


a bitter wind  
drifts into june  
native flute

wildflowers  
my inner child  
with his empty soup bowl

patchwork quilt  
a sparrow knows  
when to die

*Ken Olson*



## Windchill

snow and ice  
the black of crow  
splitting the white

chimes in a windchill

cold footprints  
the shuffle of fog  
into the past

shadows break open

dark rain  
the moonlit chorus  
of falling stars

frozen roses bleed

Ron C. Moss



## false spring

new moon before it blooms the scent of daphne  
false spring plum flowers wither unenjoyed  
the power station white with frost leaf skeleton  
clouds rumble trembling daffodil greens  
a diesel idles the scent of donuts rises in the air  
saturn's rings visible to a child's toy  
cup stains on a thrift shop bukowski summer nights  
even as the mist rises turning the compost  
a spray of flowers for her hair in silent eulogy  
confetti thrown to the cottonwood breeze  
woven in a maze of soot stained brick pigeon flock  
lawn left to the moles she serves him papers  
poisoned rats lick a rusty can of nails autumn wind  
blow by blow the tale grows wild by moonshine  
blood orange blossoms in the desert tequila sunrise  
weeds rise from wet earth song sparrow  
darts gathering dust grandpa's stiff knuckles  
greased up and ready new bicycle chain  
sunbeam snake across the gutter puddle gasoline leak  
lazy moon lies over sun drenched mountains

holding hands along a night shore tension lights the waves  
a heron spooks skyward dark viaducts  
clouds break open the geese return for a spring sonata  
organ pipes the color splays on oak panels  
sunrise vigil her first year viewing the blossoms alone  
her breath parts the curtains the falls fade to mist  
caught in the pines a pterodactyl's paper wing rips open wide  
upon the table a book with sinuous ribbon  
here we find the meaning of autumn nights mushrooms rise  
fall colors the traffic signal gone haywire  
setting the trash by the curb raccoon eyes in the maple  
gentle rain a midmorning reverie  
having become winter wind's far distance I hear my own snores  
metal on metal gull's cry rings in the alleyway  
clock bell tolls the hours at the fall of a New Year's moon  
a fragrance of love left lingering gardenia nights

*Clayton Beach*

## a ripple in time

ripple by ripple  
swans pull the sun  
into dusk

*Robyn Cairns*

windblown  
a forest of pine cones  
in morning's light

*Leslie Bamford*

pink sky  
goslings march  
from shelter

*Christine White*

the unfurling canopy—  
a scurry of boys kicking  
dandelions

*Maggie Kennedy*

through the screen  
a chorus of frogs—  
china plate moon

*Barbara Hay*

a loon's yodel  
under the stars  
first kiss

*Marianne Paul*

shaping corn stalks  
a cicada rides  
the potter's wheel

*Samar Ghose*

## floating

summer sky . . .  
floating in the arms  
of the river

*the water dotted  
with inner tubes*

undertow rock  
her bikini top  
pops up first

*scudding clouds—  
beach towels draped  
over bushes*

a string of wood ducks  
in the eddy

*twilight . . .  
the stillness  
of a rope swing*

Jacquie Pearce &  
Alan S. Bridges

## unearthing beauty

poet's laurel  
slowly growing  
word by word

*violets bloom  
in the old oak's shade*

small strands of wool  
and garden string  
tucked in a nest

*lightly gloved fingers  
free the hellebores  
from sodden leaves*

unearthing beauty  
where others see darkness

*fiddleheads  
and frog song  
up from the gully*

Mary Kendall &  
Kate MacQueen

arroyo  
hoping for the next  
gift from the mountain

*grinding ink*  
*to the rhythm of my prayer*

Bill Pauly &  
*Julie Warther*



**Speak?**

my love  
some far distant day  
when I'm gone  
come to the bridge  
look down at the water

talk to me  
say the words out loud  
I will hear  
and the wind will blow  
and the stream will flow

trucks will pass  
and the rain will fall  
the dogs will bark  
the rooster will crow  
the blackbirds will sing

and it will be  
as it always was  
side by side  
journeying, living . . .  
*Speak to me*

*Joy McCall*

**sweet corn**

afternoon heat  
a fawn splashes its way  
through the swamp

*Brad Bennett*

hopscotch . . .  
a drying mud pie  
in each square

*Julie Warther*

turning back  
a barn  
in the bell cow's eyes

*Dan Schwerin*

bedridden . . .  
he asks if the sweet corn  
is knee high

*Francine Banwarth*

sentinel pine  
a spider darns its web  
into the dusk

*Michele Root-Bernstein*

## summer's end

early September  
lazy clouds  
lazy me

*floating on the breeze  
a puff of milkweed fluff*

heading toward the lake  
seventy-six white butterflies  
three dragonflies

*weathered dock  
my toes in the water  
Queen Anne's lace in my hair*

a neat pile of cherry pits  
lined up beside me

*melting into the lake  
a sherbet sun . . .  
summer's end*

Zee Zahava &  
Bill Waters

## school carnival

a cake walk  
at the school carnival—  
the music stops

*the weight guesser  
guesses too high*

in her crystal ball  
the fortune teller sees  
only happy futures

*kissing booth—  
the golden retriever  
draws a crowd*

gently used baby clothes  
on the “Rummage Sale” table

*clean up . . .  
a glob of something sticky  
left for the rain*

Angela Terry &  
Julie Warther

the sugary pink  
of crab-apple jelly—  
first kiss

all we ever dream sky-blue iris

trickling into gaps  
between showers  
song thrush

*Marietta McGregor*

## crosshatches

relatives over  
mom keeps stirring  
the Indian pudding

*kale in the garden  
chewed down to the stalks*

a cake of suet  
in the feeder  
winter sun

*robin  
eating all the winterberries  
today*

crosshatches deep  
in the challah bread

*last swig of cocoa  
he swirls the mug  
to dissolve the grit*

Alan S Bridges &  
Mary Stevens

## **fleeting**

day lilies  
a garden pinwheel  
starts and stops

*Brad Bennet*

forest path  
a wind-blown feather  
shows me the way

*Steve Hodge*

a faint breeze lifts  
the hairs on my neck  
air kisses

*Sondra J. Byrnes*

fleeting thought  
cirrus clouds  
drift past the moon

*Alanna C. Burke*

awaiting  
the first flutter . . .  
breathless dawn

*Lew Watts*

*driving deeper  
into the fog—  
morning meds*

seeing things as they are . . .  
tiny monsters

*Bryan Rickert &  
Peter Jastermsky*



## silver ripples

*shallow pool  
tadpoles swimming  
with their shadows*

silver ripples unspool  
a dark calligraphy

*alpine retreat  
we breathe the mist  
where clouds are born*

boulder by the path  
this morning's frost  
still drips   drips   from its moss

*wallabies sip sunlight  
from sparkling tarns*

between worlds  
the stippled trout  
slides through cloud

Ron C. Moss &  
Susan Murphy

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