

hedgerow

a journal of small poems

1 1 4

homo naledi
in these old bones
the weight
of all we know
and all we don't

defending
all these voices
in my head
where the gravel track ends
a stonechat begins

am I
more than my voice
could be?
in this tall grass
the one that shivers

Brendon Kent



sitting alone
with buddha rock . . .
sounds of the sea



Ron C Moss

the faint scent
of my hometown...
autumn rain

Andrea Cecon

harvest moon
my larder
is full

walking

just walking
on sand

long after sunset
has surrendered
its colours

ai li

clarity overrated

some people like to nail things down. me i just wonder at the wonder of it all. good days. bad days. what are they anyway. sometimes the closest you are to anyone is the day they die. not to be morbid but there is no longer any expectations. no worry about what they might or might not do. only that peaceful reflection that comes when you place the last piece in the puzzle and can finally marvel at the entire picture. but even that is just a dream. in the end all the puzzle pieces go back into the box.

fog horn
but i already knew
about the fog

Mike Rehling



ancient tree
the sound
of emptiness



Ron C Moss

discarded self-help books —
still living
with me

Louise Hopewell

setting sun
I sit on the bench
with five fouls

Dave Read

basketball sessions
Azure Damselflies shift
the day's heat around

local stop...
a man and a dog train
for the world cup

Alan Summers



sister moon
the night songs
deep in the valley



Ron C Moss

long drive
my son draws snails
on the window

Jessica Malone Latham

half past a freckle
on my left wrist. . .
beach time

Terri L. French

ocean morning
stuffing my bathing suit
with sea shells

morning walk two white butterflies look familiar

Zee Zahava



lifting hands
meridians of energy
moving as one



Ron C Moss

Green Pastures

Sabbath afternoon...
work horses graze
in green pastures

*watching them
from a shady bench*

Leaves of Grass
idly flipping pages
summer breeze

*lemonade
and sugar cookies . . .
the clouds float by*

a slow trickle
in the sandy creek

*after the heat
the coolness
of reverie*

Julie Warther and
Angela Terry

stumbling
onto the green
prairie dew

Christina Sng

Man on a ladder
picking apples
from a cloud

the deeper we go the greener

Piano recital
a frog jumps
into the music

Alexis Rotella



broken starfish
waves pound the beach
while children sleep



Ron C Moss

Jigsaw

All of us have "scrambled shadows", but mostly we don't notice the clear dark reflections of our jigsaw lives.

A construction site leans into the red, blooming, blue-potted succulent. A ladder dips into the light louvre windows as they fold.

who sees growth
as it happens
petals fall into place

Kath Abela Wilson

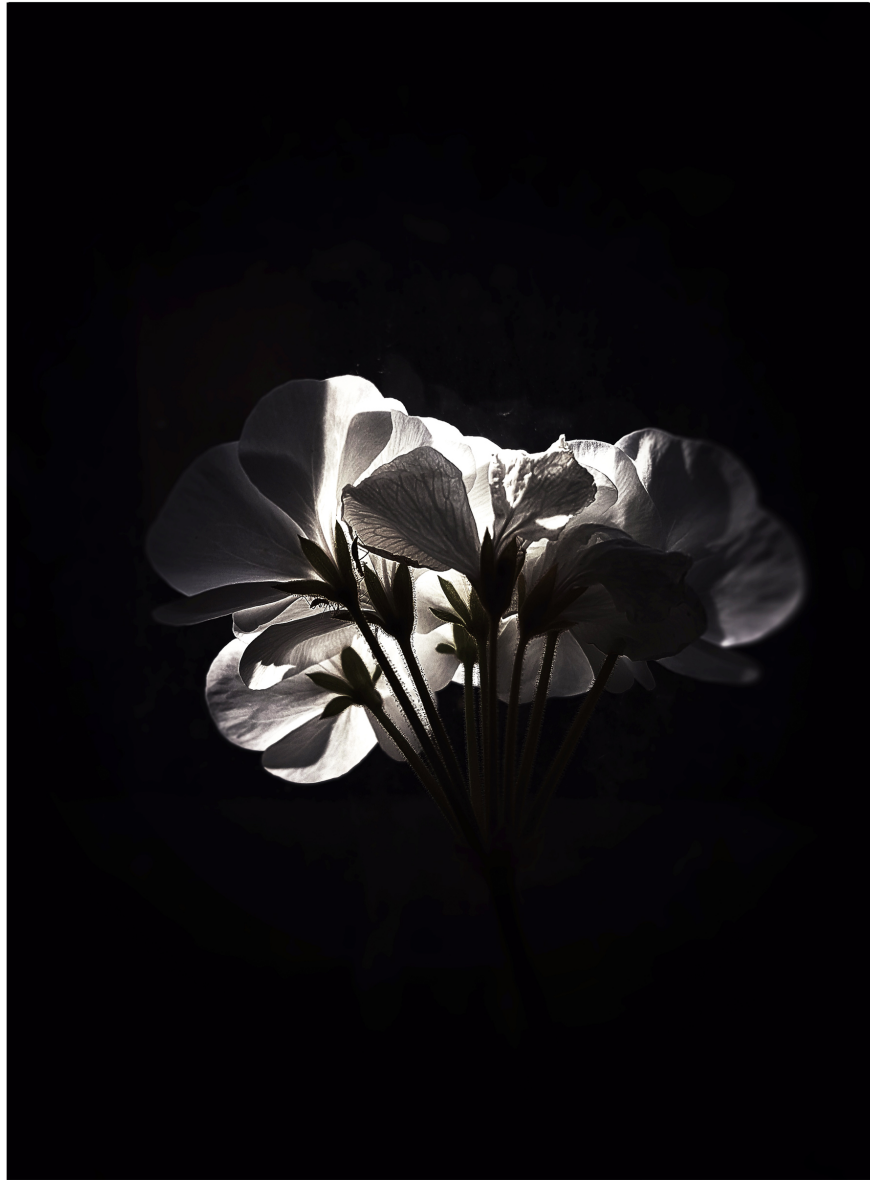
afternoon calm
lily pads rest
on a bed of clouds

Jay Friedenberg

sunset
a voice calls out
a dog's name

early spring
the city begins
to cycle

Timothy Murphy



one flower
for each breath
of white



Ron C Moss

rolling out pie crusts
continents
she never saw

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

reading Basho
wishing I had
a samurai name

Julie Bloss Kelsey

farm wife
listening for tires
on gravel . . .
the inner lightning
of night clouds

Chad Lee Robinson

My beautiful
young mother
the only thing
he gave her
was me

Alexis Robella



a full moon –
no room left
for dessert

light sentences –
punctuated with amber
and tungsten

Tanmoy Das Lala

The Asbestos Forest

Lynda Monahan & Rod Thompson

lightning strikes
to the south east
a deep throated rumble
the sky boils darkness

I'm like
the asbestos forest
I never burn down. LM

Sergeant Podeski braced herself
against the first question,
this young therapist insisting
sharing would help

I'm like
the asbestos forest
I never burn down. RT

she is the spruce by the river
a strip of bark
struck from her breast
a scar she wears like a medallion

I'm like
the asbestos forest
I never burn down. LM

she crams so much into the margins
between crossed out words –
his notes are tidy
tiny letters in obedient lines

I'm like
the asbestos forest
I never burn down. RT

such a good girl everyone said
looking after her motherless family
little sister throwing tantrums
her brother failing in school

I'm like
the asbestos forest
I never burn down. LM

I'd do it again volunteer
to help those girls walk to school
to look hate in the eye
shoulders back books in hand

I'm like
the asbestos forest
I never burn down. RT

she thinks if she writes it down
there should be thunder or lightning
that her words are kindling
she can almost taste the smoke

I'm like
the asbestos forest
I never burn down LM

Great Spirit

midnight prayers with the Yoruba – dense wind
chanting to Olorün in whiskey-dark voices

*running north to where my Sami kin
sing low to the reindeer and beat the snakeskin-drums*

like singing comin' off the drums
in between moments feeling the Great-Spirit

*none of the names we give fit like the glove,
except for one – O Caritas*

Matsukaze and *Murasame*



Seashell
my third
ear

Alexis
Rotella

August night
I worm my way
into a poem

skipping stones
a direct hit
to my third eye

by song alone
a poet long dead
flies again

~ for Paul O. Williams

Robert Epstein