

# hedgerow

a journal of small poems

# #118

sunflowers  
blanket the hills—  
the horse whisperer  
lays a whistle  
on the wind

*Chad Lee Robinson*

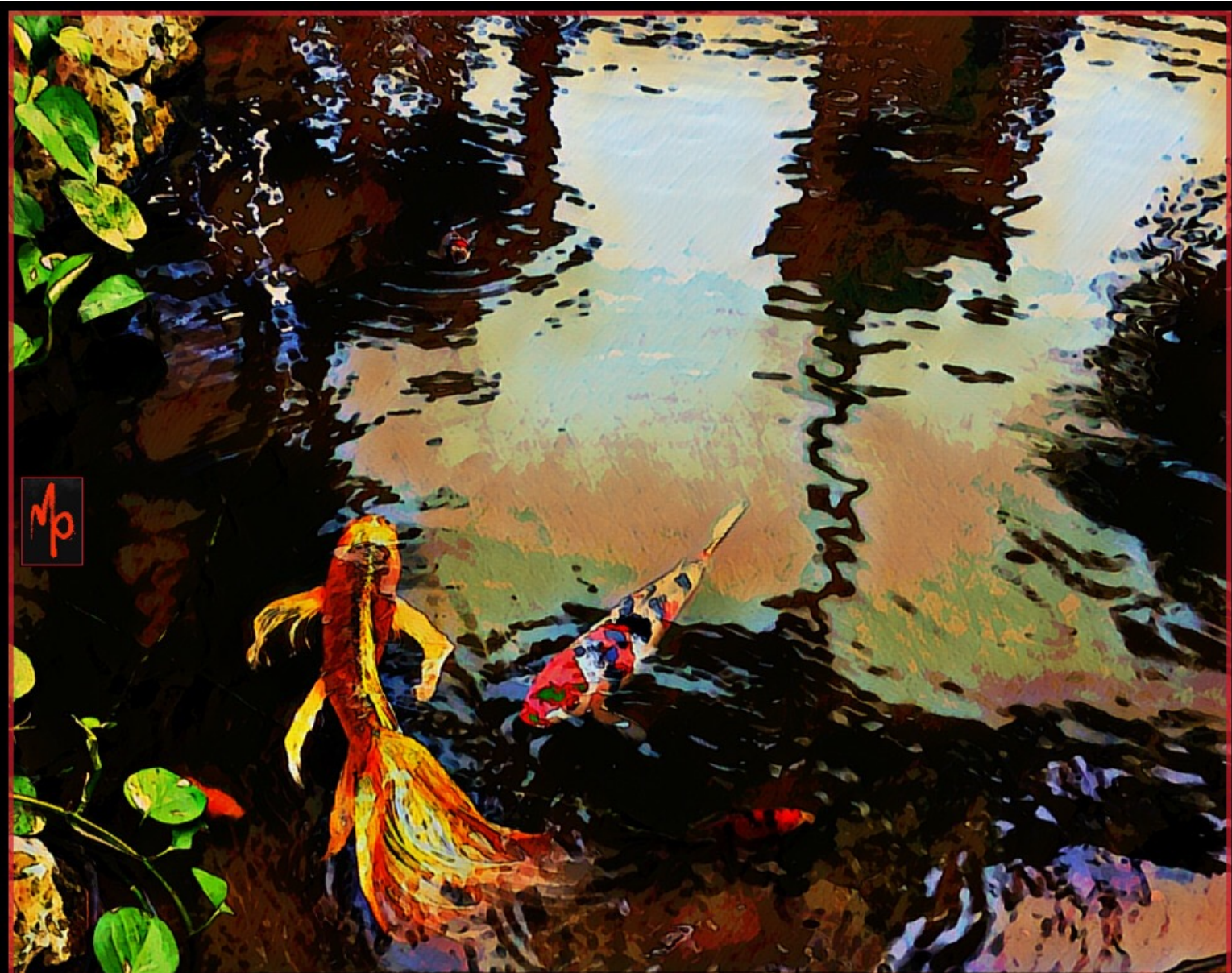


nowhere to be... I follow the butterflies



the land  
rivered no more  
arrowroot fields

*Kala Ramesh*



Mo

Japanese hand fans  
the swish  
of the old koi's tail

marcano pau

standing still  
by the sundial  
she asks the time

chill in the air  
. . . her key  
from the burned-down house

family fishing spot—  
the dance of summer light  
where your ashes fell

*Michael Dylan Welch*

summer's end  
the river carries me  
to the sea

last rites you begin to soar

*stephen toft*

night's edge  
what I can no longer  
ignore

forgiveness  
deep in the forest  
soft light

uncharted land  
this life  
beyond skin

at home  
in my body  
new dawn

*Tiffany Shaw-Diaz*





late spring  
my footsteps jump  
from shadow to sun

summer heat –  
the shepherd's shoes  
under the olive tree

*Goran Gatalica*

biking...  
I'd listen to the wind  
for hours

*Eufemia Griffo*

baby's soft spot  
rising and falling  
dappled sunlight

spring sunlight  
my old dog jumping  
out of its shadow

*Chen-ou Liu*



doodles  
and a splash of color  
my spring haiga

cicada sunset  
listening to them  
a cat stops too

*Lucia Fontana*

rolling down  
a grassy hill  
children's laughter

*Julie Warther*

## **Walking the Fence Line**

newly tilled field  
the squirrel plants  
a small something

*killdeer walk  
troughs and crests*

wind waves  
through the pasture  
gentle lowing

*rising sun  
the weathered barn  
leans a little*

walking the fence line  
hammer in hand

*the curve  
in a rusted scythe  
mare's tail clouds*

Julie Warther  
Brad Bennett



first snow...  
always too quick  
to put my coat away

waiting for the bus  
-last tomato in the garden-

at the water's edge  
...a turtle or a rock?

*Mary Hanrahan*



dog eared pages  
of my favorite book  
a bee buzzes my brain

buttercup dream  
what if we spoke  
in laughter

river rain  
these old lessons  
again and again

lotus mud  
sinking deeper  
into myself

*Jessica Malone Latham*

heel prints  
in the small of his back...  
patchouli nights

*Jan Benson*

contemplating  
my favourite colour...  
sweet peas

malago river  
you didn't get older  
while I was gone

gathering cumulus  
the open wings  
of a mute swan

*Martha Magenta*

all the things  
I should have said  
summer rain

*Andy McLellan*



the way  
a strawberry moon  
scatters my thoughts

the sweet rot  
of abandoned berries  
summer's solitude

steady strokes  
paddling directly  
into the wake

*Kelly Sauvage Angel*



amber sunset  
a golden perch  
nudging river stones

Carina  
light of the ancients  
in her eyes

somewhere in dna the spirals of shells

bow wave plankton  
scribbling luminous lines in the dark

*Simon Hanson*

eucalyptus trees  
in various stages of stripping –  
their scent!

I stop for a rest  
long enough for a small spider  
to make a small web

first granite touch  
of the cathedral wall –  
*Danny Boy* on fiddle

*Maeve O'Sullivan*

easier than this koan. . .  
summer lilies

twitchy ears  
of the sleeping dog—  
approaching rain

*Salil Chaturvedi*



wind fingers...  
writing my name  
on the dunes

*dew*  
in this spiderweb  
on my skin

*no wonder —*  
this blue lichen's  
a Virgin Mary

*an afternoon nap —*  
the spiderwort flowers've closed

*John Martone*

## wraiths

how many decades has it been  
since the apples lay in the grass  
and you tasted one, mealy-sweet  
and the wasp came buzzing?

and how long since we climbed the hill  
up to the peaceful old graveyard  
and began to read the strange names  
carved on the worn grey stones?

how long has it been since I heard  
the rattle of the flagpole ring,  
the scrub jay calling in the wood,  
the wind in the treetops?

somehow time shifts and turns away  
and there's a long road going south  
and a dog barking in a yard  
and unseen birds singing

and there's a bridge, and a small stream  
that disappears in undergrowth  
and there are moss-covered oak trees  
and logging trucks passing by

there are cabins and tree-houses  
and shacks and shelters and old huts,  
and Home wanders from place to place  
and time is a curling wraith

*Joy McCall*

wind  
through an open gate  
cottonwoods

newly plowed field  
the up and down path  
of a moth

ripples  
turn into waves  
goose kerfuffle

August sun  
a honey bee gets to most  
of the clover

snake no snake a summer gone by

*Brad Bennett*

Moss



## Rainbows Rise

night visit  
green fox prints across  
frosty grass

*carolling magpies  
blue misty dawn*

wild lavender  
fossicking bees  
laden with pollen

*rainbows rise  
a caddis nymph taken  
in a swirl of light*

the lustre of cirrus  
over the moon

*old swamp gums  
bone-bare branches  
lit by sunrise*

Simon Hanson  
&  
Ron C. Moss



### **art publication credits**

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'the way' Mike Rehling

'wind fingers' Mike Rehling

'Rainbows Rise' Simon Hanson & *Ron C. Moss*