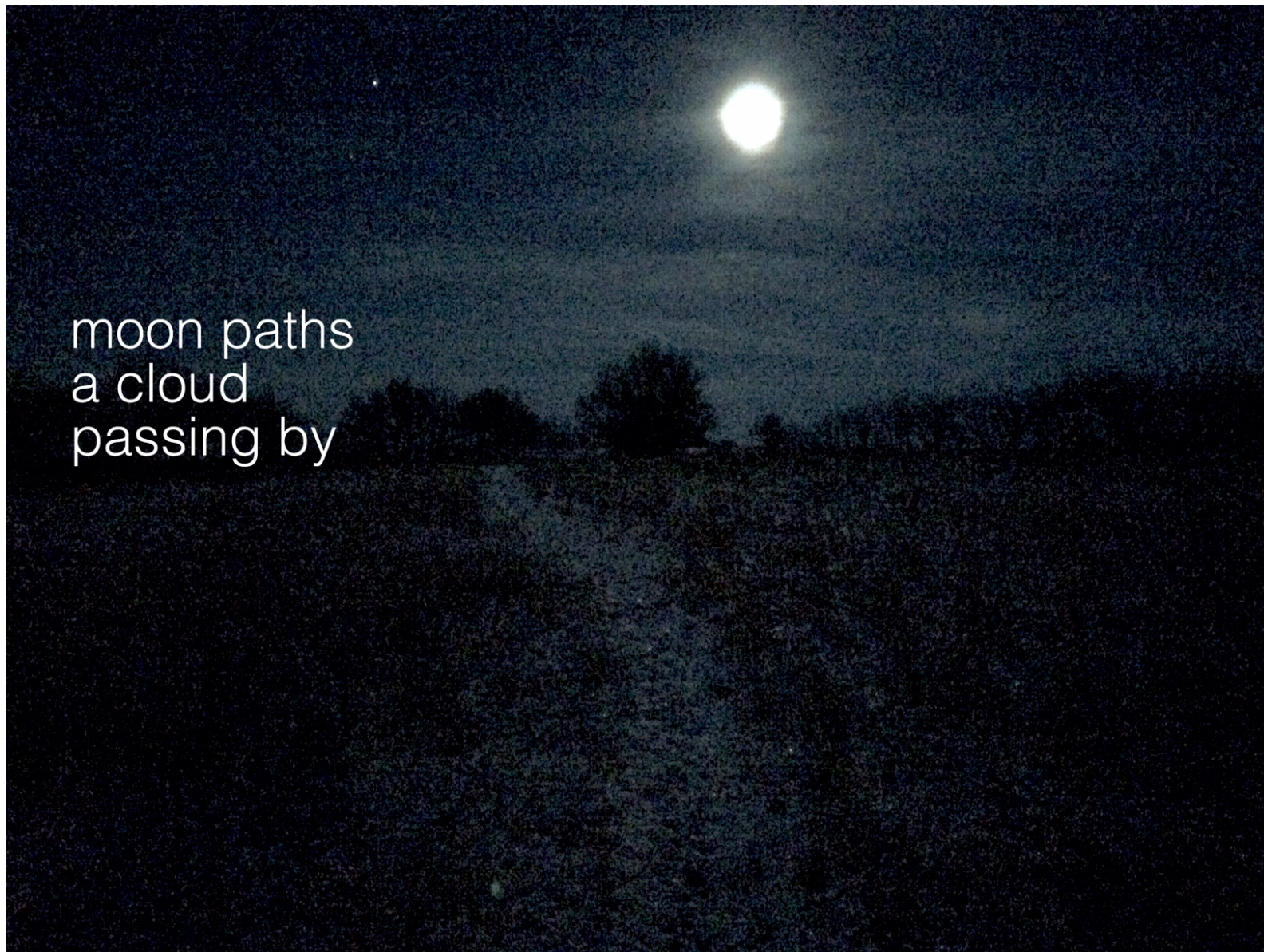
drifting seeds  
a house with all  
its windows open

rain clouds  
a house without  
its roof

summer dusk  
when our mothers  
would call us home

*Stephen Toft*





moon paths  
a cloud  
passing by

*Ola Lindberg*

Ola Lindberg's latest haiku book in Swedish 'Månstigar' was released earlier this year, to order a copy simply email [olalindb@gmail.com](mailto:olalindb@gmail.com).

**art publication credits**

'closing my eyes...' Kris Moon

'a memory' Kris Moon

'In the same vase' Alexis Rotella

'In the peonies' Alexis Rotella

'WHO WAS' Alexis Rotella