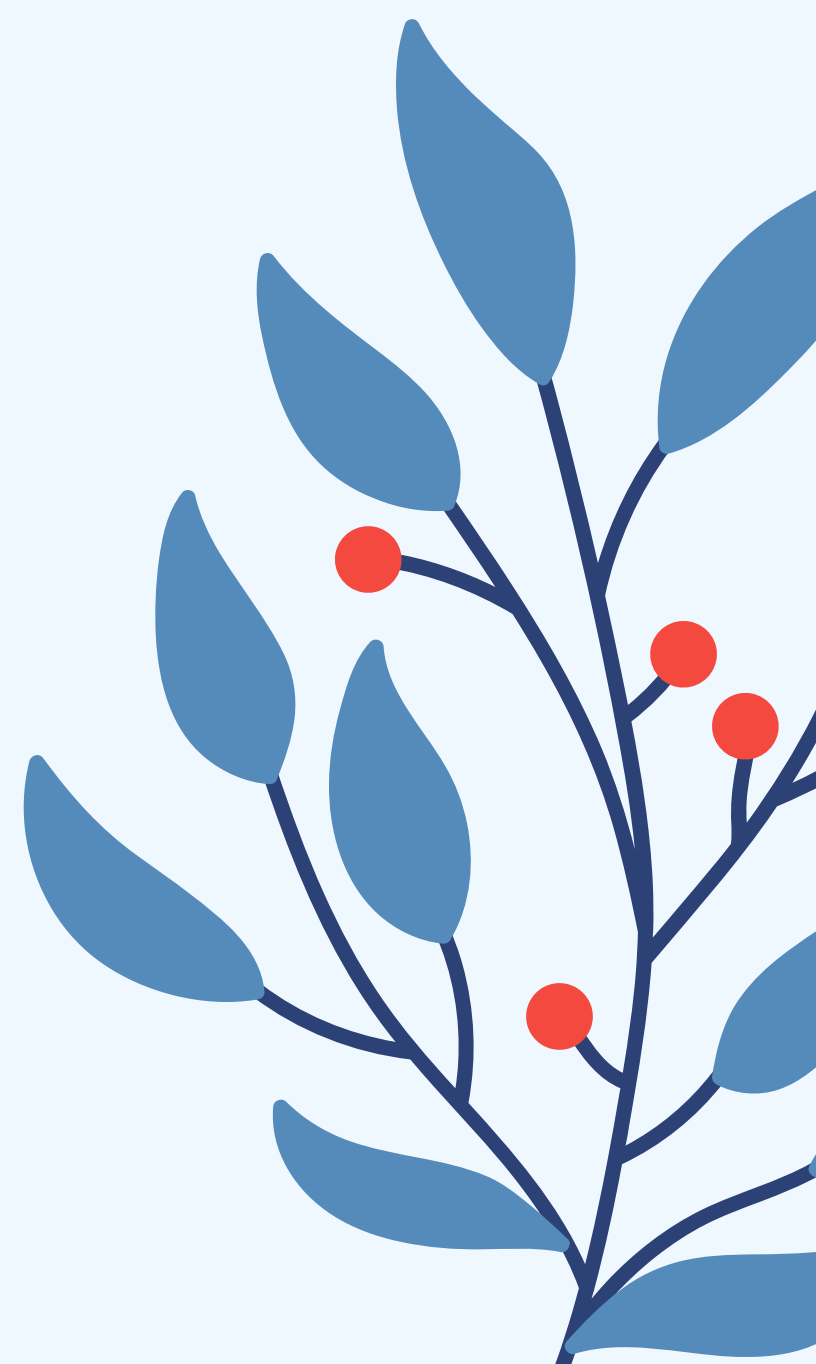


The Wales Haiku Journal

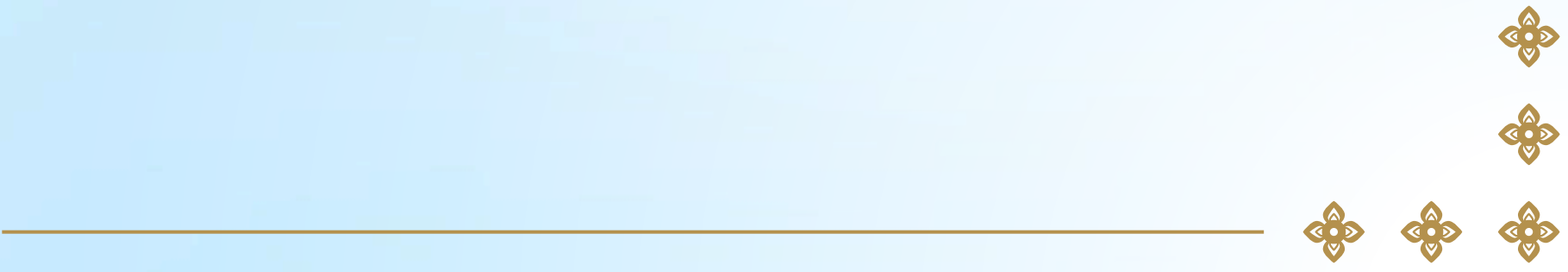
WINTER

25/26





Contents

- Editors' Note
 - Winter Whispers
 - A Selection of Haibun
 - Winter's Whiteness
 - A Book Review
 - Winter Waning
- 

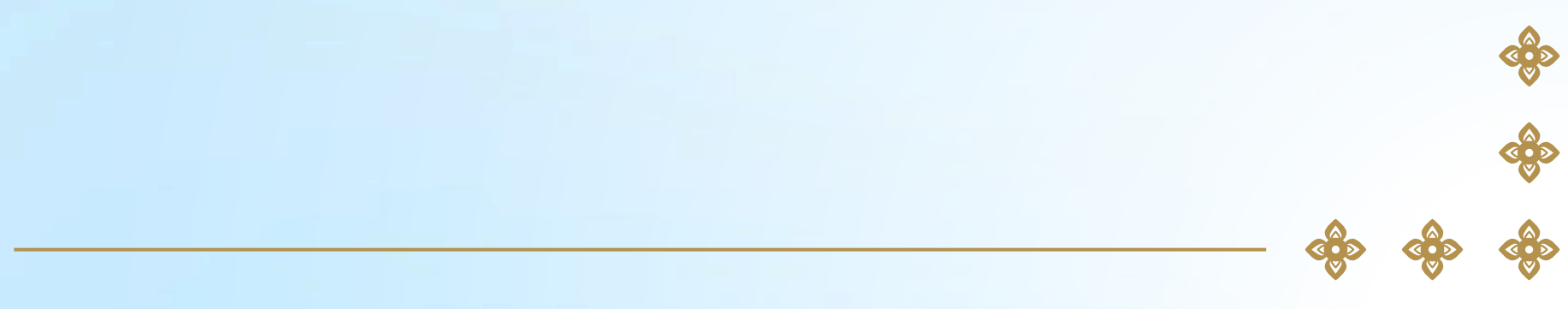


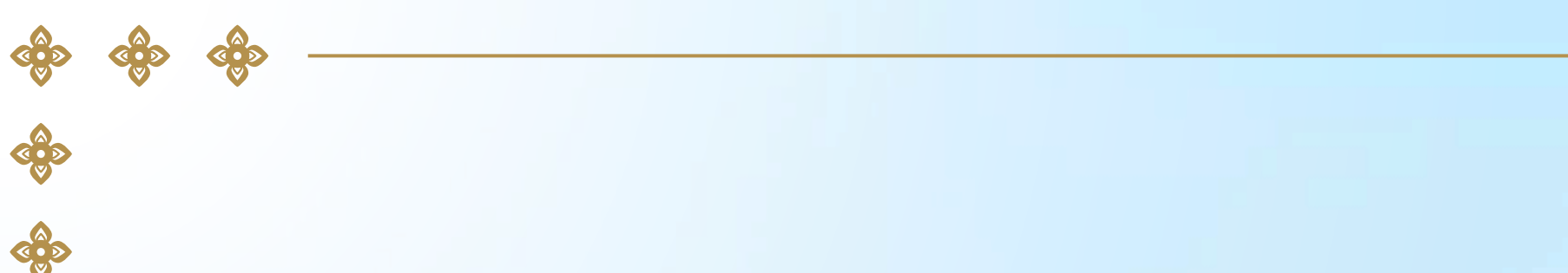
Editors' Note

Winter is a season of shared moments. For this edition, those moments arrived to us from many directions at once.

For our Winter 2025–2026 edition, we received just over 3,000 haiku from 390 poets, offering a wide and varied view of winter shaped by place, memory, climate, and inner weather. The poems gathered here travelled to us from both near and far - from Wales and across Europe, from North America, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and South America - each bringing its own understanding of the season.

Together, these poems remind us that winter is never singular. It can be sharp or gentle, inward or communal, heavy with silence or bright with small, enduring details.





Spanning many geographies, the work in the following pages is united by attention: a shared willingness to pause, to notice, to share.

Selecting this edition was both a privilege and a challenge. As always, we are grateful to every poet who entrusted us with their work. Each submission contributes to the wider conversation that the journal exists to hold.

We hope this winter edition offers you moments to linger with - lines that stay, images that surface quietly, and spaces of stillness you can return to.

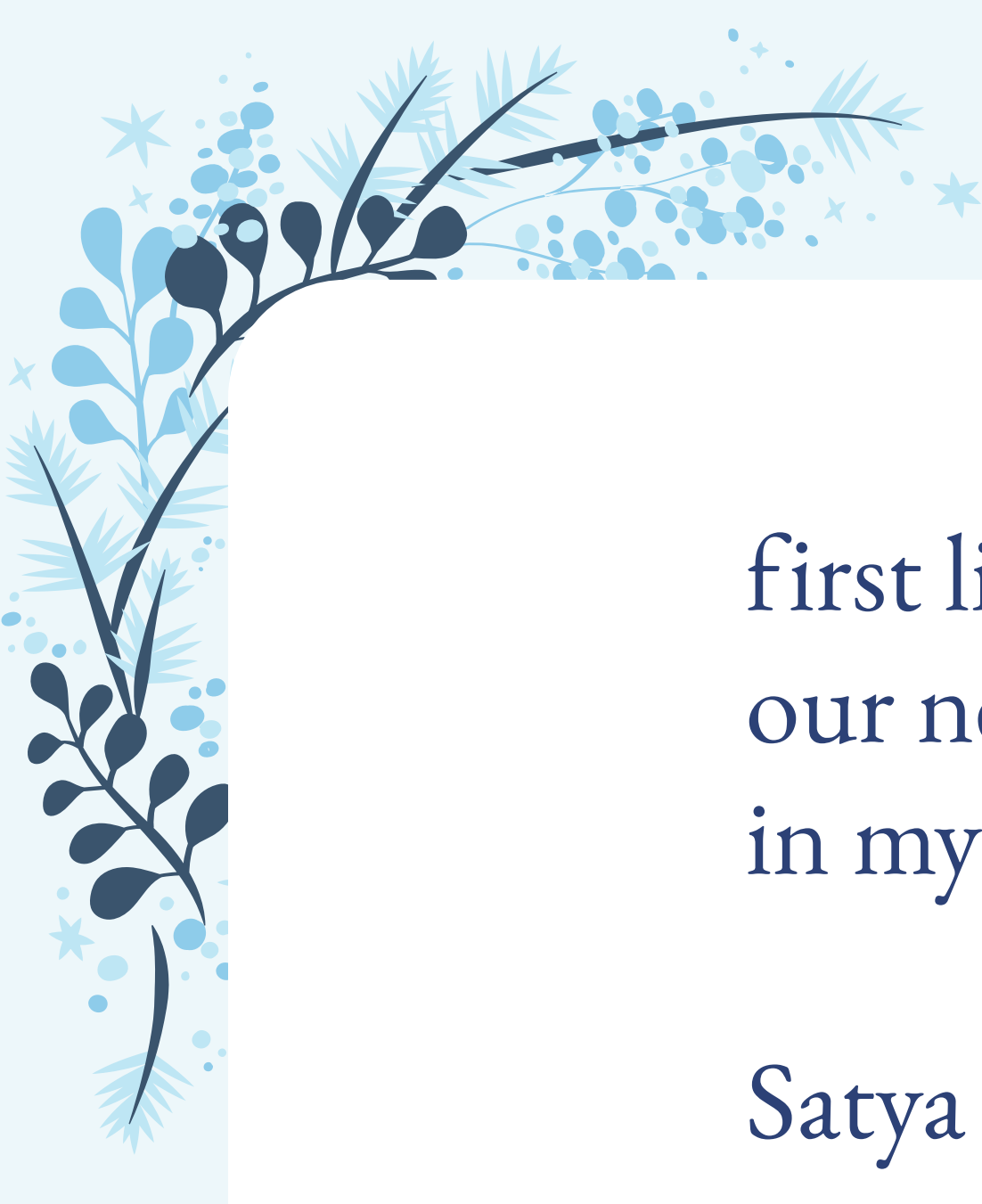
Thank you for reading, and for being part of the Wales Haiku Journal community.

Joe and Luci





Winter
Whispers



first light
our new born
in my hands

Satya Chittaluri

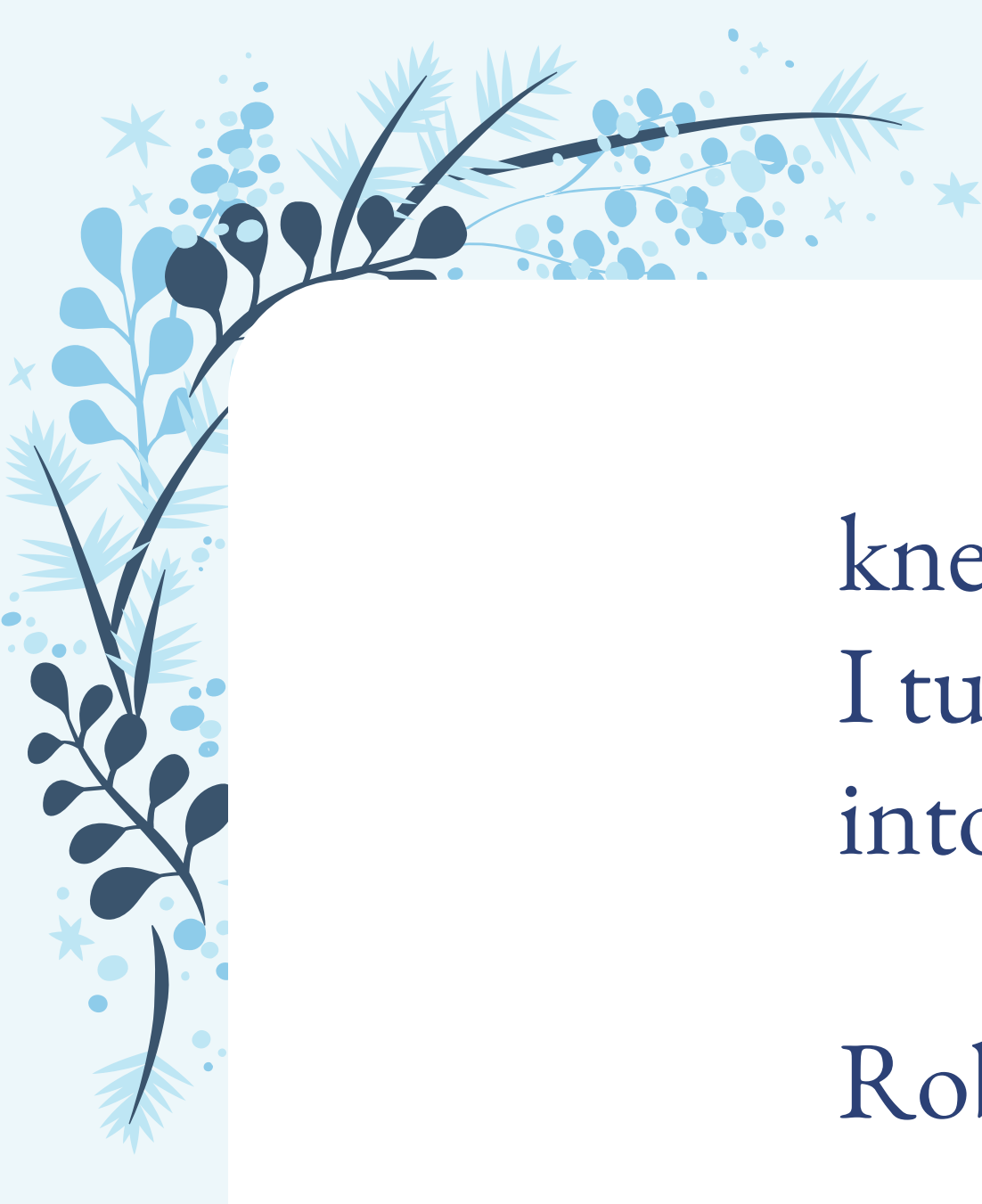
dawn
moon and star
the walker follows his dog

Ella Aboutboul

waking to the cascade
of morning glass collection

Tim Dwyer





kneading clay
I turn myself
into a pot

Robert Kingston

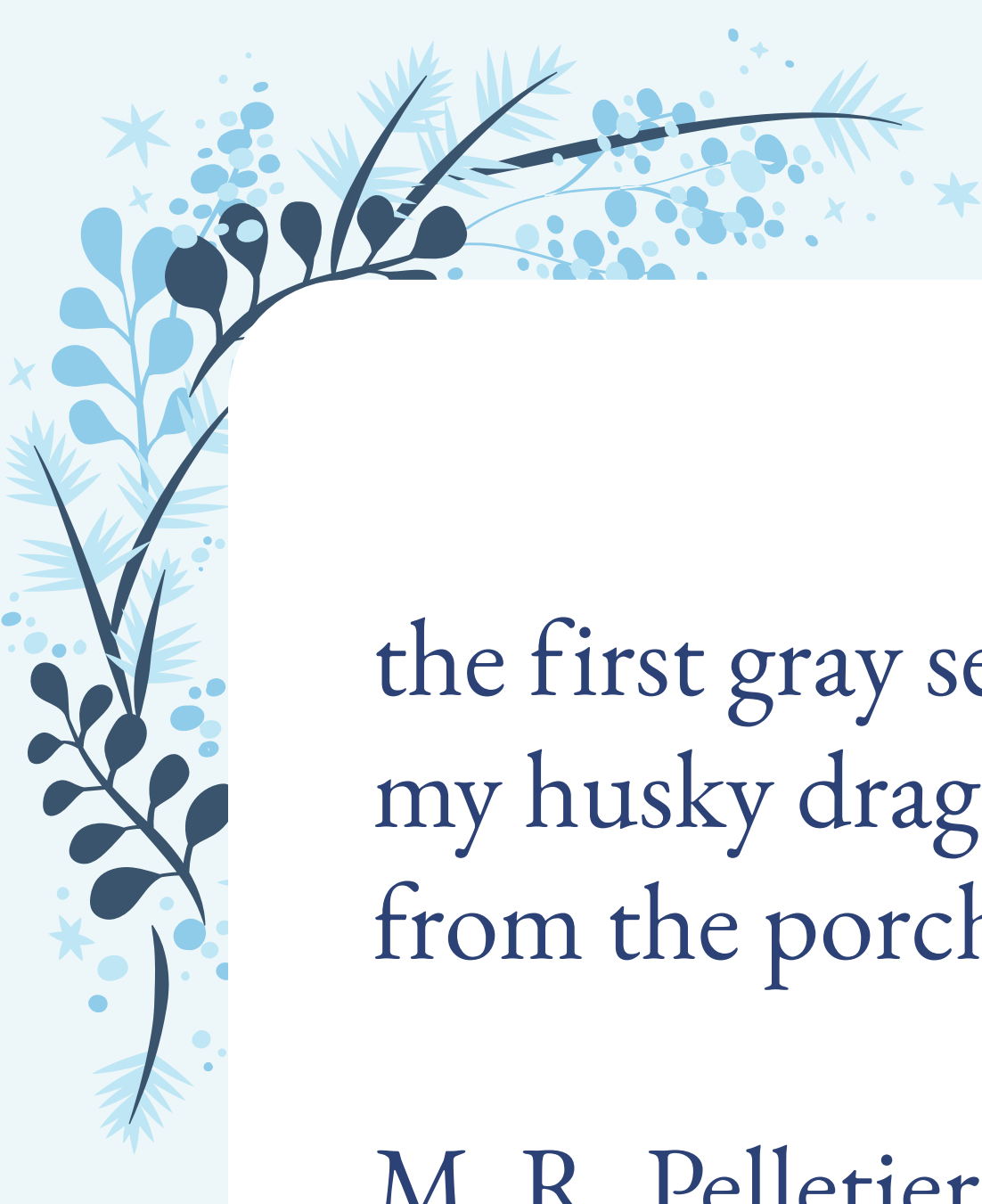
skipping stones
into obscurity
end of fall

Gareth Nurden

morning fog
this urge to know
what's ahead

Nitu Yumnam





the first gray sea
my husky drags his rug in
from the porch

M. R. Pelletier


the first murmurings
of a mountain stream
marmots brushed with snow

Robert Witmer

strutting strutting faster a seagull outpaces the tide

Katie Montagna





deer's tongue
tasting the names
of wildflowers

Randy Brooks


conch shell
my past life

Mark Gilbert

leaves swirl
from the back of a pickup
first frost

Joseph P. Wechselberger





hill foghorn
a wagtail hops
between acorns

Keiko Izawa

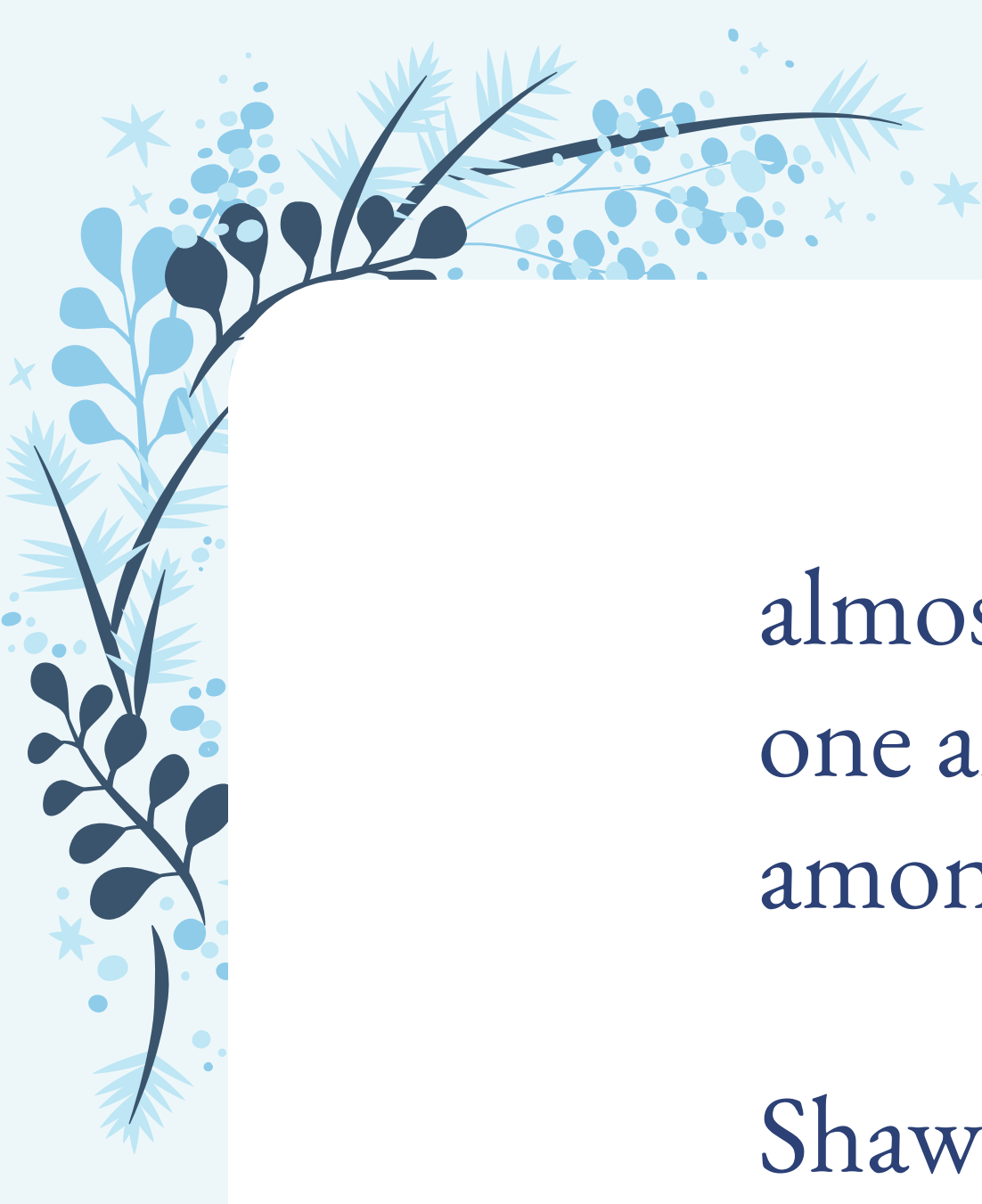
drying well -
up the rope
a frog climbs

Padmasiri Jayathilaka

horizon shift an internal storm through his tree pose

Robert Kingston





almost winter
one ant
among the crumbs

Shawn Blair

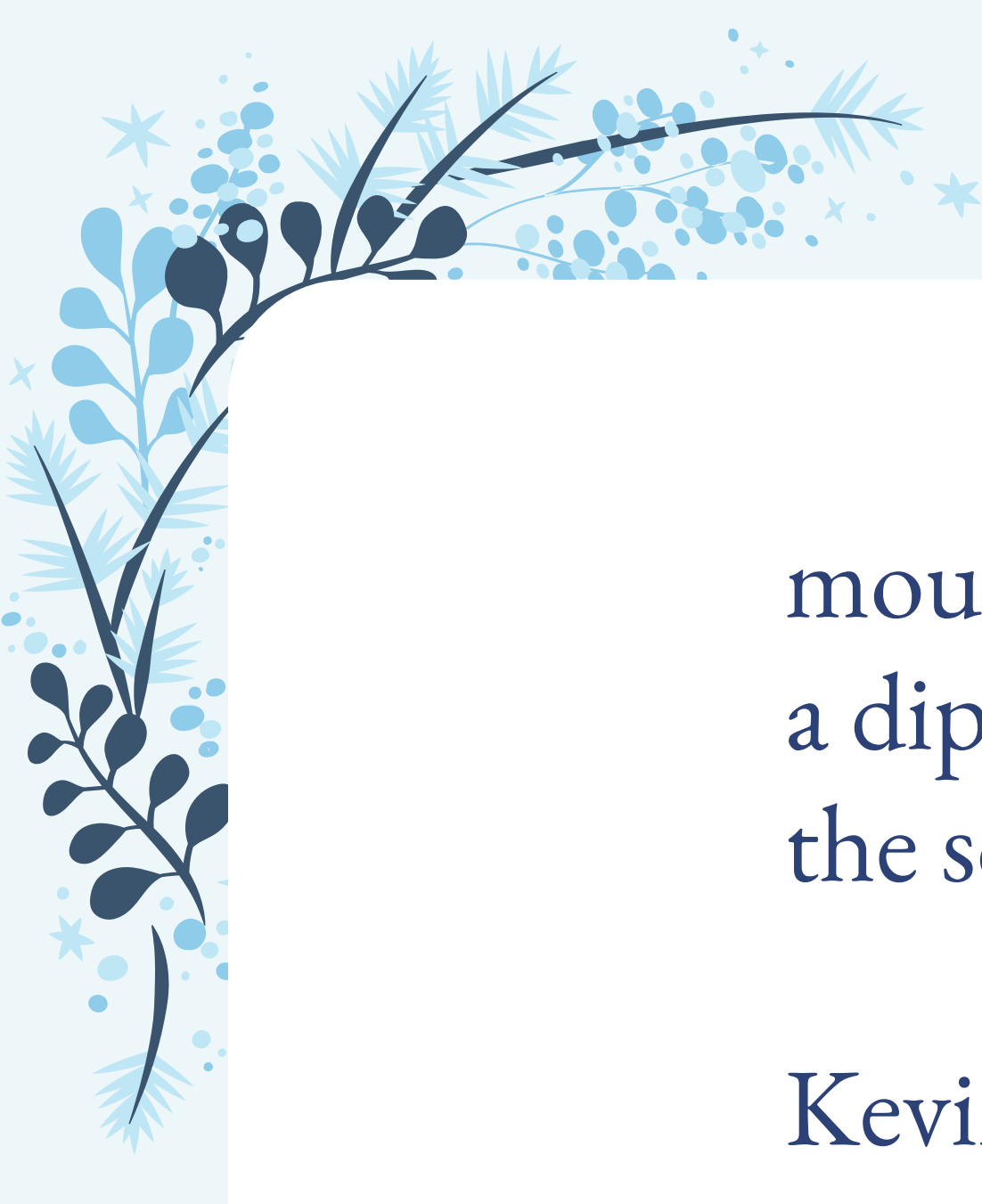
redwood grove
splinter of sunlight
on a patch of sorrel

Lisa Espenmiller

dark reservoir
pondering the depths
of middle age

Ian Willey





mountain stream--
a dipper dives into
the sound of water

Kevin Valentine


prescribing
new blood thinners . . .
a child eating snow

Anthony Lusardi

eightieth birthday
my mother flaunts
her one good knee

Jahnavi Gogoi





blight—
all this hurt
and yet a butterfly

Farah Ali


weaving through
a flock of wild turkeys
wind-tumbled leaves

Brad Bennett

the squeak
of my barrow
a robin replying

Tony Williams





crepuscular rays
telephone lines
bisect the sky

Steven Croft

the eighteen-second message
to hear your voice again ...
autumn roses

Joseph P. Wechselberger

hospital vigil
fallen leaves
follow me in

LeRoy Gorman





fall cleanup
the garden hose
stiffens

LeRoy Gorman

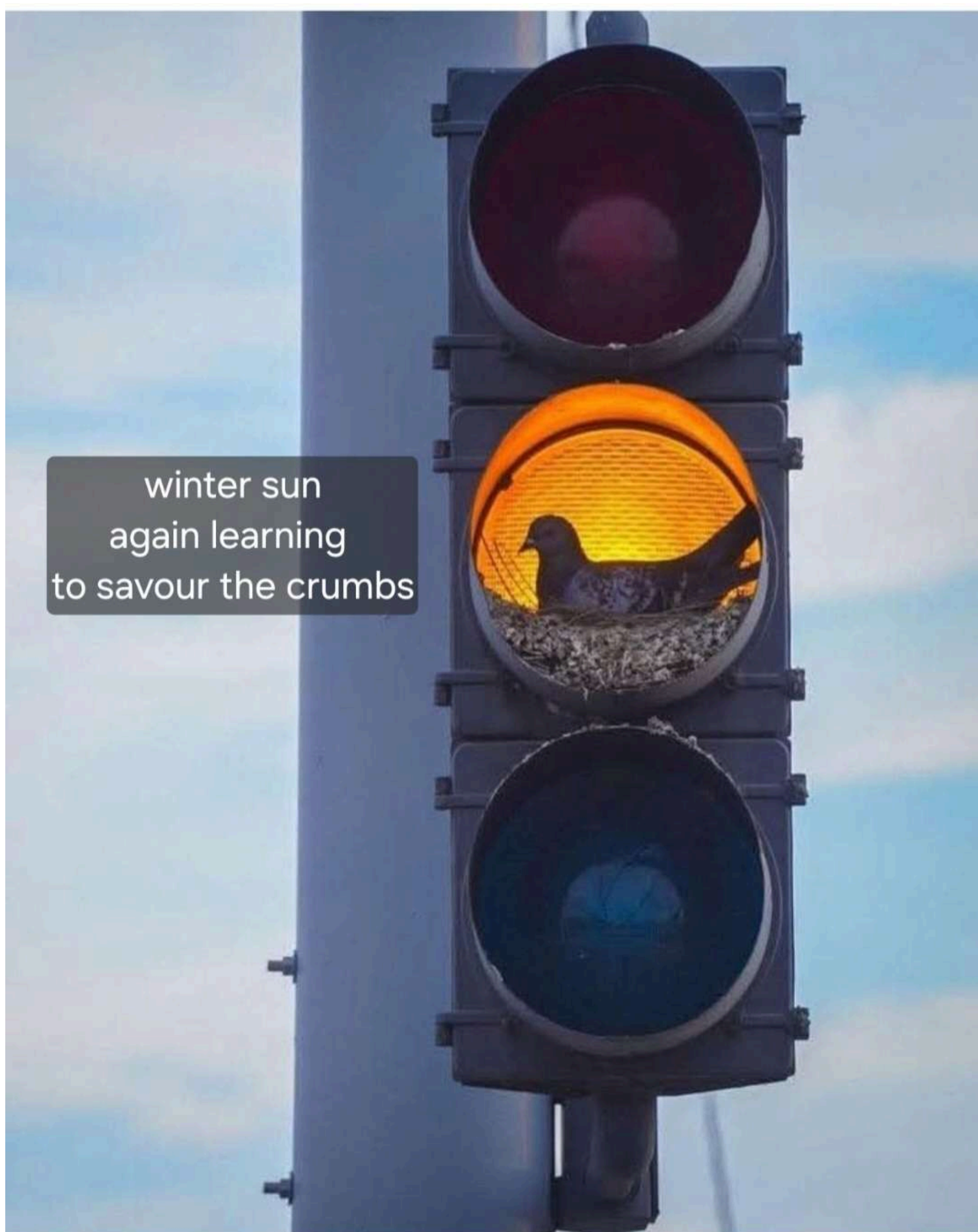
a tern pulls
a cockle from its home
lapping water

Bill Cooper

a doe's eyes
the briefest part
in the other's story


Doug Belleville





winter sun
again learning
to savour the crumbs

Denisa Hanšutová



first snow
a kingfisher hunches into
its turquoise

Hannah Mahoney

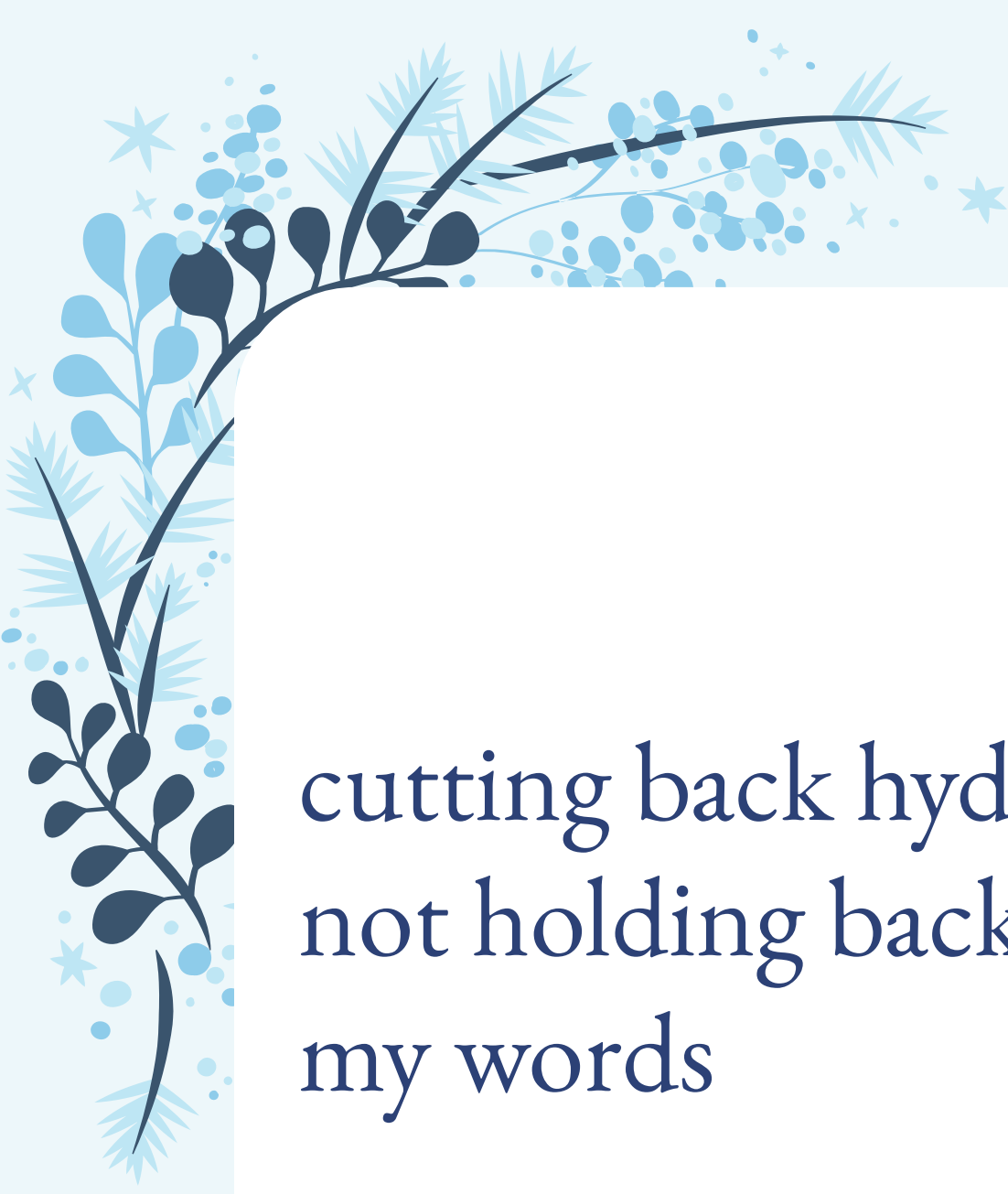
fog over the city —
disturbing my thoughts
Bashō's frog

Ana Drobot

breeze song
the fragrance
of honeysuckle

Ingrid Bruck





cutting back hydrangeas
not holding back
my words

Jahnavi Gogoi

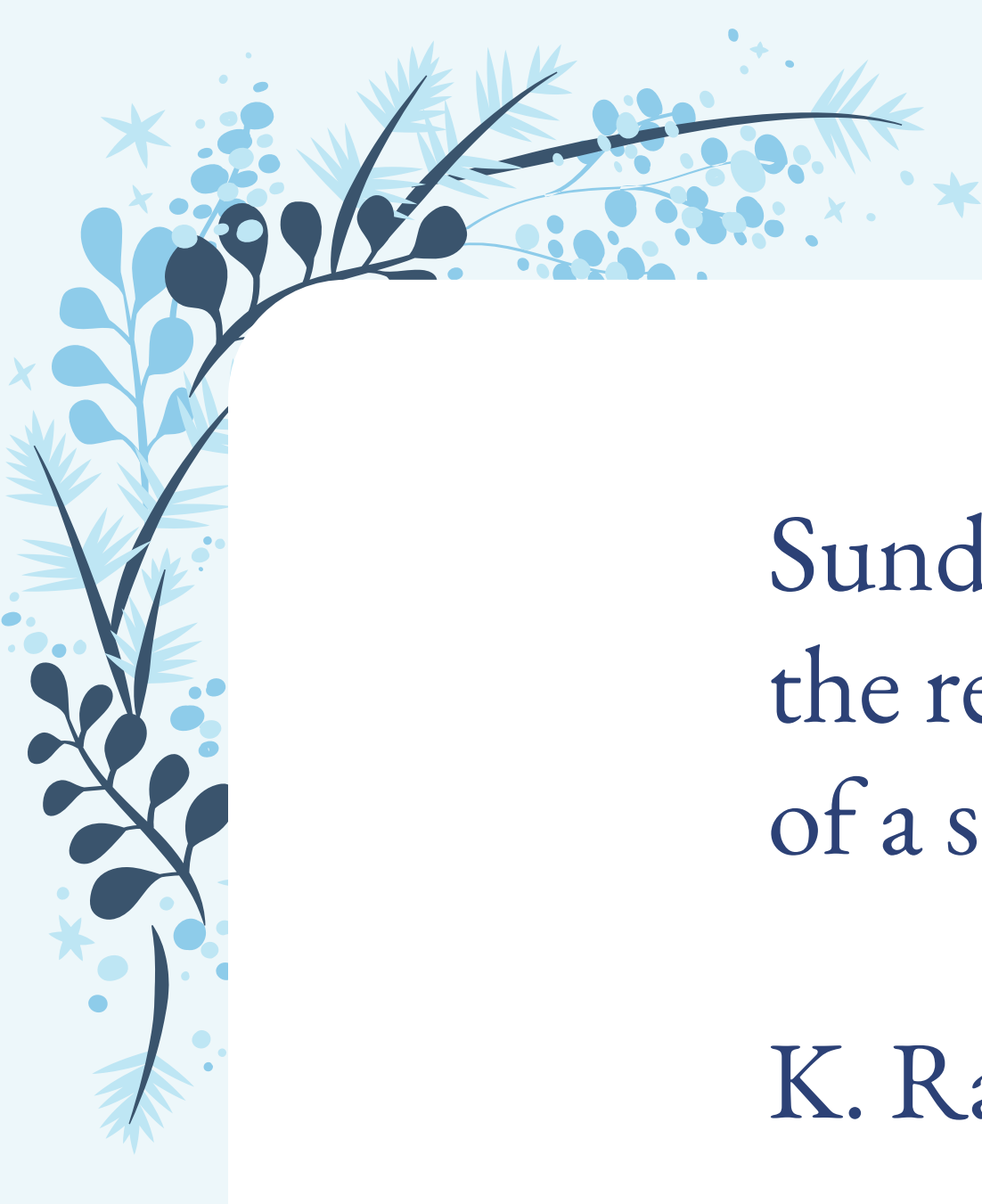
dappled script a bluebell woodland follows the couple

Alan Summers

winter oak--
the oncology window's
jigsaw sky

Bisshie





Sunday afternoon
the returning creak
of a small bicycle

K. Ramesh

tilde key
a squirrel writes itself
above the street

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

in a sky of one color
a goose
becoming geese

Shane Coppage





something's shaken
the willow bare
short goodbyes

Dylan Stover

cirrus sky
deer tracks
through the snowfield

Joshua St. Claire

winter forest
the scent of wood fires
from somewhere else

Lori Kiefer





perched on driftwood
looking out to sea
misplaced glasses

Kerry J Heckman

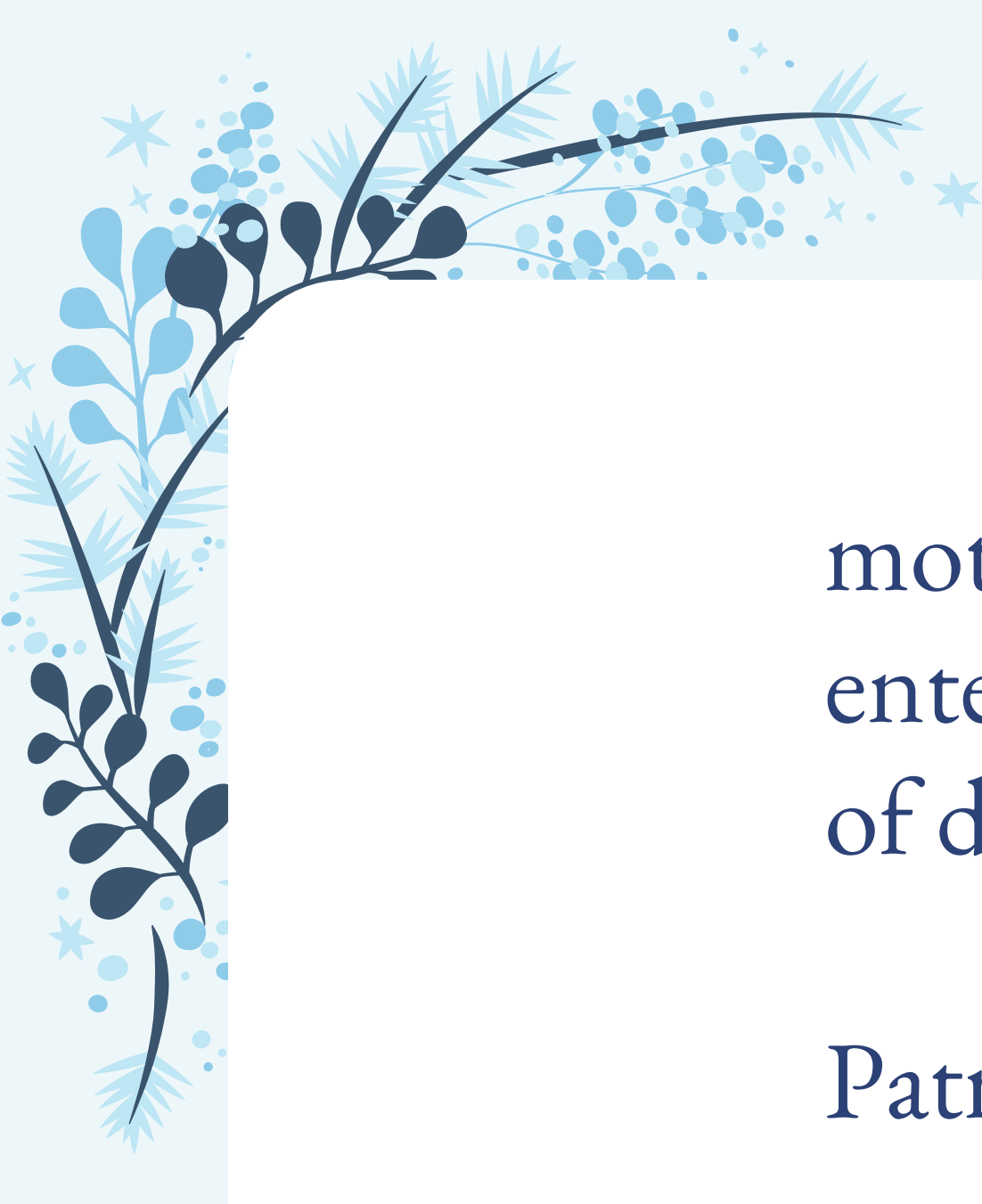
deepening cold
a patch of white
on the hare's ear

Paula Sears

picking out
the yellow coffee cup
winter sun

Rob Yeatman





moth flutters
entering the undergrowth
of darker days

Patricia Hawkhead

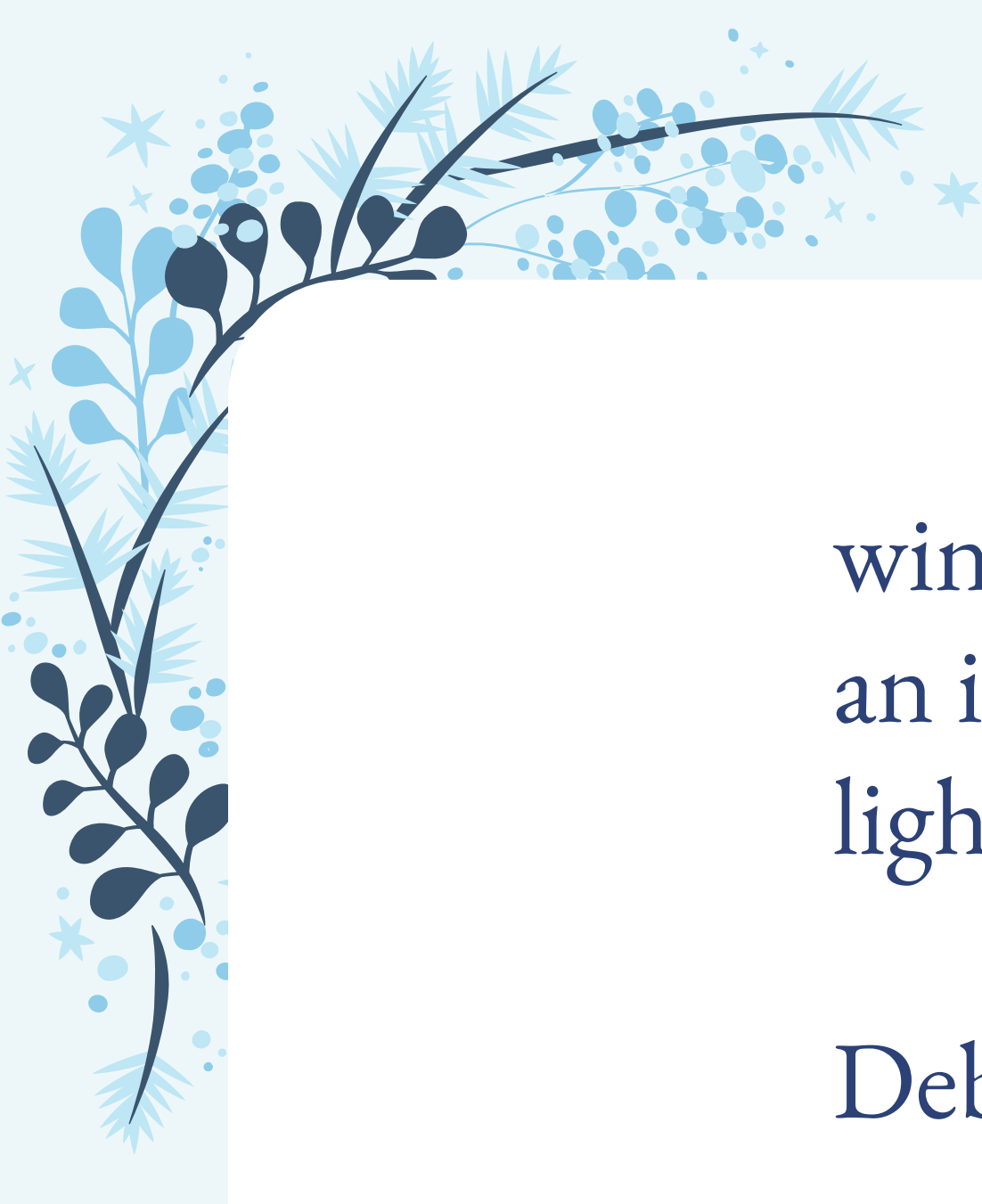
walk over
the dog nose-tucks
into a blanket

Erica Ison

bar jukebox
dudes duet on
air guitar

Ben Gaa





winter solstice
an irruption of snowy owls
lights the darkness

Debbie Strange

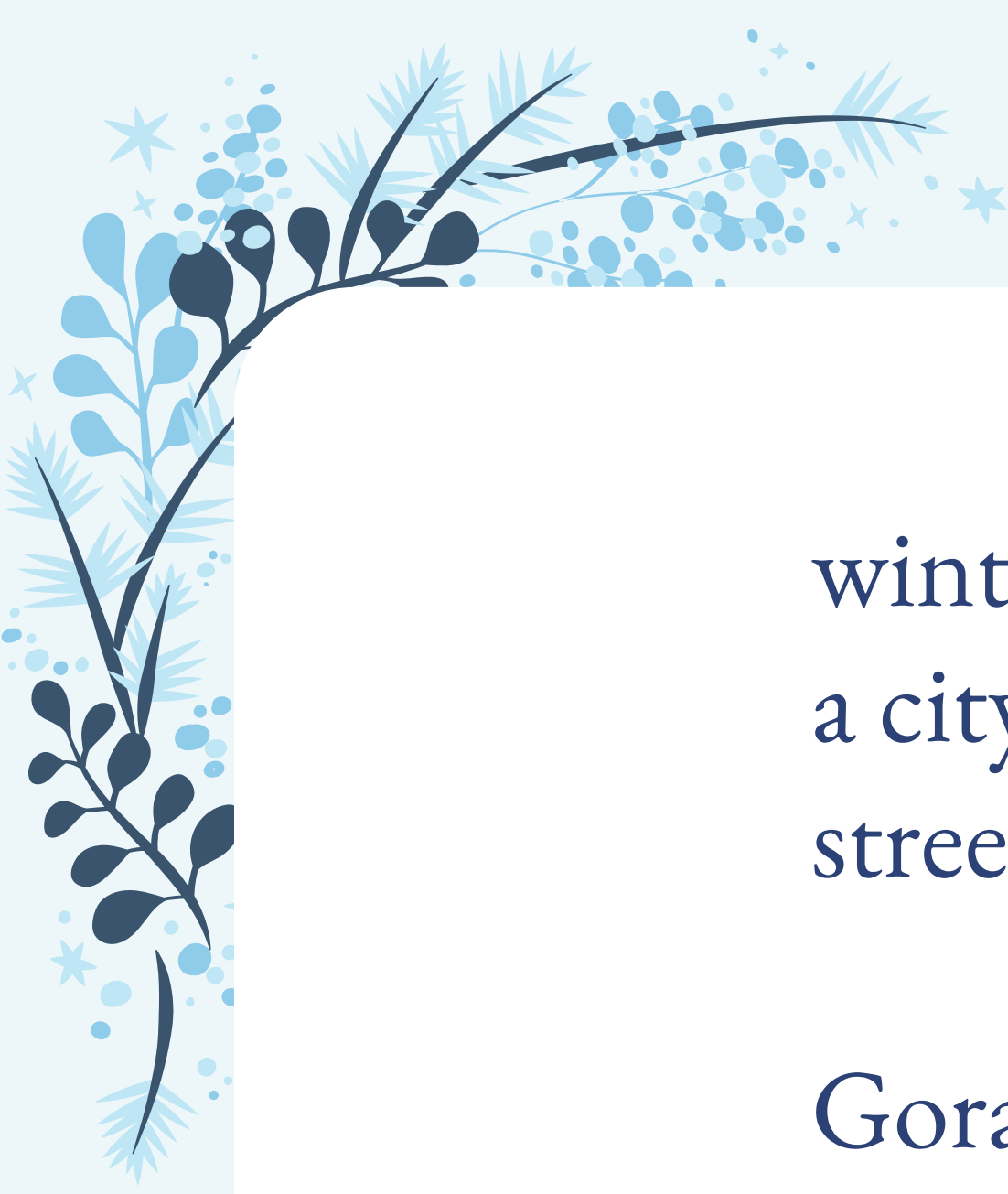
poet's home
some of the sky
leaking in

Susan Yavaniski

first snow
my old dog jumping
as a young pup

Andy Perrin





winter twilight—
a city whose
streets are shelled

Goran Gatalica


vending machine coffee
at the highway rest stop
... thick-falling sleet

Ash Evan Lippert

...drifting
to the dark half of the moon
night fishing

Evan Coram





night-darkened wood
the pond aglow
with cloud-light

Erica Ison

in his cardigan
room for two
cold moon

Millicent Bee



A decorative graphic consisting of overlapping blue circles and arcs in various shades of blue, framing the central text.

A Selection of Haibun

Rootprint

One sultry summer, the book found its way into our family, your fourth-grade textbook from the years of British rule, an anthology of English poems whose forms were already old when they first rested in your hands. The pages had browned into amber, as if time itself had seeped into the paper. Your handwriting lingered in the margins, soft and steady, a quiet map of your passage from Chaucer's music into the heavier cadences of Victorian verse.

When the book reached us, my mother drew the centuries together with needle and care, fastening them with thread and clear plastic. Ballads, odes, elegies, epics, sonnets, lyrics fell into their places, each one a small planetary system, all of them circling inside a single Milky Way she made whole again.

You, my great-grandmother, shaped by time and tide, carried us through summers with folktales and Malayalam poems. Though your schooling unfolded behind convent walls, the evenings widened generously,

allowing local stories and inherited verse to breathe beside one another, neither crowding the other out.

I named the colonisation of your school days only much later, standing in college corridors with those same poets in my hands, recognising then how carefully you had kept room for voices that rose from your own soil, refusing to let them eclipse.

Now, in my forties, I return to those folktales. I remember the faint smell of a smouldering wick, the after-warmth of her fingers on the page. I hold the book sometimes when I write about people from my land, as if the weight of it steadies my hand, as if it knows where the words must come from.

under the sludge-flow the river remembers its name

Vidya Premkumar

My Mother, My Daughter

Once, after too much champagne, my mother looked at me and admitted *I never wanted children*. Her confession, a bag I dragged into every room I entered. I spoon hummingbird sips of sweetened water between her lips and watch her struggle to swallow.

Holding my daughter's hand

My mother's hands are soft as overripe plums. Old-woman bloom of violets under the skin. The hands I've known longer than anything in this world. I can see her painting her fingernails, playing her violin. She smells like clean sheets and lemons. I breathe her in.

I walk her down the aisle

What month did you meet Dad? Where was your mother born? What do you love about me? I have a hundred questions she can no longer answer. This life was her first one, too. And isn't it impossible to be a mother? *I forgive you, Eleanor, I forgive you everything.*

and give her away

Valentina Gnup

No Fixed Channel

At low tide, the sandbar rises and the river shifts its weight. For a moment, it looks like a road forgotten. Children run along the wet strip, their footprints a brief script the water edits out. Boats idle farther up, spinning gently with the pull, never pointing the same way twice. Standing ankle-deep, you lose track of which way is downstream. Every current feels like an exit, every current an arrival.

foggy morning
the buoy's bell
belongs to no shore

Sandip Chauhan

Mauerspechte

It takes an hour to drive what would normally be a twenty-minute cab journey from Berlin Tegel to my hotel. Even then I don't quite make it. Traffic is making it near impossible for cars to manouvre Tauentzienstrasse.

right before Christmas
a queue of Trabants travel
from the east

My German is not the best, but I attempt to ask the cab driver what's going on. He replies, something like "Dee Ossies." I've no clue what that means.

Grinding to a halt about 100 metres from the hotel, I decide to pay the driver and get out of the cab with my bags and walk the rest of the way. Crossing Tauentzienstrasse on foot should have been easy. Traffic is pretty much at a standstill, but there are crowds of people lining the pavements, two or three deep in places. All are looking in the brightly lit shop windows.

gingerbread houses
Hansel and Gretel
follow the crumbs

I get to the hotel. My friend Hans Peter, the front office manager, is still on duty. He speaks great English. “What’s going on?” I ask him.

“It’s the Wall!”

I look at him as if he’s got two heads. Honestly, I’ve no idea what he’s talking about. I got off the plane from my holiday in India about 12 hours ago, grabbed a few hours sleep and then got back on a plane, this time to Berlin.

He picks up a newspaper. “Look!” he says, pointing at the pictures on the front page. “The Wall. It’s down! Have you been living behind the moon?”

cry freedom!
another chink in the wall
this November night

I stare at the paper. Pictures of people clambering all over the wall. A wall I've been to many times. On most of my visits to Berlin I've climbed the lookout platform near the old Reichstag building to gawp at the expanse of no man's land across the river to the east.

a route west
the cold of the river
seeps into bones

“Wow! When did this happen? I've been on holiday.”

“Two days ago,” he tells me.

This is hard to comprehend, I need to see for myself. “Where's the best place to go and see what's going on?”

Hans Peter shrugs his shoulders. “Pick a spot,” he says.

“Check point Charlie?”

“You could start there. Look, I’ll be off in a couple of hours, let’s go down there together. I’ll bring the hammer and the beer.”

“You’re on,” I tell him. “What’s the hammer for?”

“You’ll see,” he replies, a big grin on his face. “Bis dann!”

I go to my room and get my head down for a couple of hours.

cold November night
an orchestra of hammers
syncopating

Bisshie

Doctor Parkinson's Monster

Two pens on my desk. I have stopped writing at my computer. The tap, tap, tap, diverts my thoughts and blocks my concentration. The looping, swooping lines of ink release creativity. Let it soar free to the clouds, then down to earth, a throat-gripping fall between the two.

They are often difficult to read. The paper shivers at the tremor of my hands. Soon I must consult, see if my fears are accurate, the family curse passed on.

on shelves
the books I meant to read
—a few dried flowers

Simon Wilson

The Heart of Time

Spinning wool, the sun warm on my bare face and arms—the yarn flows from my fingertips.

slanted light
through the fence slats
bluejay's whisper song

When my fingers telegraph a wrong thickness, I stop to tease the extra fibers out into the breeze. Sometimes the new yarn thins into a daydream, which must be snapped awake and rejoined. The wheel is nudged back into a clockwise motion, and my feet pedal—a lazy pedal—until this day stands still.

indigo shadows
beneath the loblolly
drifting hours

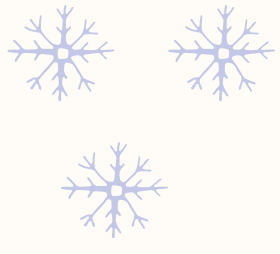
Beverly A. Tift

Bone Doesn't Float

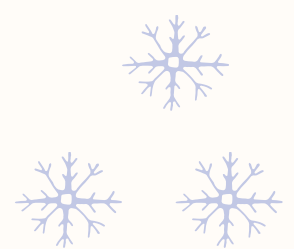
South America dangles from North America at Panama. Both are anchored to the planet at the North Pole by ice, which is slowly melting. The magnetic North Pole, which had been moving northeast for two hundred years, has now shifted toward Siberia, currently at 22 miles per year. No one knows how to affect the iron in the Earth's outer core that creates the magnetic field. While we all wonder if this will affect our compasses and our ability to find directions in our lives, we don't even do anything about the things we have some control over. Polar ice continues to melt . . . sea levels continue to rise . . . the Atlantic is eating its way toward the Pacific, and vice versa . . . someday perhaps, there will be nothing left but the spine of our continents.

ribs & keel
we must build a bigger boat
for that last goodbye

Janet Ruth



Winter's Whiteness





with child
the moon inside
a halo

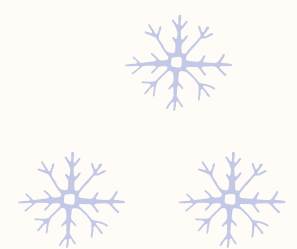
Susan Yavaniski

morning fog
all the birds set
to audio only

Sam Renda

waking before dawn—
the house
snow quiet

Claire Ninham





5.30 am

a snow plough clears a path
through my sleep

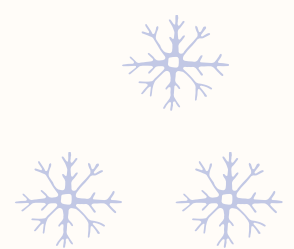
Bisshie

a bullfrog
in dense fog
that recurring dream

Robert Witmer

first flurries
the sudden lightness
of my footsteps

Kila Lim





basking in pink dolphins early morning sky

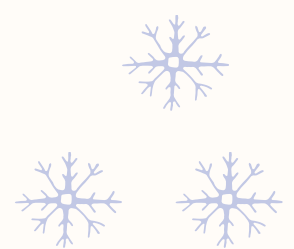
Pegah Rahmati Nezhad

pond steam lifting
the heron's neck
uncoils

Mark Forrester

remaindered books
today a dusting
of winter sun

LeRoy Gorman





parting clouds
I pour myself
into the sky

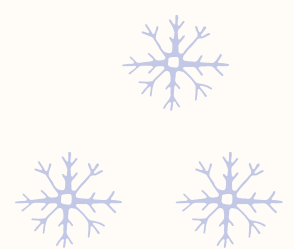
Jenn Ryan-Jauregui

mid-winter light
through stained glass
lifetime achievement award

Michael Lamb

first snowflakes
on the dark mane
of the mustang

Goran Gatalica





wings splayed
a boy tightropes
the railroad track

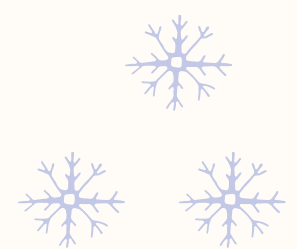
Anne Elise Burgevin

winter on their wings pink flamingoes

Vaishnavi Ramaswamy

snowflakes
the differences between
sonnets and sonatas

Boryana Boteva





small patches
of snow
bonsai garden

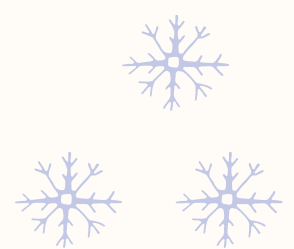
Ravi Kiran

mountain retreat . . .
kicking the covers off
our life stories

Barrie Levine

first snow
canceling
therapy

Gordon Brown





cold morning
steam rises from
a peeled egg

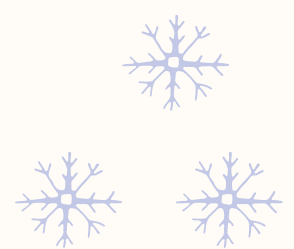
Ravi Kiran

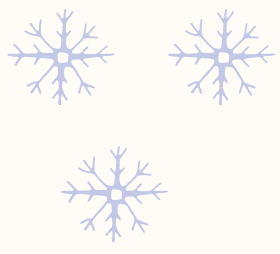
chamomile tea
my hands shaping
solitude

Lorraine Haig

snow day
the curled up tail
of a crayon cat

Tom Bierovic





frost in the air
red crabapple clusters
black with birds

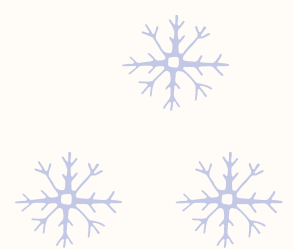
Mary Ann Conley

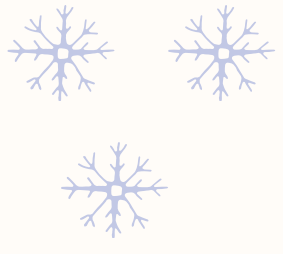
hyacinth petals
in the snow
a lost dog

Matthew Cariello

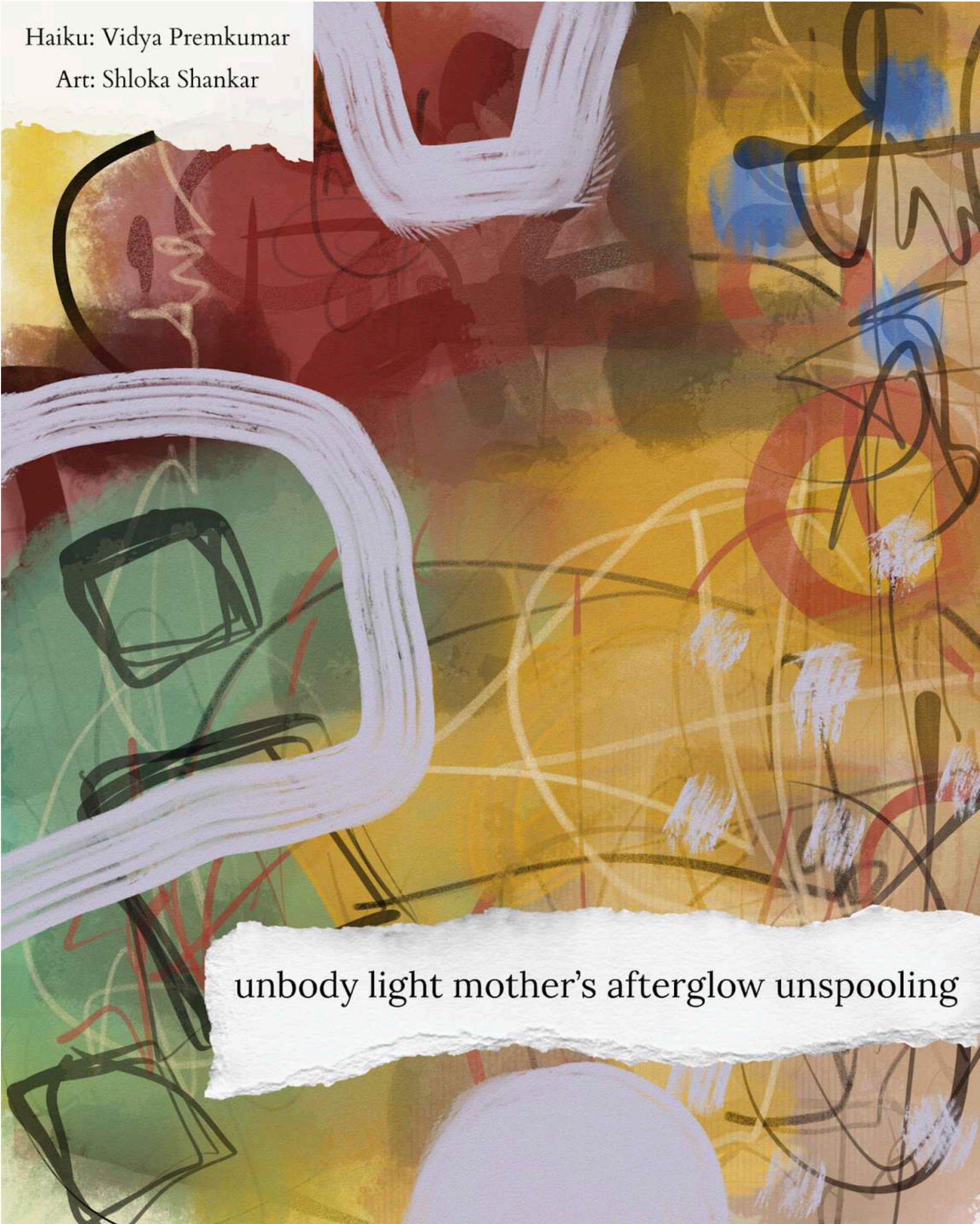
snow on the river wood-smoke sky

Glenn Coats

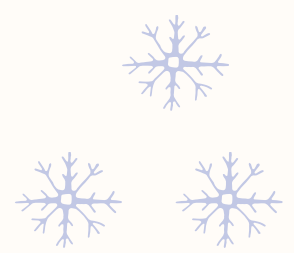




Haiku: Vidya Premkumar
Art: Shloka Shankar



unbody light mother's afterglow unspooling





antler scrapes
on an ancient oak
wintering forest

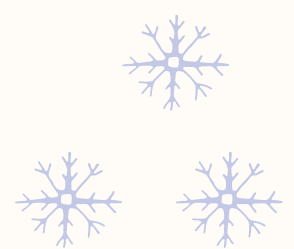
Anne Fox

leftover heron
the silence
of half-iced water

Ollie Surber

first winter rain
the fading sound
of footsteps

John J. Han





folding my fears
into swan wings
winter lake

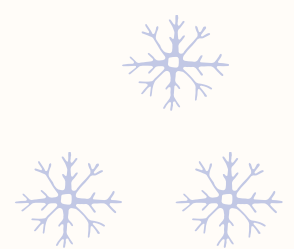
Farah Ali

all her feelings for him coming back first snow

Quamrul Hassan

winter breeze
Grandma still
ruffles his hair

Edward Cody Huddleston





flooding
the river climbs
a heron's legs

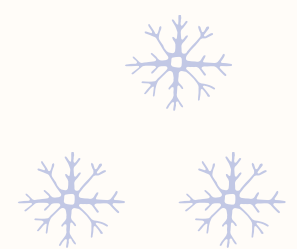
Marilyn Ashbaugh

new year's day
still turning over
old leaves

Eric Sundquist

cold and clear
the cormorant's spread wings
wet with moonlight

Kristen Linquist





wooden bridge
first set of footprints
on the snow

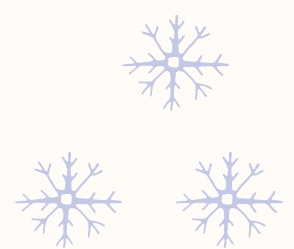
Stephen J. DeGuire

flu season . . .
refilling the bucket
of free lemons

Jenny Polstra

ceasefire news...
my fresh moss
grows silently

Maya Daneva





coffee topped up
the waitress pauses
to watch the snow

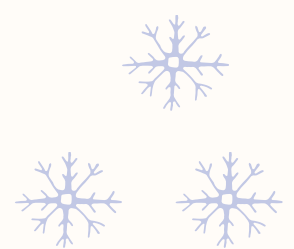
Bryan Rickert

homeless encampment
dangling outside a tent
Christmas stockings

John J. Dunphy

komorebi
a thrush hopping through
the shade of cedars

Vishal Prabhu





snow-laden pine
the weight of snow
not falling

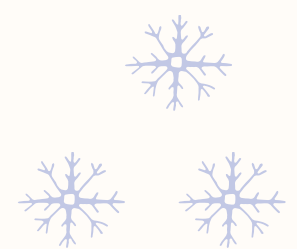
Richard E Schell

sloe berries
soft after the frost
thrush song

Svetla Mirova

memories of mother
bare branches
let through the sky

Jenny Fraser





tunnelling in
to disturbed thoughts
MRI

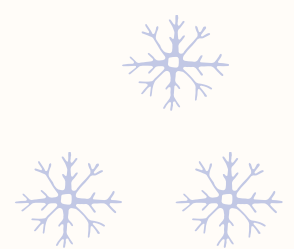
Wilda Morris

silent snow
the sound of his door
clicking shut

Vandana Parashar

between the coyote
and me
snowflakes

Kathryn Haydon





first Christmas
without him—
her new purple coat

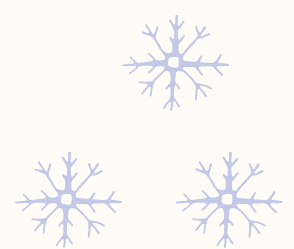
Tony Williams

watery sky
a kestrel lifts from the stubble
talons closed

Ben Oliver

muddy hill
the grip
of her hand

Timothy Daly





sharing a bed
for all these years
hardy perennials

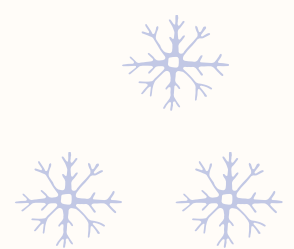
Patricia Hawkhead

winter seduction
how you handle
hot chocolate

Stephanie Zepherelli

old couple
walking slowly
but the same slowly

David Oates





winter dusk
my father's voice
in the woodpile

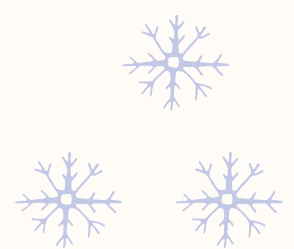
Thomas Vaultonburg

the jangle of coins
in the payphone
Christmas breakup

Ash Evan Lippert

nor'easter
the whole storm in
a crow's eye

John Pappas





deep winter
bringing the
basil pot inside

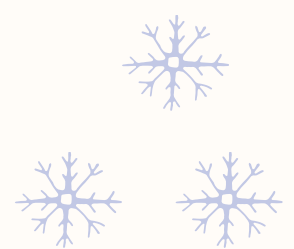
Govind Joshi

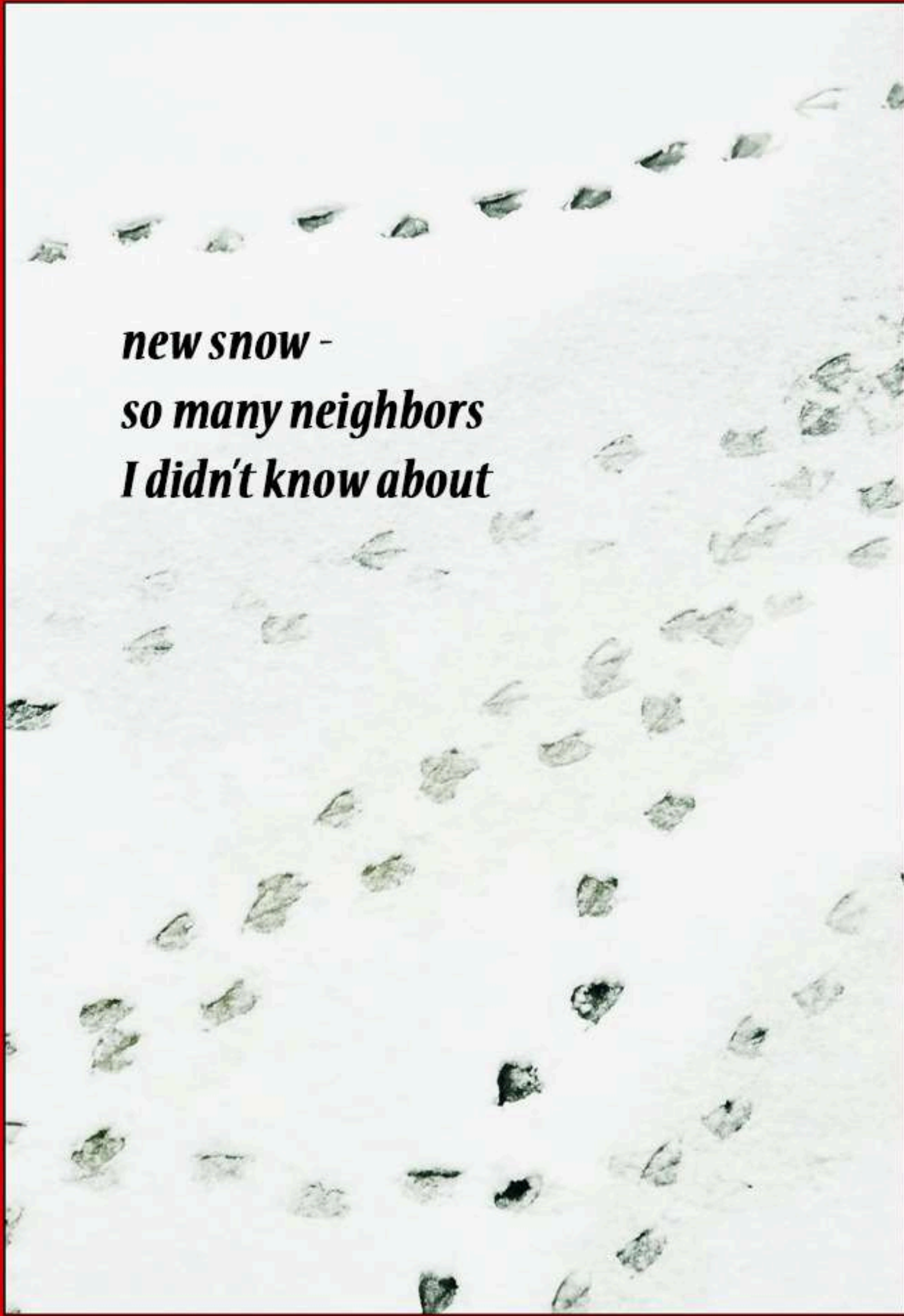
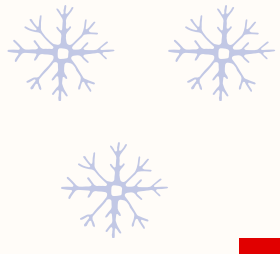
between trains
all his pockets
full of stones

Glenn G. Coats

open chapel door
the silence
of falling snow

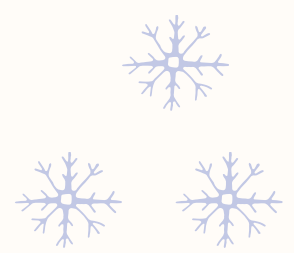
Kila Lim





***new snow -
so many neighbors
I didn't know about***

Richard West





murmuration
a winnowing falcon
pierces the center

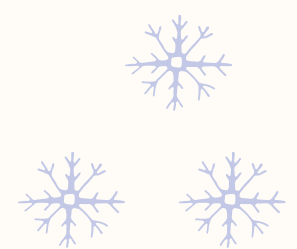
A.J Johnson

enclosed porch
one storm system
storms another

Anne Elise Burgevin

a thick layer of snow
enveloping the mountain—
mother's dementia

Goran Gatalica





nights draw in
a spider behind
the heating boiler

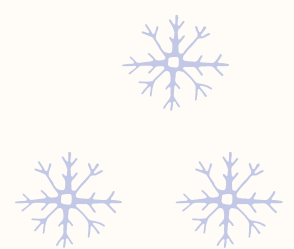
Keith Evetts

whistling kettle
a blackbird behind the
window
turns its head

Jacek Margolak

year's end —
a child in the camp
draws the sinking sun

Fatma Zohra Habis





a raven
hesitantly leaves the bough-
winter dusk

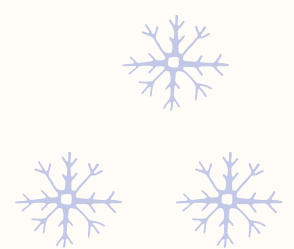
Ram Chandran

crossroads
ghost bike turns
to ice

Jill Muhrer

below the rockets
the crackle of old brown leaves
New Year's eve

Keith Evetts





winter dusk
the hardest part
of parting

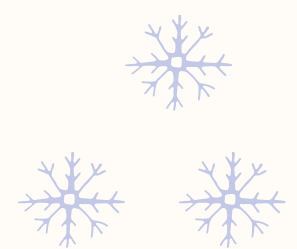
Laurie Morrissey

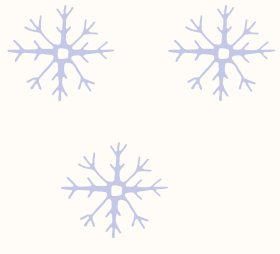
glasses off for sleep . . .
the neighbors' Christmas lights
blur to baubles

Hannah Mahoney

new year's eve
the clatter of hangers
in a lingerie store

Irena Iris Szewczyk

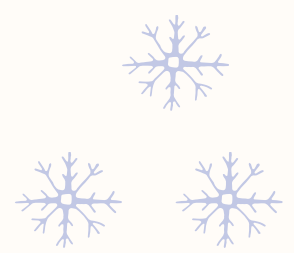


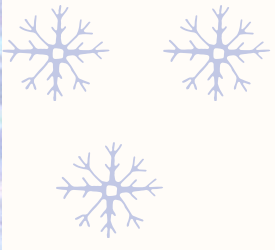


Haiku: Vidya Premkumar
Art: Shloka Shankar



ghosting me again city smog





after the wake
dead stars
giving light

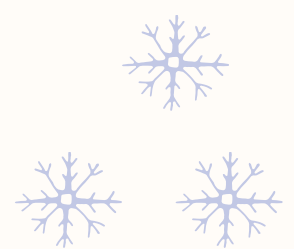
Bob Stewart

shadow owl
at the edge of sight
sickle moon

Ben Oliver

frozen star -
the distant isolation
of a stifled dream

Paul Callus





deep winter moon
a skein of geese
departing

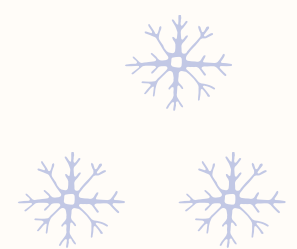
Katja Fox

midnight scamper
hoarfrost crackles
underfoot

E.A. Latham

a cold night
the coach station
closed

Ruth Holzer





winter night
dog and man curled up
on a grate

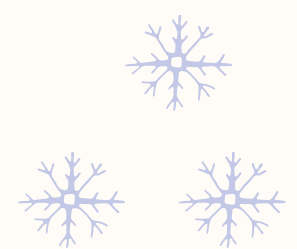
Lev Hart

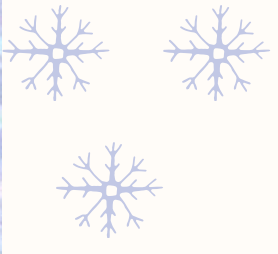
hunger moon
trying not to swallow
this single grain of rice

Mike Fainzilber

moonlight jokes . . .
the toothless grin
of grandpa

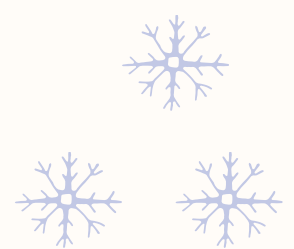
Ugwu Erochukwu
Shedrach





swallowing
the moon's halo
a whirlpool of cloud

Erica Ison



Book Review by Nicholas
Klacsanzky: *Infinity Strings: Poems
of Science, Technology, and
Humanity's Attachment to
Modernity*, by Hifsa Ashraf and R.C.
Thomas

Infinity Strings: Poems of Science, Technology, and Humanity's Attachment to Modernity is a collaborative poetry collection by Hifsa Ashraf (Pakistan) and R.C. Thomas (UK). It employs the Japanese form *tan-renga*—a two-part call-and-response poem—to intertwine technology, AI, space, and science with humanity's emotional and mental breadth. The book also includes artworks—abstract illustrations and photography—that associate with the poems on both a surface and a symbolic level. At 93 pages and with dimensions of 5 x 0.24 x 8 inches, the book is

compact and a fairly fast read, not only due to its size but also its intriguing content. This poetry collection avoids clichés and blandness by creating unique connections between the verses, utilizing subject matter that is rarely explored.

The majority of the leaps between verses in the tan-renga have quality space between them, allowing readers to ponder myriad interpretations and moods. Many of the leaps pit the cosmic scale versus intimate human moments in a delightful way. There is often an emotional undercurrent—nostalgia, awe, anxiety—that gives the speculative or tech-gearred themes genuine human stakes. The art enhances this, adding texture and atmosphere. The art could also be a palette cleanser before the next poem is read.

Another aspect to mention is the balance of voices in this collection. Ashraf and Thomas have different poetic sensibilities, and their back-and-forth creates tension and harmony. Ashraf's work tends more toward the spiritual and precise, while Thomas often leans more towards the experimental and surreal. It is a refreshing combination of styles that is not as pronounced in many other collaborative poetry collections.

Below, I will feature some poems from the collection I believe are illustrative of the variety and nuance of the content. Ashraf's verses are in regular format, while Thomas' verses are in italics.

new subscriber
what follows
is emptiness
VPN proxy
fixing narratives

Mixing Zen, tech language, and identity, this poem plays with the word “follows” in a contemplative manner.

letting off steam
our lotus tries
the autoclave

optimizing
inner demons

The relation between the natural world and mechanical equipment, and technology and psychology, is striking.

meteor shower
the beliefs we hold
back

Fukitol
compounding our fate

The sense of sound, imagery, and the mix of casual/formal language is intriguing.

vertigo spiral
blending shadows
with delusions

all over screens
our projected ascent

The format, imagery, and unique take on a sense of fullness create a potent experience for the reader.

storm brewing
a hyperobject enters
the group chat

juggling with
the emojis

Beginning with a seasonal reference, the poem transitions to technology with humor and ends with a comical meditation on the importance of emojis.

crypto autumn
the snakeskin clings
to bare feet

treading carefully
where it counts the most

In the book, “snakeskin” is written in a weaving form to illustrate the movement of a snake, but in my limited capacity, I cannot replicate it. However, I admire the experimentation with visual elements and the unique topics that are explored in this poem, from crypto, snakes, and the double meaning of “treading.”

centripetal chatter
missed points
come back around

thoughts turning
to molecular clouds

It is easy to gravitate towards the double interpretation of “points” and the stark ending line.

worl... wi... ...eb

this buffering

our buffering

counting on

the free particles

Another fine dip into concrete poetry and a masterful employment of layered meaning in the last two lines.

My only qualm with this collection is that some or much of the featured scientific and technological nomenclature might be arduous to sift through, with repeated visits to the glossary in the back of the book if one is not up on the vocabulary. Though I personally enjoy looking up and discovering new terms, I can understand how some readers would not.

Ultimately, *Infinity Strings* is not your common collaborative poetry effort, with its encompassing exploration of intertwining topics that reach into the future of science and technology while also delving into the human psyche. Some of the subjects written about perhaps have never been seen in haiku, tan-renga, or in poetry collections in general. Lucky for us, the poets' endeavor into this unknown territory is not composed as a gimmick, as you can easily resonate with the poems and feel the depth of both the poets' visions.



Winter Waning





midwinter dawn
a headlight cone
traces the field

Lucas Weissenborn

overnight snow
the silent glow
of a reading lamp

Laurie Greer

icy dawn
a vestige of night
in the raven's call

Annie Wilson





freezing cold
the conifer absorbs
a delicate sunrise

Ella Aboutboul

scent of wild mint
the warmth of his touch
in the blue-black dawn

Dyana Basist

icicles thaw...
the relentless drip
of dad's last words

Adele Evershed





the first coin
in beggar's hat
winter sun

Denisa Hanšutová

knowing safety at last morning murmuration

Kelly Sargent

oh,bluejay
don't cry
i can't sing either

Julie Schwerin





orange tinted
silver birch
winter sunrise

Melissa Dennison

wallaby track
the soft drip
of fern rain

Gavin Austin

foggy morning—
new year resolutions
fill the gym

Neena Singh





birding morning
I read
the swamp

Tomislav Sjekloća

sunny morn
the ice swimmer's arm
full of tattoos

Irena Iris Szewczyk

a squirrel
at the bird table
the weight of you

M. R. Pelletier





morning chill –
one leaf still trembles
on the naked aspen

John Low

snowdrifts
dusting the caps
of chickadees

Marilyn Ashbaugh

Gardens of Versailles
choosing to live with
intentionality

Sharon Martina





after the quarrel
reheating the teacups
side-by-side

Neena Singh

scudding clouds the stillness of eagles

Mariangela Canzi

pressing apart
the gravestones
fig tree roots

Duncan Richardson





red phone booth
now a defibrillator...
my phone buzzes

Michael Lamb

winterbright
a grocery store
bouquet

Lesley Swanson

russet leaves
gather on the roof -
vacant bird box

Marc Hyder





snow-bridged crevasse –
the feigned support
of disloyal friends

Paul Callus

winter pond
a koi misted
in the cloud shadow

Keiko Izawa

winter yard
the coffee smoke transmutes into
a murmuration

Tomislav Sjekloća





unexpected letter
ripples where the rain
meets the lake

Kerry J Heckman

dehyphenated...
condolences
turning to sleet

Evan Coram

rain respite
the lingering
silence on the road

Govind Joshi





arc of a rainbow
from grass to puddle
a leaping frog

Geetha Ravichandran

what this day brings
the young raven's
piercing blue eyes

Earl Livings

winter lake
a surfacing bubble
of the grebe's breath

Hynek Koziol





my mother
dressed for the dance
glistening snow

Kathryn Haydon

winter winds
our swing still holding on
by one chain

Joy Hallinan

winter rain
placing a wreath
on her grave

Kevin Valentine





my first birthday
mother's diary says
the calf died

Greg Piko

shucked oyster shells
gleam on the cinder path
low winter sun

Keith Evetts

earl grey
the muted quality
of February light

Ash Evan Lippert





a note scrawled
on a scrap of paper
dust on Mum's words

Simon Wilson

her sock lines birthday striptease

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

sotte voce
of overnight snowfall
rabbit ears twitch

Ron Scully





first date —
the slow dip of an oar
into the river

Lori Kiefer

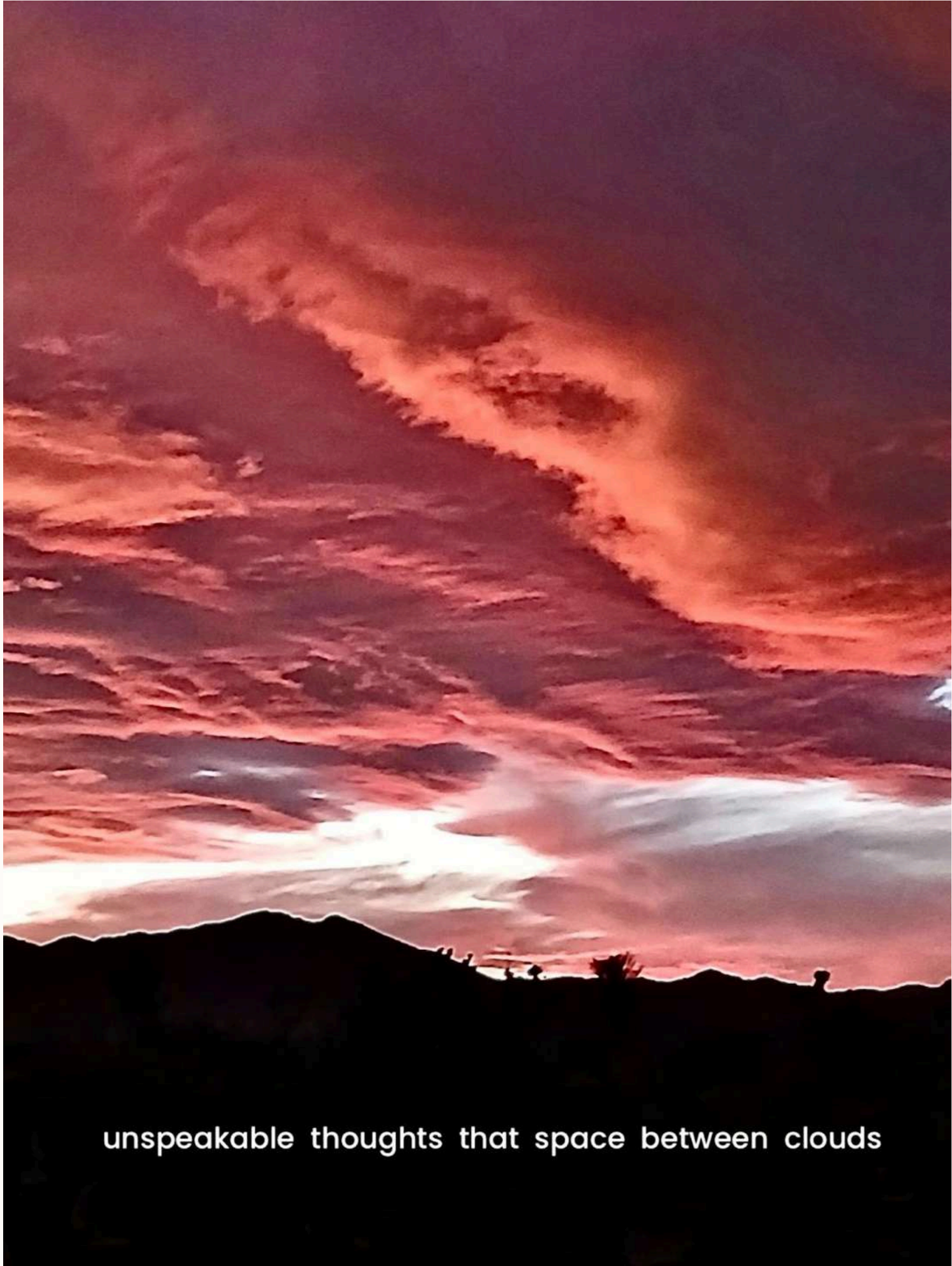
silver kintsugi
frost flowers
fill the cracks

Katie Montagna

here and there
in hopscotch squares
wormshine

Brad Bennett





unspeakable thoughts that space between clouds

Peter Jastermsky





winter sun --
a letter thaws
in a patch of light

Vaishnavi Ramaswamy

December beach walk
wanting the sand to pumice
my angry edges

Dana Clark-Millar

a man with his things
asleep under the slide
old playground

Joseph P. Wechselberger





friend's bench
the conversations we share
since she's been gone

Robert Kingston

bickering voices
leaves eddy
on murky water

Marilyn Humbert

waiting crowd ...
a feather drifts between
the announcements

Samo Kreutz





stoss and lee
around old shapes
new snowdrifts

Rachel Greve

Family dinners—
my imaginary friend
asleep at the table

Michael Minassian

the bridge
swept away - a seagull
spreads its wings

Sarah Paris





freezing the choreography of starlings

Kila Lim

sparrows in the snow
an elderly woman's hand
full of grains

Anna Cieřlik

old regrets...
the constant cawing
of crows

Earl Livings





steady dripping
from icicles
-an afternoon nap

Jacek Margolak

my cousin's wake
a chill wind blowing
through the family tree

Barrie Levine

heavy snowfall
without a sound
a cat slips in

John J. Han





nearly matching
my melancholy
an abandoned barn

Tomislav Sjekloća

frost-edged glass
the peephole
shrinks

Rachel Greve

calendar squares
the X's catching up
to blood test day

Jackie Chou





winter flu
even geese honks
turn hoarse

E.A. Latham

winter sun
on the cutting board
a helix of peel

John Pappas

spring forecast
in the frost-covered window
a book about bees

David Green





winter solstice
the unhoused man's
mismatched socks

Alvin B. Cruz

gunmetal skies
in the crow's morning call
an iron hawser

John Hawkhead

dirty laundry
strewn across the floor
winter dusk

Jamie Wimberly





small boy's wave
through the frosted pane
mum wrapped up warm

Diana Webb

winter moon
glint of glass bangles
on frail hands

Padma Thampatty

moonlit snow
the love shriek
of a barn owl

Eric Sundquist





frozen Moon
the silence of the light
on my hand

Carmela Marino

barefoot
on moonlight
the cat long gone

Robert Witmer

