

hedgerow

a journal of small poems

#113

hiding under her bed of roses

walking cancer my mother the rain

no heaven dad returns a cardinal

Robert Epstein

one lump or two?

those missing afternoons
the breeze in my hair

i see the lawn
the grass now withered
the photograph burnt

ai li

the forever
of another day
passes by
without you —
spring rain

fading slowly
my heart
has become
the night
once more

Paul Smith

blood moon
a wolf treads lightly
upon moss stars



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midnight
a plum blossom
settles at my feet

morning rain
with each drop
I know less

Jeffrey Hanson

silent now
our walks together
hand in hand

Kelly Sauvage Angel

five ants to a crumb . . .
I consider asking
for help

Julie Warther

silent night
the snow moon becomes
a polar bear



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trying to keep
a happy face on it
buckets of geraniums

tendrils of ivy
the news she refuses
to accept

Deborah P Kolodji

dandelion fluff
the silly things I still
wish for

wild lupine
do you too feel
misunderstood?

another full moon
what the frog pond
thinks of that

earwigs
hidden inside a rose
the secrets
I discover about
an ex-lover

Jessica Malone Latham

The Way Back

In a faraway garden we lose ourselves following random paths with abandon. Here we need not retrace our steps. We know by walking in circles we will return to the entrance. Moss covered buddhas with calm faces assume we know our way. With a quiet confidence we don't move for a long time.

midday sun
the courage to cross
slippery bridge

Kath Abela Wilson

caribou herds
forage for lichen
harvest moon



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wrapping
your arms around me
lakeside breeze

envious...
how water moves
with the wind

no make-up
today I greet nature
as I am

diamonds...
what the sun makes
of the ocean

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

her promise:
all the things
that don't fall
from the sky

out of sunlight nowhere walking along

here she comes
suddenly on the
sound of wings

Elmedin Kadric

romantic love
in hardcover...
times like these

Adrian Bouter



AROUND
THE CORNER
SUMMER
WAITS
IN A YELLOW DRESS

ALEXIS ROTELLA

cloudy day
in the dry riverbed –
blooming marigolds

Antonina Karalambeva

the love that dare not
speak its name
well not in this house
the letters to simon
he asked me to burn

collecting himself
in the frozen aisle
the old man tries hard
to follow the instructions
his wife kindly left behind

the last of her things
loaded onto a hired van
the blessing from Lourdes
fridge magnet
broken by the side door

Steve Black

Piazza Gramsci
the marble dove
takes flight

kjmunro



Gram's foot
on the pedal
of her Singer

riding out the eye
of the storm

Alexis Rotella

the silk purse
a journey from ear
to ear

first Swifts...
the long and the short
of walks

taking a lunch break...
the common blue damselflies
gliding into packs

Alan Summers

zen garden . . .
a monk rakes around
a fallen leaf

Nika

spring rain. . .
a wooded path blooming
with epiphanies

deserving of more
than a half pour—
full moon

pink dawn
sandpipers re-scripting
the shoreline

Terri L. French

half moon
an arctic fox casts
no shadow



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long wooden pier
at the end
a glimmer of light

Marilyn Fleming

palliative care—
sunlight falling on
Basho's poems

dan smith

muskox horns
curl into the night
crescent moon



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distant starlight
fallen into the darkness
my forgotten dreams

onyx sky
moss stretches
over a stone

Christina Sng

I was sad
at the sound of the chainsaw
then she said
*the trees are old, perhaps
they know it's time to fall*

the cicadas
screamed all night
in Ryokan's ears
the morphine whistles
all day in my head

when I smile
it does not mean
I am happy
nor am I sad
when I weep

crushed black seeds
with thyme and rosemary
in my shampoo –
no more tangled hair
like Akiko

I have dived
deep into cold waters
and risen up
with the wild crying
of the dark, mad loon

when the moon is full
my lunatic muse
goes dancing
over the hills
and far away

I long to burrow
under piles of leaves
and sleep
and sleep, through
several seasons

sparrowhawk
in the silver birch
a sudden flurry
and the pale dove's feathers
drift down to the ground

my deer spirit
is dead, lying broken
beside the road
the mouse runs quick away
along the greening verge

I say the word
again and again
paralysed
it makes no sense
my spirit goes dancing

Joy McCall