





Autumn
'25

@Waleshaiku



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Editor's Note

Dear Reader,



This Autumn issue arrives after what has been our busiest submission window yet. This ever expanding breadth has brought us so much: wallabies at dawn; cider pressed through amber light; desert crossings under a full moon; the hush of *that* first frost. This abundance challenged us as editors to whittle down the final edit - we hope the final result rewards.

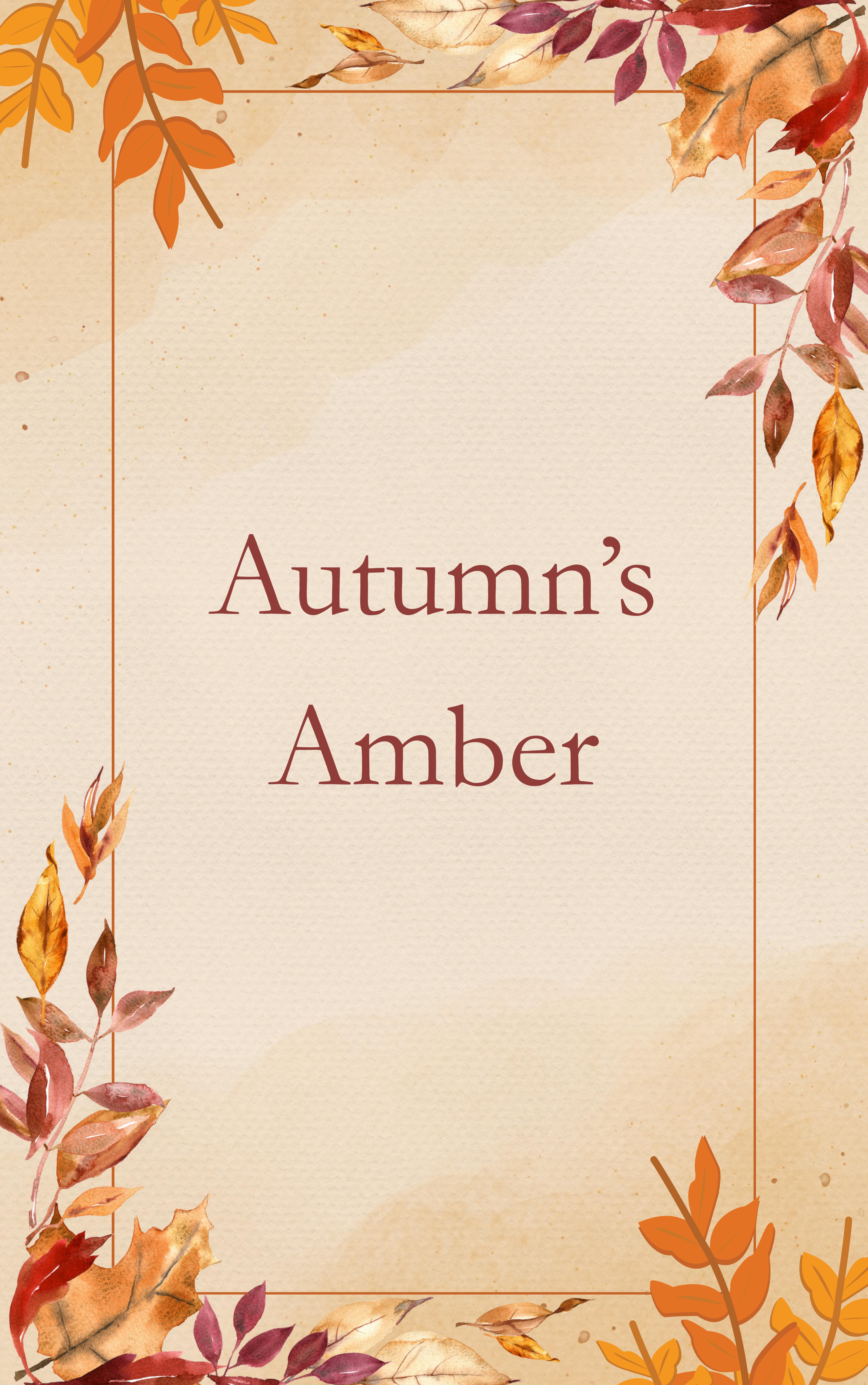




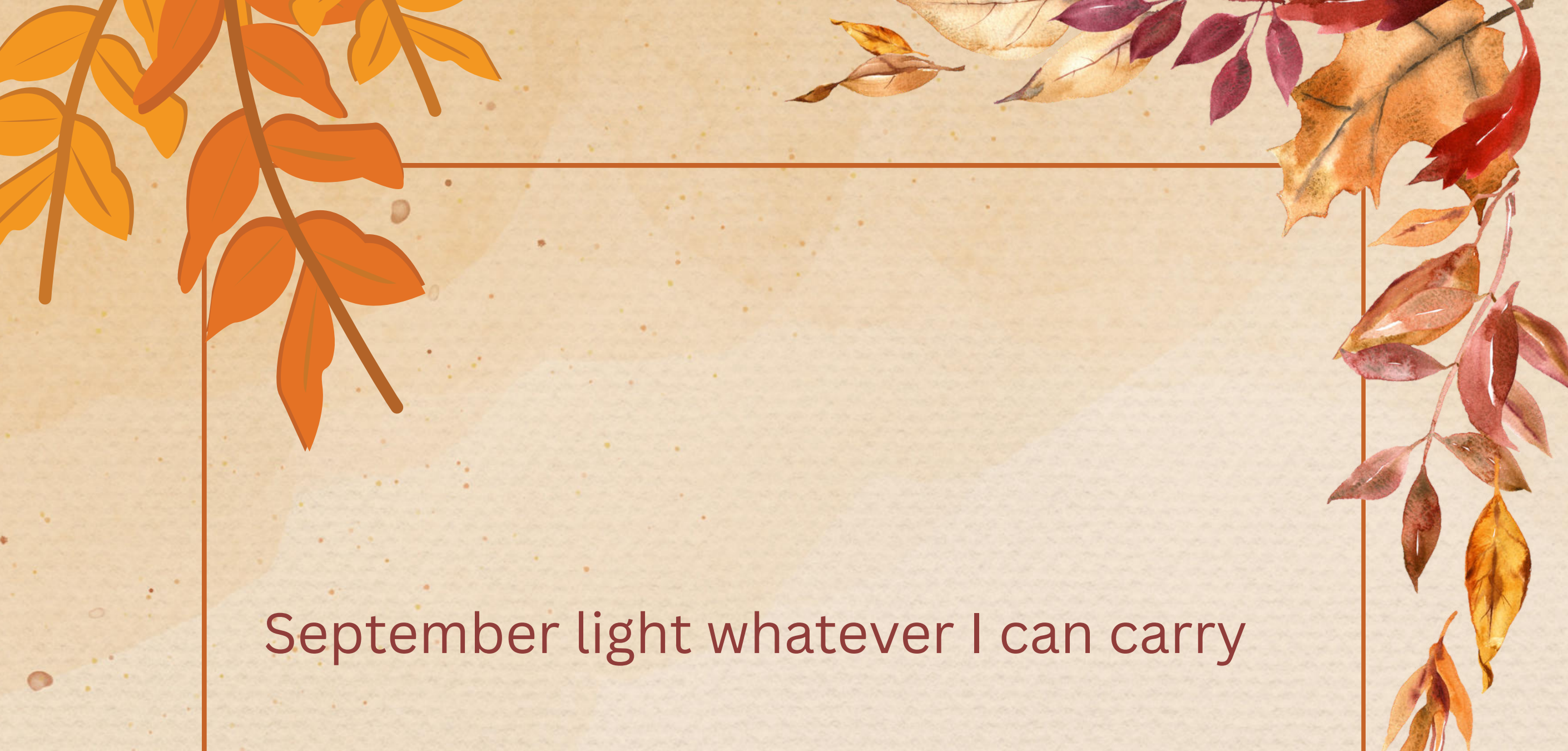
Haiku begins in solitude - one person, one moment, one thought made manifest - but reading other people's reminds us that every insight, though personal, reverberates outwards. There's joy in that, isn't there? This, more than anything, is what this edition is aiming to celebrate, and what we celebrate here at the Wales Haiku Journal: the quiet recognition that our individual moments connect us to part of the whole.

With Gratitude,
Joe and Luci





Autumn's
Amber



September light whatever I can carry

Adrian Bouter


autumn sunrise—a stretch of spiderweb
in my rear-view mirror

Joshua Gage

morning dew
a wallaby
nibbles my lawn

Greg Piko





lingering heat
birds leap through
a leak in the hose

Bryan Rickert


late summer
a bee
still sways the cosmos

Laurie Greer

eight minutes to earth
the sunbeam fills
with cat

Annette Makino



The page is decorated with autumn-themed illustrations of leaves and branches in shades of orange, yellow, and red, positioned in the corners. A thin brown border frames the central text area.

open meadow
a foal's steps
stumble into light

Nitu Yumnam

first whiff of autumn
the language
of deer

Ella Aboutboul


autumn sun
my first taste
of warm sake

Mark Hendrickson



*end of summer
wildfire smoke crawls
into the canyon*

Mark Meyer



on lime leaves
this morning's rain
meadow wind

Audrey Quinn

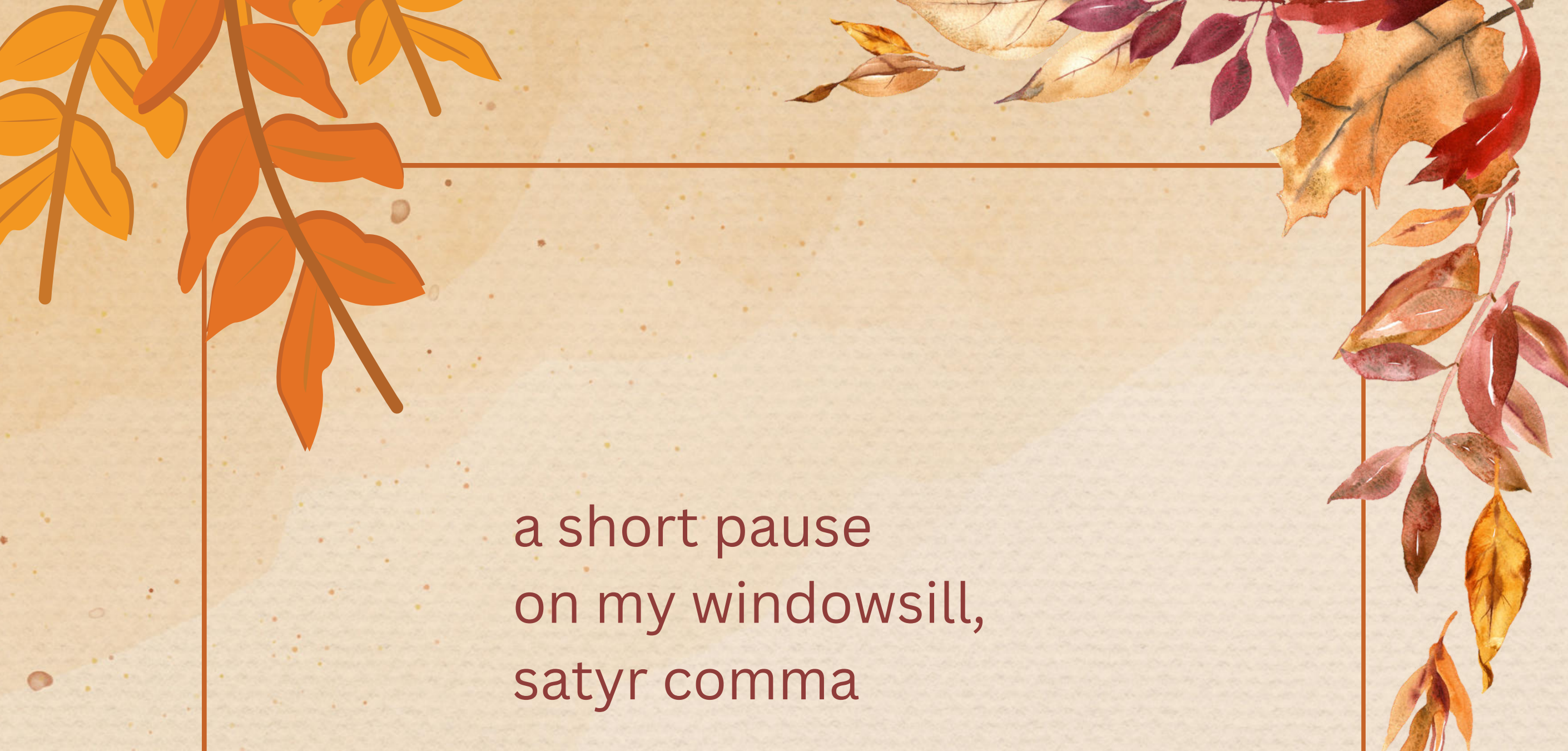
slanted sunlight
a trickle of amber
from the cider press

Brad Bennett

behind the last
carnival truck at the toll booth
autumn rain

Joseph P. Wechselberger





a short pause
on my windowsill,
satyr comma

Alan S. Bridges


autumn leaves
the bittersweet taste
of marmalade

Tony Williams

soft rain
the quiet drop of acorns
onto moss

Anne Fox





by the doorway
of the elderly care home
mum's new slippers

Lori Kiefer

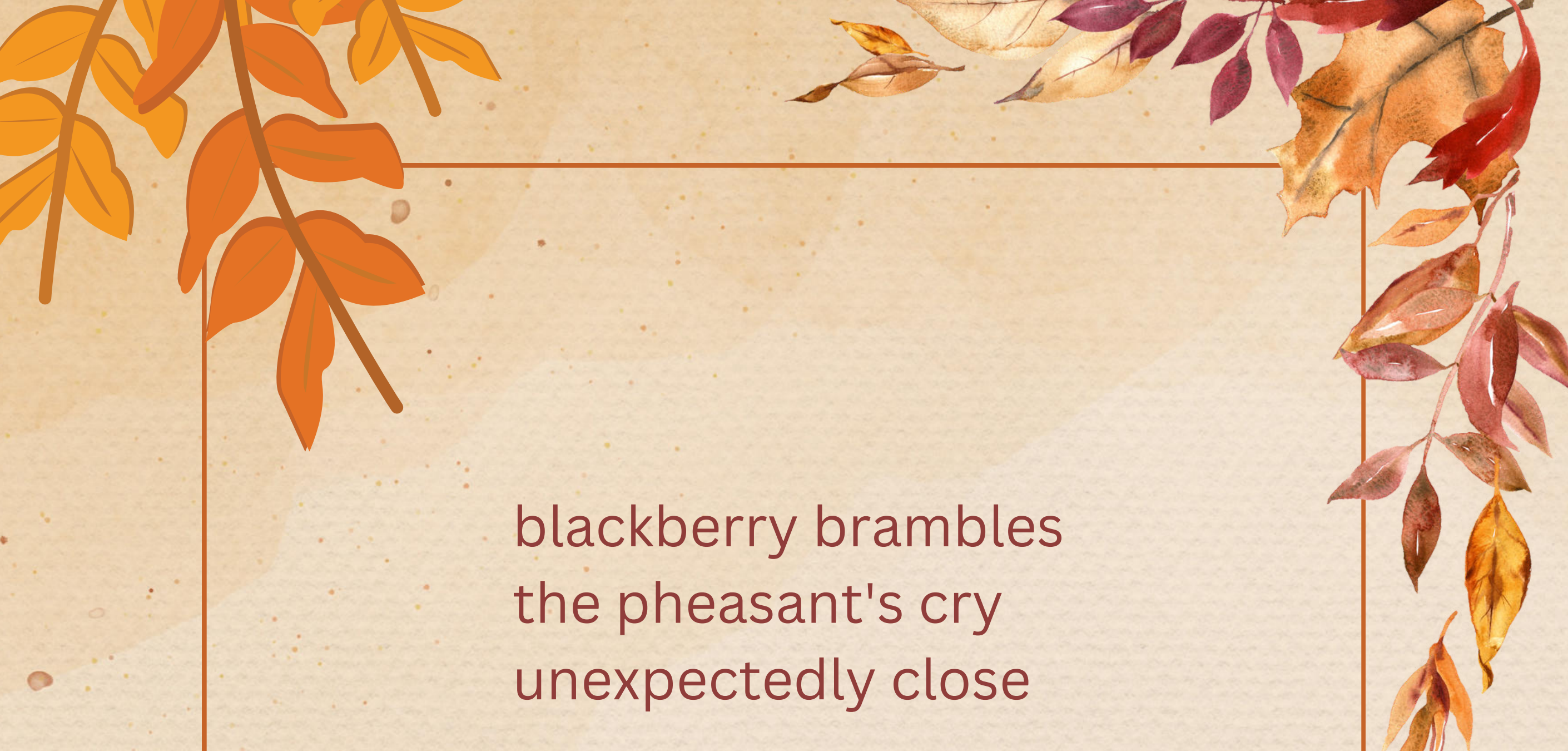
early fall
the slow drip
of honey locust leaves

Laurie Greer

regardless
of the fallen leaves
the falling leaves

Mark A. Forrester





blackberry brambles
the pheasant's cry
unexpectedly close

Kristen Lindquist


first sip of wine
the notes
of a thrush

Jenny Fraser

leaving
as if little mattered
mayflies

John Hawkhead





the pale pink
in her voice
NICU nurse

Lorraine A Padden

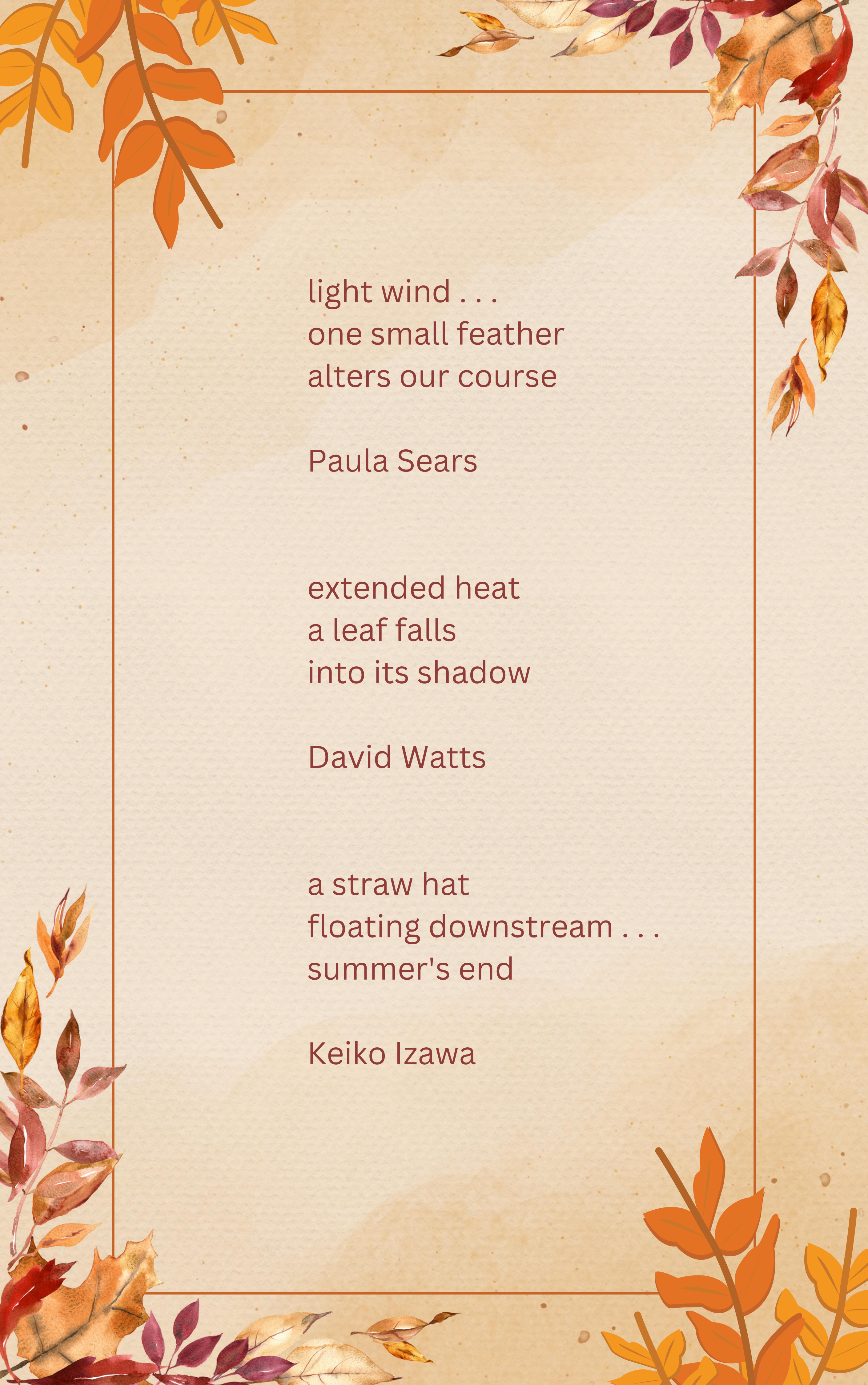
fruiting fig
the musky sweetness
of a fumbled kiss

Jo McInerney

almost rain
the air saturated
with tomato

Glenn G. Coats



The page is decorated with autumn-themed illustrations of leaves and branches in shades of orange, yellow, and red, positioned in the corners. A thin brown border frames the central text area.

light wind . . .
one small feather
alters our course

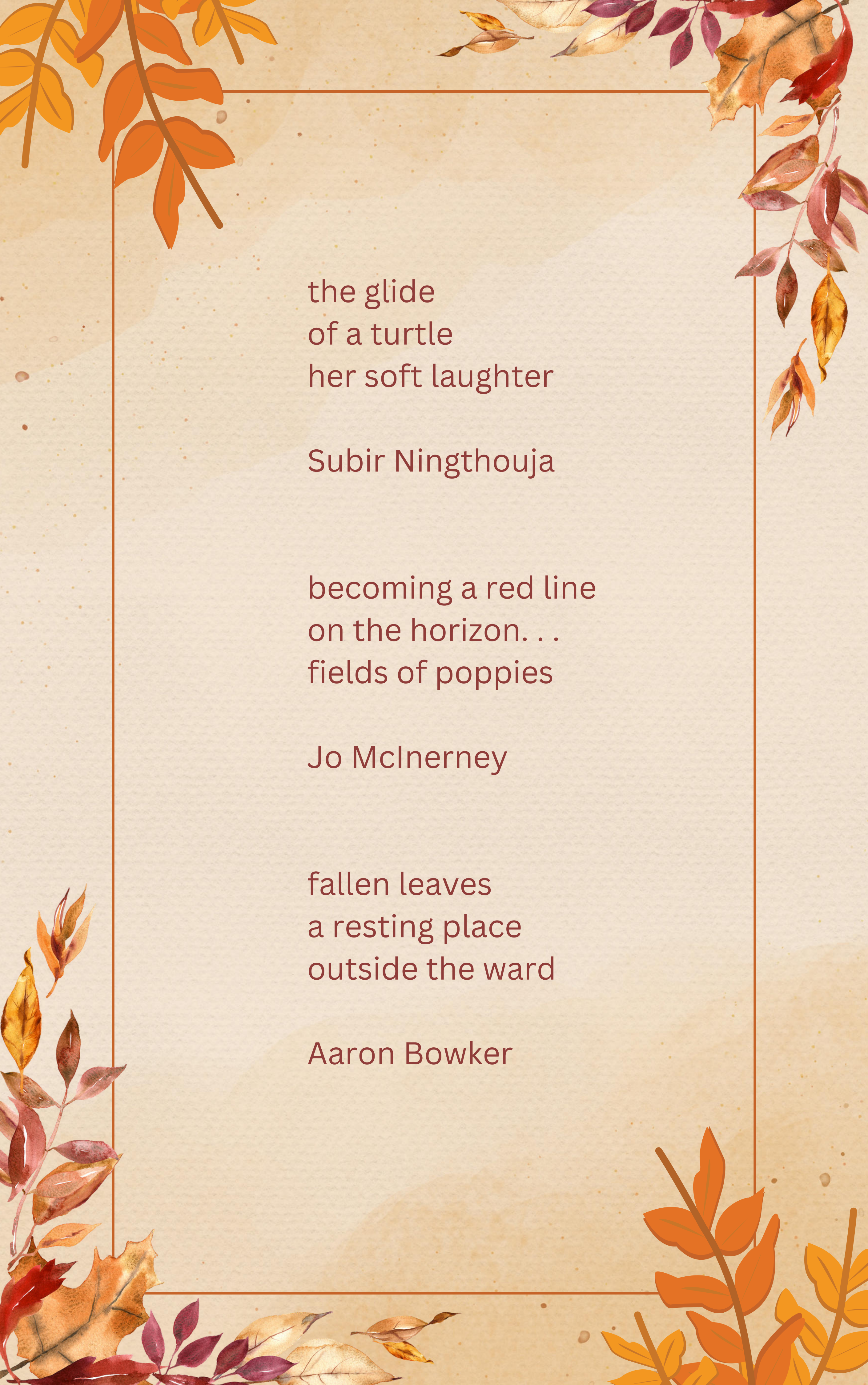
Paula Sears

extended heat
a leaf falls
into its shadow

David Watts

a straw hat
floating downstream . . .
summer's end

Keiko Izawa

The page is decorated with autumn-themed illustrations of leaves and branches in shades of orange, yellow, and red, positioned in the corners. A thin brown border frames the central text area.

the glide
of a turtle
her soft laughter

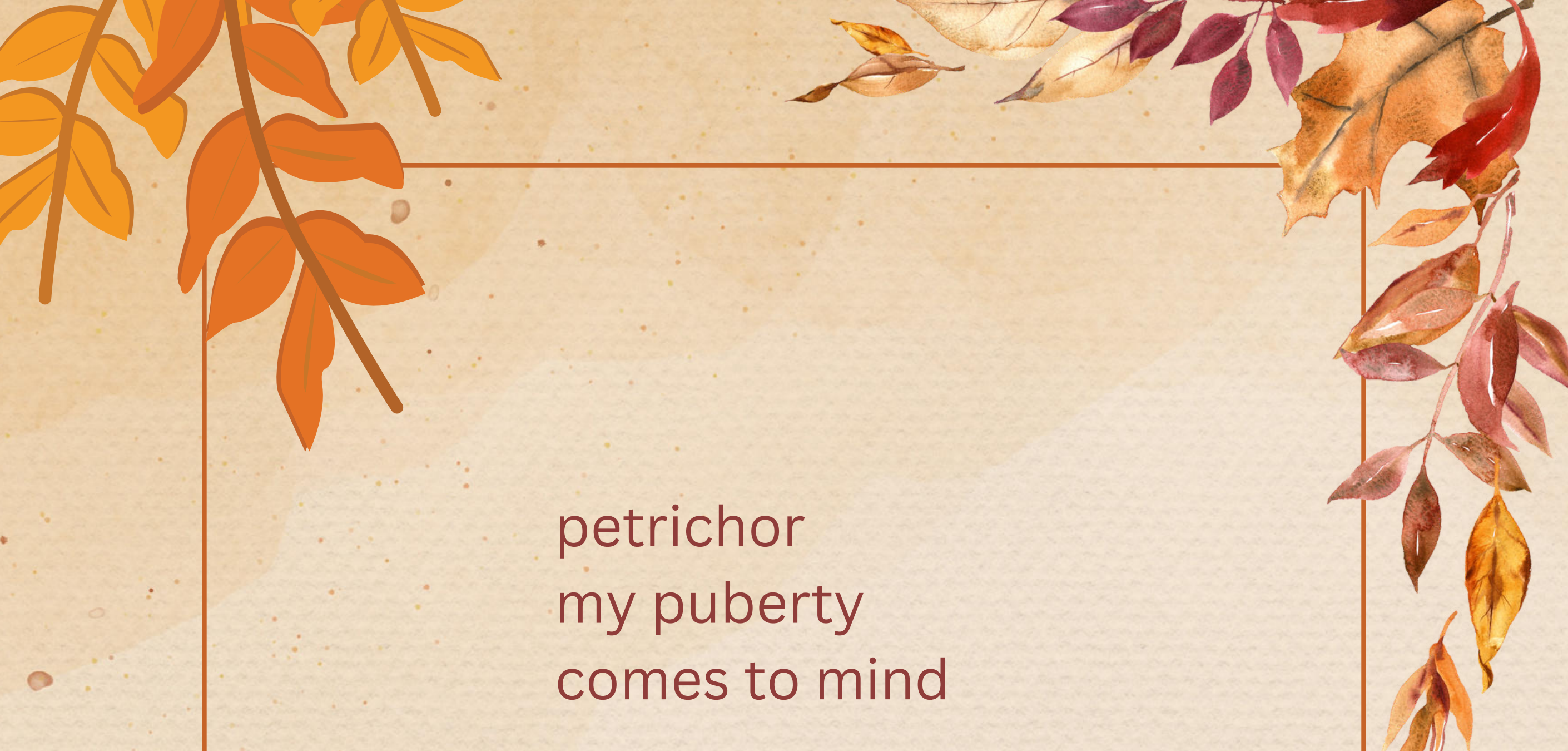
Subir Ningthouja

becoming a red line
on the horizon. . .
fields of poppies

Jo McInerney

fallen leaves
a resting place
outside the ward

Aaron Bowker



petrichor
my puberty
comes to mind

Bipasha Majumder


hibiscus blossom
cradles the memory
yesterday's rain

Zach Street

the barn roof's drip
another way
to leave the farm

Dan Schwerin





steep hill
through my laboured breath
a red admiral careens

Tim Dwyer

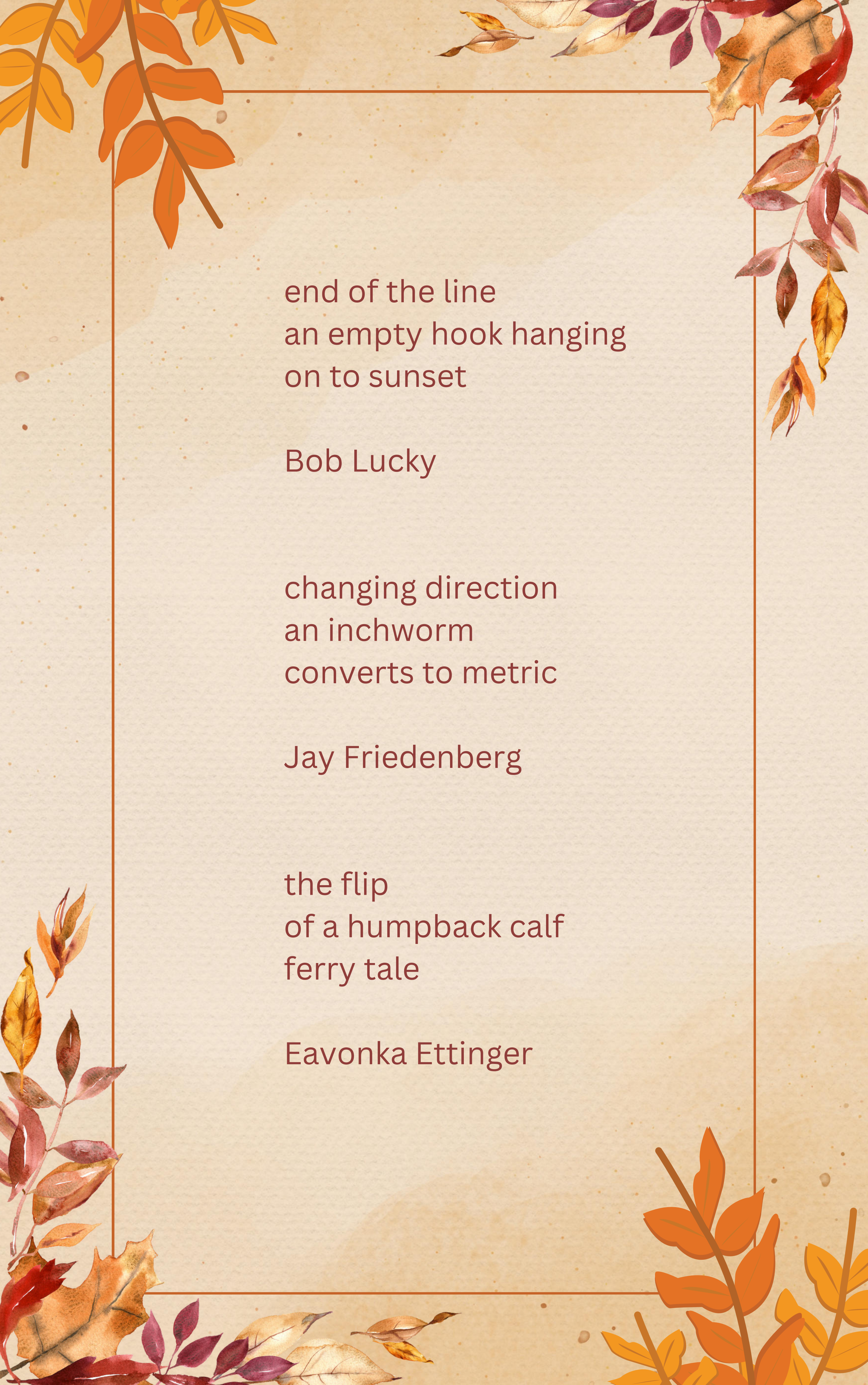
in the cloud
not enough memory
to store the sky

John Paul Caponigro

fig jam -
the sweet taste of every day

Francoise Maurice



The page is decorated with autumn-themed illustrations of leaves and branches in shades of orange, yellow, and red, positioned in the top-left, top-right, bottom-left, and bottom-right corners. A thin, light brown border frames the central text area.

end of the line
an empty hook hanging
on to sunset

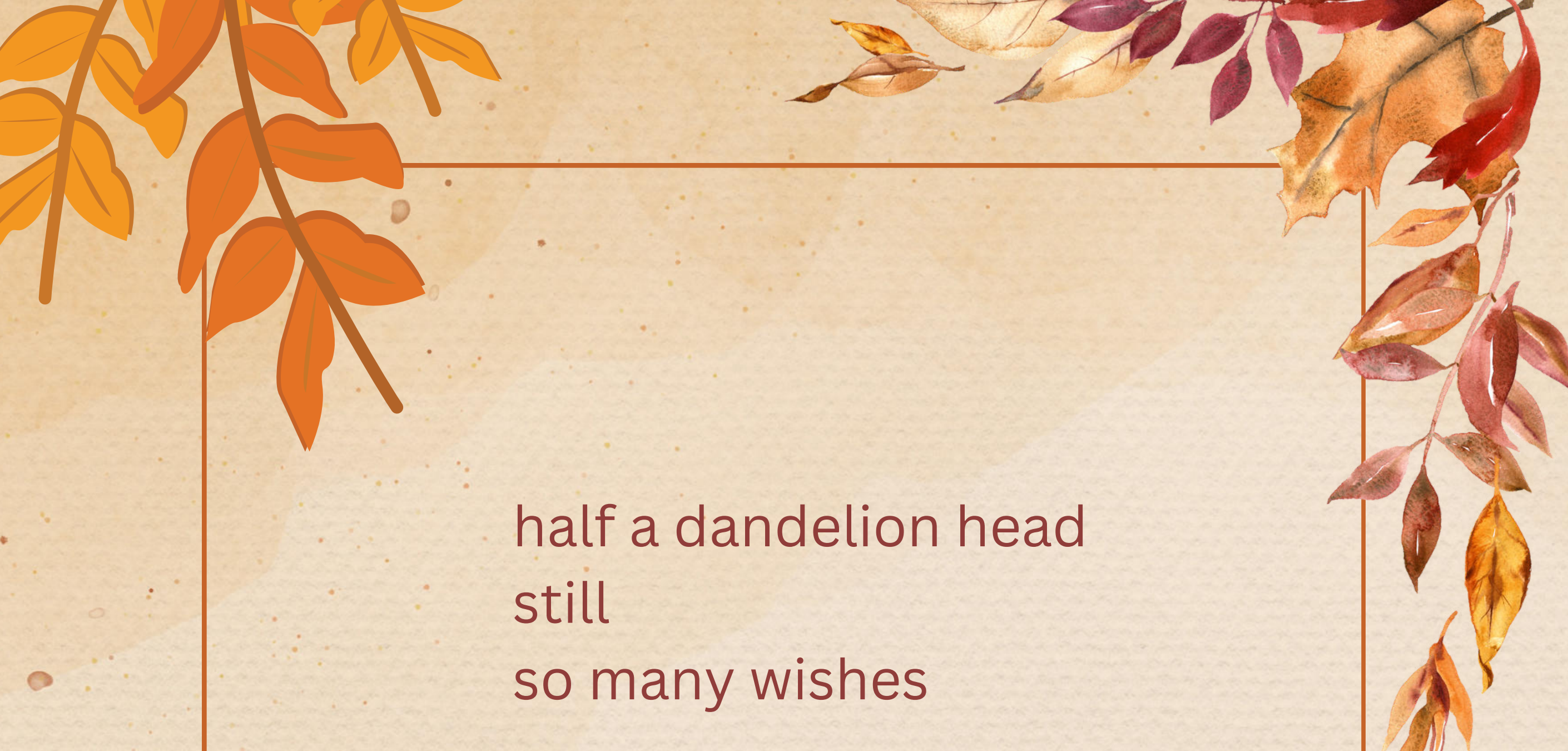
Bob Lucky

changing direction
an inchworm
converts to metric

Jay Friedenber

the flip
of a humpback calf
ferry tale

Eavonka Ettinger



half a dandelion head
still
so many wishes

Katie Montagna

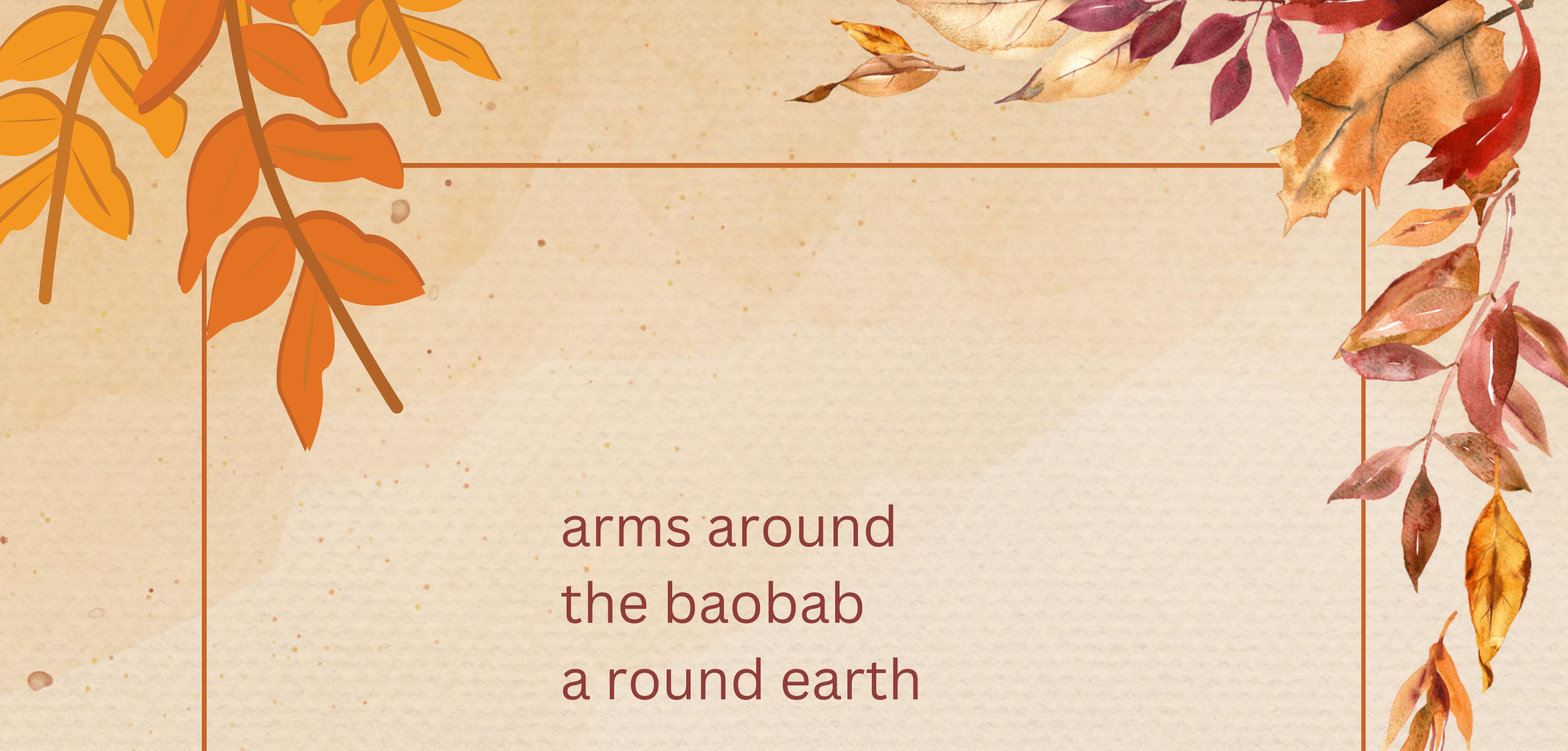
the smoky flavor
of roasted chestnuts . . .
autumn sun

Barrie Levine

the temple bell
still in the air . . .
first autumn moon

Keiko Izawa





arms around
the baobab
a round earth

Deborah Bowman


the shape of where
I knew a deer had slept
the scent of apples

Kathabela Wilson

migrant moon
the last squash
unharvested

Adele Evershed





hunter's moon
crossing the paddock's orange glow
a dingo and her pups

Mark Miller


beach canter
the lift and fall
of fetlock feathers

Katie Montagna

wind phone
her conversation
touches me

Anne Burgevin





not knowing how to
accept a compliment
flamingo-filled sky

Tomislav Sjekloća

between friends
the 'easy peel' of
satsumas

Ralph Stott

grandma's crab apple jelly sunset


Alan Peat



climate changing the colours of autumn



Nick T



moonflowers
I only smile
when it's safe

Mary McCormack


pine after pine
the Milky Way spills
into fireflies

Dagmara Wieczorkowska

Samhain...
the blood moon
follows me home

Joshua Gage





the wavering call
of a flute at night
a gap in the clouds

Kathryn Liebowitz

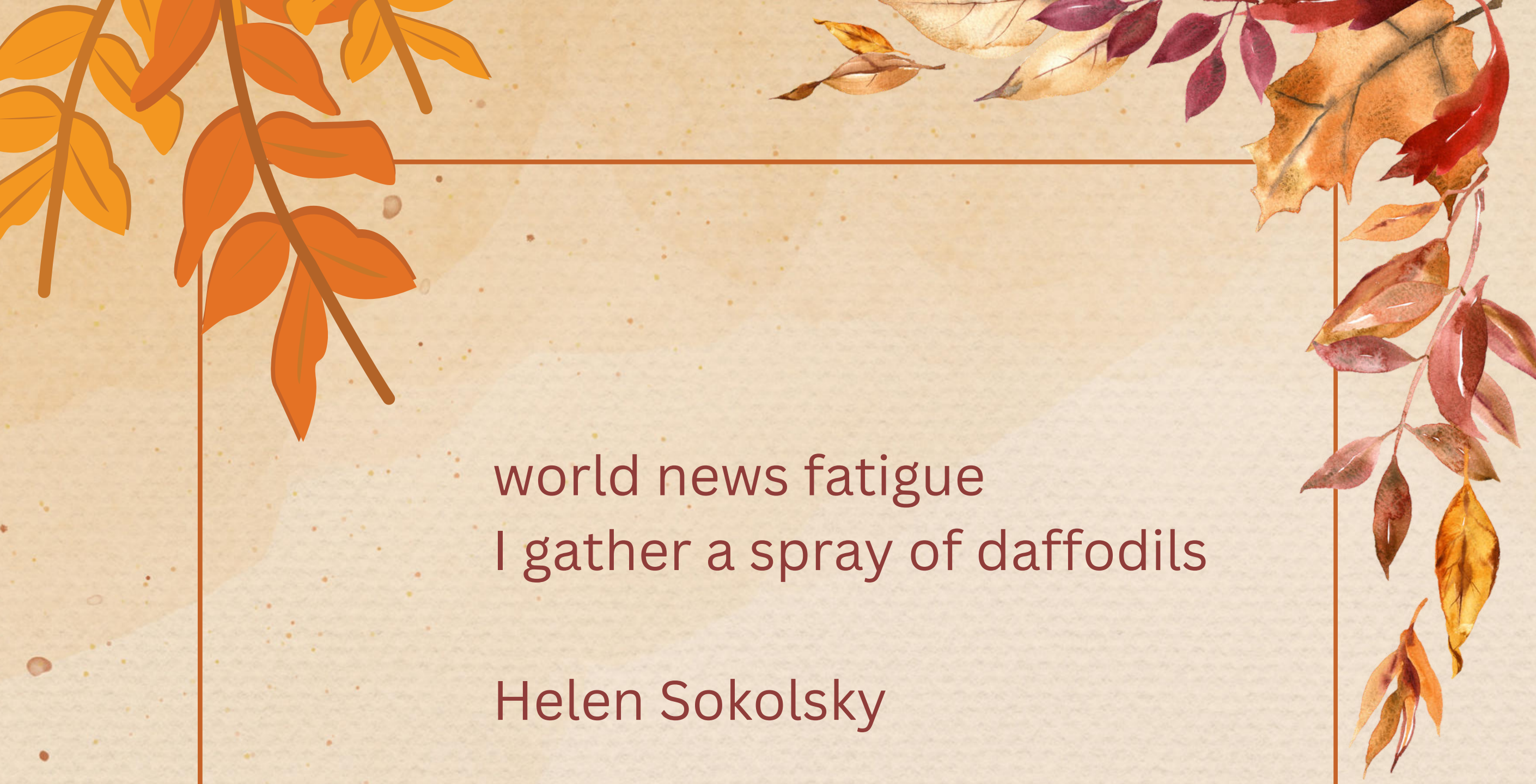
end of summer reading moon shadows

Kathryn Liebowitz

twilight garden
waiting for the flowering
of stars

Kevin Valentine





world news fatigue
I gather a spray of daffodils

Helen Sokolsky

Susan country cat-
a paw from a hole grabs
the autumn moon

Mile Lisica


tuning up
in the failing light
an orchestra of stars

Robert Witmer





Autumn's
Auburn



morning sun
basking
in the monarch's wings

Laurie Greer


distant thunder
water trickles
through the canopy

Stephen C. Curro

the deer and I
share my garden
Namaste



Peggy Hale Bilbro



early sun
the sheen of dew
on asparagus fronds

Nancy Orr


in between orange slices our kisses

Mary McCormack

shredded cabbage
I piece myself before
he arrives



Nisha Raviprasad



the last monarch
to cross the border
cold front

Kimberly Kuchar


black holes...
in my garden the energy
of earthworms

Oscar Luparia

mackerel sky
a northern gannet arrives
with fall in its beak



Adele Evershed



morning pages
pine branches draped
in spider webs

Audrey Quinn


whale watching tour
at the top of each swell
the new calf's breath

Sam Renda

autumn afternoon
our ancestral house
auctioned off



Srini



empty nest . . .
a hidden room
in the robin's song

Jacob D. Salzer


tattooed eyebrows
should I shouldn't I
autumn deepens

Rupa Anand

autumn rain
the forest cat shrinks
to half his size



Lori Kiefer



hedgeline breeze
my mind wanders
into a smeuse

John Hawkhead


tide streams past
his holiday pier
urn dust

Earl Livings

old koi
swimming new orbits
care home garden



Gavin Austin



diving bell
for once the fish
have questions

Peter Jastermsky


old diary
in his closet
skeleton leaves

Alvin B. Cruz

meditation garden
a white lily steaming
after rain



Anna Cates



all the plots...
the allotment society's
autumn AGM



Keith Evetts

abandoned mine
the moorland veins
of Small Coppers
Sara Winteridge

young widow —
half a castle
spared by the tide




Denise Fontaine-Pincince



chain smoker
her plastic schefflera
drops a yellowed leaf



Maxianne Berger



jumping frog
spiccato croaks
in the lilting reeds

Eric Oswald


autumn equinox
all the weight of summer
in the honeydew

Mark Miller

a neighbor's old dog
woofing at another house's door
autumn snow



Joseph P. Wechselberger



cartwheels
across the playground
wind-tossed leaves

Dylan Stover


Ganga aarti
lamps in leaf boats float
towards the night

Vandana Parashar

baby squirrels
in the old oak
generational wealth



Catherine Puma



stage two—
the sunlit edge
of a rain cloud

Kevin Valentine


the urge to connect tide pool tentacles

Annette Makino

rivers rust
staining the landscape
permafrost sunset



Bonnie J Scherer



by foot
across borders
Sahara

Uchechukwu Onyedikam


autumn rain
the house telephone
rings and rings

Neena Singh

true colors -
under changing leaves
our discussion



Adrian Bouter



the joyful chirruping
of sparrows
all day rain

Louise Hopewell


deep autumn
mother serves
herself last

Rowan Beckett Minor

the tubing
of my insulin pump—
twilight lingers



Goran Gatalica



memory loss
amber leaves
under water

Deborah Bowman

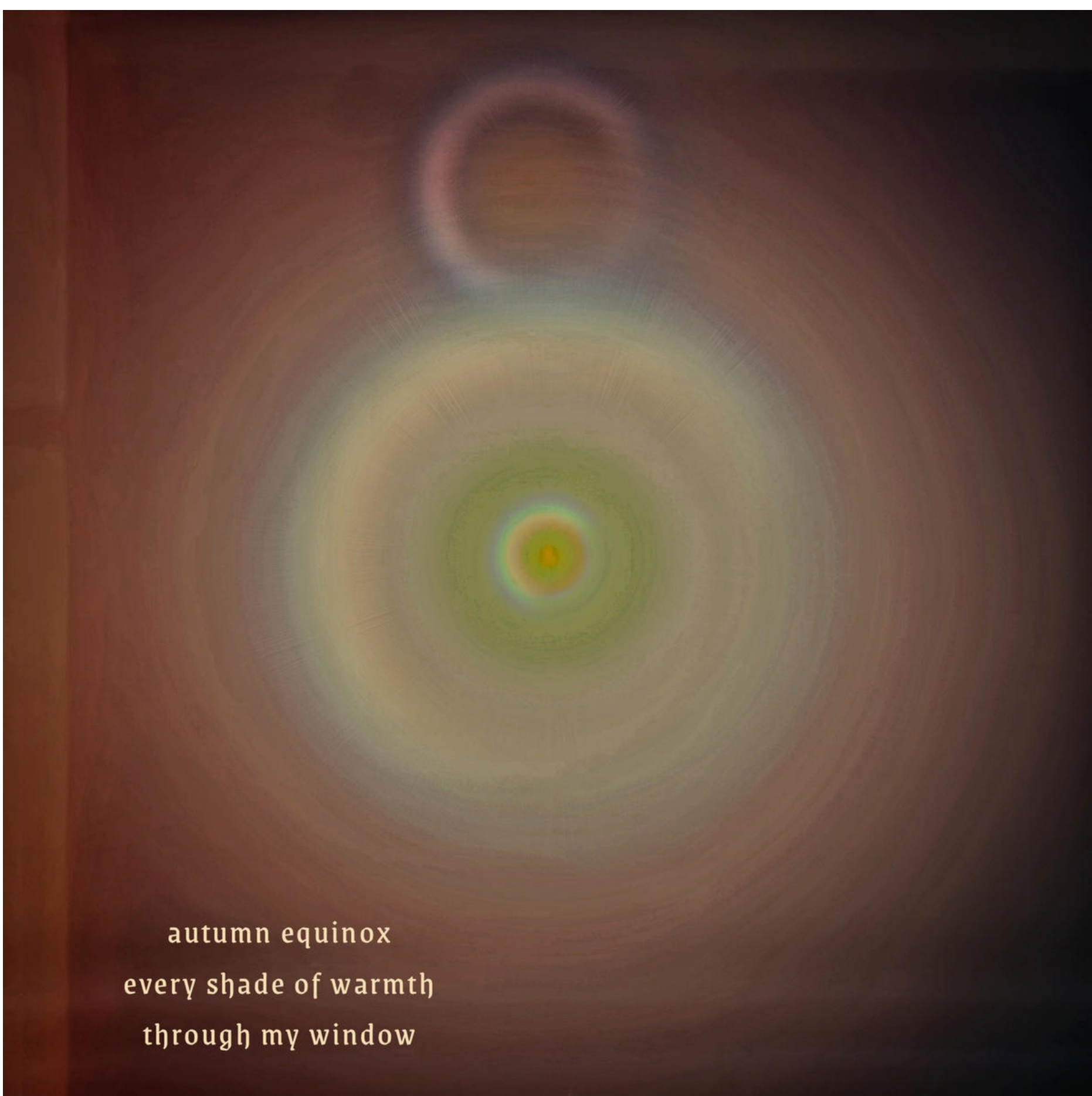

a coyote
limps across the threshed field
suddenly, I'm old

Dyana Basist

memory
autumn's prism
bending light




Robert Witmer



autumn equinox
every shade of warmth
through my window

Mark Meyer





fog veils the horizon—
all that really matters
flows inward

Goda Evans


lingering drought—
a frog tilts its gaze
to the sky

Eugeniusz Zacharski

cusp of november
the hydrangea holding
onto her blue



Kerry J Heckman



wind-stripped tree
the skittering thoughts
of autumn's morning

Alan Peat


stitching blue to blue the hawk's hyphen

John Pappas

overcast day—
a hooded warbler's belly
the last light



Vishal Prabhu



emptying schoolyard —
the ocean waves
already elsewhere

Engin Gülez


a candidate
promises a strong victory...
dandelion flakes

Mircea Moldovan

golden hour
a grey whale swallows
the sun



Dyana Basist



dusk
the length
of a black cat's yawn

Gordon Brown


finding a partner
later in life
October light

Barrie Levine

pulling the room
a little closer
tin whistle tune



Ben Gaa



autumn porch
paw prints vanish
into dusk

John J. Han


autumn mizzle
the stranger and I indulge
in small talk

Mona Bedi

a scent of musk
hangs in the orchard
blood moon



Annie Wilson



autumn moon
trying grandma's recipe
after her passing

Bhawana Rathore


autumn night—
the roar of waves
distracts my prayer

Fatma Zohra Habis

dangling leaf
curls around itself
autumn moon



Hifsa Ashraf



almost midnight
an owl answers
the voice in my head

Kristen Lindquist


moon enough
for shadows among the cornstalks—
an infant's shriek

Joshua Gage

one night at sea
father aims his flare gun
toward the stars

Glenn G. Coats





brother's death
the long-gone stars
we can still see

Doris Lynch





A Selection of Haibun





Homes & Gardens

She is given a plastic “Create a Garden” kit for her sixth birthday. Bought in Hong Kong, the flowers are all classic, English, cottage garden plants: delphiniums, lupins, daffodils and tulips. She has never seen them in their Taiwanese garden, though roses are familiar. She especially loves the glassy pond, with its fake, rock edges, and the striped, velvety lawn.

For her fourth birthday, she had received a house-building set, with realistic, red bricks, and white doors and windows. The green-tiled, cardboard roof was always a bit of a disappointment.





After a few days, she sees the possibility of combining the two gifts, so surrounds the house with the garden. One more brainwave, and she removes the roof, places a standard lamp above the house, then carefully drapes her kapok, "bei woh" quilt over the front of the house.

Crawling under it, she sees the warm light paint more stripes on the grass.

the pauper child
peeks through the rich man's window
there's no place like home

Jenny Shepherd





Dreamtime

Spreadeagled on the couch, tail quiet for once, you lay your head gently on my lap. Your scent pervades the room, warm and earthy. Eyes half-open, every muscle in your lean body seems relaxed. Slowly at first, then gathering pace, your paws begin to twitch. Faster and faster, they move in perfect running gait, inhabiting your dreams of wide-open fields, teeming with rabbits, shrews and hares. Harnessing your greyhound soul, you chase them through tall grasses, leaping high to keep sight of them; down dusty laneways where you take the bends with ease.





I wonder what ripped you from your place of comfort, that familiar landscape where your instincts were first tested? Brought across the country to a city housing estate, its concrete pavements unyielding against your country paws, how do you make sense of this displacement? Is that what your dreams are for?

a gentle touch
brushes my sleepy face
her wet nose

Fionnuala Waldron





The Party's Over

Do you remember the days we held hands, splashed, laughing, through the rain, seeing sunrise as the party closed? The future held no fear, and we had so little past. Damp clothes discarded on the floor, no thoughts of laundry and no aching joints. Older now, laughing at shared jokes. Holding hands and watching sunsets sink into our past. We have followed signs and sat in shaded rooms as we heard the surgeon speak.

a thousand
grey plastic floor tiles
—folding paper cranes

Simon Wilson





Gilot's fish

Before you cooked them in a little salted butter
you arranged them, right beside that halved
lemon on the counter top. You'd say things like
this - lion's mate with lions. You'd say - only a lion
can make a stilled heart beat. So, let me look
once again upon things freshly caught; let me
listen to the roar of the surfacing net. Françoise I
will hang them here, right where you first hauled
me in. And each day I will wonder at their years
out of water.

still life
a salt water tang
on my lips

After Françoise Gilot's painting 'Les couleurs de
la mer.' (1942)

Alan Peat





First Steps

The air is crisp in my lungs, and hearth smoke drifts across the wooded path. The trees shed their last leaves; the rest are squished into the ripe fallen fruit by deer, foxes, and racoons scavenging the forest floor. A thick mist hangs over the clearing beyond the bramble clad with the last blackberries.

petrichor
the crispness
of new sobriety

The river tumbles through thickets and spills onto a rocky bank. A redwing chirps in the distance, and a red fox kit catches his first hedgehog along the bank.





I linger mid-bridge and contemplate the
roads I did not take.

gala grove
the gravity
of fallen ones

Colleen Farrelly





Round robin*

A pack of cards, split and shuffled. I open my eyes and the sound becomes the wingbeats of a wren.

My grandfather liked a bet on the horses. Horses and swallows. We all wrote a date on his paper; all put our coins in his tin.

I can see him on the balcony, looking toward the distant mountains, across the long flat plain beneath the cause; searching for the first sign of his final summer.





moving on –
fallen blossom brittling,
turning brown

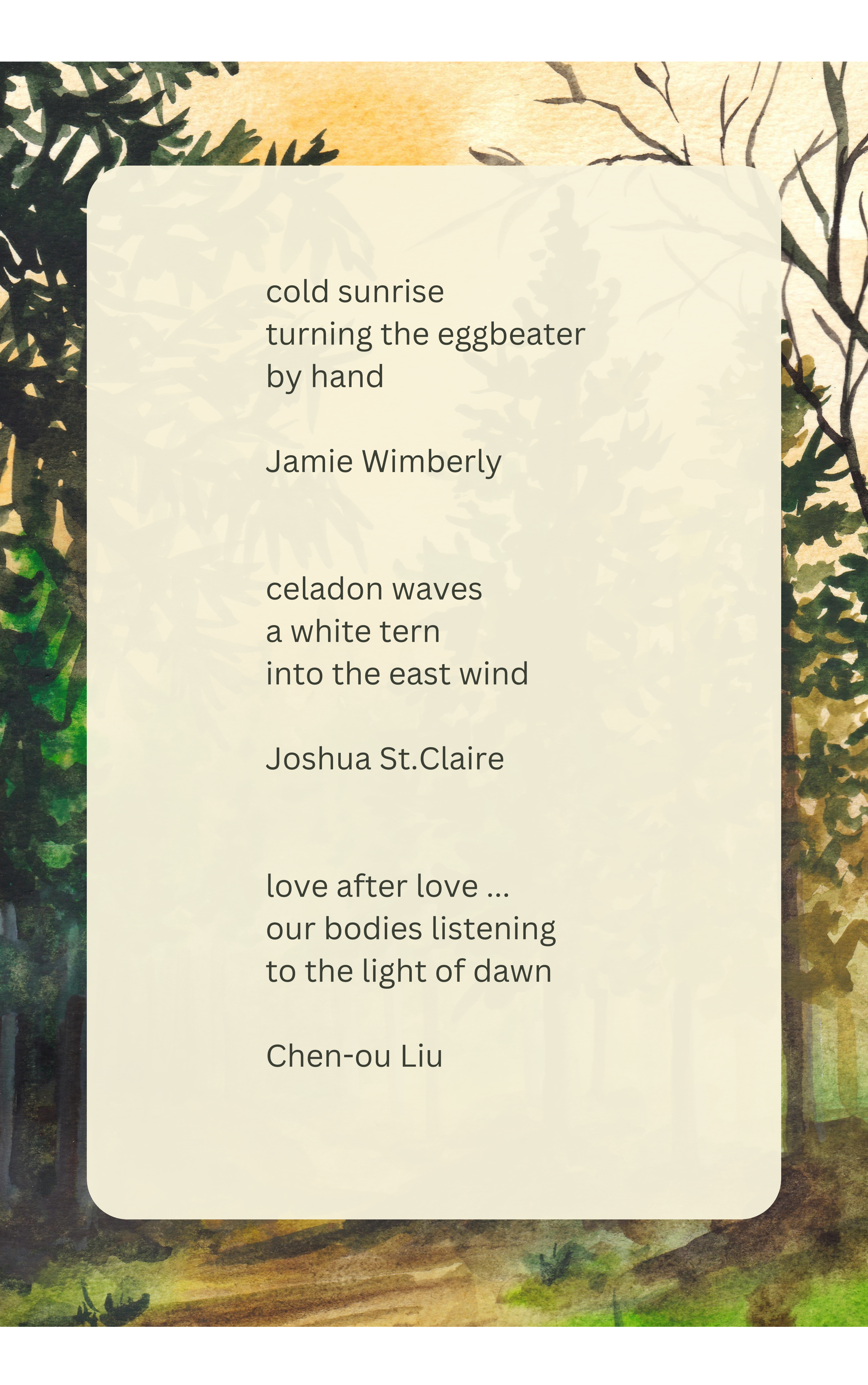
*A round robin is a 3 selection wager consisting of 10 bets: 3 doubles, 1 treble and 3 up-and-down single stakes about pairs.

Alan Peat





Autumn's
Ashes



cold sunrise
turning the eggbeater
by hand

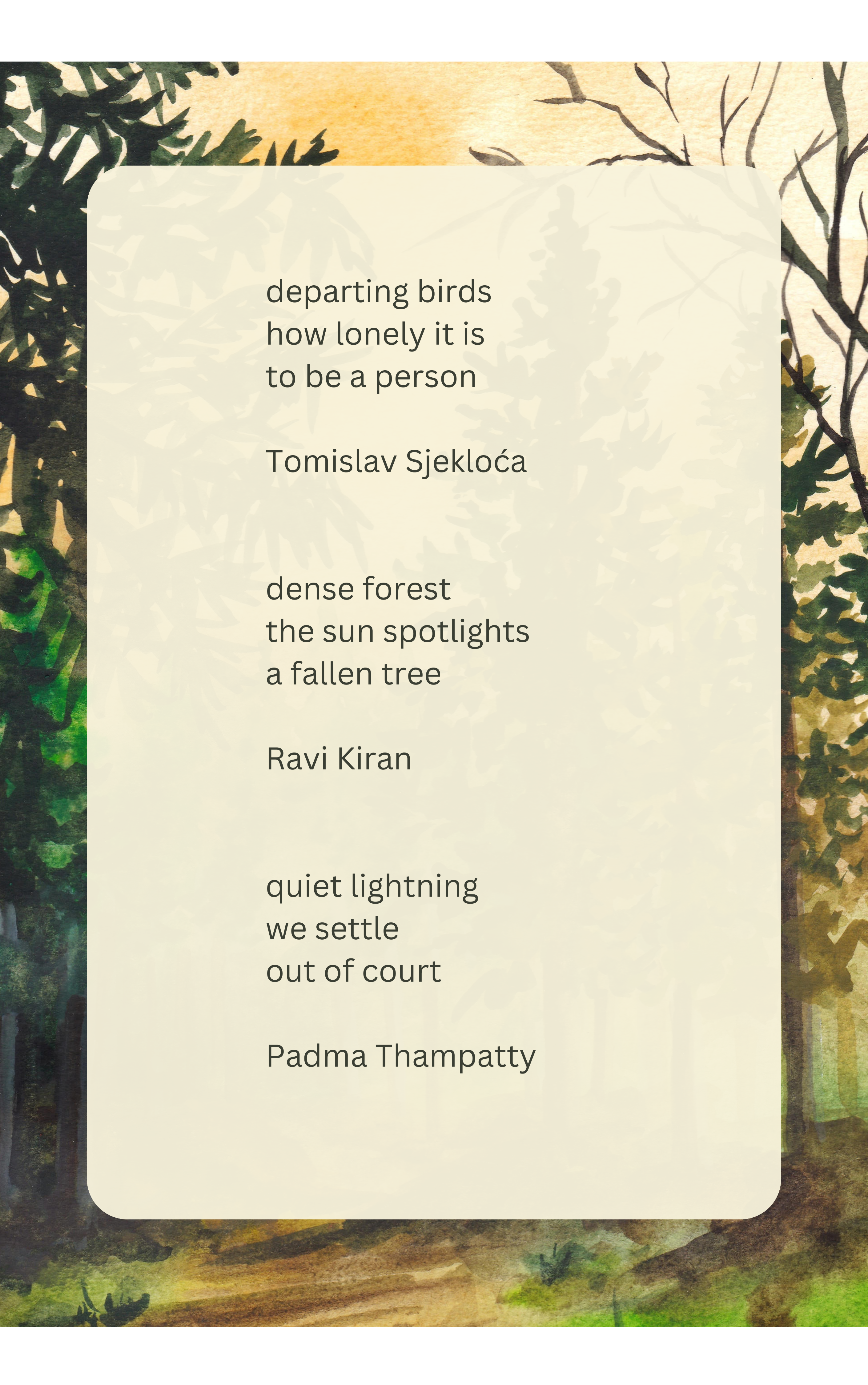
Jamie Wimberly

celadon waves
a white tern
into the east wind

Joshua St.Claire

love after love ...
our bodies listening
to the light of dawn

Chen-ou Liu



departing birds
how lonely it is
to be a person

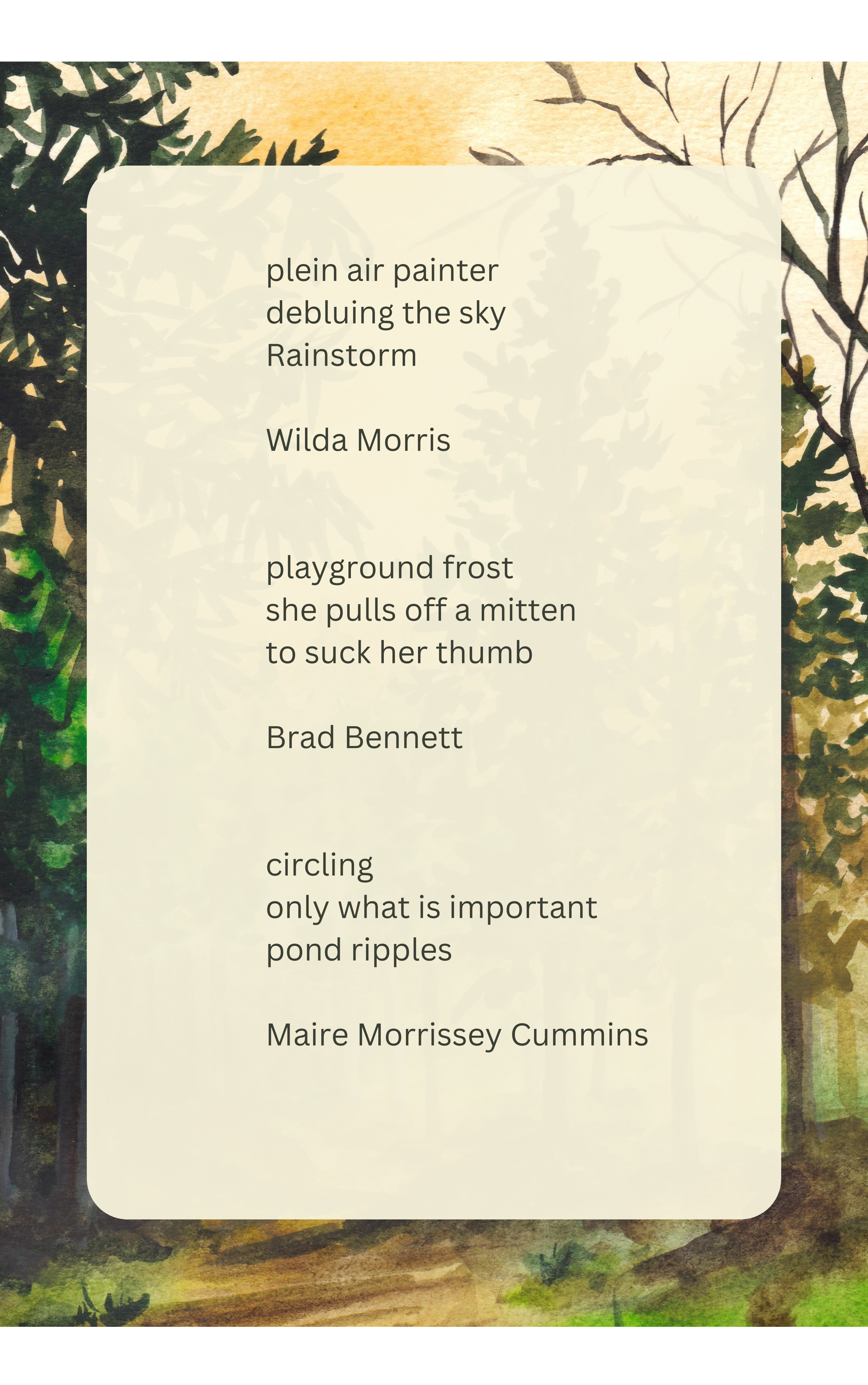
Tomislav Sjekloća

dense forest
the sun spotlights
a fallen tree

Ravi Kiran

quiet lightning
we settle
out of court

Padma Thampatty

The background is a watercolor illustration of a landscape. On the left and right sides, there are dark green, leafy trees. The top half of the image is a light, warm yellowish-orange color, suggesting a sky or a sunlit area. In the center, there is a large, rounded rectangular white box with a subtle, faint pattern of leaves and branches. Inside this box, there are three poems.

plein air painter
debluing the sky
Rainstorm

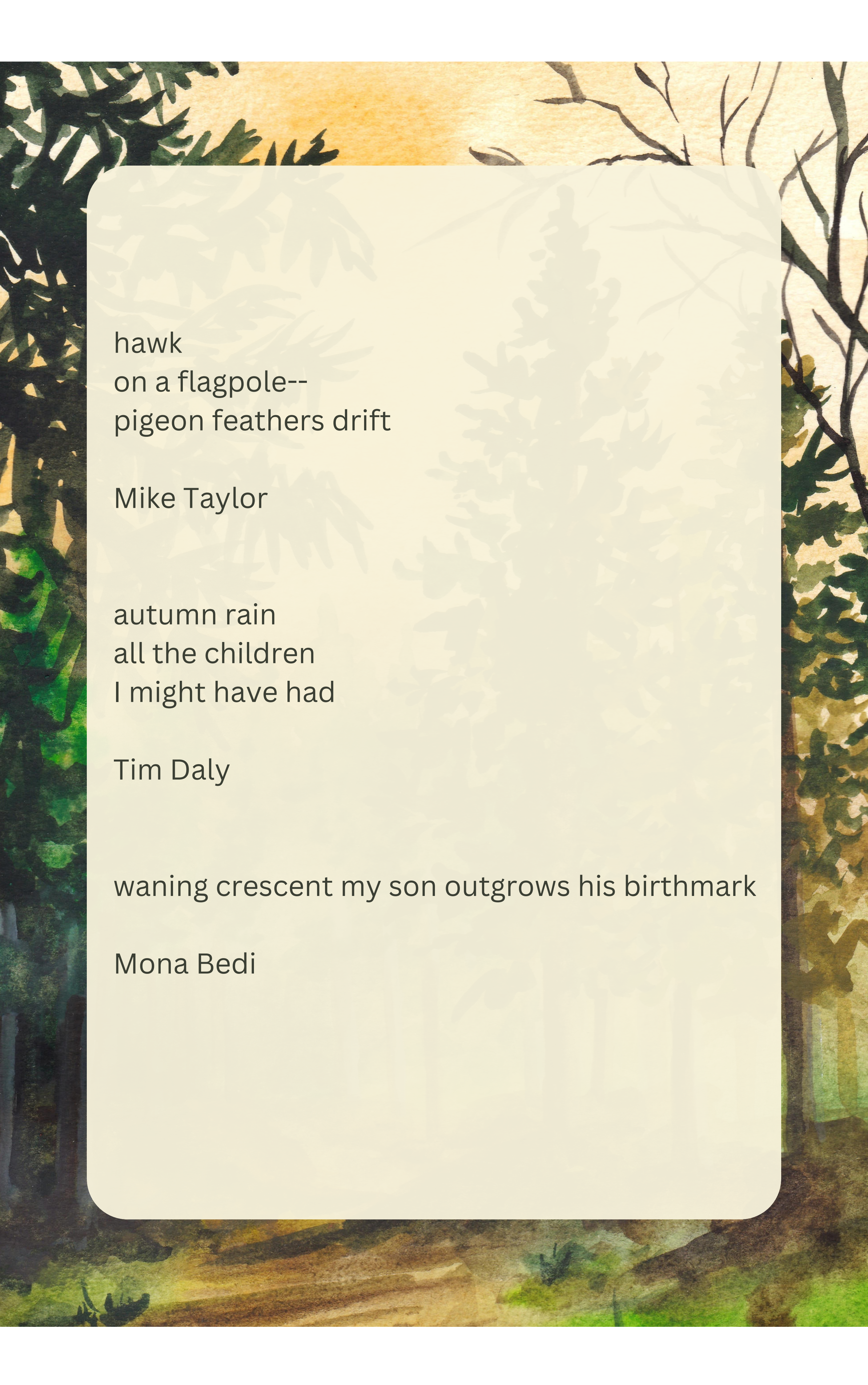
Wilda Morris

playground frost
she pulls off a mitten
to suck her thumb

Brad Bennett

circling
only what is important
pond ripples

Maire Morrissey Cummins

A watercolor illustration of a landscape. In the foreground, a path winds through a field of green grass and small plants. In the background, there are several trees with dark green foliage. The sky is a warm, golden-yellow color, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall style is soft and painterly.

hawk
on a flagpole--
pigeon feathers drift

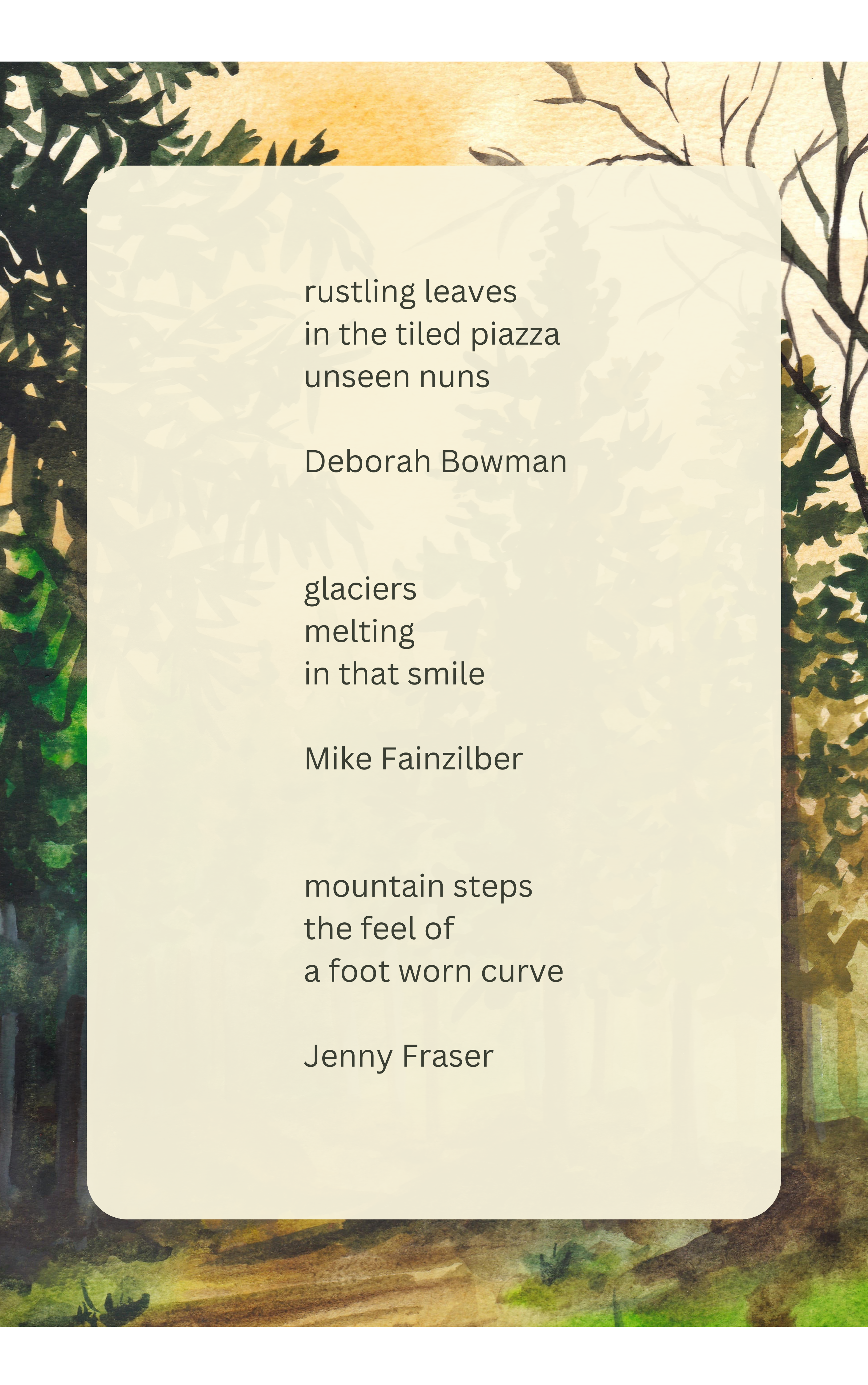
Mike Taylor

autumn rain
all the children
I might have had

Tim Daly

waning crescent my son outgrows his birthmark

Mona Bedi



rustling leaves
in the tiled piazza
unseen nuns

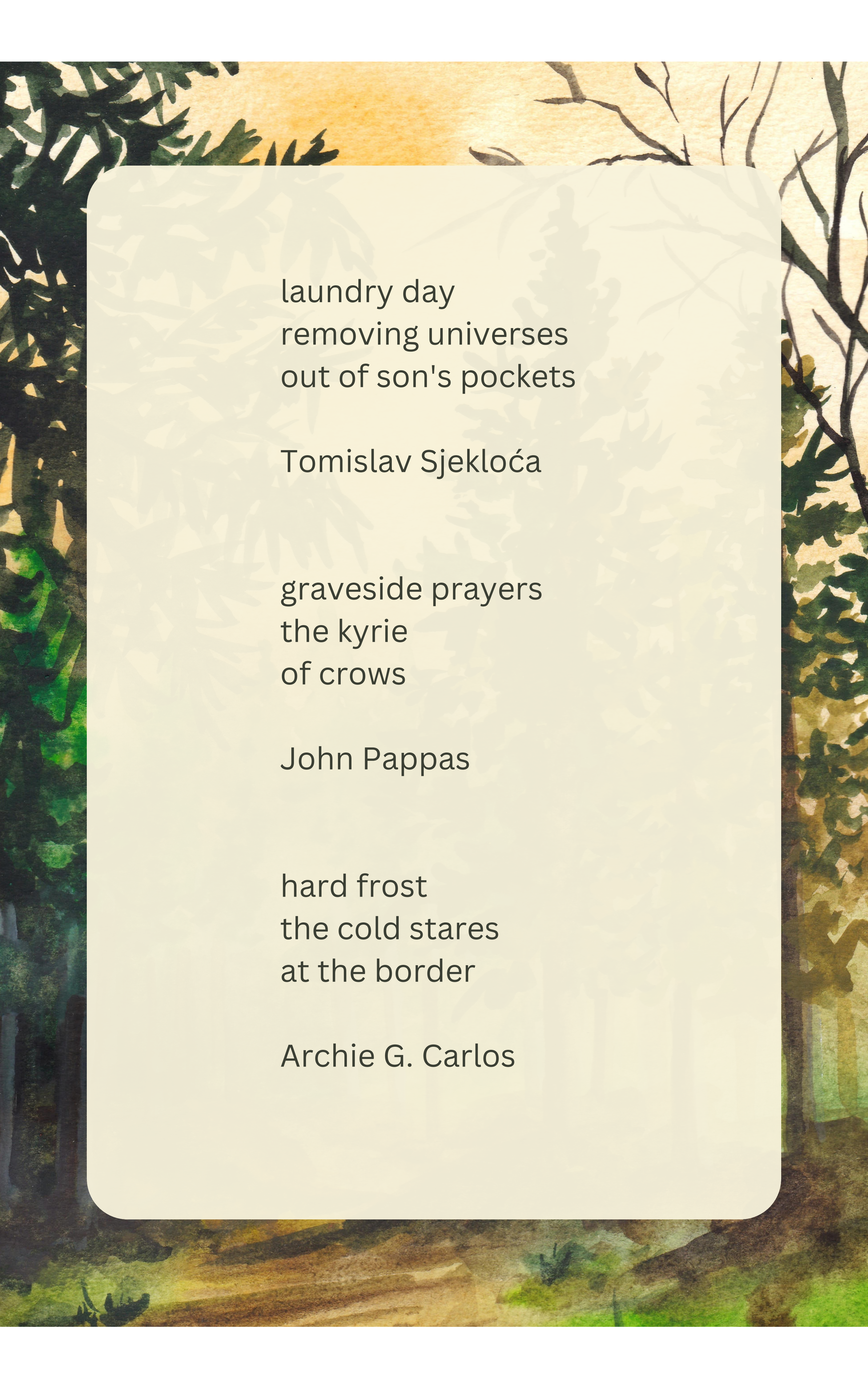
Deborah Bowman

glaciers
melting
in that smile

Mike Fainzilber

mountain steps
the feel of
a foot worn curve

Jenny Fraser



laundry day
removing universes
out of son's pockets

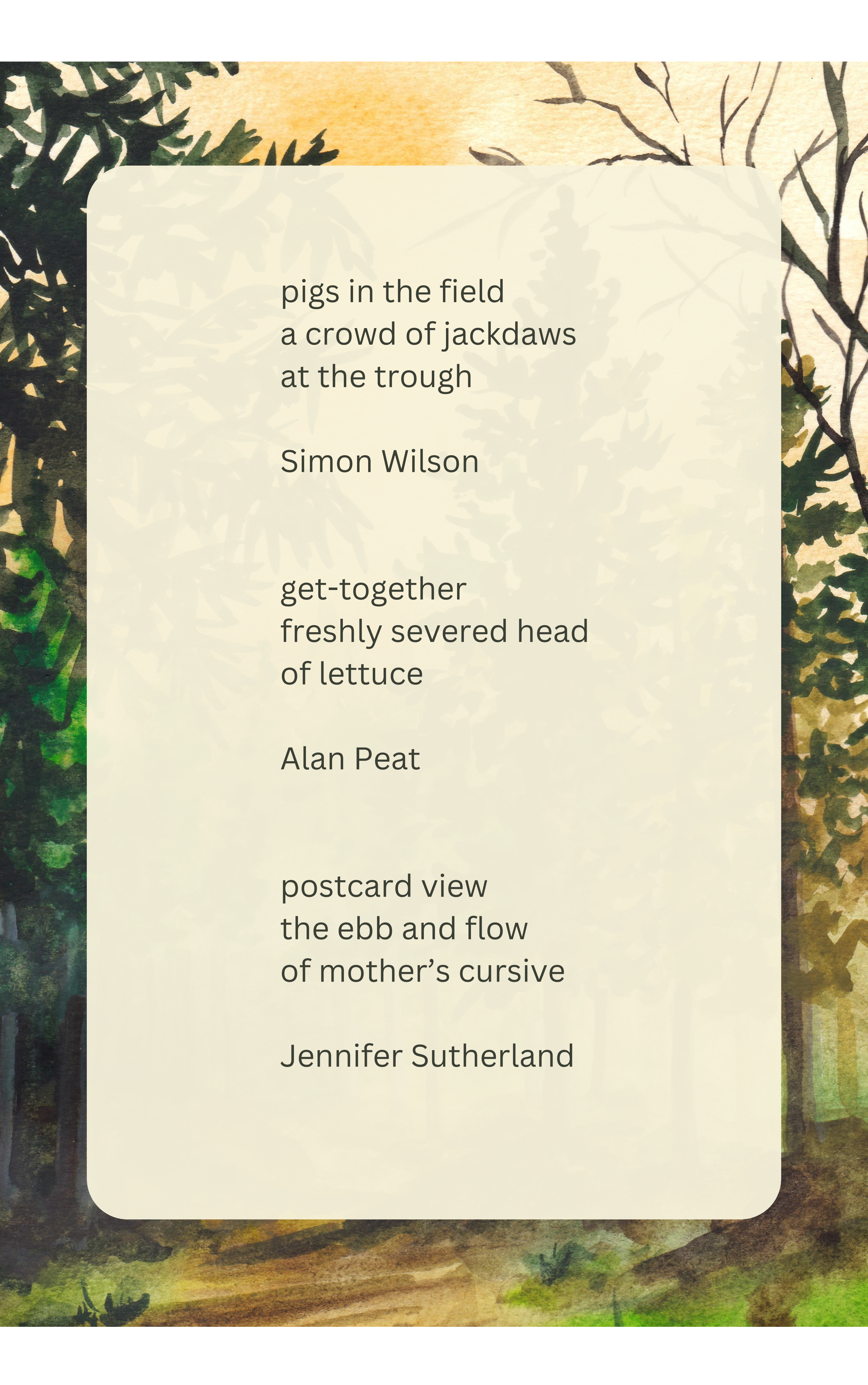
Tomislav Sjekloća

graveside prayers
the kyrie
of crows

John Pappas

hard frost
the cold stares
at the border

Archie G. Carlos

A watercolor illustration of a landscape. The top half shows a bright, yellowish-orange sky with dark, silhouetted tree branches. The bottom half shows a green field with a path leading through it. The entire scene is rendered in a soft, painterly style.

pigs in the field
a crowd of jackdaws
at the trough


Simon Wilson

get-together
freshly severed head
of lettuce

Alan Peat

postcard view
the ebb and flow
of mother's cursive

Jennifer Sutherland



farmers' market
pyramid after pyramid
of pumpkins

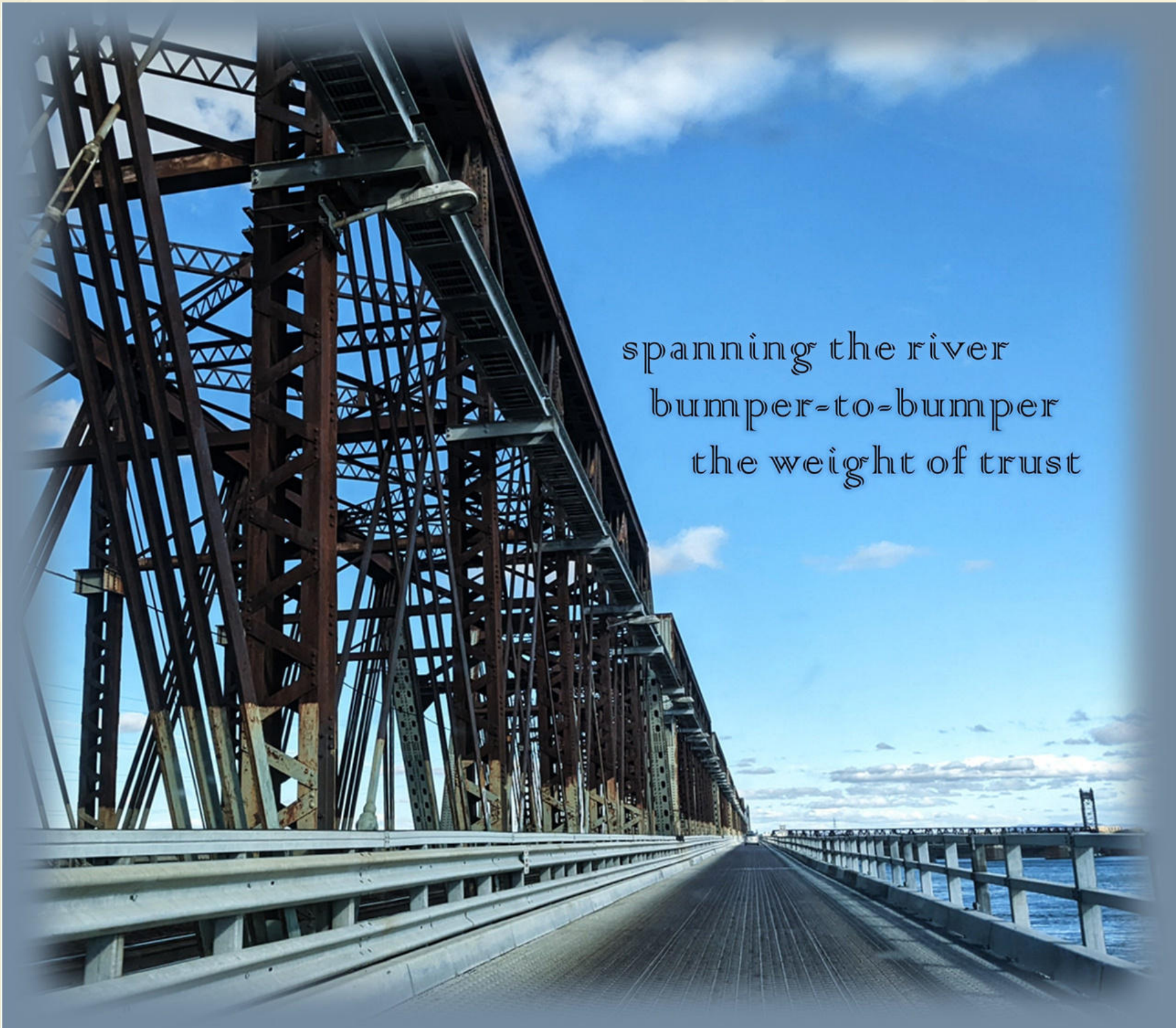
Chen-ou Liu

COMING SOON
the builder's sign
downed by wind

LeRoy Gorman

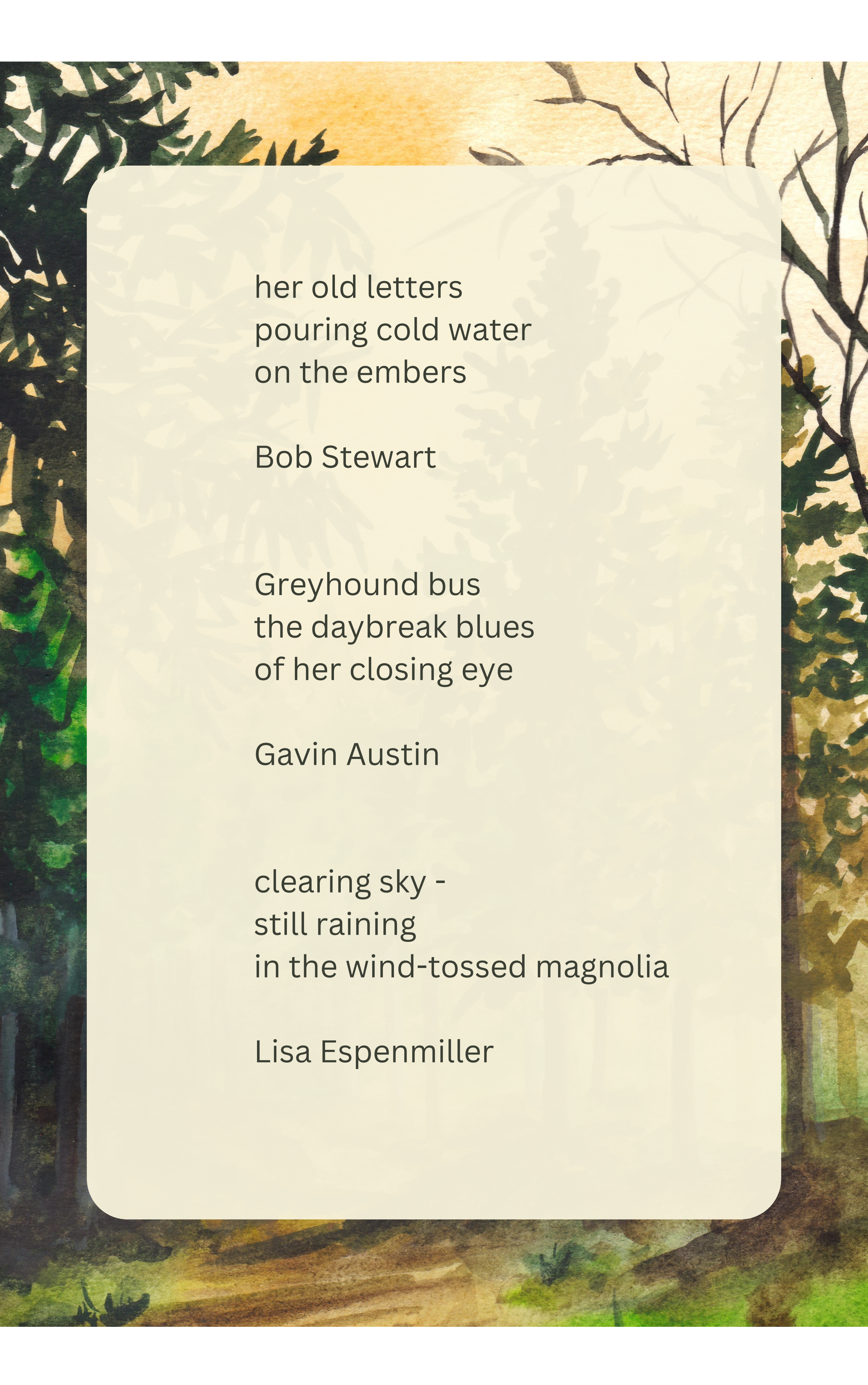
loneliness
framing
her butterflies

Katja Fox



spanning the river
bumper-to-bumper
the weight of trust

Maxianne Berger



her old letters
pouring cold water
on the embers

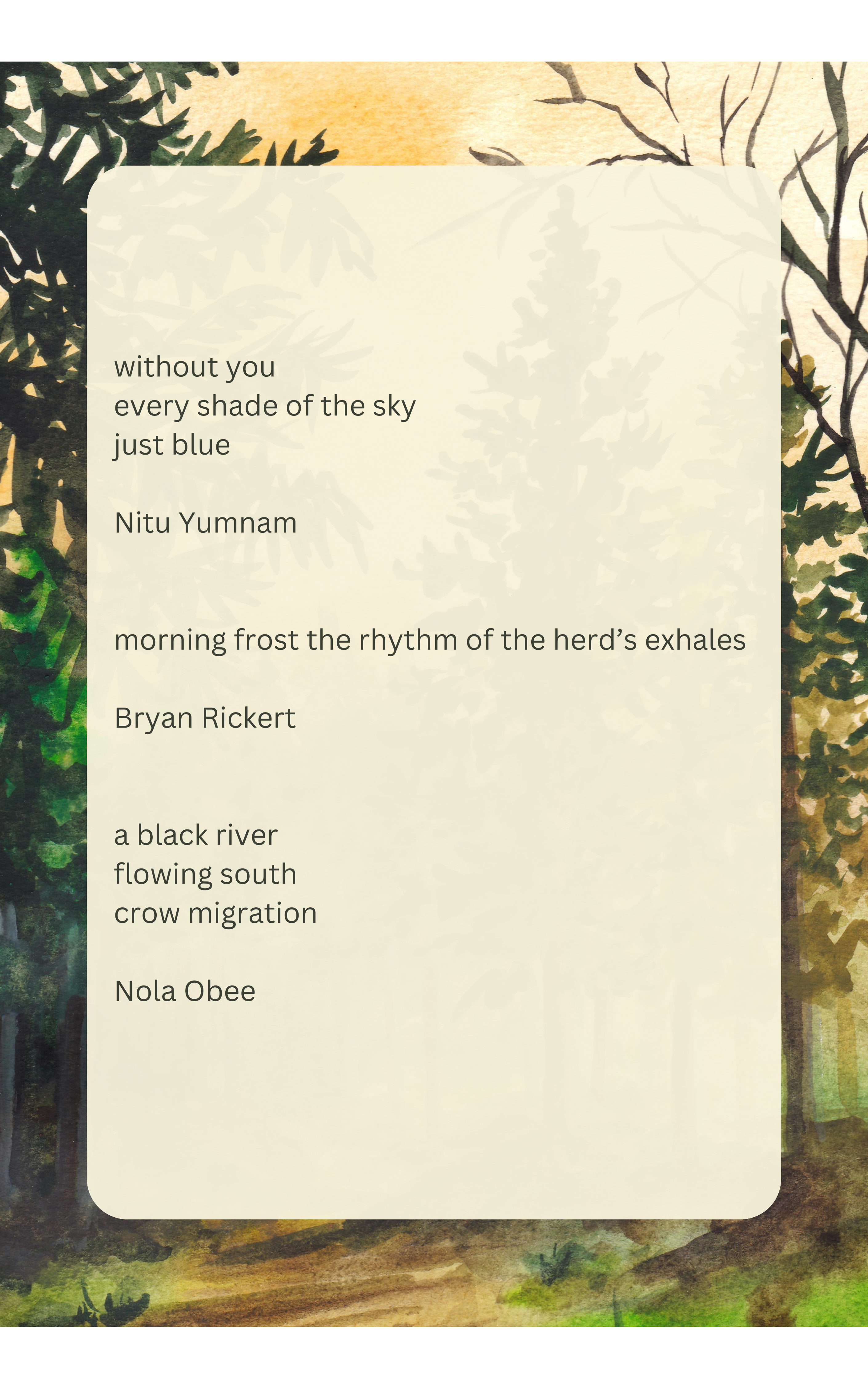
Bob Stewart

Greyhound bus
the daybreak blues
of her closing eye

Gavin Austin

clearing sky -
still raining
in the wind-tossed magnolia

Lisa Espenmiller



without you
every shade of the sky
just blue

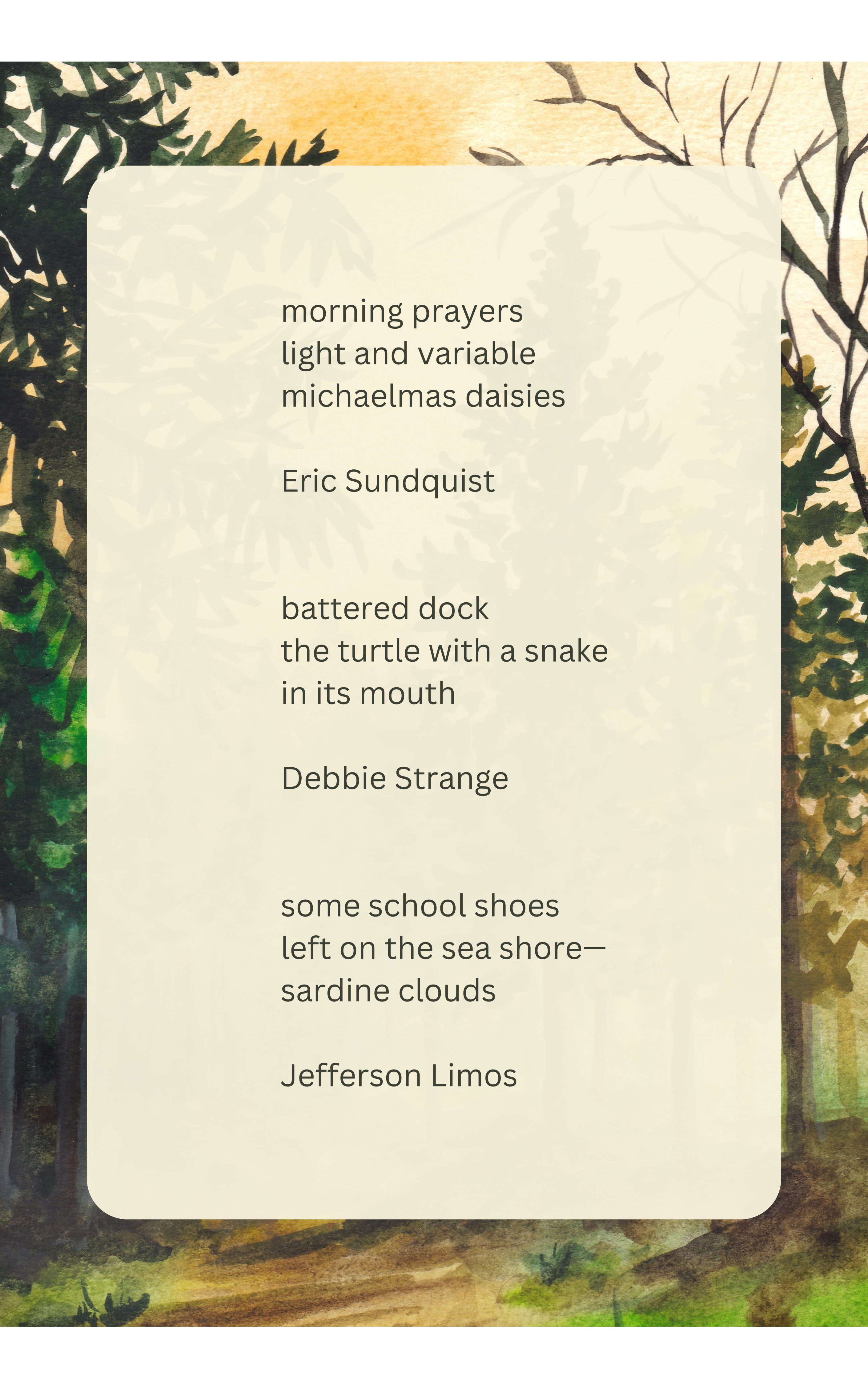
Nitu Yumnam

morning frost the rhythm of the herd's exhales

Bryan Rickert

a black river
flowing south
crow migration

Nola Obee



morning prayers
light and variable
michaelmas daisies

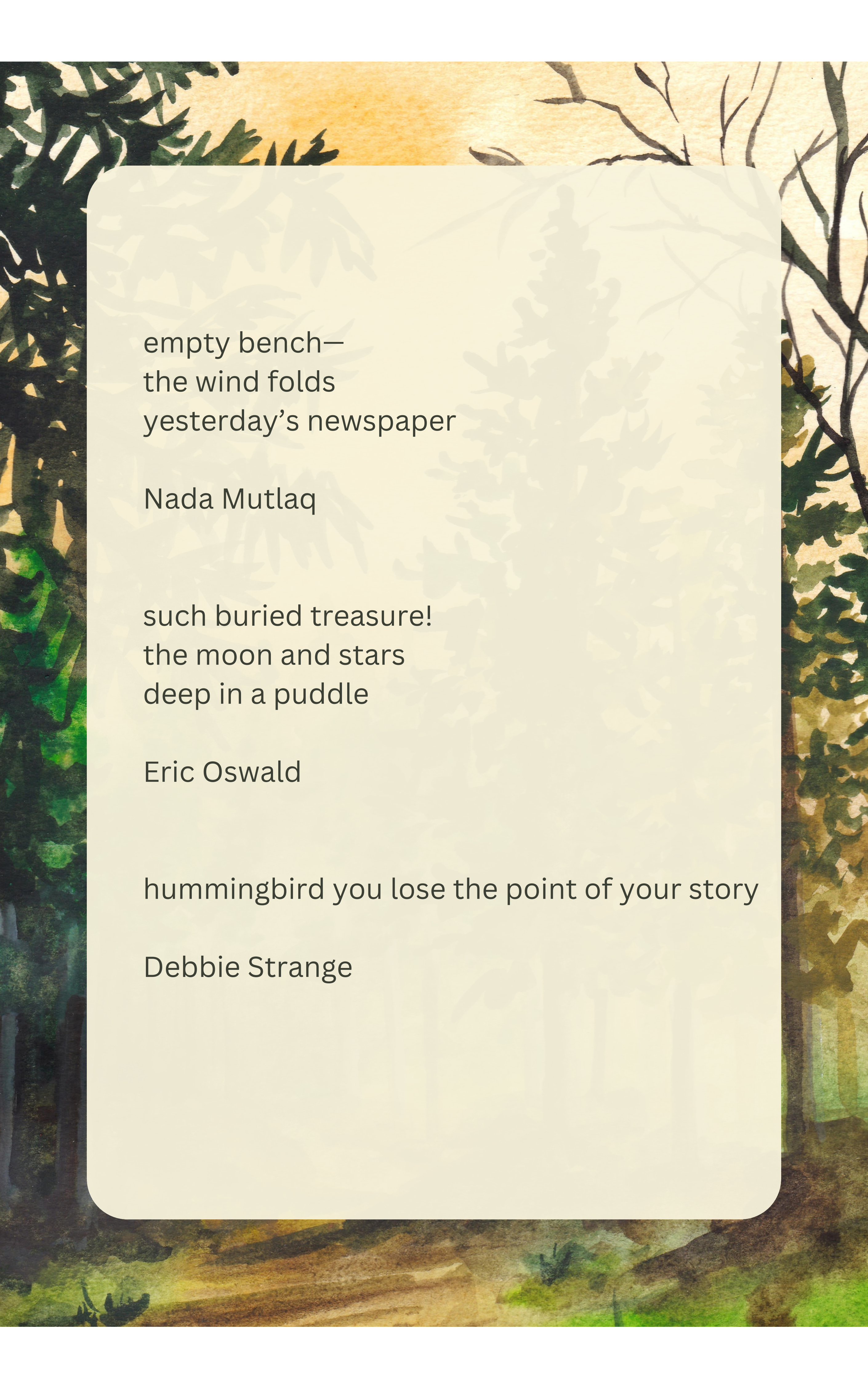
Eric Sundquist

battered dock
the turtle with a snake
in its mouth

Debbie Strange

some school shoes
left on the sea shore—
sardine clouds

Jefferson Limos

A watercolor illustration of a forest scene. In the foreground, a dirt path winds through a grassy area. The middle ground is filled with various trees and bushes, some with green leaves and others with bare branches. The background is a soft, warm yellow-orange glow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall style is soft and painterly.

empty bench—
the wind folds
yesterday's newspaper

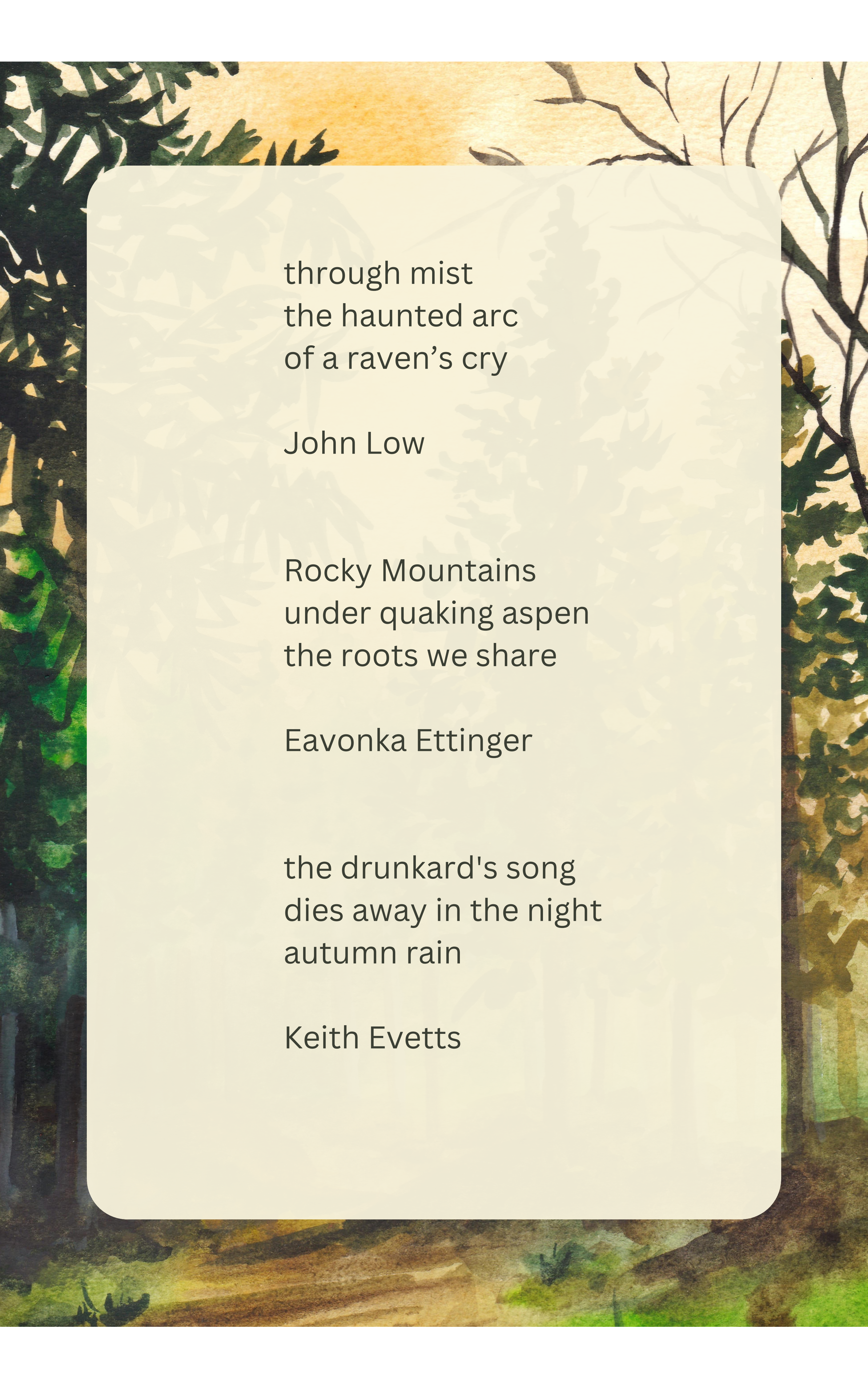
Nada Mutlaq

such buried treasure!
the moon and stars
deep in a puddle

Eric Oswald

hummingbird you lose the point of your story

Debbie Strange



through mist
the haunted arc
of a raven's cry


John Low

Rocky Mountains
under quaking aspen
the roots we share

Eavonka Ettinger

the drunkard's song
dies away in the night
autumn rain

Keith Evetts



old neighborhood
on the grocery door
a death notice

Adi Assis

restaurant window
he brushes to one side
his poverty

Tim Daly

conclave
cardinals converge
on the birdfeeder

Eric Oswald



wanting not wanting to crack puddle ice


Sarah Strong

first chemo
Mom begs the family atheist
for prayers

Doris Lynch

cold grey gusts
a chain link fence
sings goldfinches

Tim Roberts

A watercolor illustration of a landscape. The background is a warm, golden-yellow color. In the foreground, there are dark green, leafy trees on the left and right sides. A path or road winds through the center of the scene, leading towards the background. The overall style is soft and artistic.

temple ruins--
under the rambutan tree
a rusty tuk tuk

Dyana Basist

cloud shadows
sliding down the green hill
my son on a sled

Chen-ou Liu

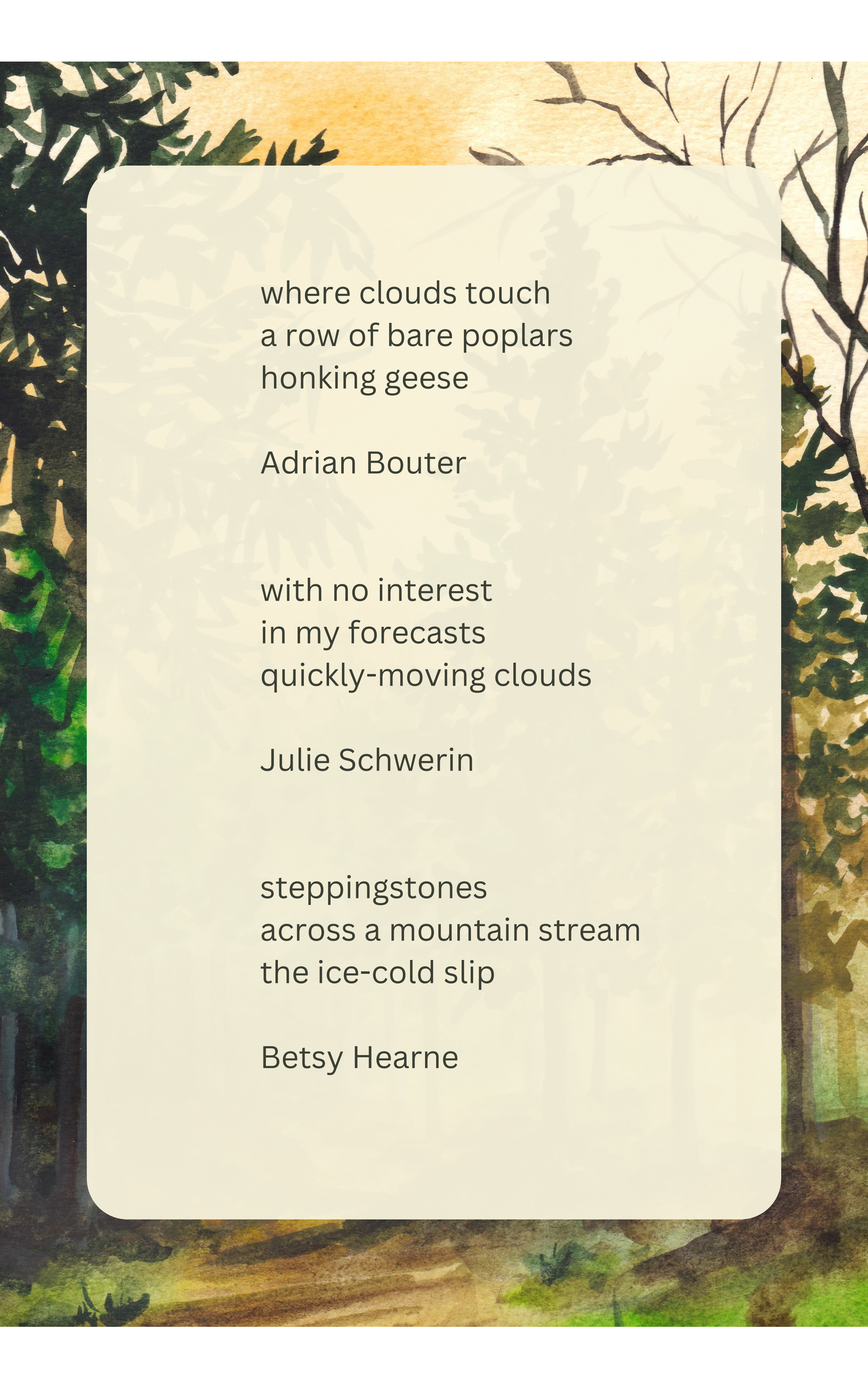
blowing dust
off a volume of Issa
a friend's bookcase

Joseph P. Wechselberger



hay
stack
the
shit
we
put
kids
through

Timothy Daly



where clouds touch
a row of bare poplars
honking geese

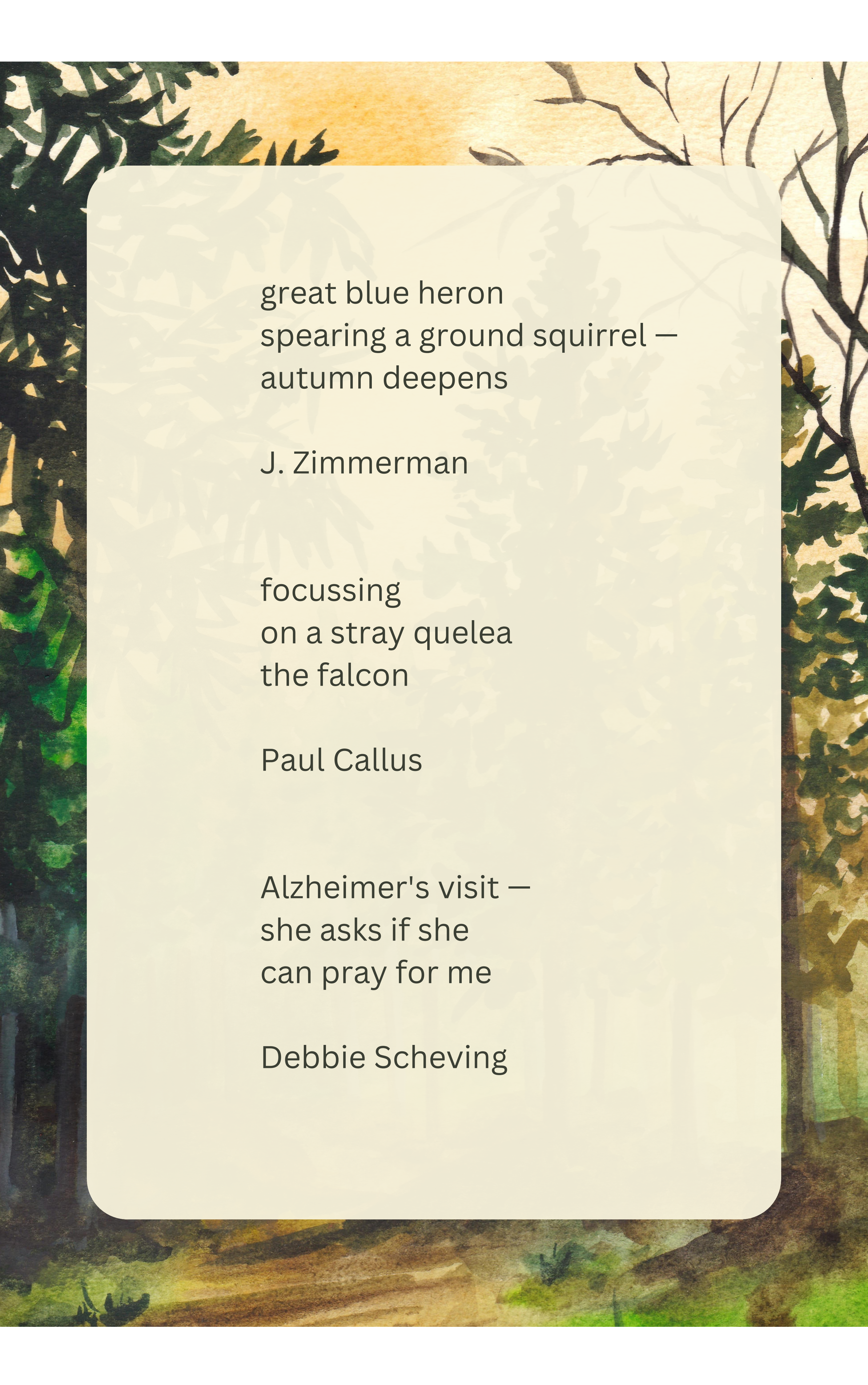
Adrian Bouter

with no interest
in my forecasts
quickly-moving clouds

Julie Schwerin

steppingstones
across a mountain stream
the ice-cold slip

Betsy Hearne



great blue heron
spearing a ground squirrel —
autumn deepens

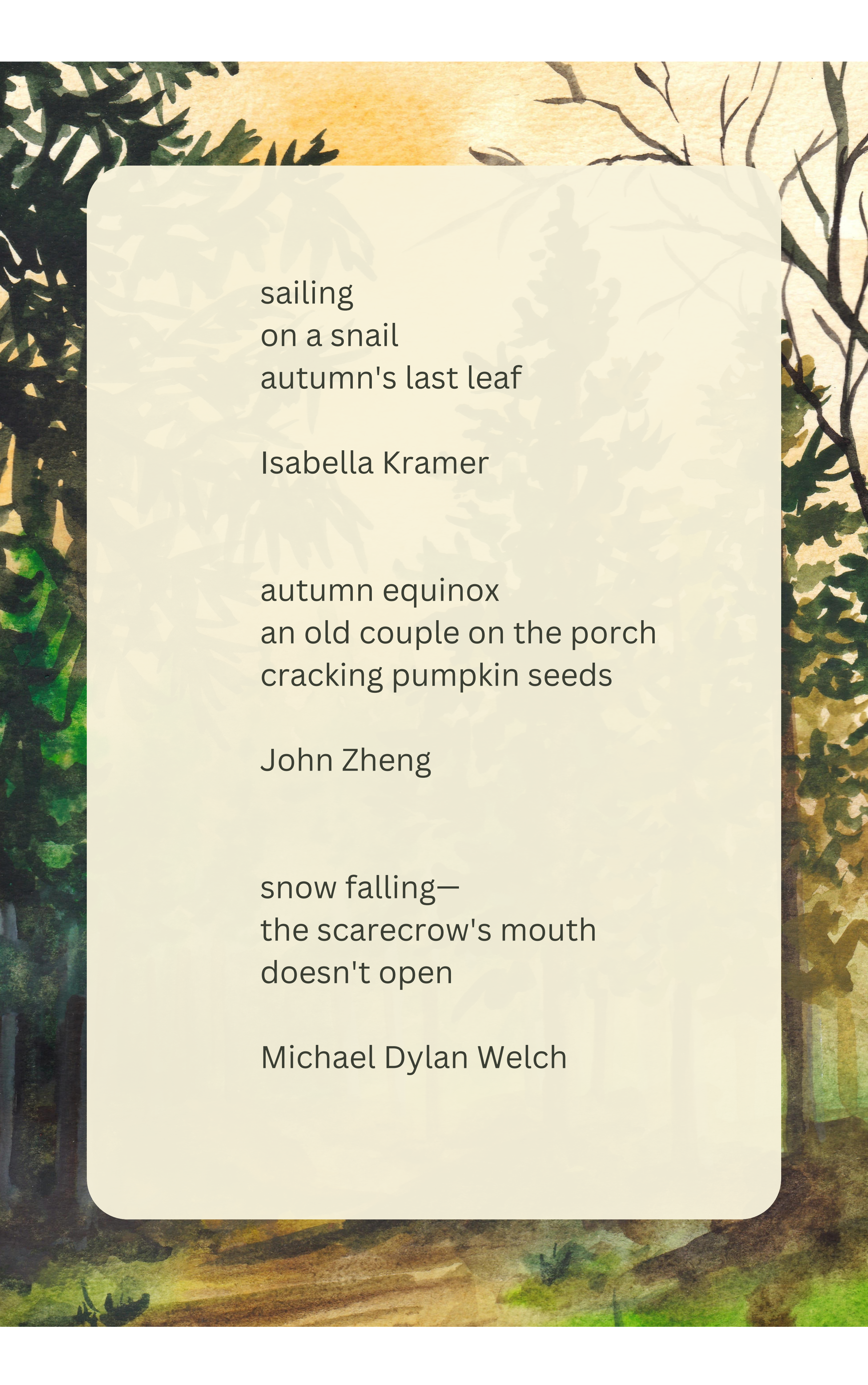
J. Zimmerman

focussing
on a stray quelea
the falcon

Paul Callus

Alzheimer's visit —
she asks if she
can pray for me

Debbie Scheving



sailing
on a snail
autumn's last leaf

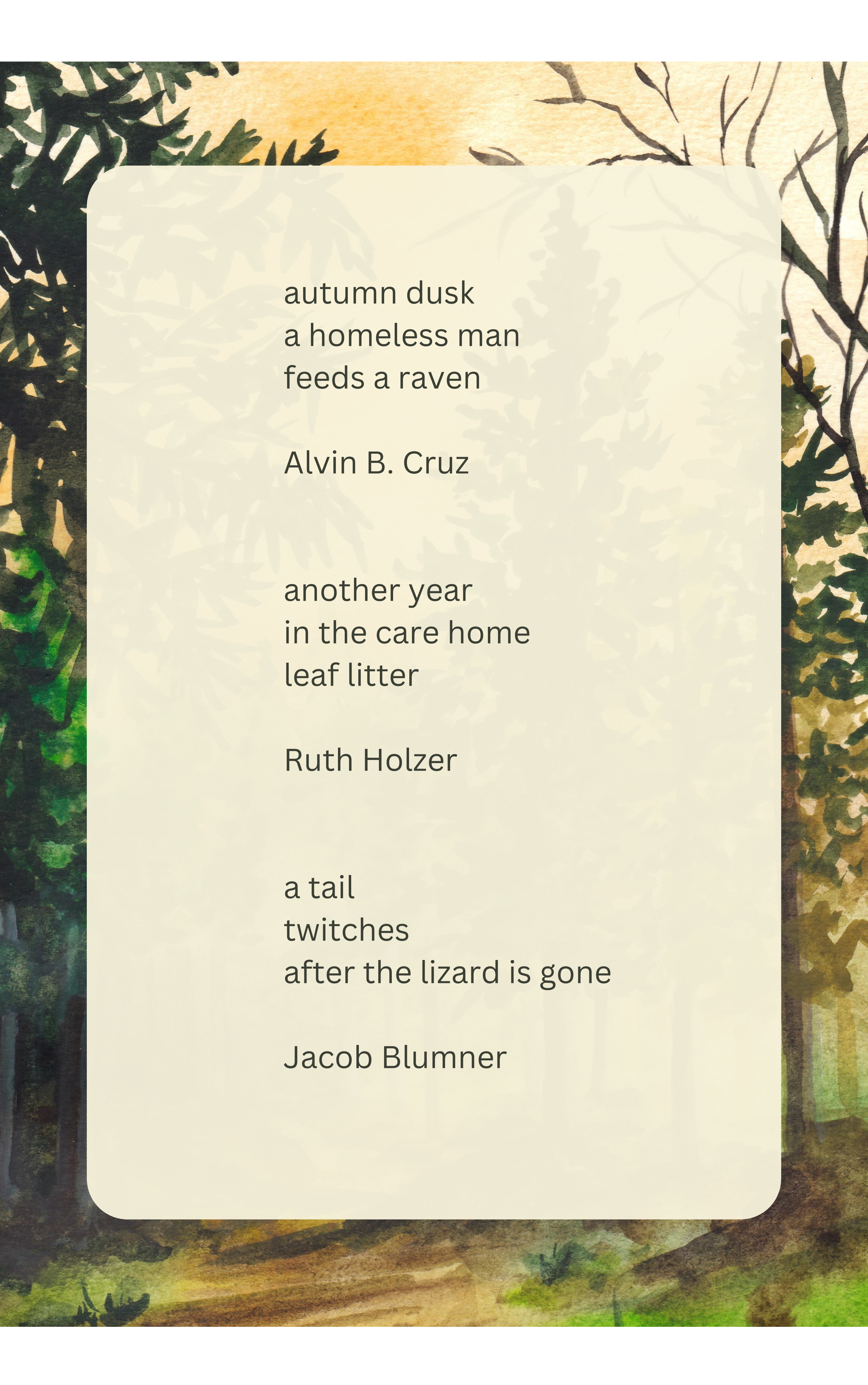
Isabella Kramer

autumn equinox
an old couple on the porch
cracking pumpkin seeds

John Zheng

snow falling—
the scarecrow's mouth
doesn't open

Michael Dylan Welch



autumn dusk
a homeless man
feeds a raven

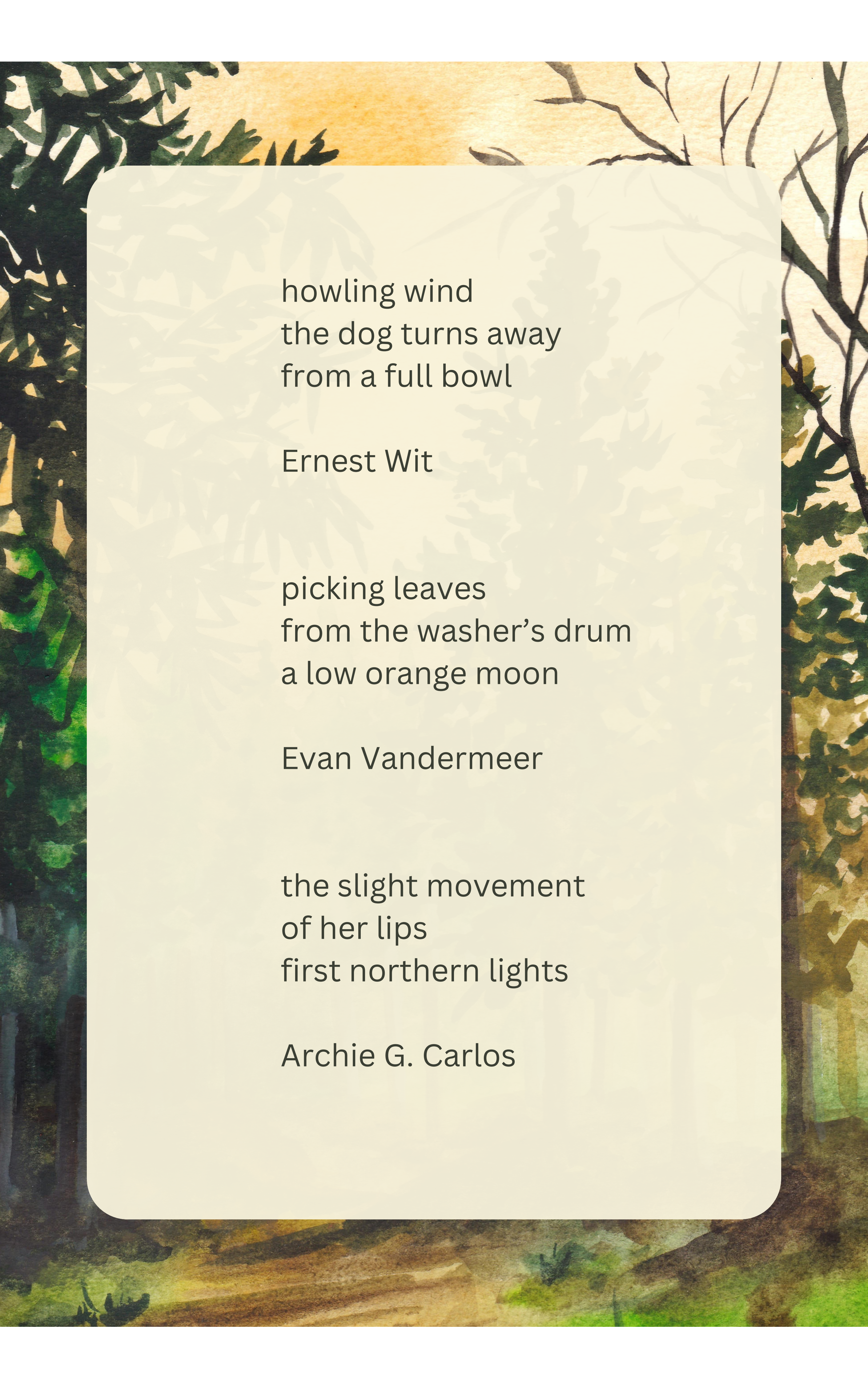
Alvin B. Cruz

another year
in the care home
leaf litter

Ruth Holzer

a tail
twitches
after the lizard is gone

Jacob Blumner



howling wind
the dog turns away
from a full bowl

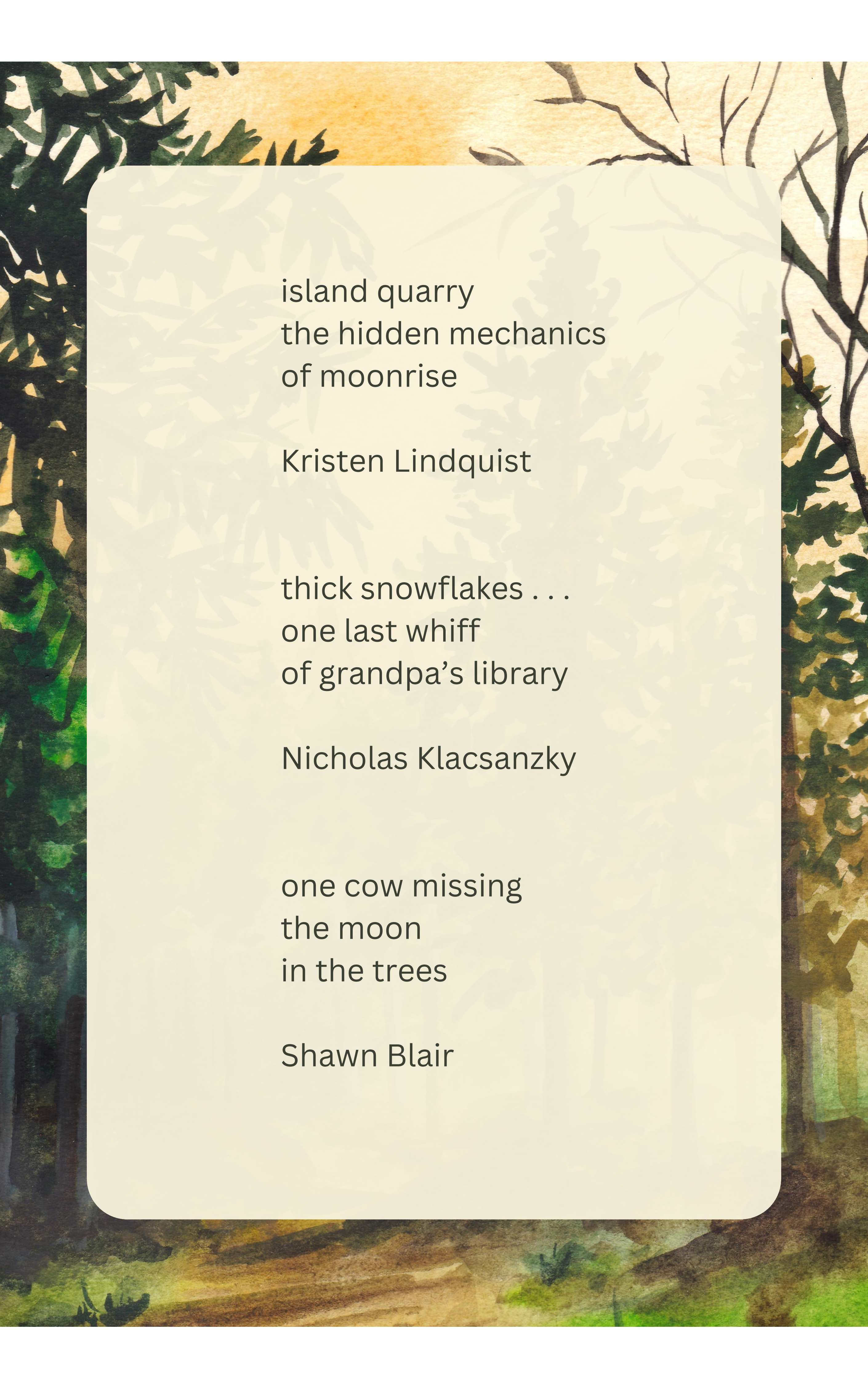
Ernest Wit

picking leaves
from the washer's drum
a low orange moon

Evan Vandermeer

the slight movement
of her lips
first northern lights

Archie G. Carlos



island quarry
the hidden mechanics
of moonrise

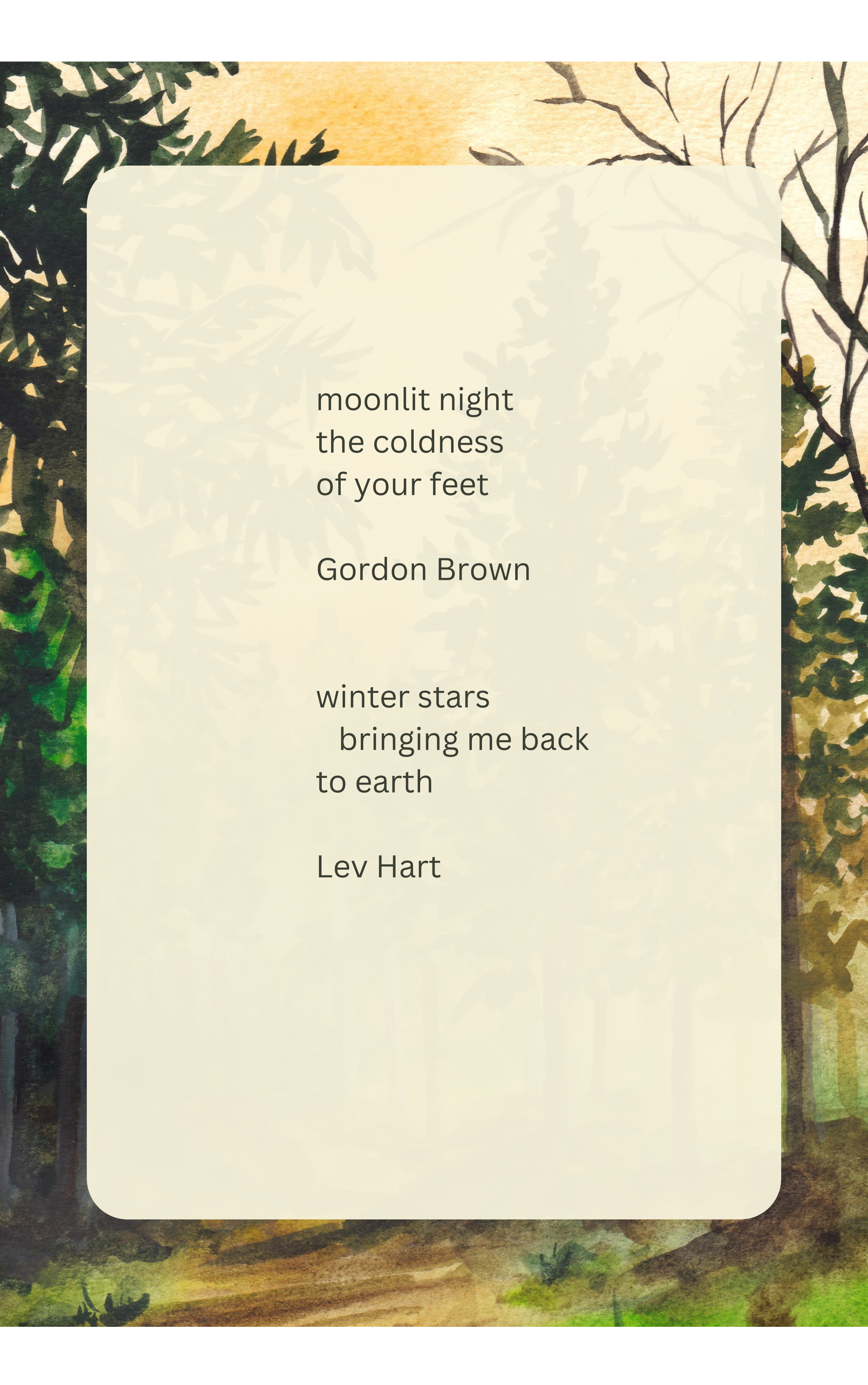
Kristen Lindquist

thick snowflakes . . .
one last whiff
of grandpa's library

Nicholas Klacsanzky

one cow missing
the moon
in the trees

Shawn Blair



moonlit night
the coldness
of your feet

Gordon Brown

winter stars
bringing me back
to earth

Lev Hart