



WALES HAIKU JOURNAL

Spring '25





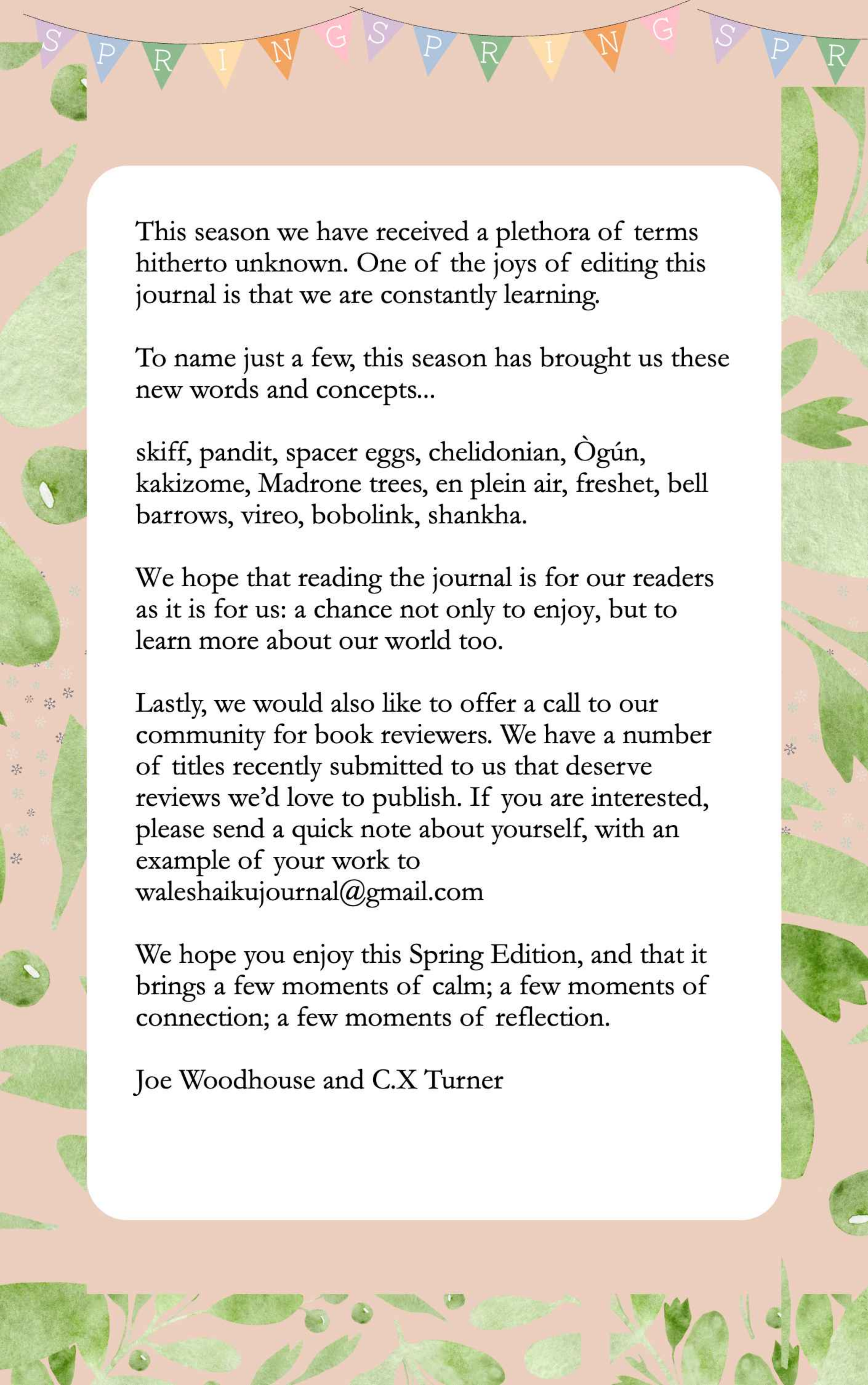
Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

Thank you for joining us for this, our Spring Edition 2025. It's a privilege to share with you this multicoloured collection of poems, penned from around the world, exploring what this season represents, what it *means*, to all of us.

Our selection this Spring is, I think, a small example of the beauty that can come from recording our thoughts and gathering them together, especially as we collectively endure the conflict that all parts of the globe are suffering in this moment.

Happily bucking that trend of fragmentation and division, we gladly share with you that during this submission window, we received a record 2620 poems from 317 poets writing across six continents. Our community, as I have said before, is a global one, and as we grow, we thrive on this diverse community that brings us new words, new perspectives.

A decorative banner at the top of the page features the word 'SPRING' repeated in colorful, triangular flags. The background is a light peach color with various green leaves and small white flowers scattered around. The text is contained within a white rounded rectangle.

This season we have received a plethora of terms hitherto unknown. One of the joys of editing this journal is that we are constantly learning.

To name just a few, this season has brought us these new words and concepts...

skiff, pandit, spacer eggs, chelidonian, Ògún, kakizome, Madrone trees, en plein air, freshet, bell barrows, vireo, bobolink, shankha.

We hope that reading the journal is for our readers as it is for us: a chance not only to enjoy, but to learn more about our world too.

Lastly, we would also like to offer a call to our community for book reviewers. We have a number of titles recently submitted to us that deserve reviews we'd love to publish. If you are interested, please send a quick note about yourself, with an example of your work to waleshaikujournal@gmail.com

We hope you enjoy this Spring Edition, and that it brings a few moments of calm; a few moments of connection; a few moments of reflection.

Joe Woodhouse and C.X Turner

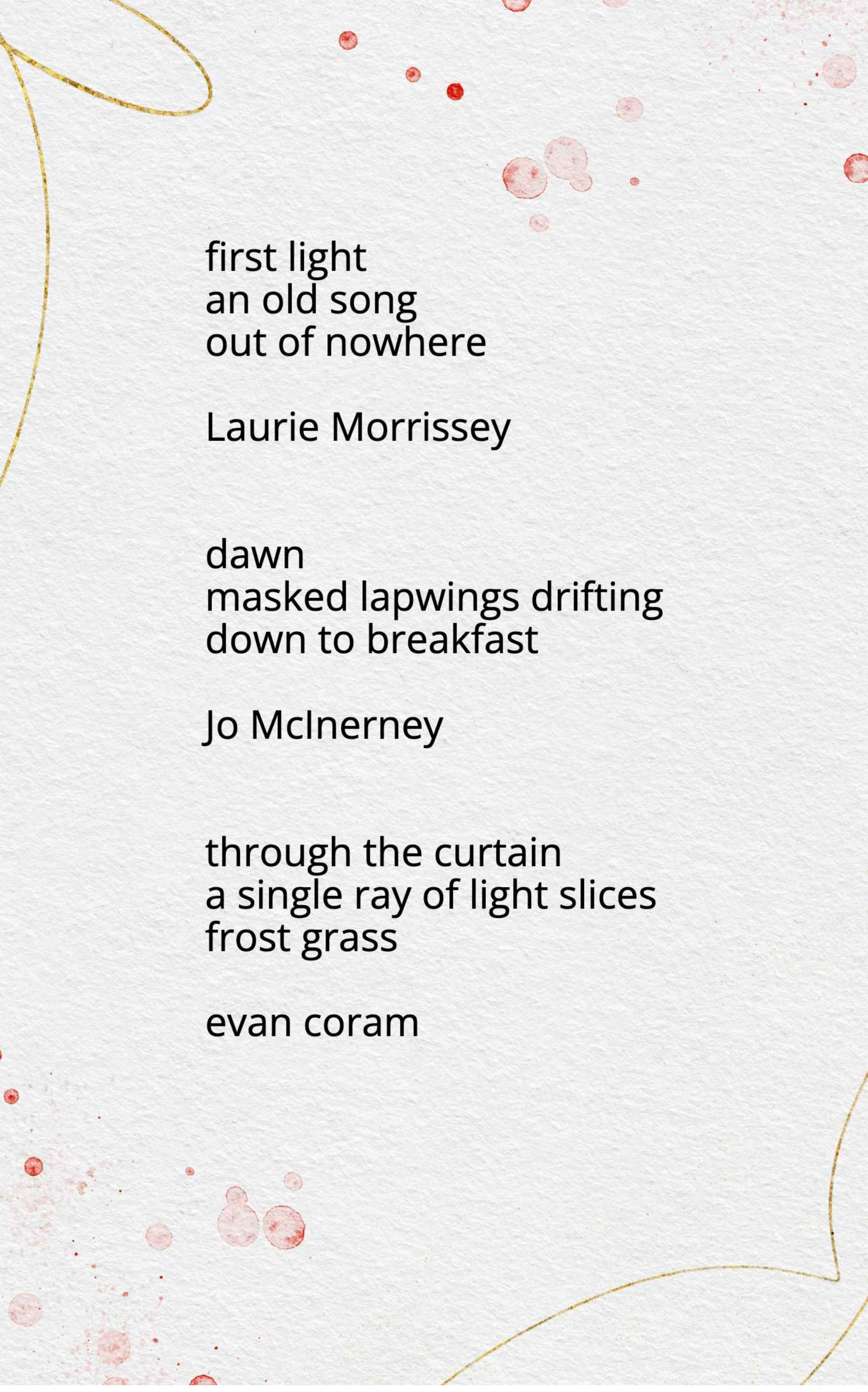
Wales Haiku Journal
Spring 2025

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- Haibun 87
- Selection of Haiga 94
- Thanks 102

The background features a light cream-colored paper with a subtle texture. It is decorated with delicate, hand-drawn gold lines that form elegant, flowing swirls and loops, primarily located in the top-left and bottom-right corners. Scattered across the page are numerous small, circular watercolor spots in various shades of red and pink, some appearing as solid dots and others as soft, blended washes.

Spring Stirs



first light
an old song
out of nowhere

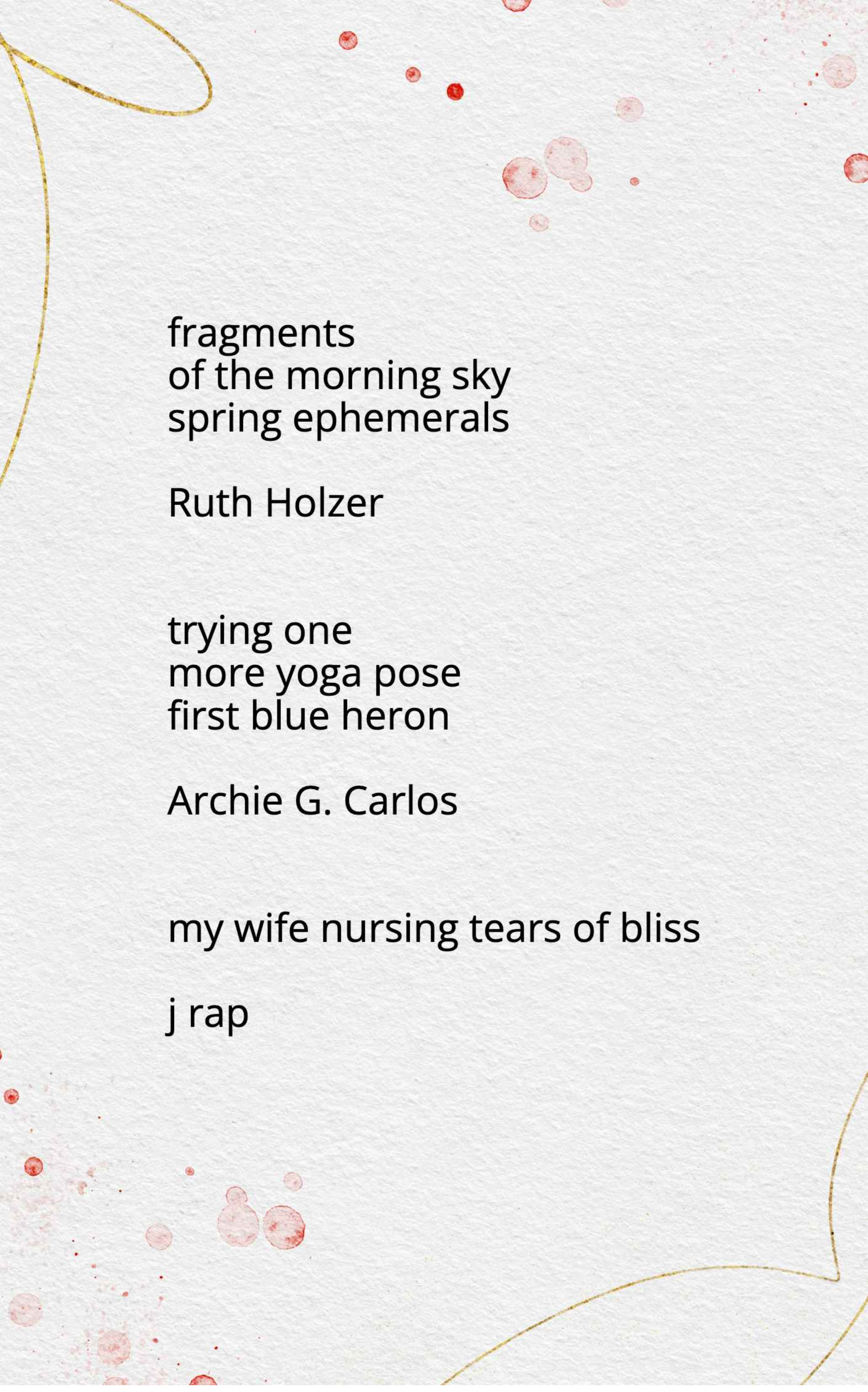
Laurie Morrissey

dawn
masked lapwings drifting
down to breakfast

Jo McInerney

through the curtain
a single ray of light slices
frost grass

evan coram



fragments
of the morning sky
spring ephemerals

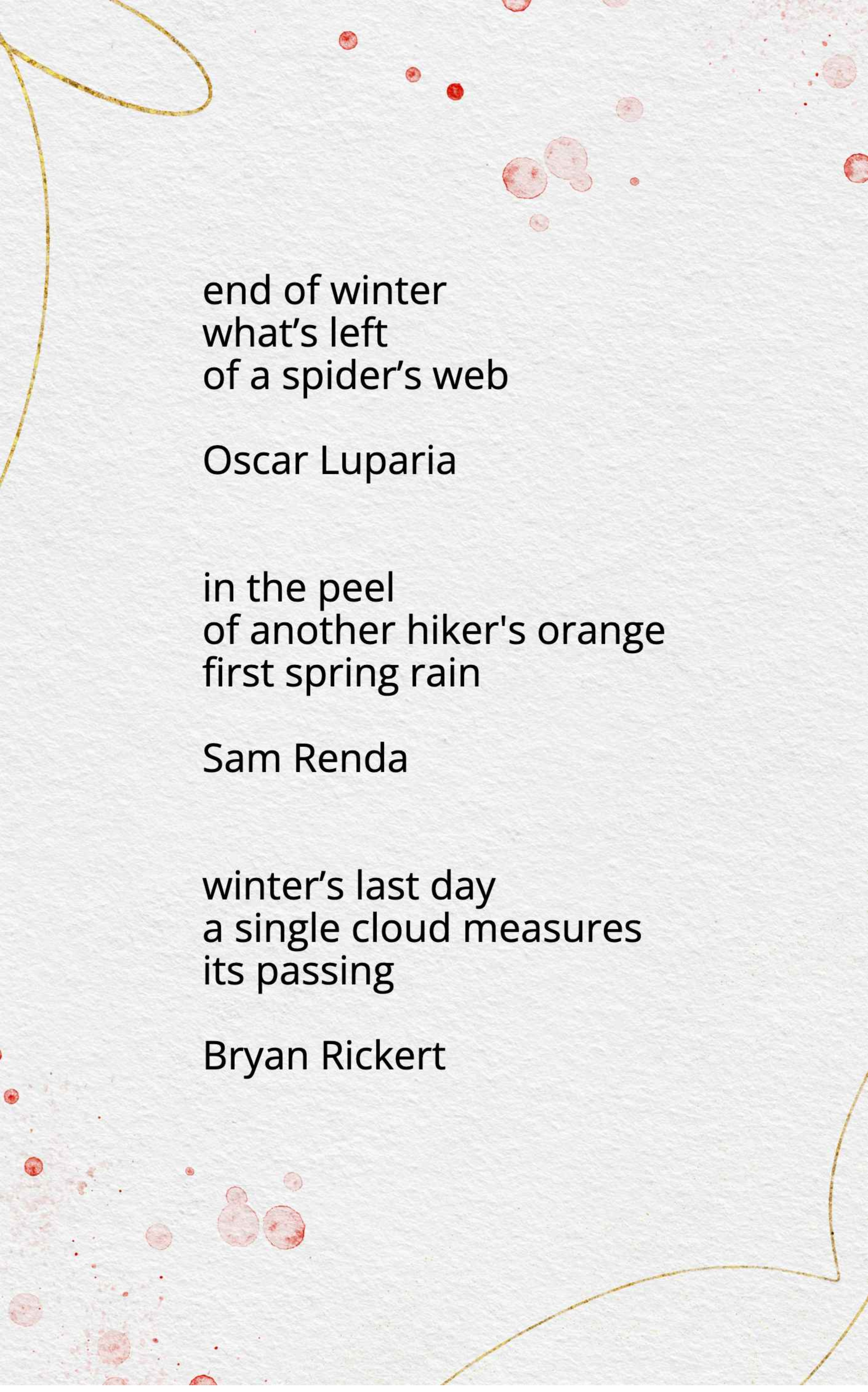
Ruth Holzer

trying one
more yoga pose
first blue heron

Archie G. Carlos

my wife nursing tears of bliss

j rap



end of winter
what's left
of a spider's web

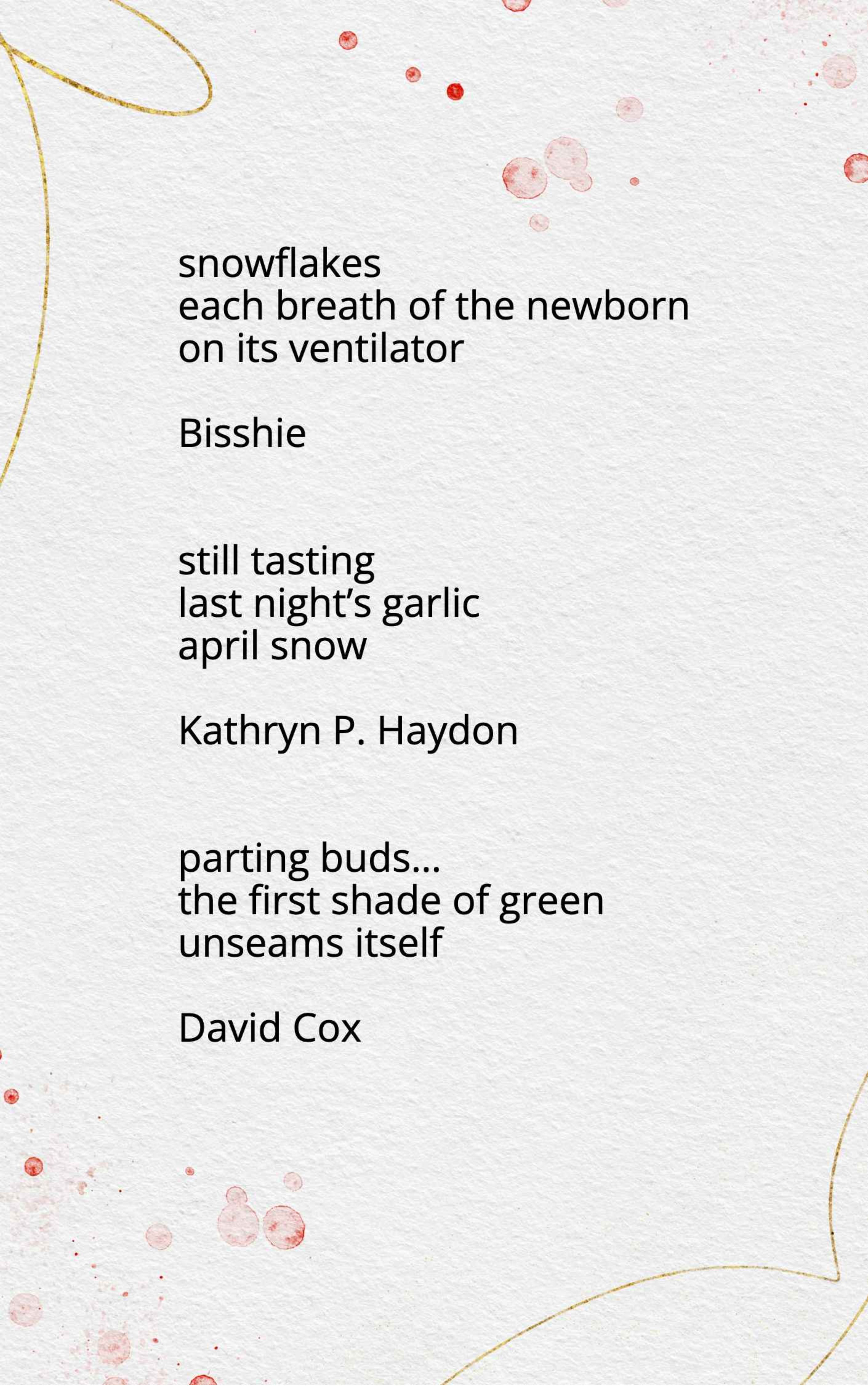
Oscar Luparia

in the peel
of another hiker's orange
first spring rain

Sam Renda

winter's last day
a single cloud measures
its passing

Bryan Rickert



snowflakes
each breath of the newborn
on its ventilator

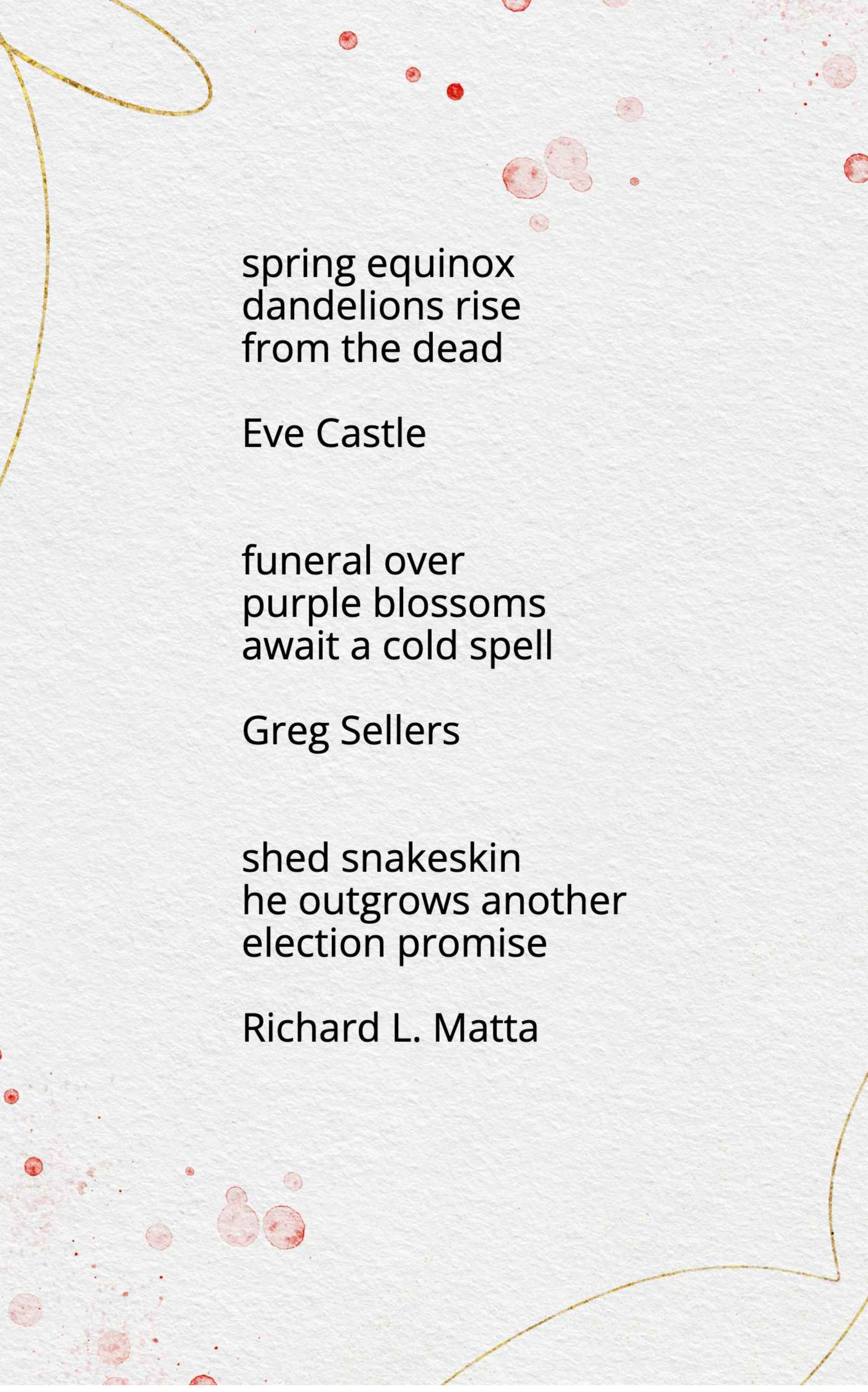
Bisshie

still tasting
last night's garlic
april snow

Kathryn P. Haydon

parting buds...
the first shade of green
unseams itself

David Cox



spring equinox
dandelions rise
from the dead

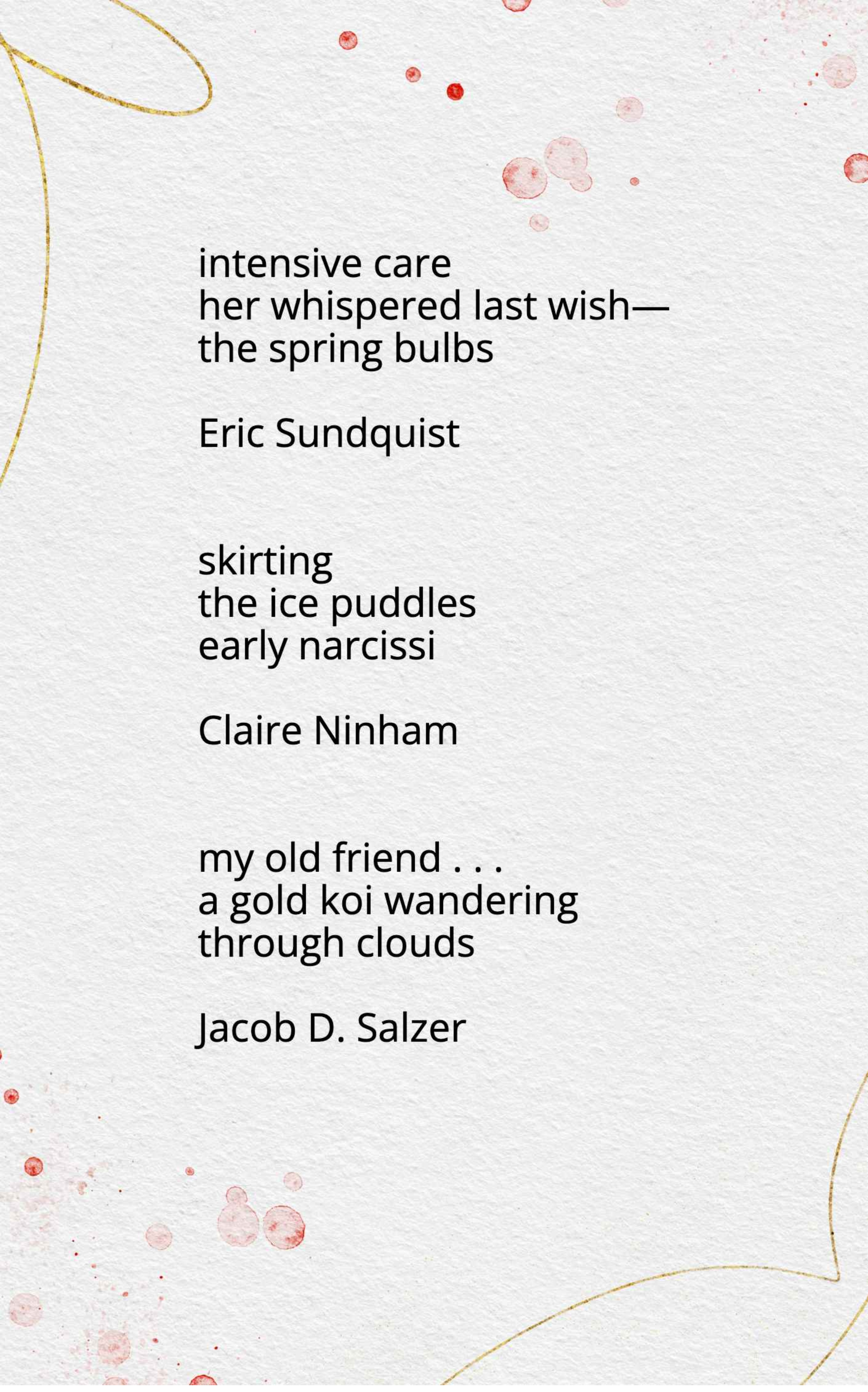
Eve Castle

funeral over
purple blossoms
await a cold spell

Greg Sellers

shed snakeskin
he outgrows another
election promise

Richard L. Matta



intensive care
her whispered last wish—
the spring bulbs


Eric Sundquist

skirting
the ice puddles
early narcissi

Claire Ninham

my old friend . . .
a gold koi wandering
through clouds

Jacob D. Salzer



reserved
for a songbird
every bare branch

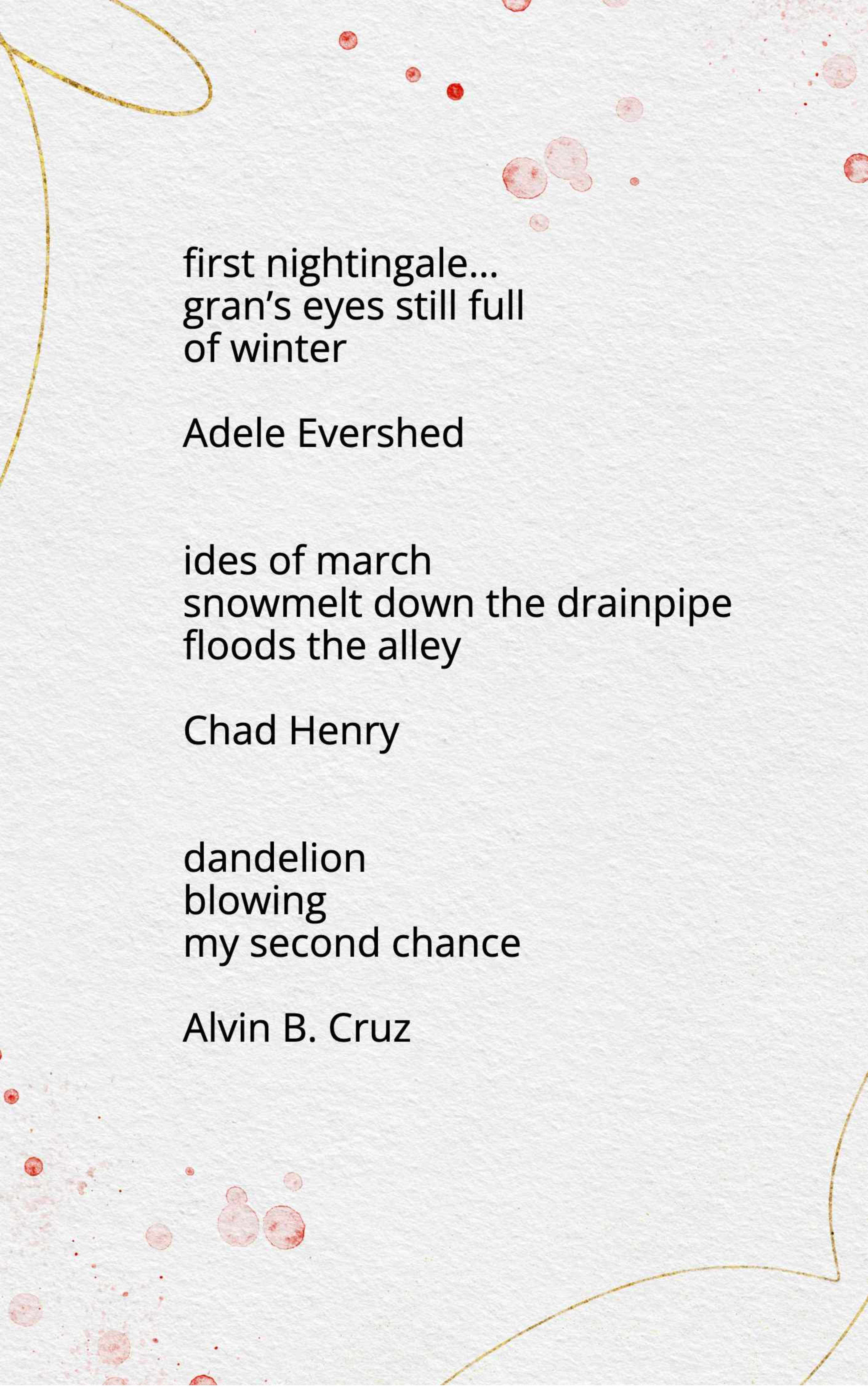
Shawn Blair

spring cleaning
a bit of paisley
in the nest

David Green

communion on the altar—
a labyrinth of growth rings

Dan Schwerin



first nightingale...
gran's eyes still full
of winter

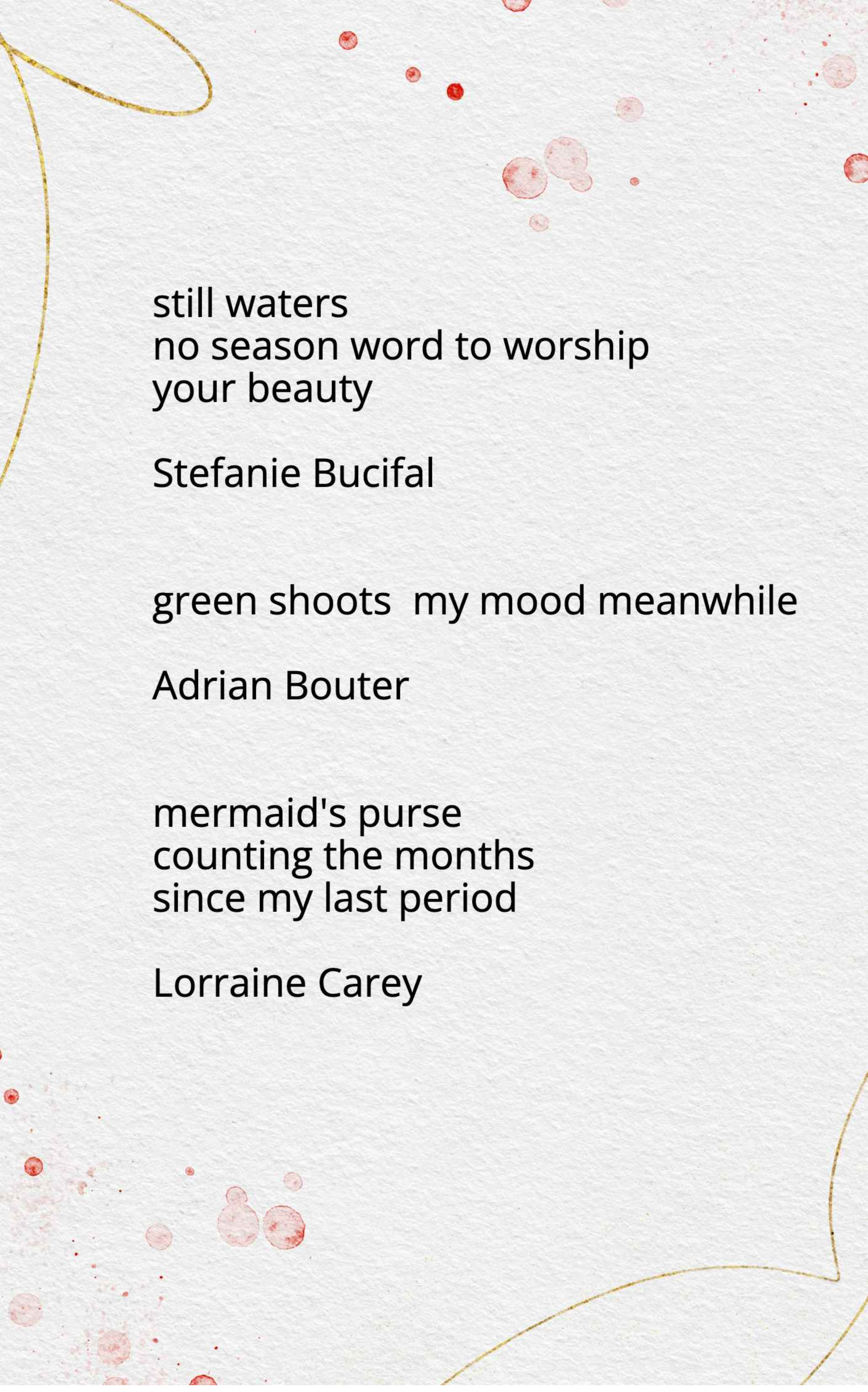
Adele Evershed

ides of march
snowmelt down the drainpipe
floods the alley

Chad Henry

dandelion
blowing
my second chance

Alvin B. Cruz



still waters
no season word to worship
your beauty

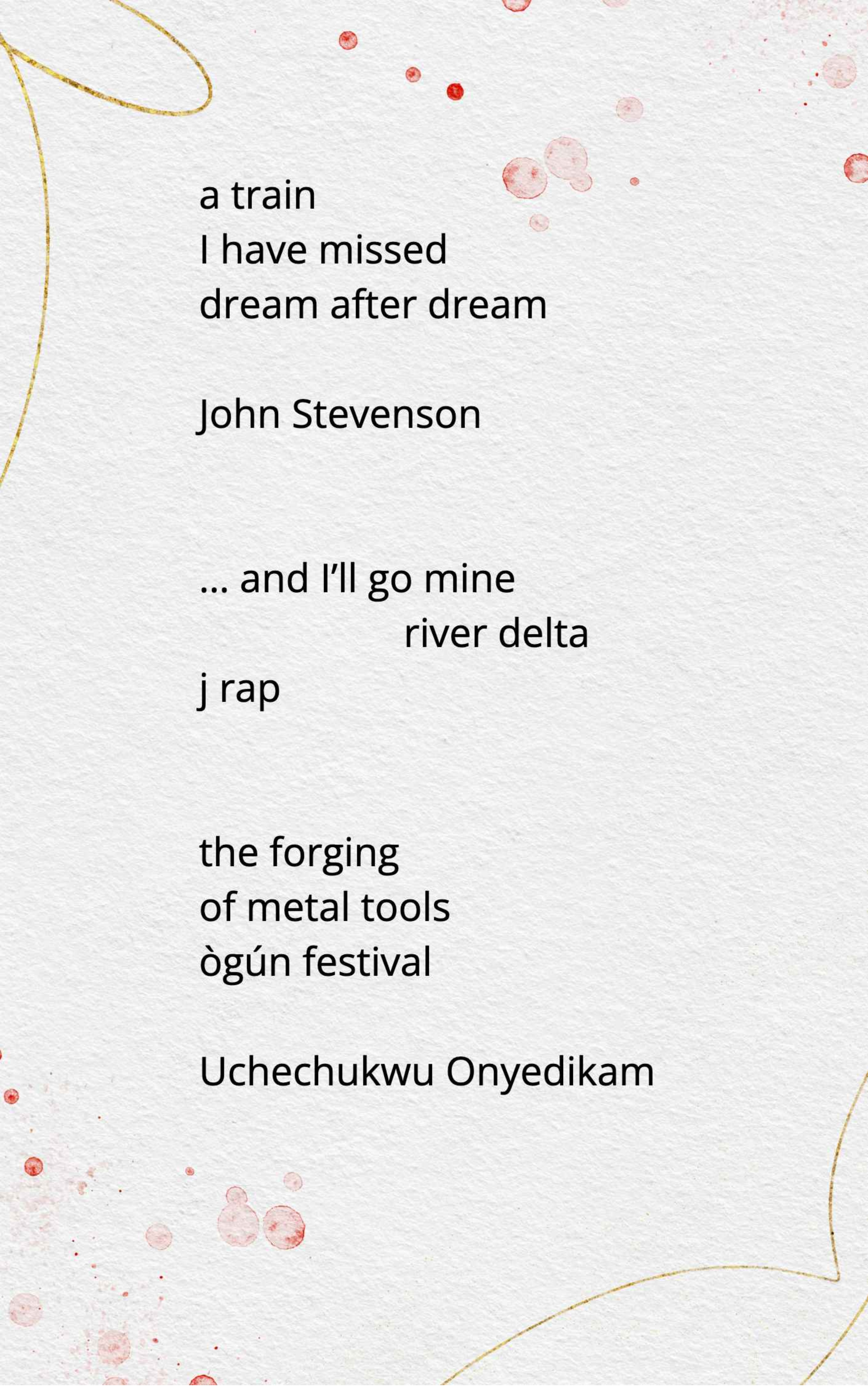
Stefanie Bucifal

green shoots my mood meanwhile

Adrian Bouter

mermaid's purse
counting the months
since my last period

Lorraine Carey



a train
I have missed
dream after dream

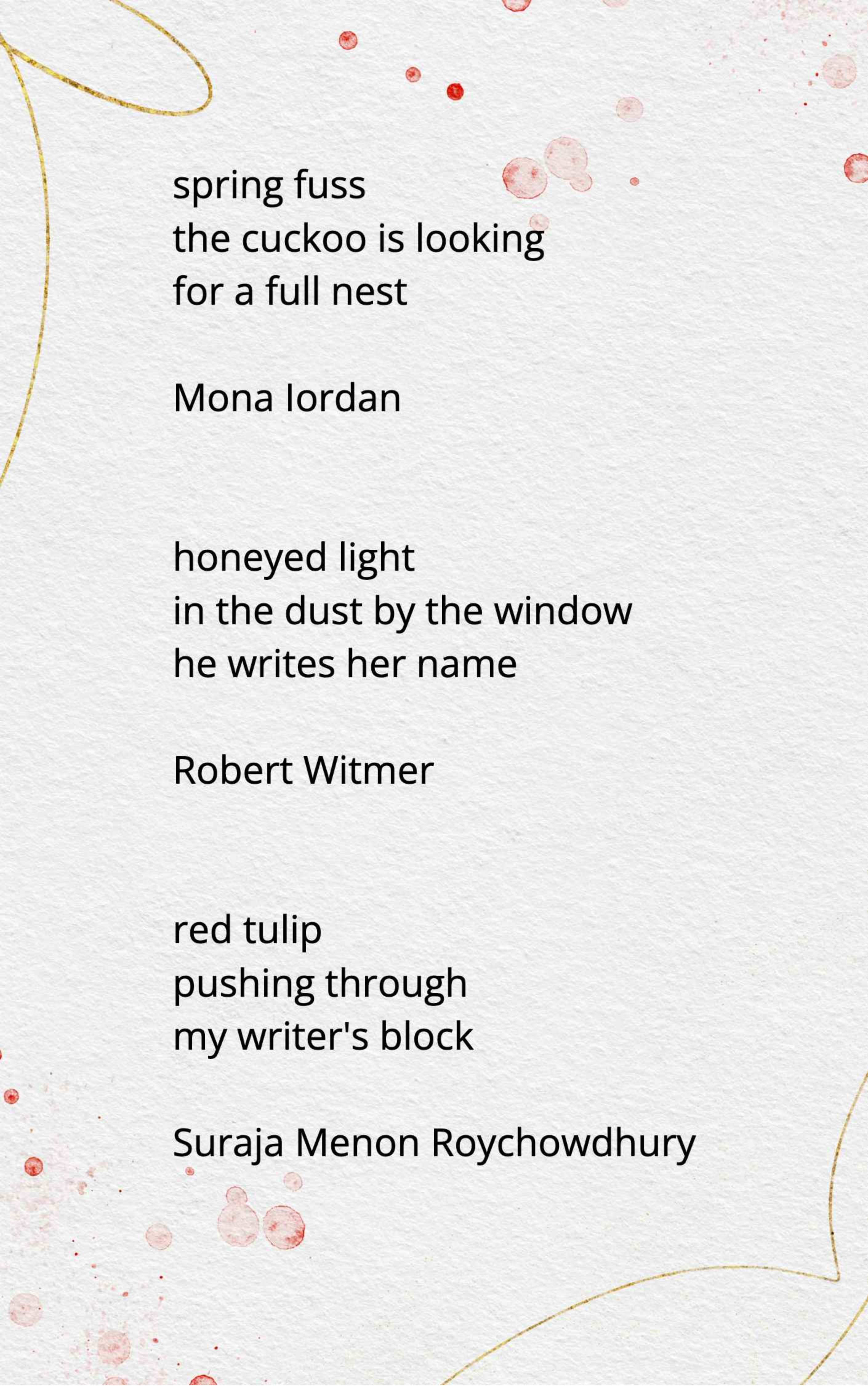
John Stevenson

... and I'll go mine
river delta

j rap

the forging
of metal tools
ògún festival

Uchechukwu Onyedikam



spring fuss
the cuckoo is looking
for a full nest

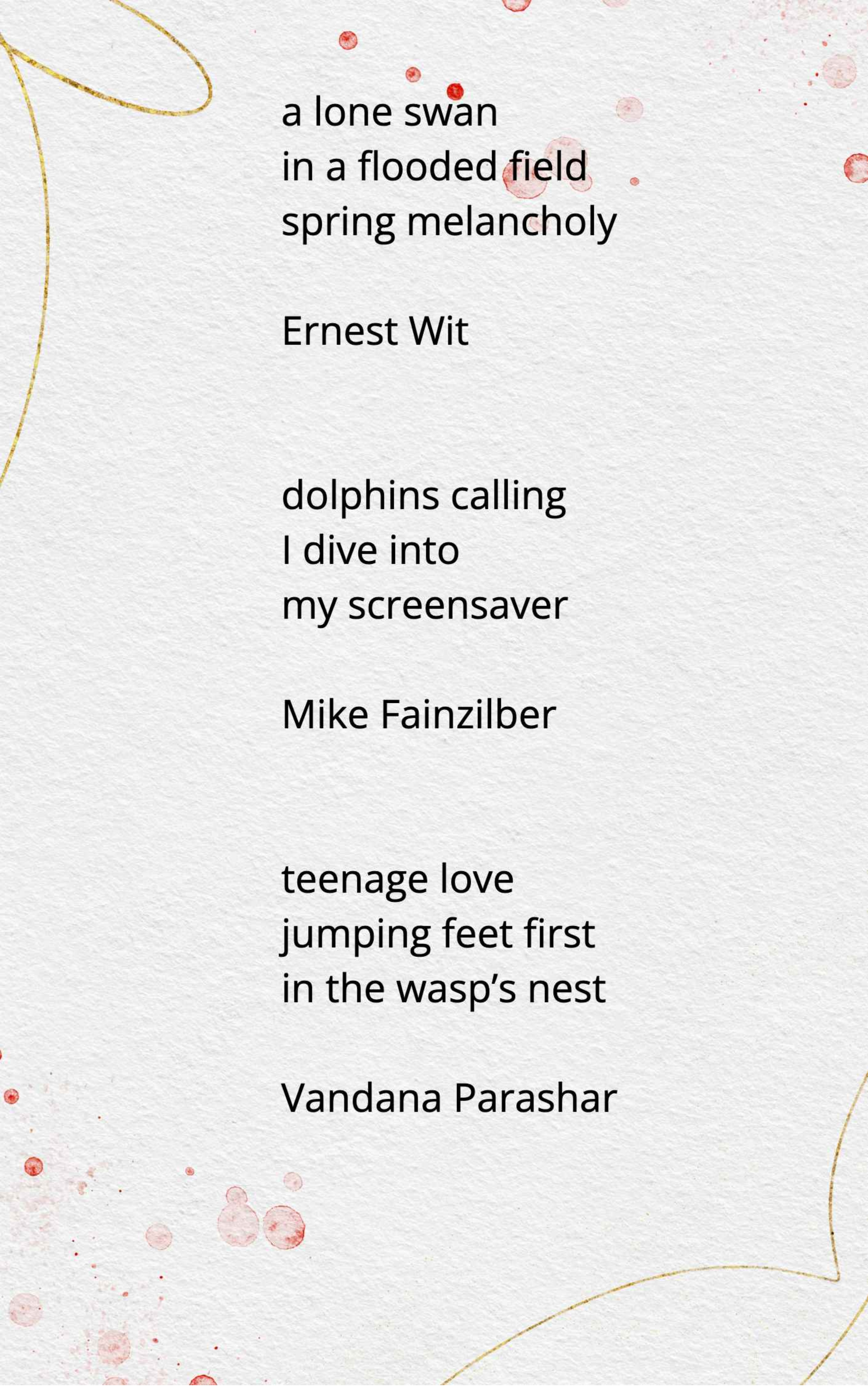
Mona Jordan

honeyed light
in the dust by the window
he writes her name

Robert Witmer

red tulip
pushing through
my writer's block

Suraja Menon Roychowdhury



a lone swan
in a flooded field
spring melancholy


Ernest Wit

dolphins calling
I dive into
my screensaver

Mike Fainzilber

teenage love
jumping feet first
in the wasp's nest

Vandana Parashar



rehab walk...
a heron realigns
its wings

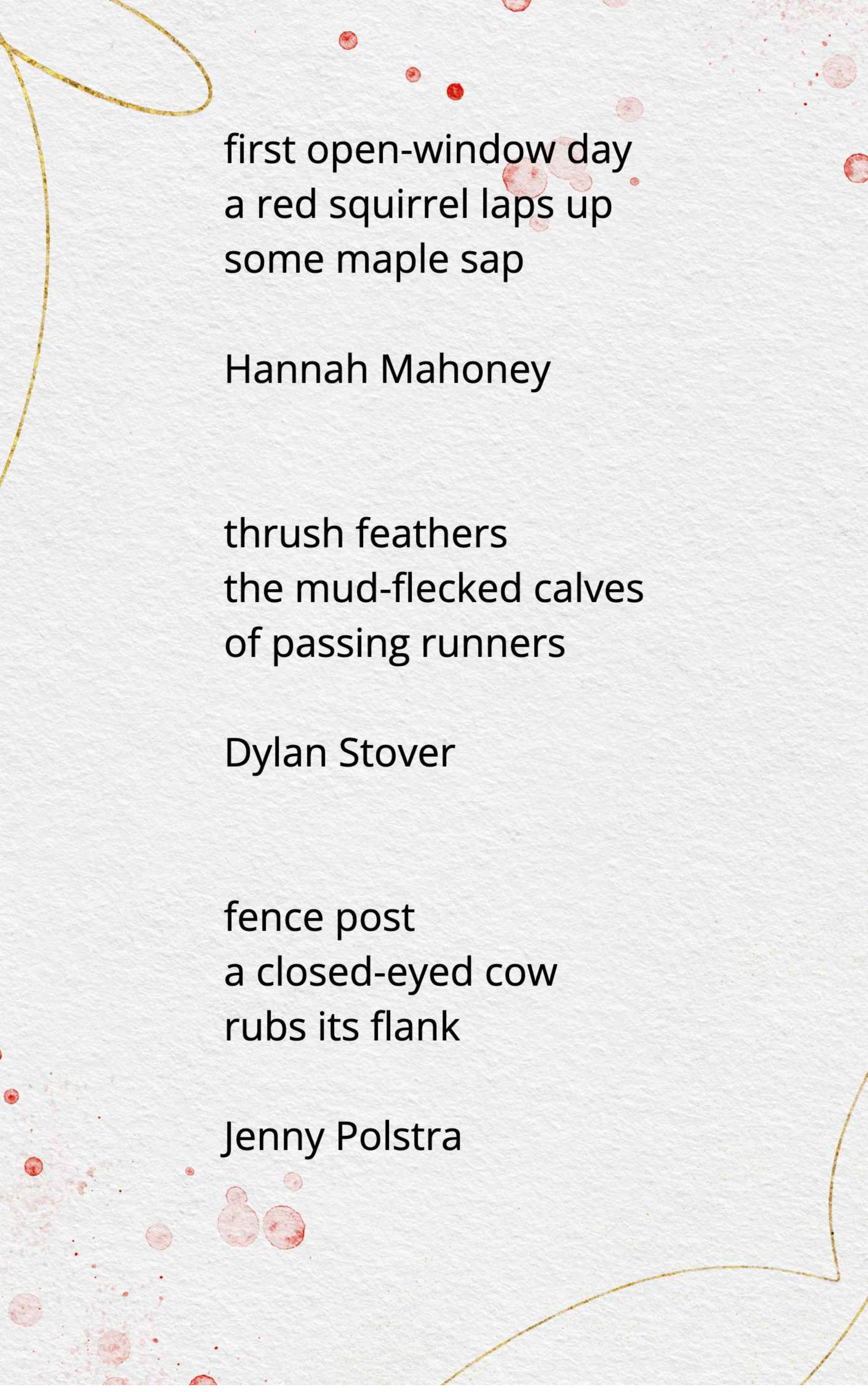
Brad Bennett

old snow
I give away
Mom's wedding dress

Shawn Blair

sunlight
filtered by fresh leaves
first bluebells

Simon Wilson



first open-window day
a red squirrel laps up
some maple sap

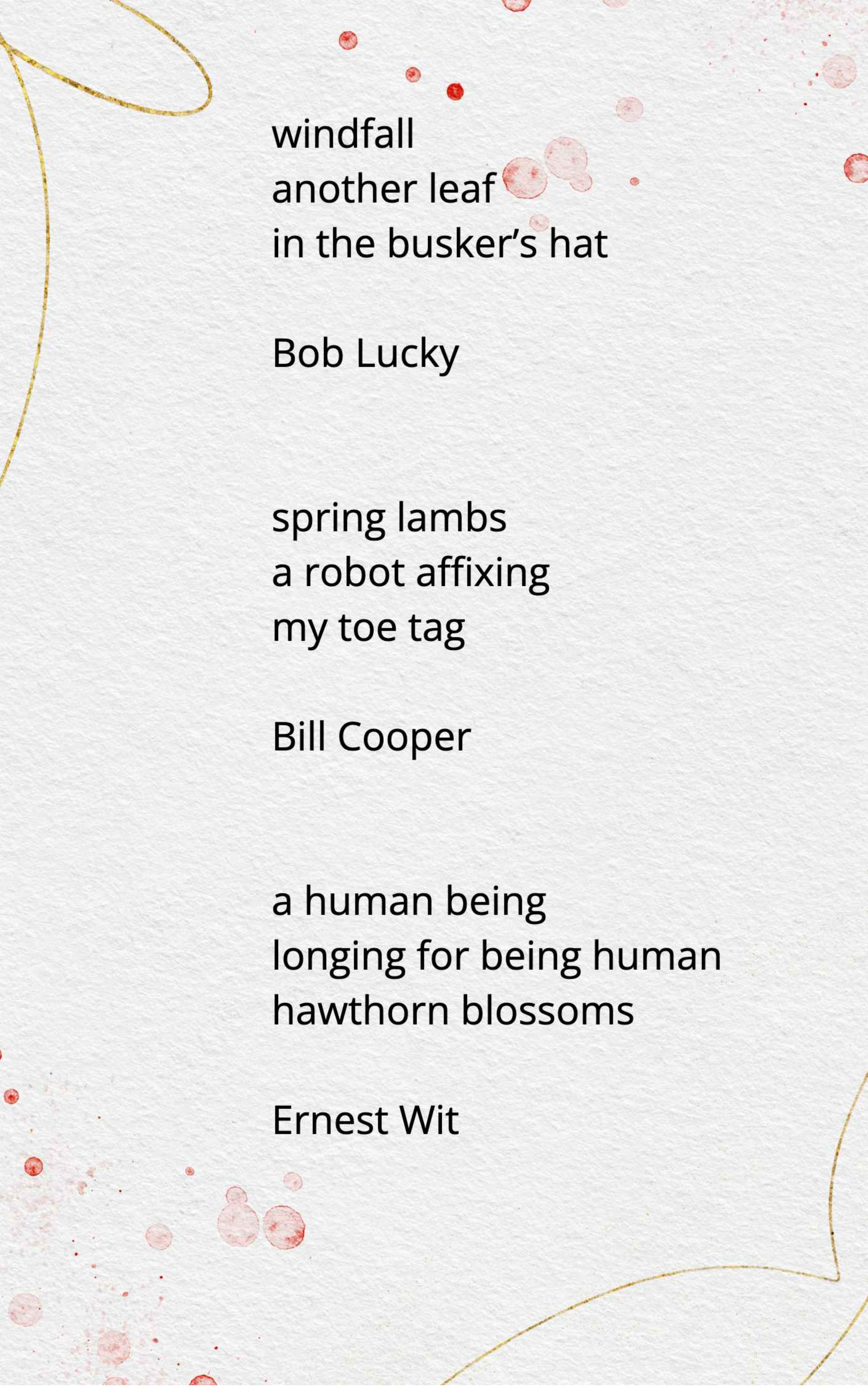
Hannah Mahoney

thrush feathers
the mud-flecked calves
of passing runners

Dylan Stover

fence post
a closed-eyed cow
rubs its flank

Jenny Polstra



windfall
another leaf
in the busker's hat

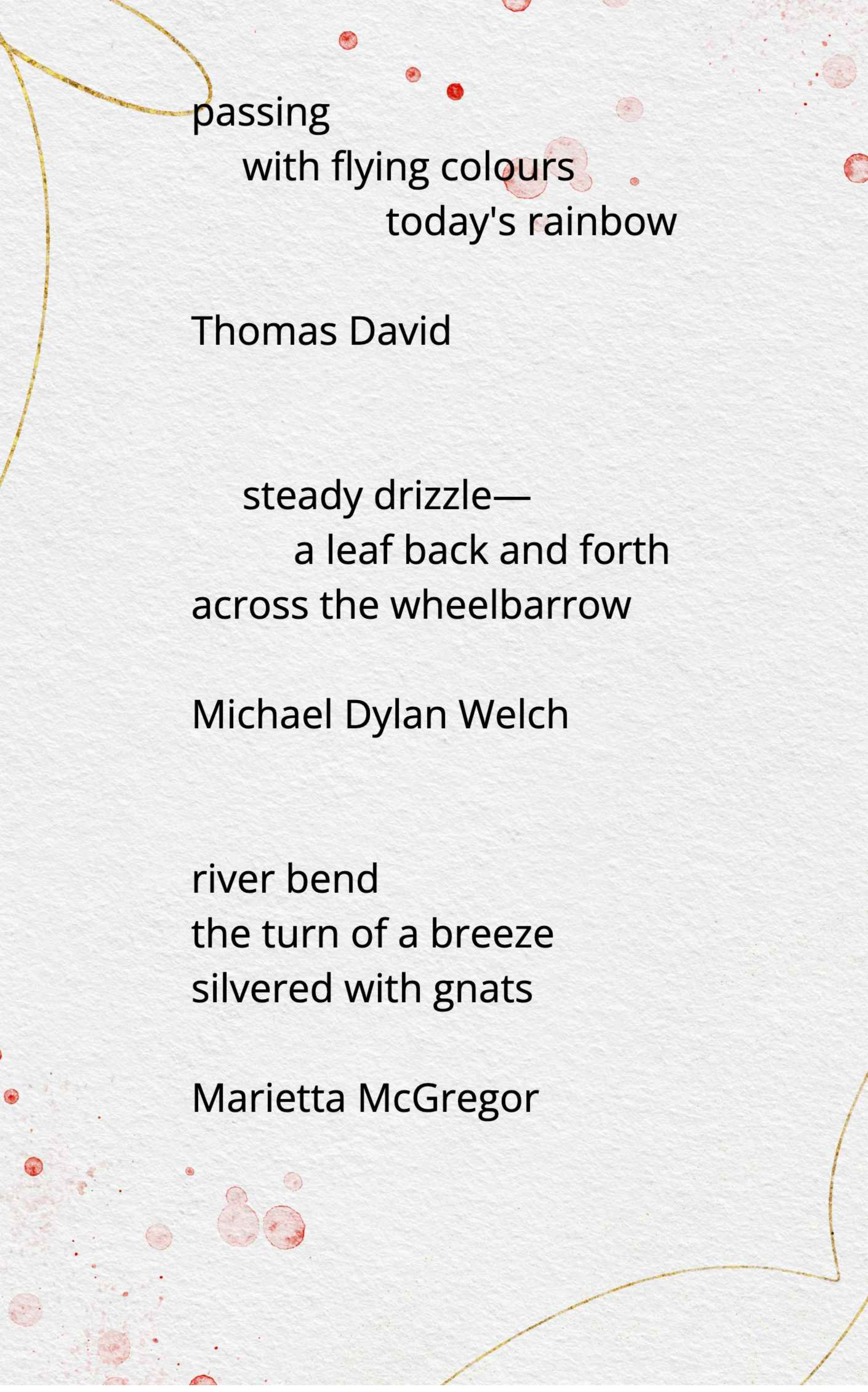
Bob Lucky

spring lambs
a robot affixing
my toe tag

Bill Cooper

a human being
longing for being human
hawthorn blossoms

Ernest Wit



passing
with flying colours
today's rainbow

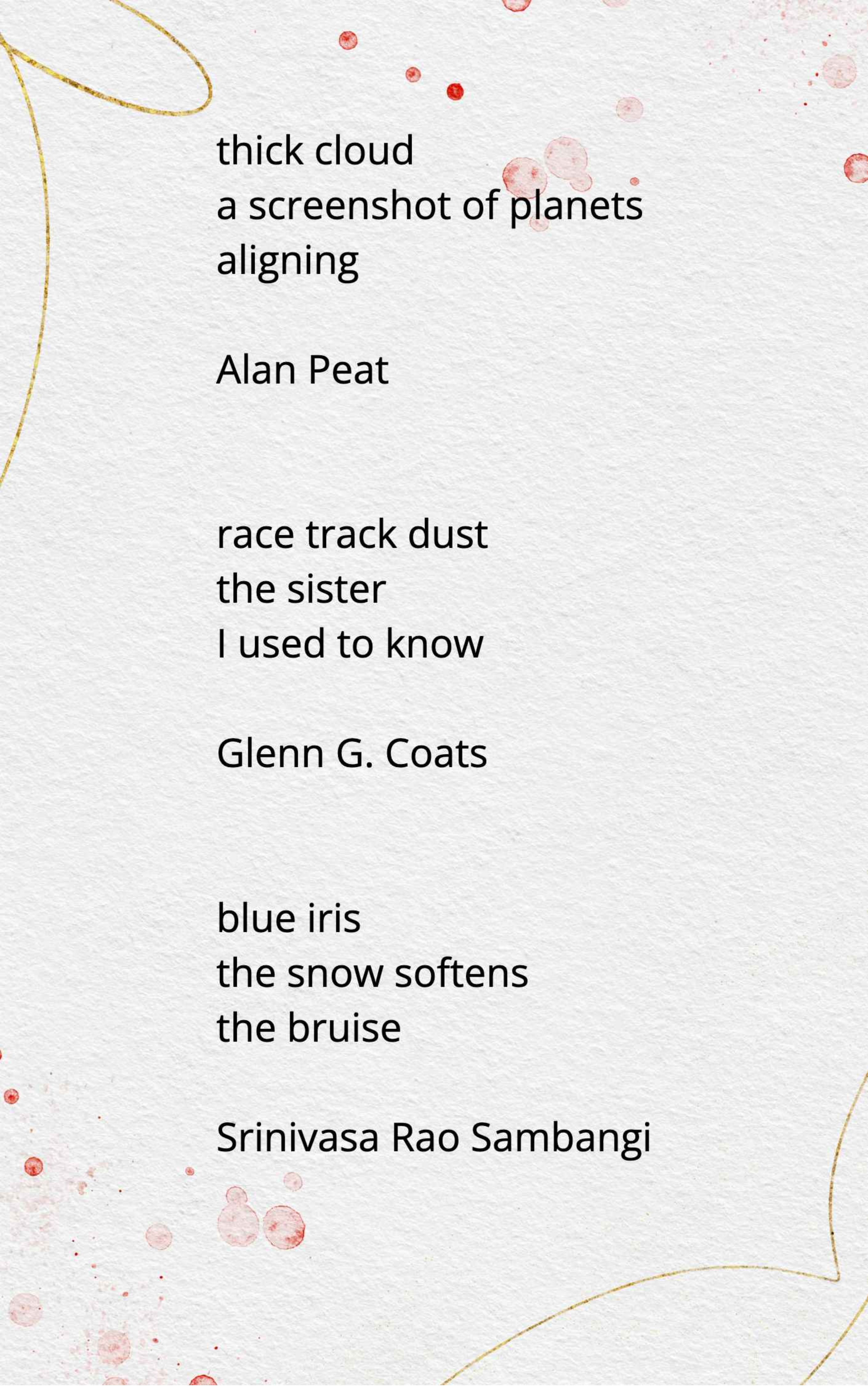
Thomas David

steady drizzle—
a leaf back and forth
across the wheelbarrow

Michael Dylan Welch

river bend
the turn of a breeze
silvered with gnats

Marietta McGregor



thick cloud
a screenshot of planets
aligning


Alan Peat

race track dust
the sister
I used to know

Glenn G. Coats

blue iris
the snow softens
the bruise

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi



spring freshet
another cup of
morning rush


Steve Bahr

ginko walk
the chiffchaffs offer me
two syllables

Wendy Gent

cherry blossoms
a few weeks
premature

M. R. Defibaugh



Klein bottle
my secret prayer
remains unsaid

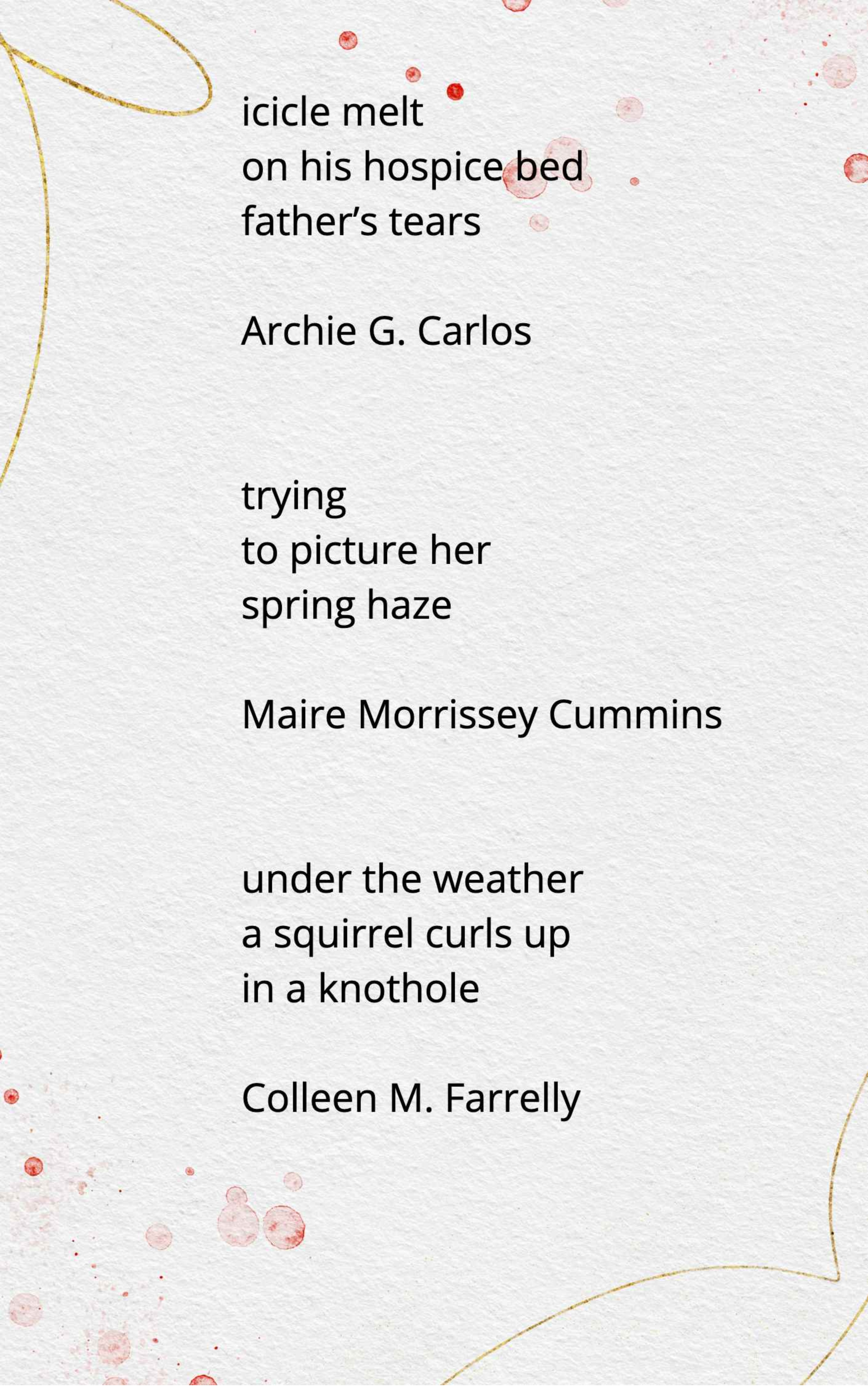
Joshua St. Claire

pink sakura
my daughters
fold origami

Małgorzata Formanowska

sliced cucumbers
on a white plate
midday quiet

sanjuktaa asopa



icicle melt
on his hospice bed
father's tears

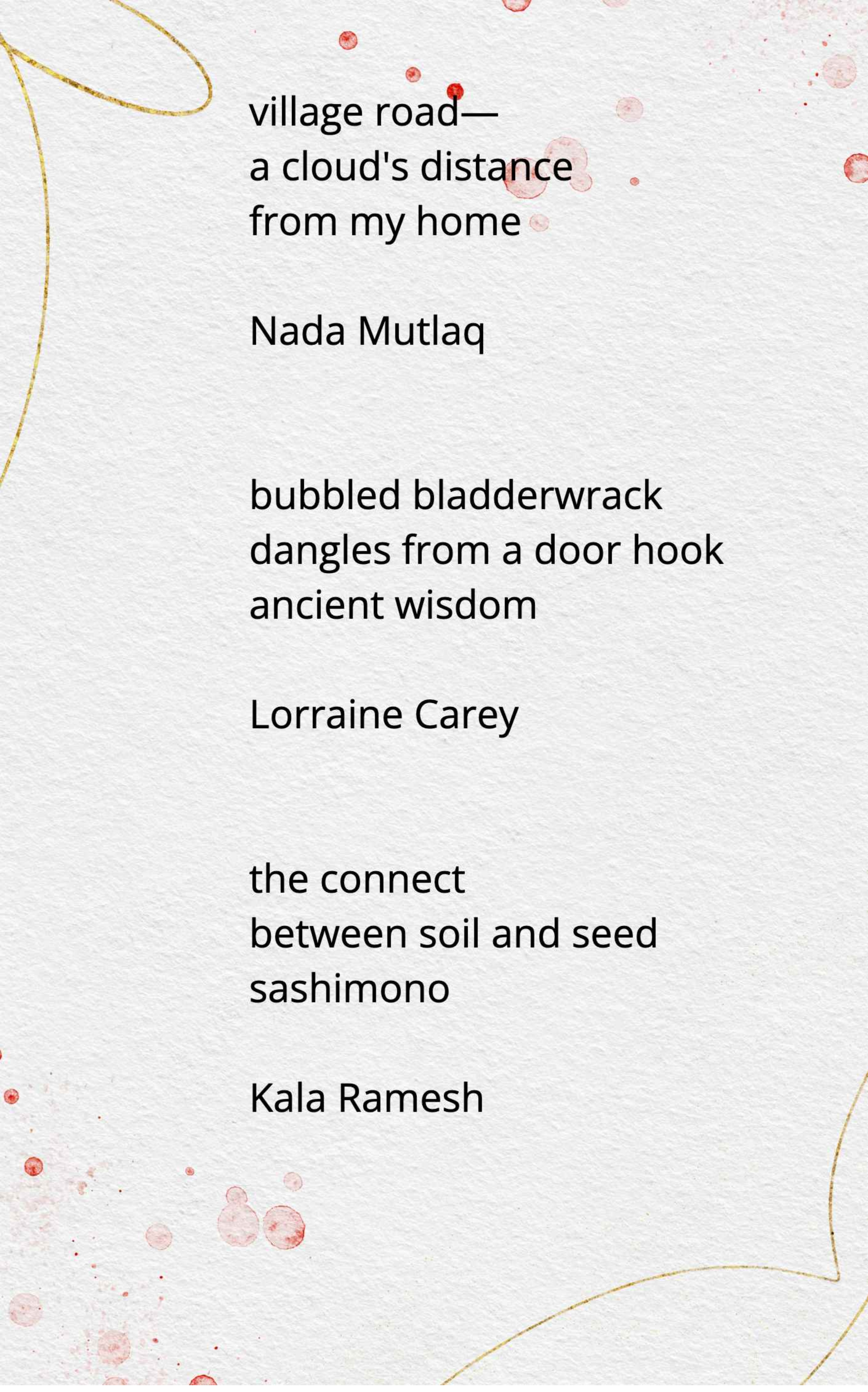
Archie G. Carlos

trying
to picture her
spring haze

Maire Morrissey Cummins

under the weather
a squirrel curls up
in a knothole

Colleen M. Farrelly



village road—
a cloud's distance
from my home

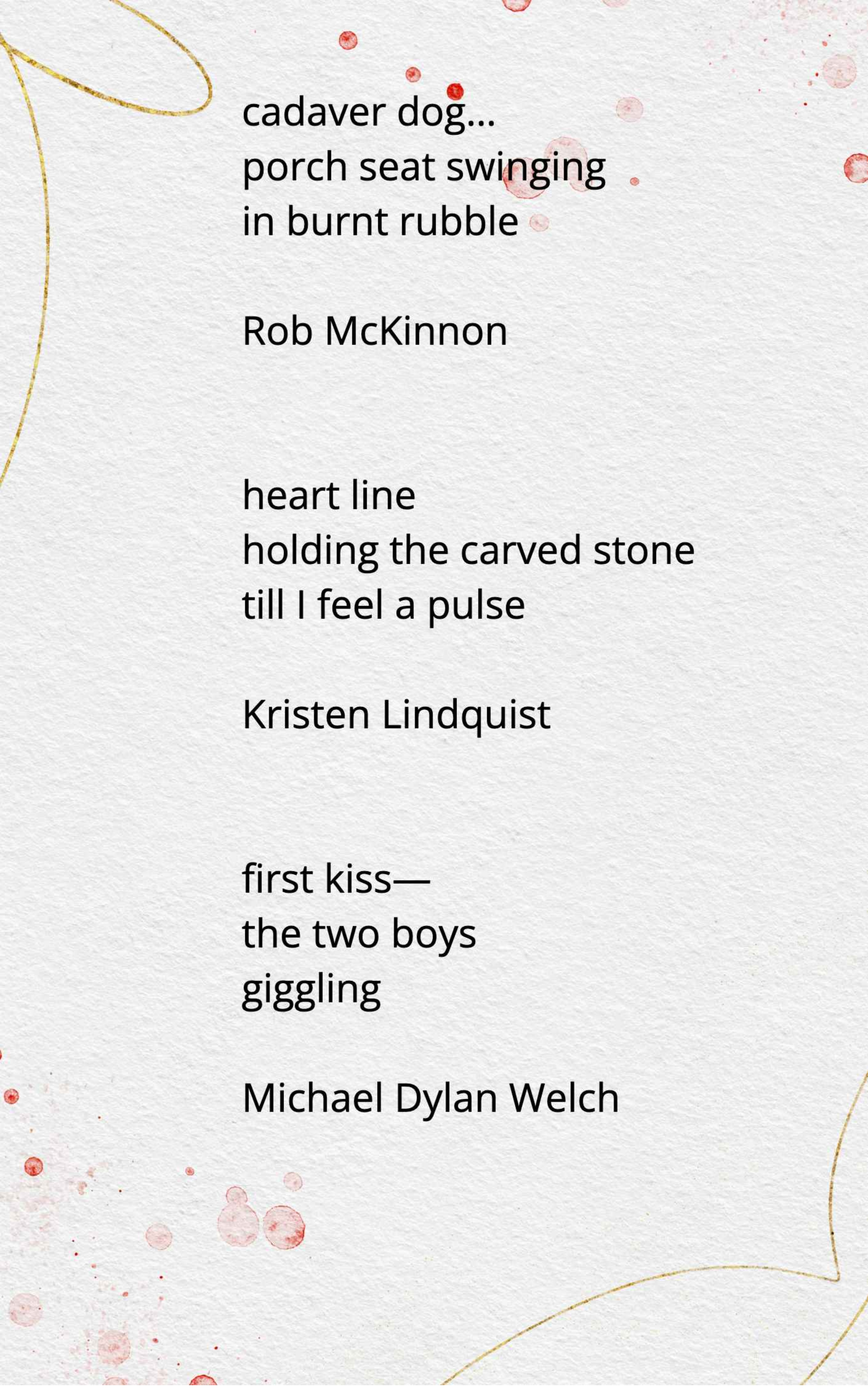
Nada Mutlaq

bubbled bladderwrack
dangles from a door hook
ancient wisdom

Lorraine Carey

the connect
between soil and seed
sashimono

Kala Ramesh



cadaver dog...
porch seat swinging
in burnt rubble

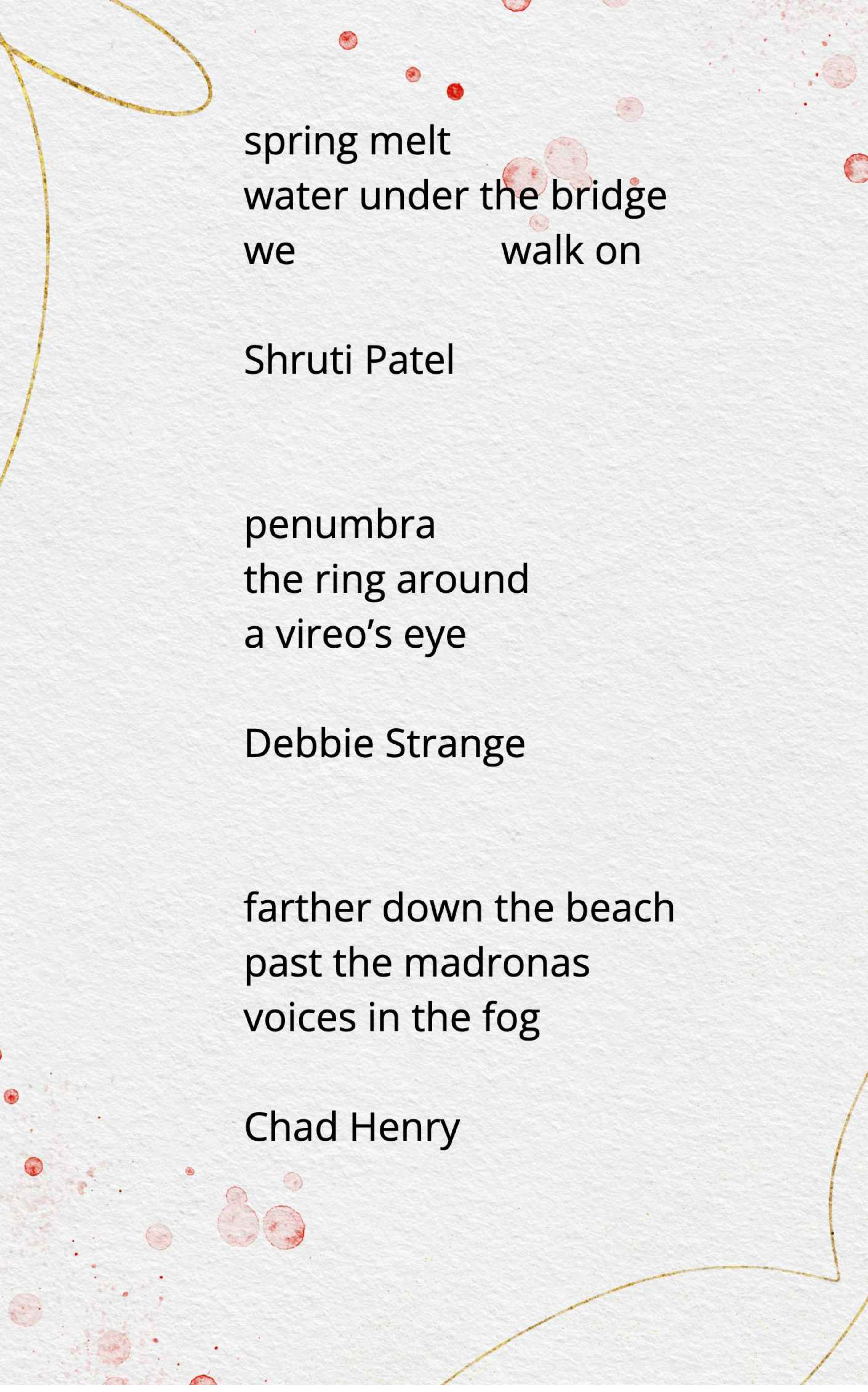
Rob McKinnon

heart line
holding the carved stone
till I feel a pulse

Kristen Lindquist

first kiss—
the two boys
giggling

Michael Dylan Welch



spring melt
water under the bridge
we walk on

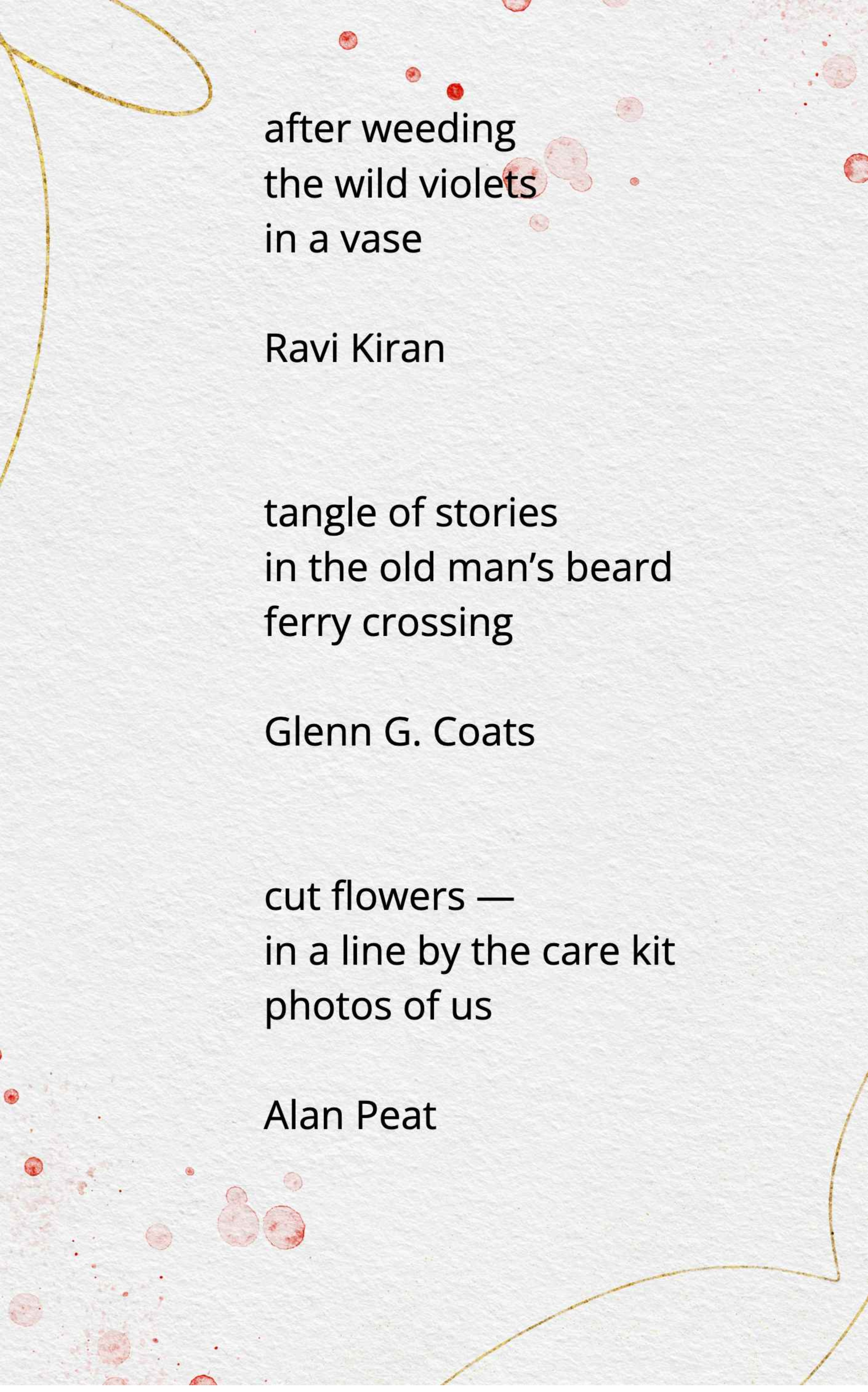
Shruti Patel

penumbra
the ring around
a vireo's eye

Debbie Strange

farther down the beach
past the madronas
voices in the fog

Chad Henry



after weeding
the wild violets
in a vase

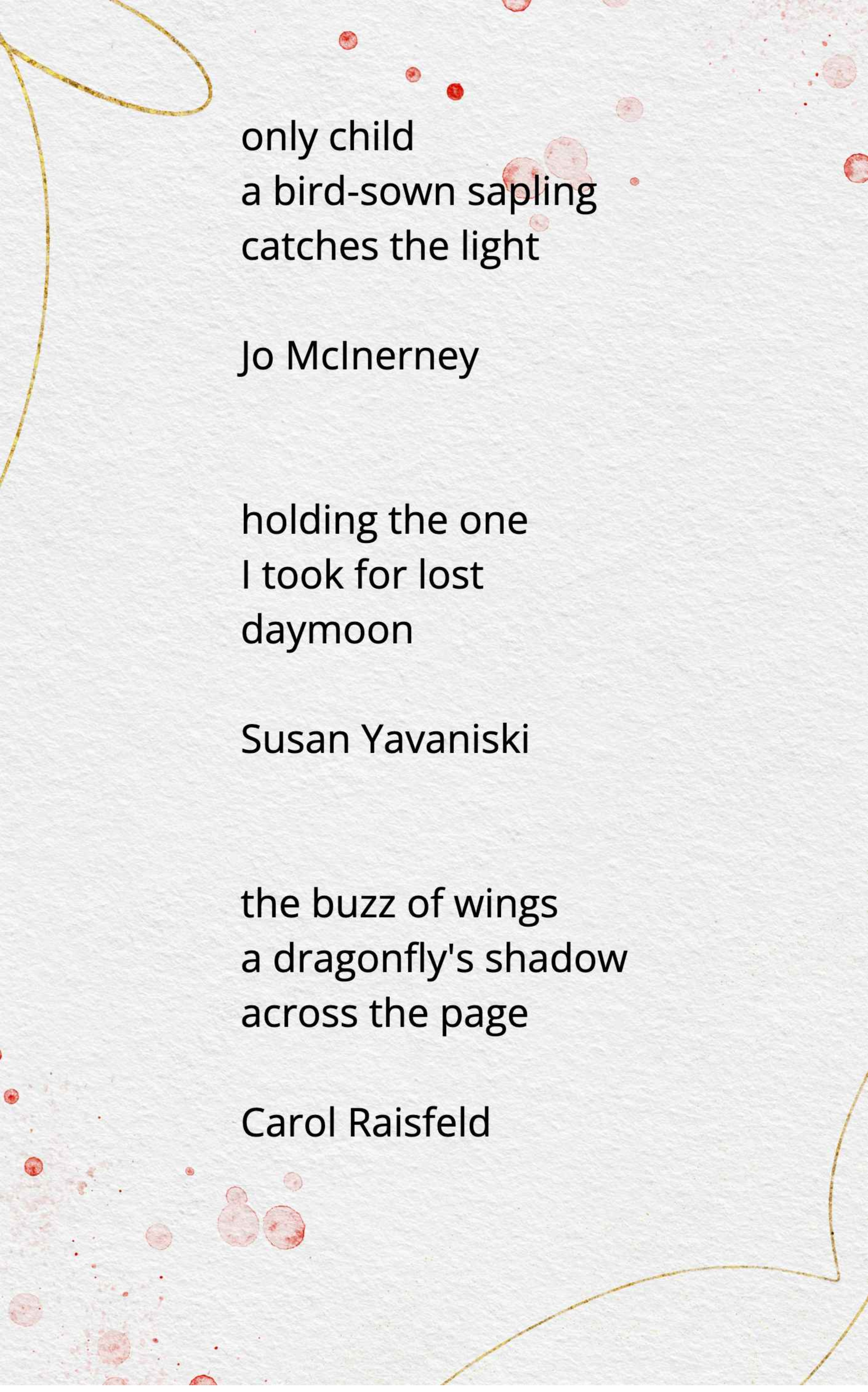
Ravi Kiran

tangle of stories
in the old man's beard
ferry crossing

Glenn G. Coats

cut flowers —
in a line by the care kit
photos of us

Alan Peat



only child
a bird-sown sapling
catches the light

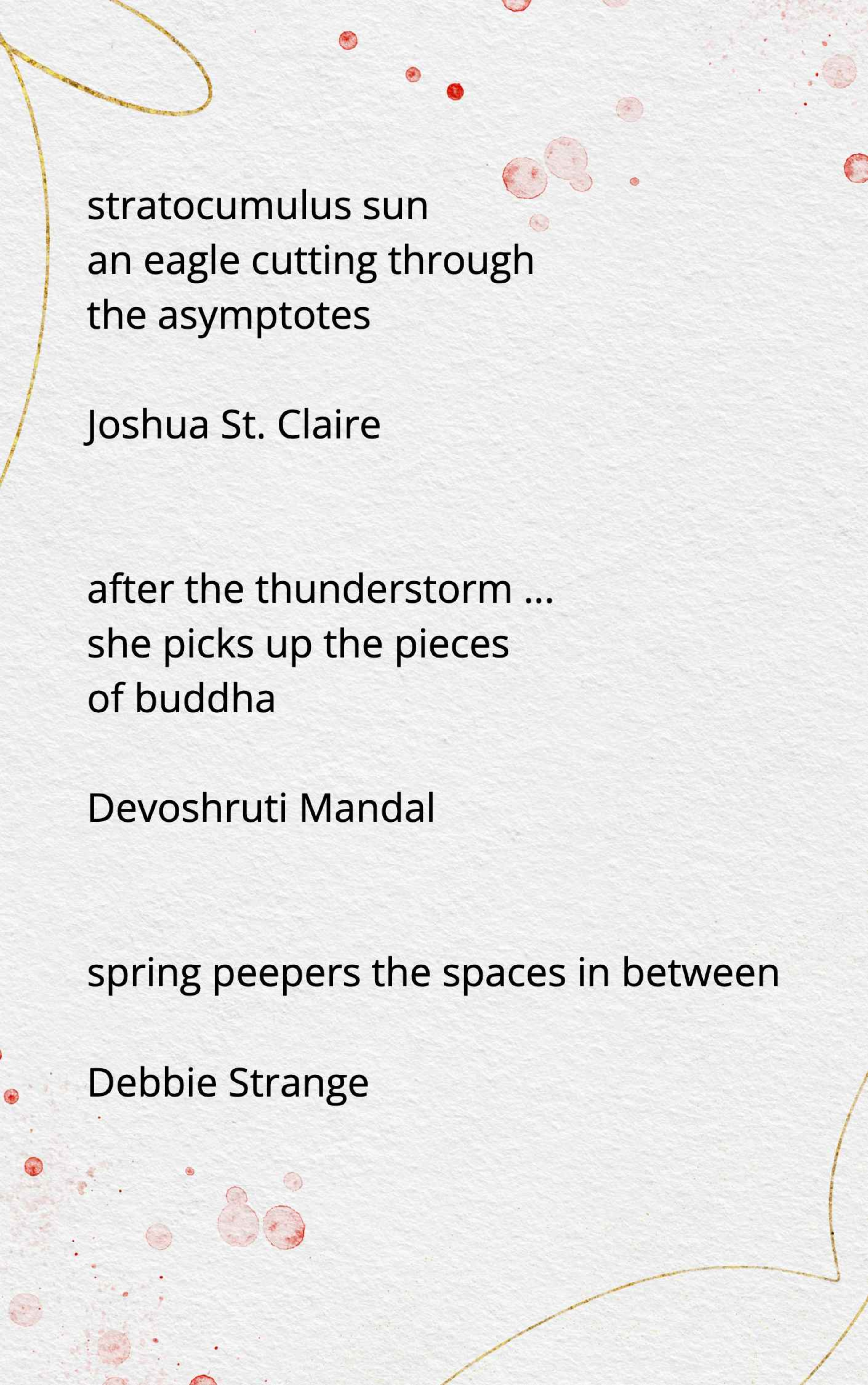
Jo McInerney

holding the one
I took for lost
daymoon

Susan Yavaniski

the buzz of wings
a dragonfly's shadow
across the page

Carol Raisfeld



stratocumulus sun
an eagle cutting through
the asymptotes

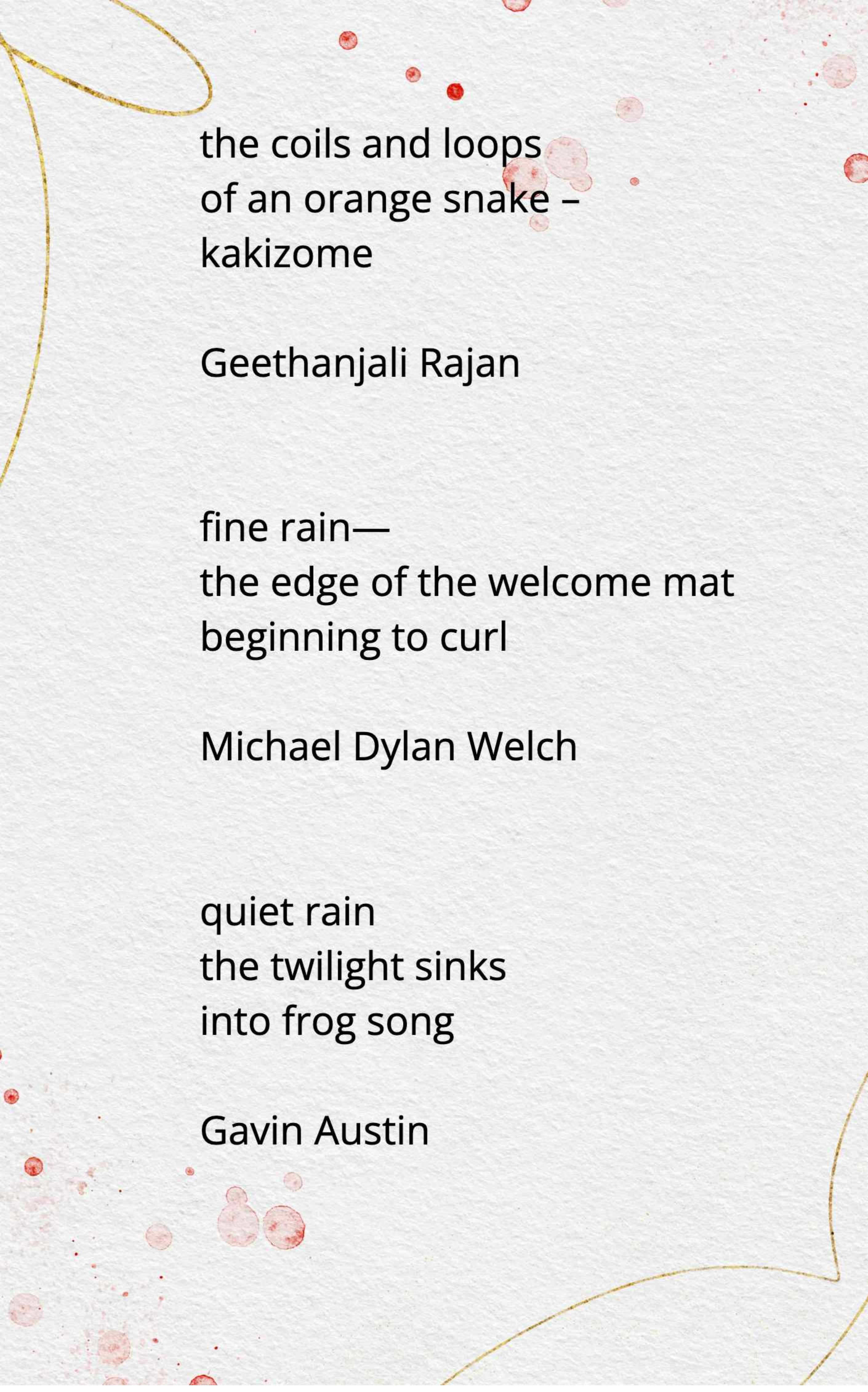
Joshua St. Claire

after the thunderstorm ...
she picks up the pieces
of buddha

Devoshruti Mandal

spring peepers the spaces in between

Debbie Strange



the coils and loops
of an orange snake –
kakizome


Geethanjali Rajan

fine rain—
the edge of the welcome mat
beginning to curl

Michael Dylan Welch

quiet rain
the twilight sinks
into frog song

Gavin Austin



lingering mist
a raven dances
on the eave

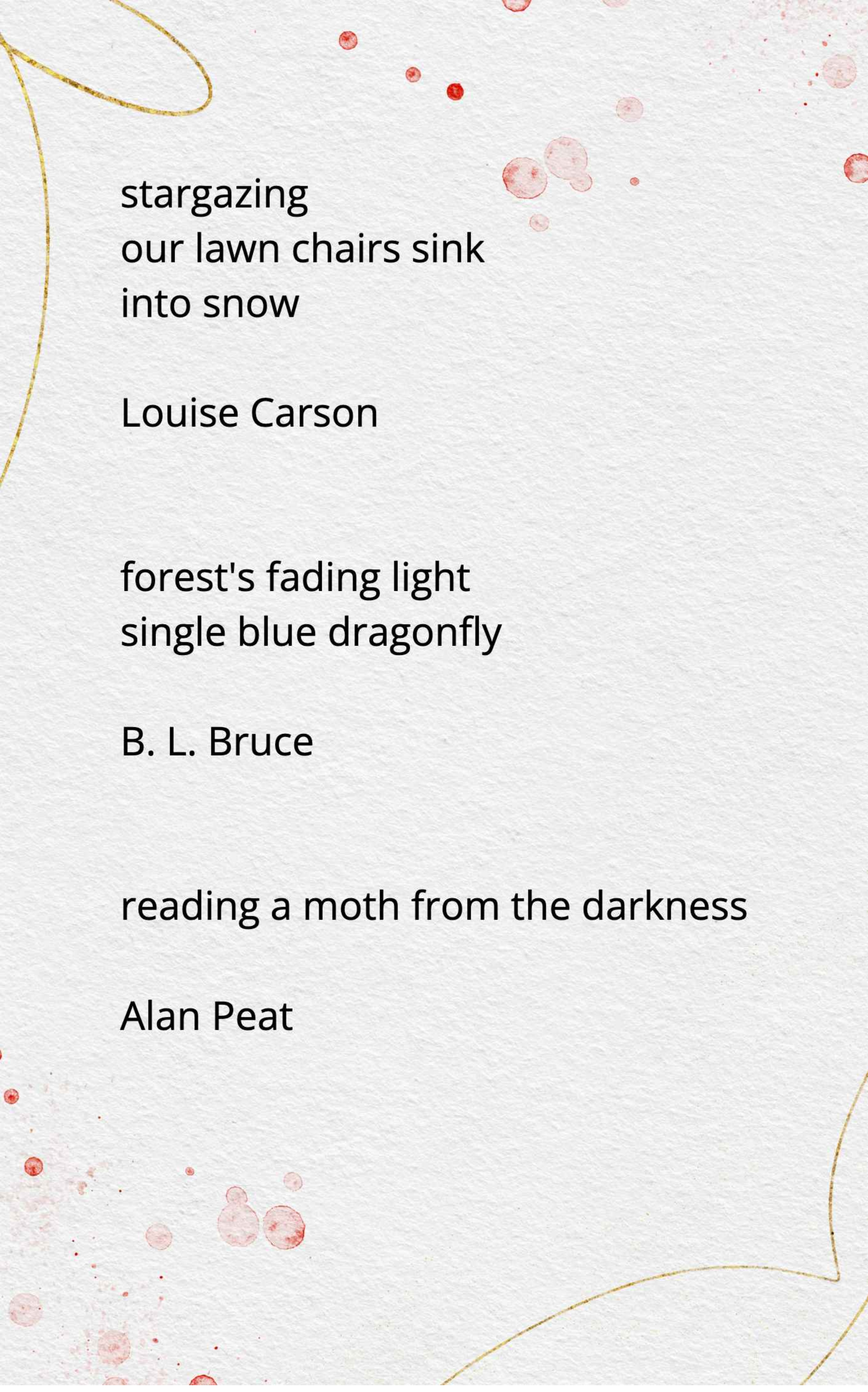
Richard L. Matta

unspooling
at sunset
spring migration

Dana J. Graef

hatching moon
one deep croak
in the gloam

Dyana Basist



stargazing
our lawn chairs sink
into snow

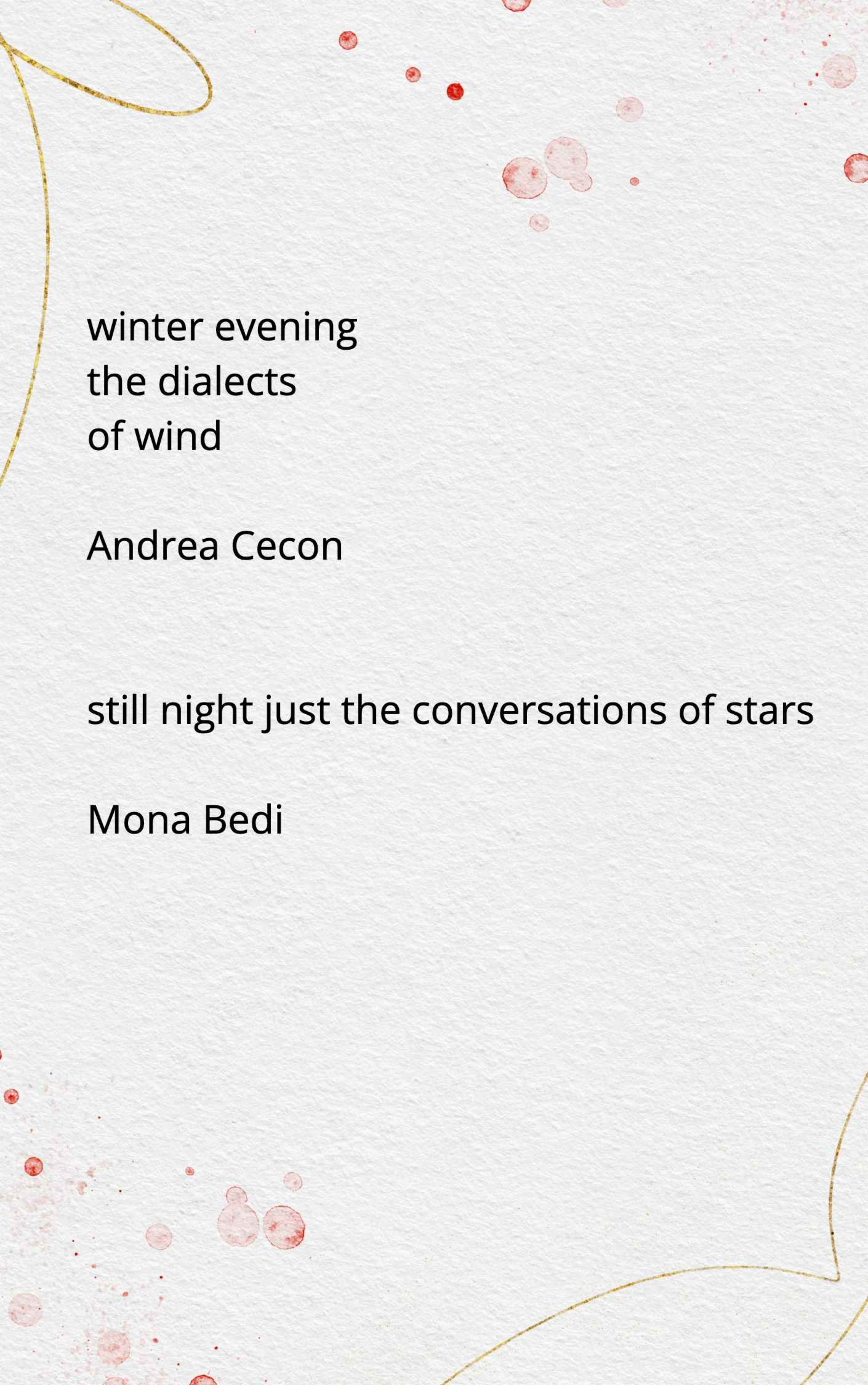
Louise Carson

forest's fading light
single blue dragonfly

B. L. Bruce

reading a moth from the darkness

Alan Peat



winter evening
the dialects
of wind

Andrea Cecon

still night just the conversations of stars

Mona Bedi

The background is a soft, light pink color. It is decorated with various floral elements: a large, detailed white cherry blossom with yellow stamens and a pink center is positioned in the upper right; several pink and white petals are scattered throughout, some appearing to be falling; and faint, large-scale floral patterns are visible in the background. The overall aesthetic is gentle and celebratory.

Spring Sings



waking myself
to listen
predawn rain

Jeff Hoagland

between the missing feathers
of an old pigeon
morning sun

Hynek Koziol

hay baling season
the swish of horse tails
in the shade

Jennifer Sutherland



spring morning
there are dinosaurs
on his backpack


Gordon Brown

ghost apple dad after the stroke

Marilyn Humbert

orb-weaver
spinning thread after thread
of moonlight

Mark Miller



first light
the soft hum
of a shankha

Nitu Yumnam

sparrows tumble
through magnolia blossoms
spring dirt

Randy Brooks

first lilac buds
a few sparrows
puddle-washing

Hannah Mahoney



desert breeze
a skinned sheep
hangs in the yard

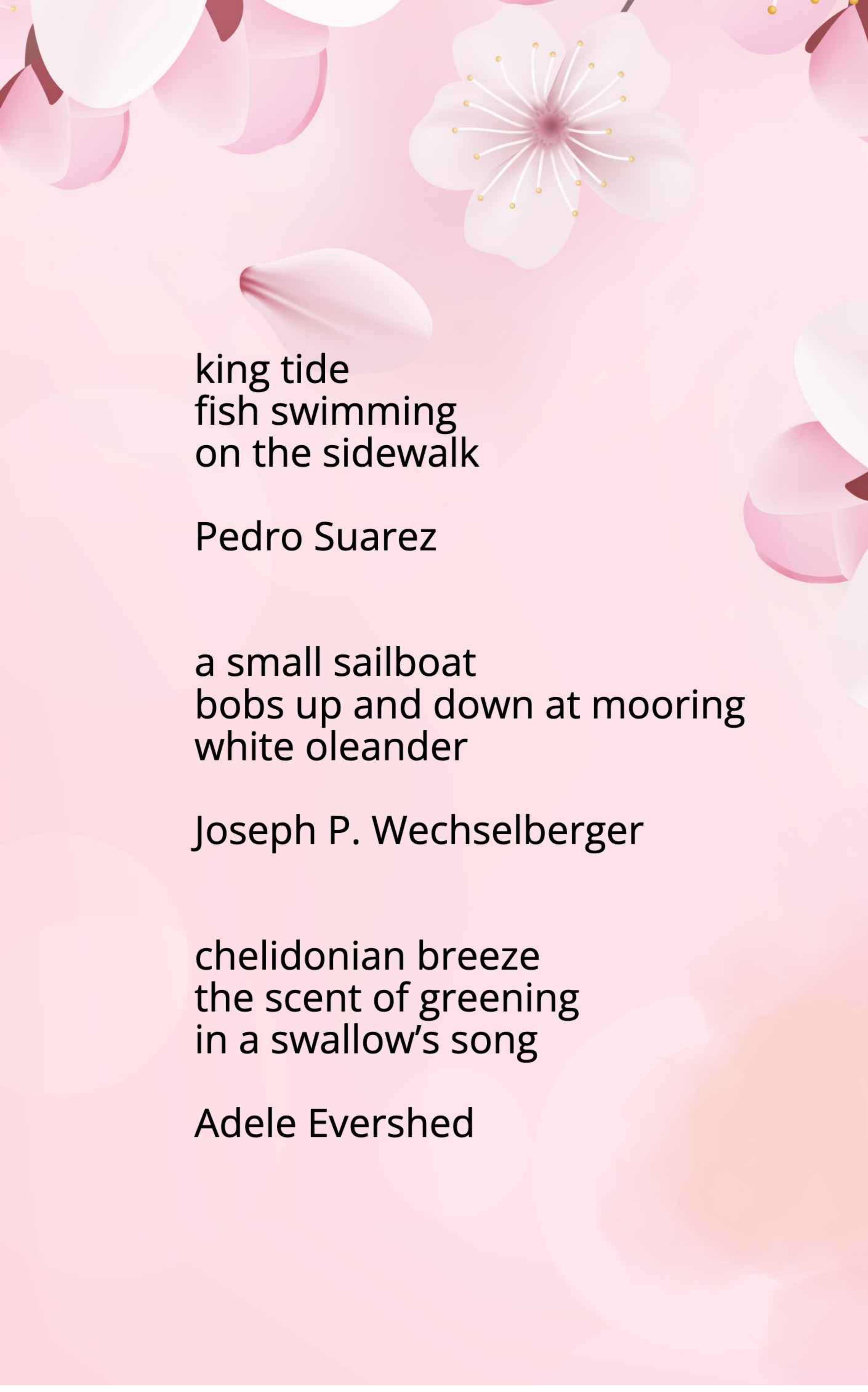
Frank Hooven

fire
in a broken heart
the empty bottle's smithereens

Robert Witmer

on last year's blackened knapweed
goldfinches seesawing

Claire Ninham



king tide
fish swimming
on the sidewalk

Pedro Suarez

a small sailboat
bobs up and down at mooring
white oleander

Joseph P. Wechselberger

chelidonian breeze
the scent of greening
in a swallow's song

Adele Evershed



the high chatter
of chimney swifts
first flight

Ruth Holzer

windbreak
on the shoulder of a hill
mother and calf

Jo McInerney

if only love
could bring you back. . .
dormant seed

Rowan Beckett Minor



soft breeze
a heart-shaped lily pad
nudges sunlight

Gareth Nurden

sun showers
the weight of clouds
in a peg bag

Jenny Polstra

gathering us
together
cherry blossoms

C. Jean Downer



finite verbs...
conjugating this ink
into petal shapes


David Cox

dappled shadows
leading her fawn
to dandelion flowers

Dyana Basist

crooked pine
you teach me the weight
of shadows

Stefanie Bucifal



head of tide
a seal turns
back to the surf


Dyana Basist

blossoms
heavy with rain
graveside visit

Heather Lurie

April showers
feathering the crow
with rainbows

Annie Wilson



hawthorn berries
poking through a barb wire fence
the blackbird's beak

Marilyn Ward

bell barrows
wreathed in wildflowers
the sky between

Farah Ali

after morning rain
a breeze of mint . . .
first hummingbird

Paula Sears



Hyde Park corner
an old man plays air guitar
rousing a choir

Chen-ou Liu

spring sun
smoothing her wrinkles
orange poppy

Marilyn Ashbaugh

midday lull
a burgeoning squash
leans on the soil

Antoinette Cheung



first apartment
squeaking tulips
into a water glass

Alan S. Bridges

sinking sun part of the skyline is us

Julie Schwerin

a wailing wind swollen with grackles
scattered thoughts

Deborah Burke Henderson



dark forest—
following the crow's cries
we take the wrong path

Rob McKinnon

spring sunslant
silver snail trail shining
on the mud path

Govind Joshi

into the silent house
the dog heaves
a sigh

Erica Ison



cairn light in the water insects walk on

Adrian Bouter

housebound—
the smell of spring
in my partner's hair

Claire Ninham

spring narcissi
the hallway mirror
checked again

John Hawkhead



beach rose
a leatherback laying
spacer eggs

Bill Cooper

sweetgum leaves no room for
argument

Eric Sundquist

orbiting sunlight
on the tea tree blossom
a blue flower wasp

Robyn Cairns



no matter the current river stone

Jamie Wimberly

wildflowers gathering the courage to
stand out

Mary McCormack

still lake...
floating duck hears
the rifle shot

Rob McKinnon



freshly cut lawn
the silver sheen of dew
this goodbye

Mark Gilbert

a band of blue jays
sounds the warning
me

Anne Elise Burgevin

tipping point
a baby flamingo
tries one leg

Stephanie Zepherelli



spring snow
between sobs a child
tells what happened


Kristen Lindquist

cold hike
the dog's panting
no longer there

Agnes Eva Savich

a gleam of ice
glazing the hollow—
wolf moon at the door

Laurie Greer



the sun
now also leaving
my home village

Mike Fainzilber

braving the midges
for a dip in the river –
red sun in the west

Bisshie

rumours of snow—
Amazon recommends
my own book to me

Michael Dylan Welch



saffron evening
a lone pandit waits
by the Ganga


Ganesh R

first jasmine opens...
the gentle touch
of the moon

Steliana Cristina Voicu

scattered stars
her linen scented
with cedar

Jo McInerney



singing from
the same hymn sheet
willow warblers

Lori Kiefer

Lenten time
my soul gets drunk
on evening rain

Ernest Wit

hazy moon...
the farmer's hands
calm a heifer

Neena Singh



a lunar eclipse —
she talks about
her shadow

Jacob Salzer

I cup the stream water
in both hands
crescent moon

Lee Hudspeth

puddle moon
we carry the rain
into our home

Mona Bedi



stars slide
on grandpa's epitaph
April rain

Arvinder Kaur

the weft
of his scarf
—sunset

Farah Ali

crocuses poke
through the snow
waxing moon

Mariangela Canzi



spring sundown
the first cricket
sings

B. L. Bruce

night seeps
into the grey-blue marsh
a field of stars

Kathryn Liebowitz

drifting to sleep
dogs barking shapes
from the darkness

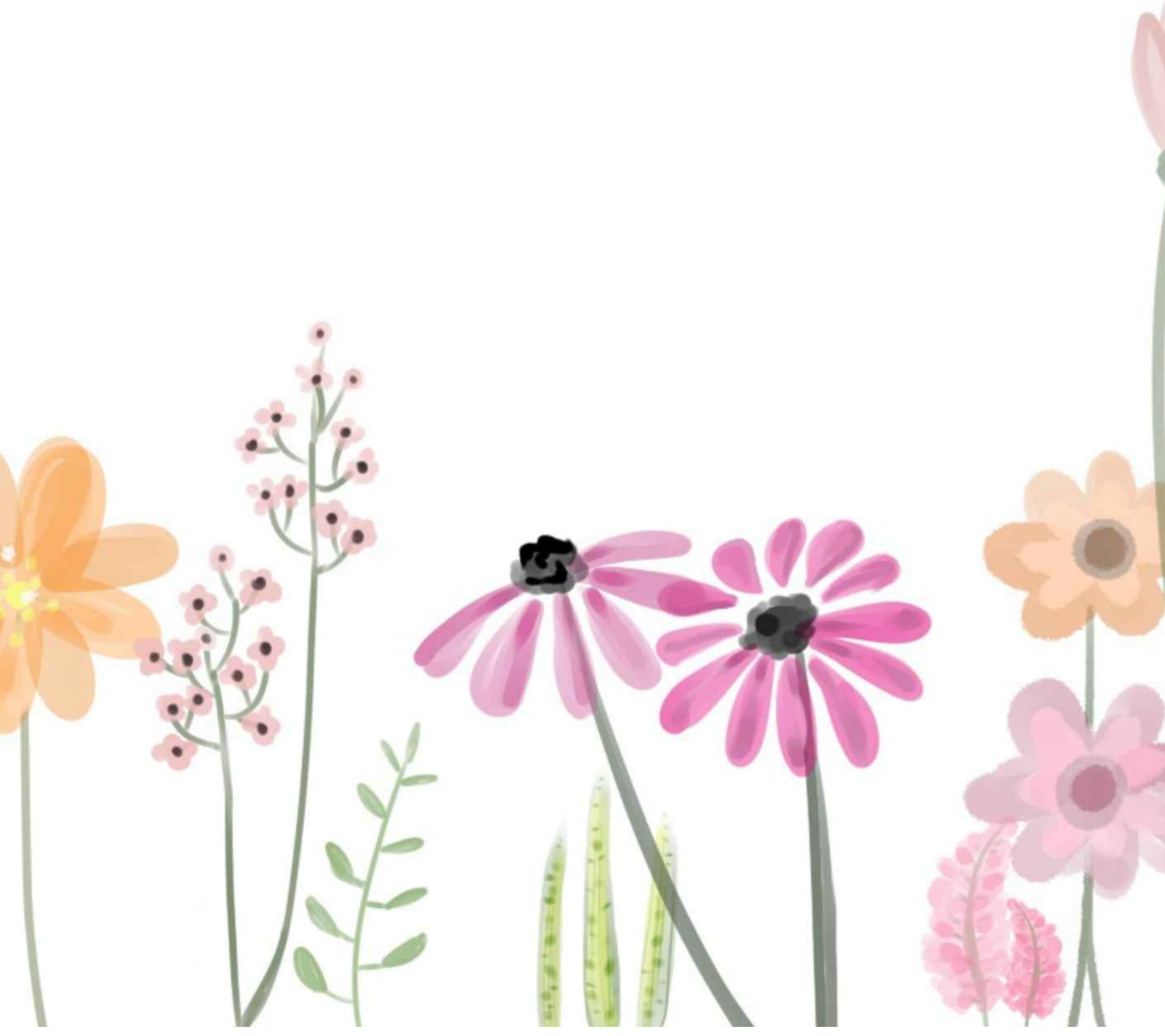
Ron C. Moss



moonlit garden
a frog song wraps
the night

John J. Han

Spring Settles



dawn at the moorings
the skipper's hushed
command
to let go

Keith Evetts

up with the birds
we slowly descend
into the sea

Audrey Quinn

mother's dreams
milkweed floss
on the breeze

Jo McInerney



peach blossom dawn
the crunch of frozen earth
folded by the plough

Ben Oliver

navigating
last night's rain
ants in the peony

Bryan Rickert

after yesterday—
the breakfast table's
drooping tulips

Tony Williams



morning yoga
a bee guides the poppy
to a deeper bend

Vandana Parashar

white pine seedlings
nestled in mosses
morning sun

Nancy Orr

swaying grasses
a woodpecker bass-notes
a bobolink

Hannah Mahoney



slow morning
the deer still grazing
my dreams

Bryan Rickert

borrowing
happy thoughts
from the library

Roberta Beach Jacobson

meandering
through golden aspens
the sound of water

Stephenie Story



the junco's whistle—
a pocked apple
cups rainwater

Richard Tice

our grief
will last a lifetime
lacewings

Jenn Ryan-Jauregui

fly-fishing daydreams
my feet
in the clouds

Kelly Sargent



white butterflies
fast forwarding
the silence

Barrie Levine

visiting hours
wrapped in paper
her bones

Audrey Quinn

wildflowers
all the names for you
we didn't pick

Jamie Wimberly



en plein-air
no one paints
bird songs

Jharna Sanyal

storm watch
white horses
thunder up the strand

Katie Montagna

spring prayer...
the mantis drifting
on a grape leaf

Sharon Ferrante



estate sale
someone's ashes
in a dented locket

Chad Henry

melted tar
the pungency of
a lost dog

Richard L. Matta

brewing hibiscus tea
each swirl swirls
in another swirl

Jharna Sanyal



a heron glides
over the mirror water
a heron glides

Zach Street

crushed catkins
the son of Dad's best friend
dead too

Timothy Daly

windy crag
six fishes
in a puffin's beak

Ravi Kiran



first chess set—
father's handwritten lessons
frayed in the box

Julie Kelsey

monsoon...
the buffaloes
are black again

Ganesh R



thunderous sky
a baby's rattle
on a pillar

Aine Flynn

reminders
to weed the radish
forget-me-nots

Stasia Garraway

curved thorn-tip
embracing the inevitable
a raindrop

Vishal Prabhu



riding a unicycle
balanced... unbalanced
through my midlife

Chen-ou Liu

elsewhere in the rain faintly
singing

Kathryn Liebowitz

buttercups swaying
in the breeze
the baby waves both fists

Brad Bennett



farm house
the truck following
its tracks

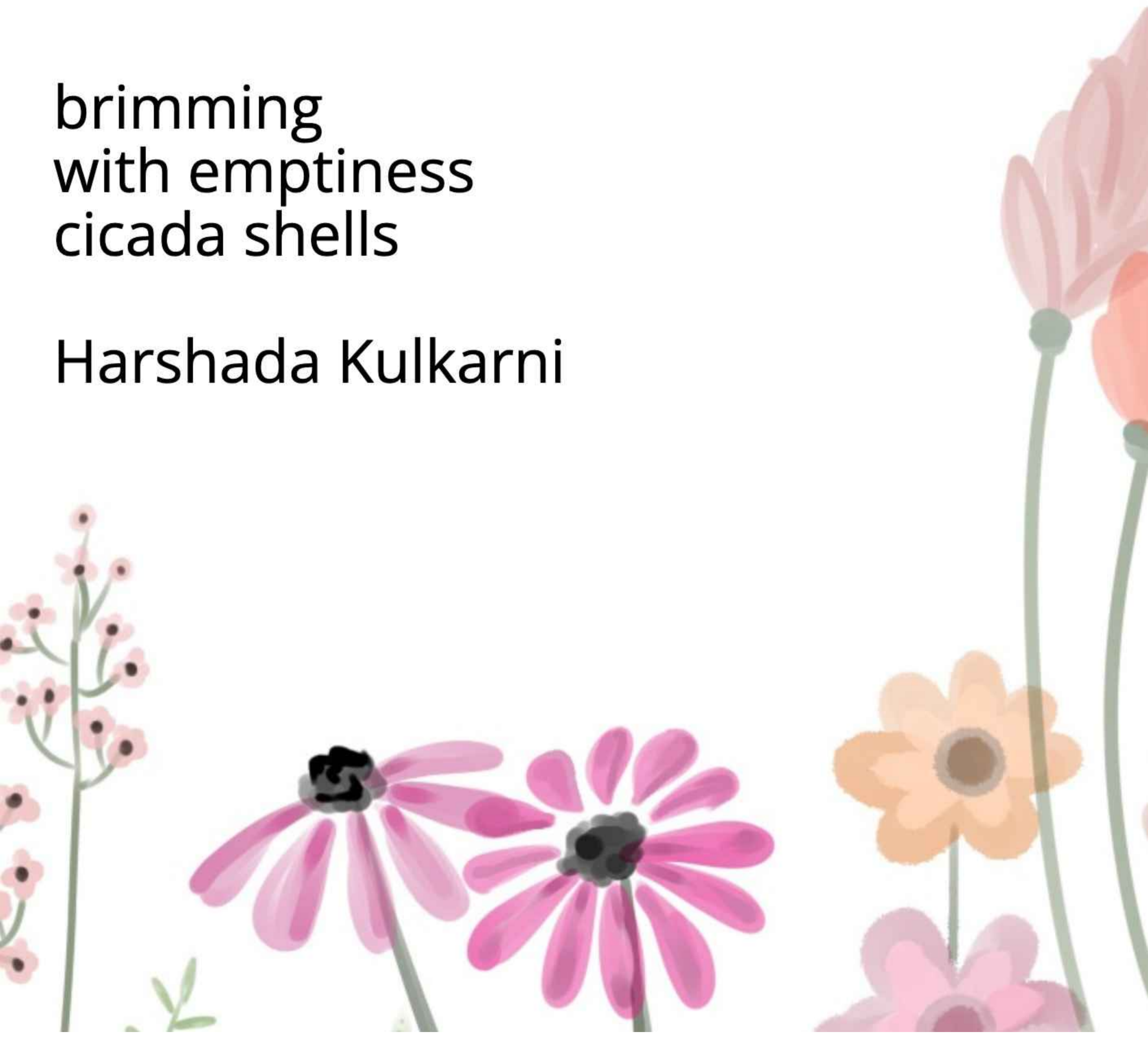
Govind Joshi

life left in a broken cedar shoreline breeze

Glenn G. Coats

brimming
with emptiness
cicada shells

Harshada Kulkarni



in orbit
a hummingbird
circles the globe thistle

Richard West

a white butterfly
finds the lone poppy
bomb rubble

Joseph P. Wechselberger

nobody's gasp
the coral emptiness
of the ocean

Cassady O'Reilly-Hahn



stress eating my way out
rainbow chard

Lorraine A Padden

homemade noodles
on the kitchen counter
rolling out the lumps

Randy Brooks

deadheading
a moment of silence
for yesterday's lily

Julie Schwerin



a cold wind
in the prisoner's letter
the evening sea

Jacob Salzer

lazy afternoon
a bullfrog's eyes
part the pondweed

Kristen Lindquist

mountain resort
an ant climbing up
the curved page

Roman Lyakhovetsky



reggae band
bobbing to the beat
the gecko's head

Jay Friedenberg

sudden rain
all over my wet hair
plum blossoms

Vessislava Savova

a quiet hush
the fledgling's first flight
hangs in the air

Eavonka Ettinger



in the horse's eye
half of the moon
finds shelter

Mile Lisica

downland flint
the arrowhead streaks
of swifts knapping air

John Hawkhead

no groceries
for two weeks
cherry blossoms

Joshua St. Claire



office window
a breeze ruffles treetops
silently

Agnes Eva Savich

open to the air
the deer's ribcage
picked clean

Erica Ison

mountain lights
between jasmine blooms
spring evening

Govind Joshi



midnight brew
red tea stains
on mother's china

Sheikha A.

childhood curfew
an owl hoots
from the ravine

M. R. Pelletier

hospice
a supercut
of sunsets

John Pappas



a lighthouse
on each distant shore
the family scattered

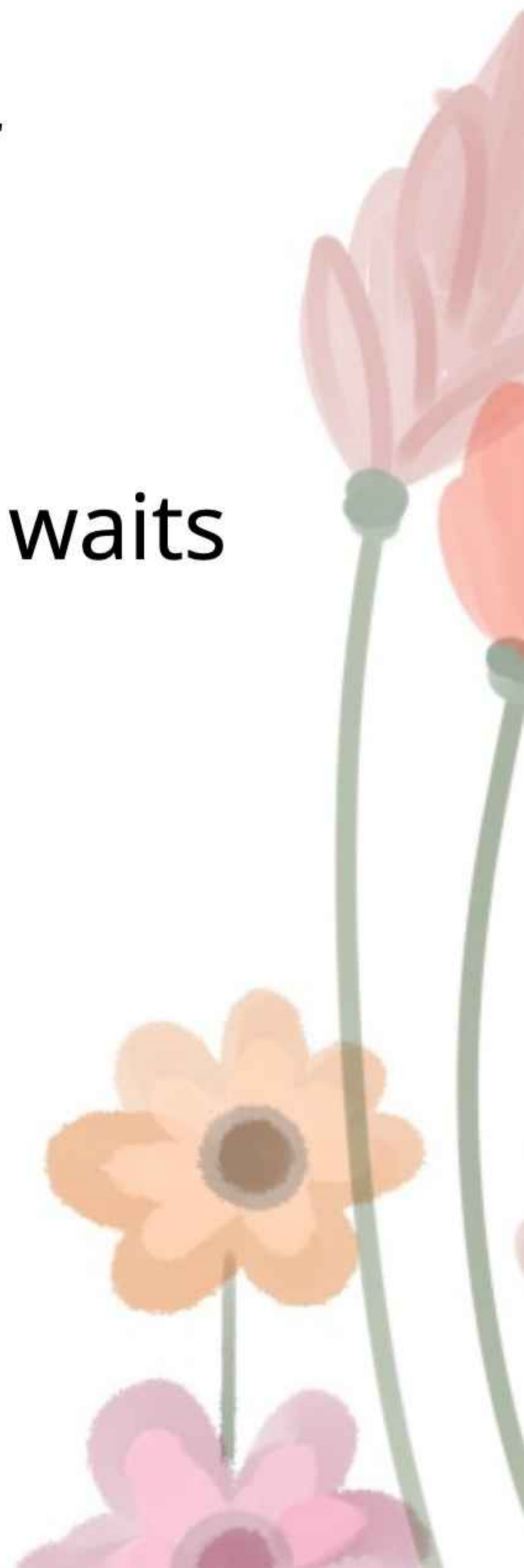
Sharon Martina

a housefly
fixing its wings...
to the next heap

Aakanksha Tanwar

rubbish tip
the wildlife society waits
for fox o' clock

Lori Kiefer



candle light—
her fingers in the groove
of my lifeline

Ben Gaa

mixed bouquet
the first mother's day
after losing you

Rowan Beckett Minor

depth
of a sigh
hazy moon

Stasia Garraway



this sense of being
over the moon
rain puddles

Alvin Cruz

moonlight barbecue
the white-lipped
waiting waves

Keith Evetts

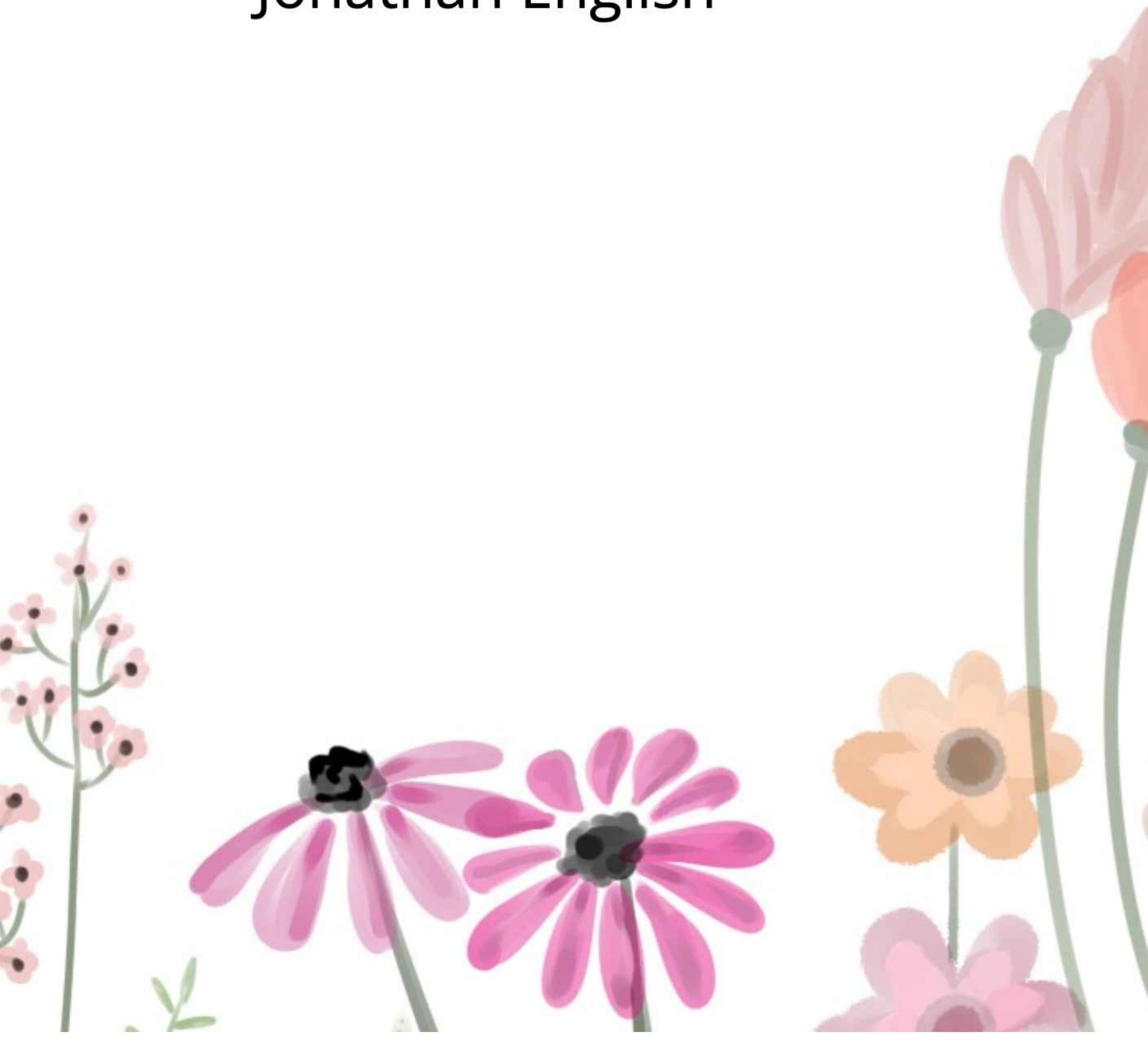
middle moon
a centipede curls
from my touch

Ron C. Moss



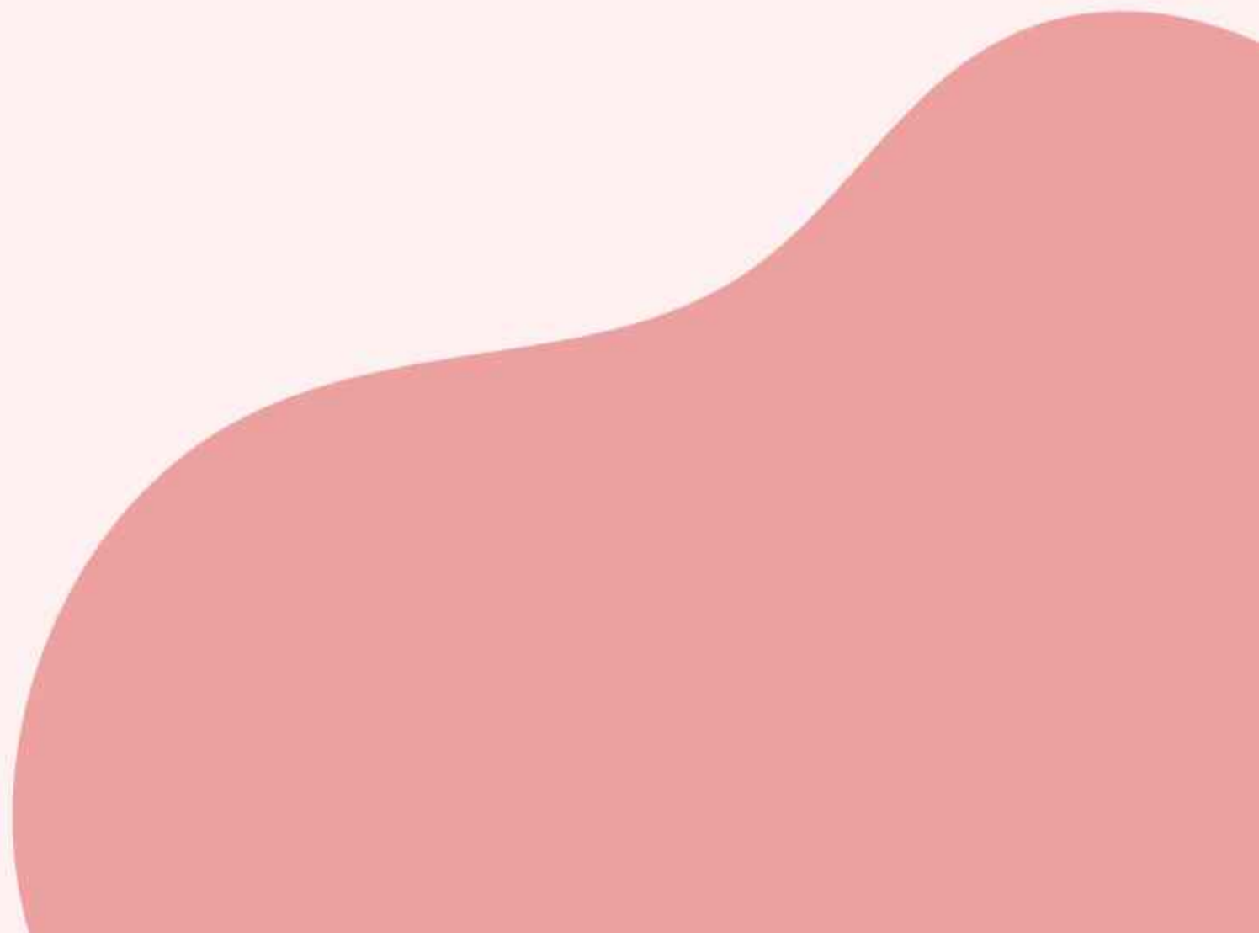
porch swing
the twilight distance
of dreams

Jonathan English





Haibun





wallflower

The white attic bedroom may be small, the East Room fireless - and yet, it is easier to stay here at Mansfield Park; to leave my barouche parked far from the stables; to curl up with Cowper and an old Lady's pug.

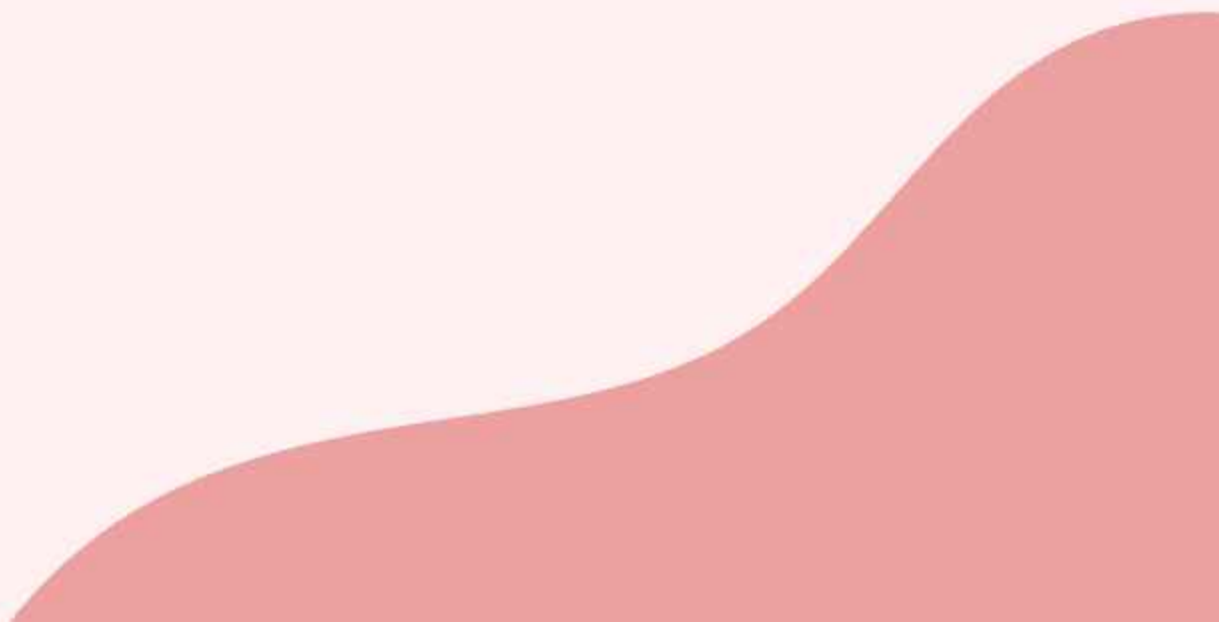
lily tarn,
alone and quite lost
in this chapter

I pause to unwrap sandwiches, to pour tea from an ageing thermos, to return to my own time. A dragonfly patrols its territory; length upon length of the peat-stained water. A leaf drifts toward me on the breeze.

I know I can't undo her death; that I'm expected, once more, to mix with people.

blue lotus
poking my head
above water

Alan Peat





Currents

Granite along the shoreline, home to lichen that absorb moisture from fog, speckling stone with light, a deepening orange. Winds strum acapella across stone.

river

shadows
through the igneous arch
an ebb and flow mural

She senses the water's wisdom, how it twists and turns, an equal measure of life and death.

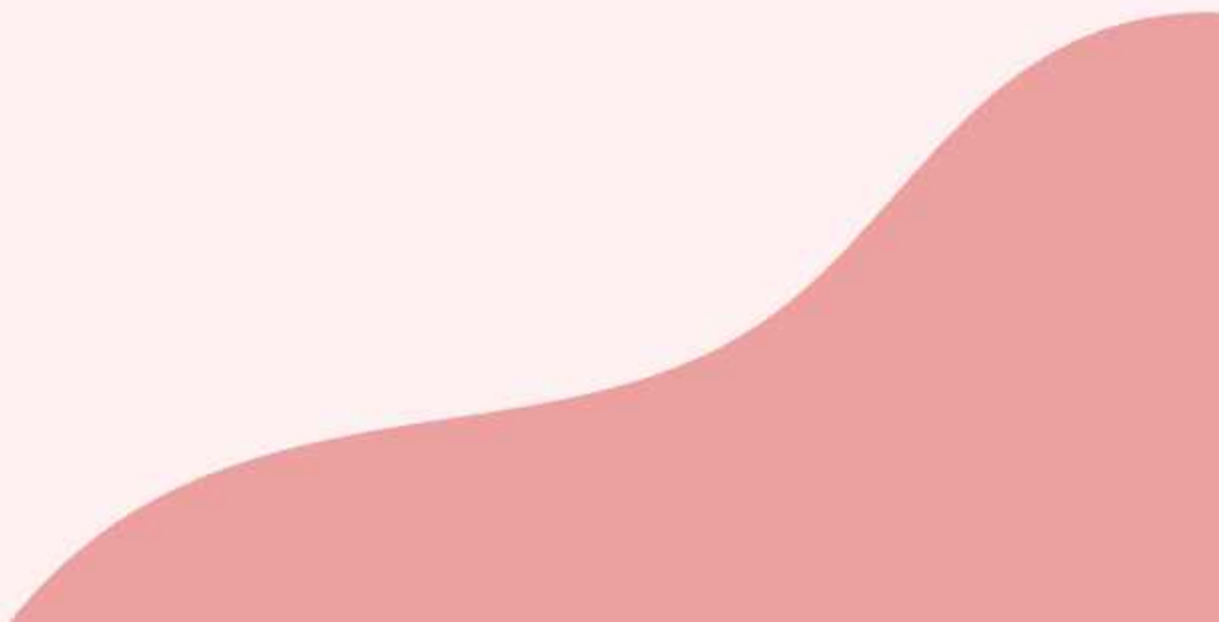
grace
wind

streams
plum blossoms

Trusting her team she paddles, flowing with the tide until they pause to revere the slow rise of the crescent moon.

silence
twenty-two survivors paddle
as one

Jill Muhrer





And Still I Rise*

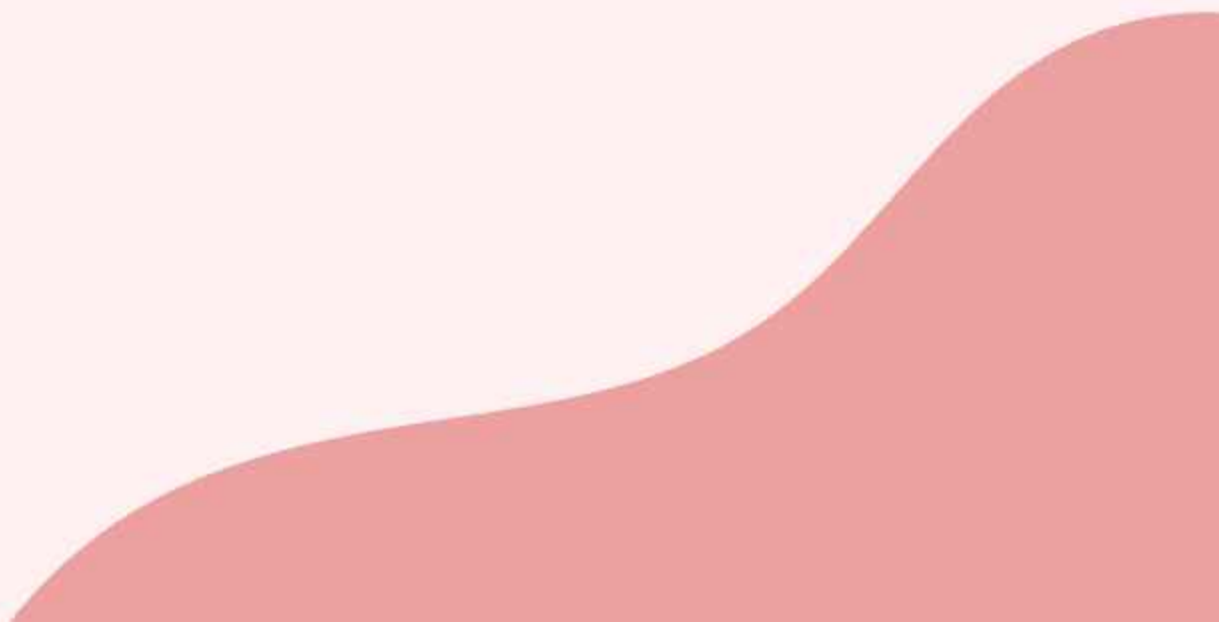
Pink is the delicate hue of the first light gently brushing the sea, of petals resting on the water before the current takes them. It lingers at the edge of dreams, neither night nor day, a color caught between holding on and letting go. It is the hush of cherry blossoms before the wind scatters them, the soft blush of childhood ribbons, the faded ink of love notes pressed between pages. It deepens in salt-streaked lips after laughter at the shore, in the last ember of a setting sun, and in the wake of something that never fully leaves.

And now, pink lives beneath my skin—
stitched into scars, pinned to my chest,
traced in the mirror where I start anew.

unbuttoned sky
a gannet sweeps the river
in its wing

* title borrowed from Maya Angelou's poem
"And Still I Rise"

Sandip Chauhan



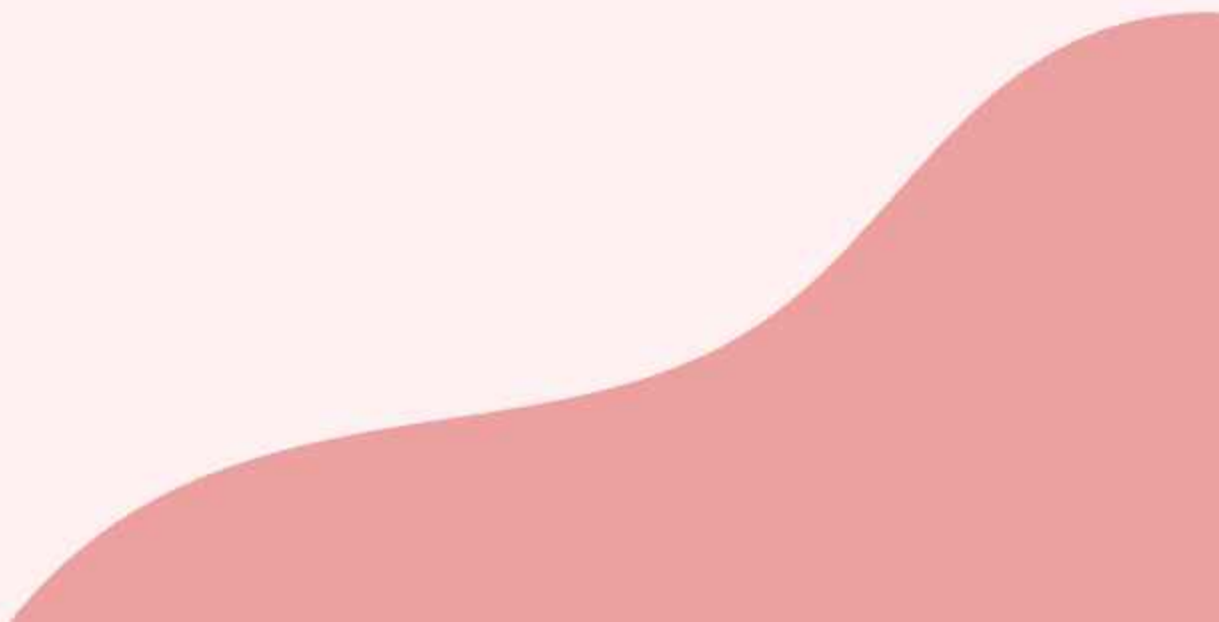


The Details

I didn't know much about the world, but I knew enough to be scared. I remember exactly where it happened—on Main Street at the east end where it slopes down toward the park and farm fields beyond. I was returning uphill from a friend's house in the new development on the edge of town. It was summer—I was out of school—maybe junior high. I can't remember the car's color, its make or model, or what he looked like. He slowed, rolled down the passenger window and spoke to me. At first, I looked at him because I had been taught to be polite—thought he was asking for directions. But he invited me to get into the car. Something in the pit of my stomach. I turned away and kept walking—faster. He trailed me along the street, driving slowly to keep next to me, kept talking. My heart beat faster—and my feet. I was almost jogging, didn't speak. Halfway home, when I finally stopped to catch my breath and look around—the car was gone.

snatching
the secrets
I never told

Janet Ruth





Vile esteemed*

A second time. How could they put him there a second time? It is a circus, come to all our towns. The tigers have their teeth, their claws, wrenched out.

Watch this - he says - Watch and wonder.

He pokes his head between the poor beast's gums.

Then he pulls it out.

A miracle - he cries.

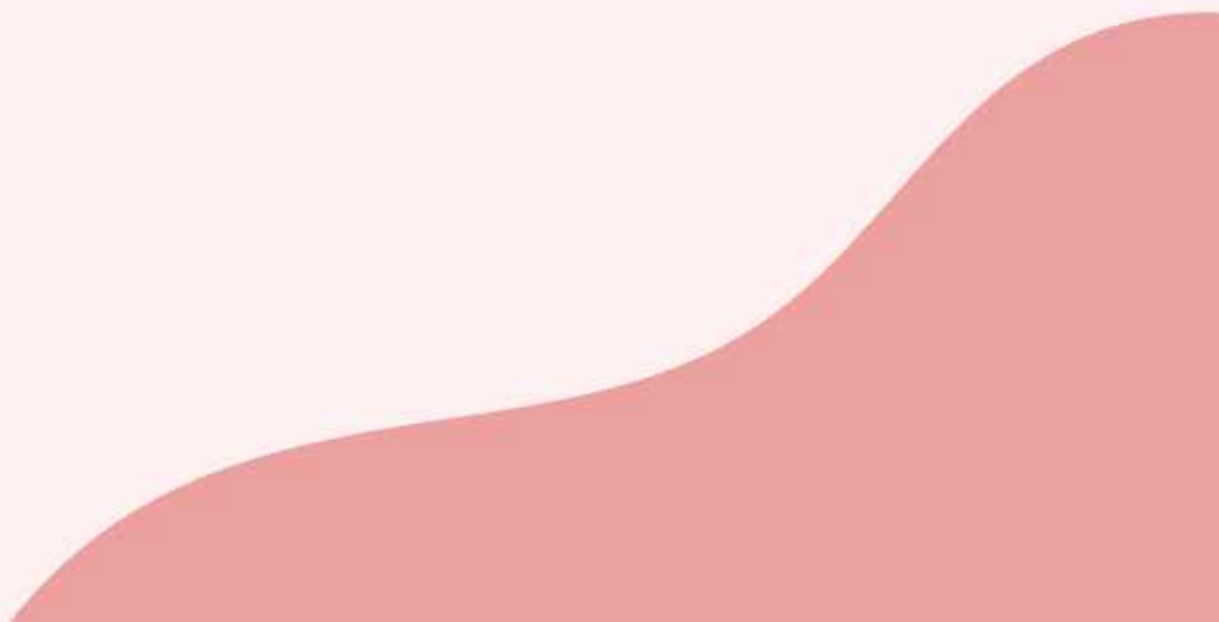
A miracle - they cry.

It is floodlit. The night is too black. The pumas are euthanised. They are too black. The future. His fingers are around its neck. It is black.

coming storm
dark clouds losing
shades of grey

*from Shakespeare Sonnet 121

Alan Peat





Higher Ground

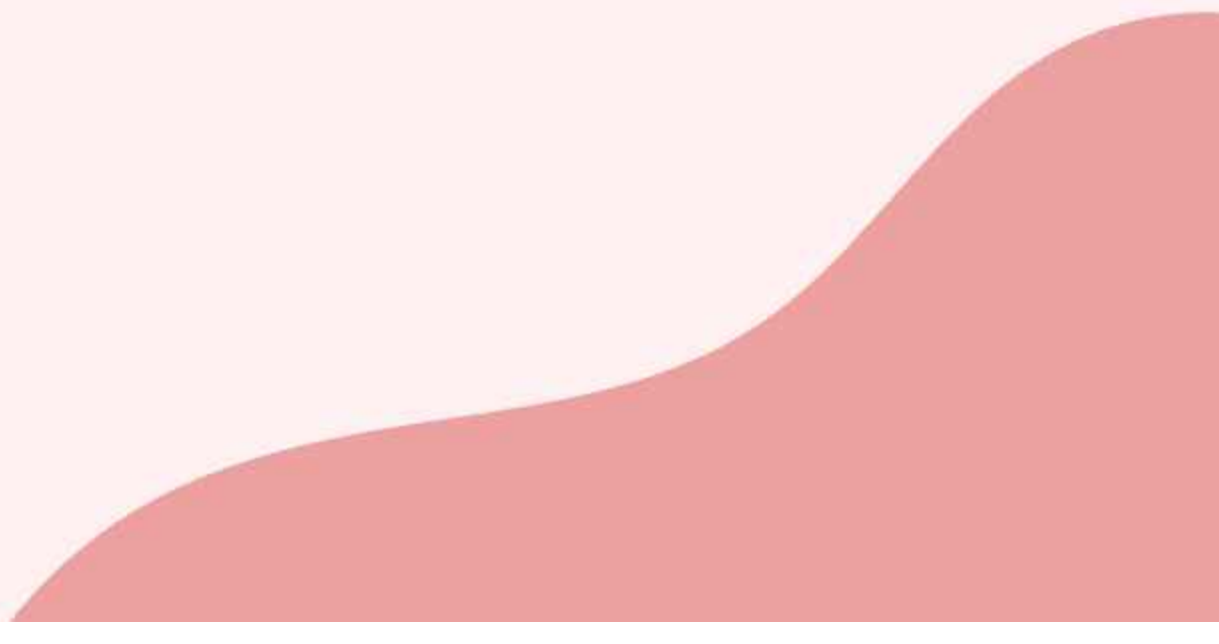
It is customary during a Japanese tea ceremony to inquire about the host's choice of scroll hanging in the tokonoma, a raised alcove in the teahouse. Today, we're discussing the Zen concept of mushin, no mind, written on the scroll and how Kuan Yin once explained happily, "If nothing resides within you, the form of things will not be blatant. When you move, be like water. When at peace, be like a mirror. In reacting, be like an echo."

skitters across

tsunami warning
a field mouse

the tatami

Dyana Basist



A Selection of Haiga

white lilies

the solace of knowing

I did all I could

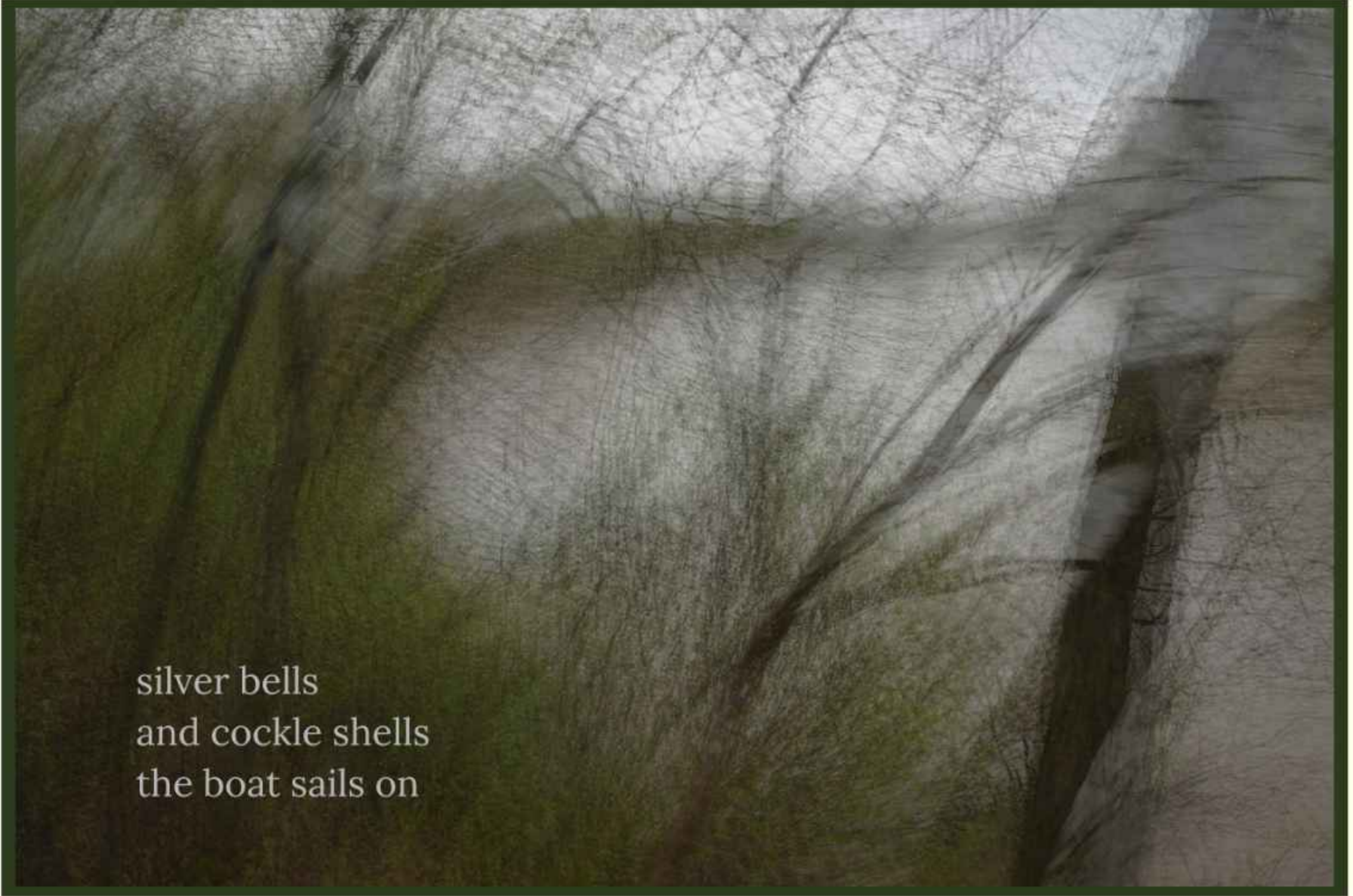


Kevin Valentine



*another year gone
and yet, what blooms
and blooms*

Ron C. Moss



silver bells
and cockle shells
the boat sails on

Darlene O'Dell



Jenny Fraser

Spring melt
an ermine peeks out
of its burrow



Debbie Strange



Maryam and Akiba Mermey



Nitu Yumnam

The background of the entire image is a clear, bright blue sky. In the upper right and lower right corners, there are clusters of white cherry blossoms with yellow centers, partially obscuring the sky. The text is centered in the upper half of the image.

Thank you to WHJ supporters

Maryam and Akiba Mermey,
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