

# Wales Haiku Journal

Summer '25

@Waleshaiku



Wales Haiku Journal  
Summer 2025

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# Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

What a sheer joy it is to be part of such a vibrant and growing community. This issue saw a record-breaking 319 poets sending us over 2,500 poems from 47 countries across 5 continents. The spirit, craft, and courage in these submissions made selecting the poems we did a bittersweet task. We're deeply grateful for your trust, and we celebrate every voice that continues to shape the Wales Haiku Journal. Thank you for writing, for reading, for being here.

In compiling this issue, we, as ever, were delighted to discover so many fresh words and concepts— Bantu knots, Thrasher nests, spiny chollas, virga, nares, komorebi, shinrin-yoku, harmattan, vernal pool, and mourning cloaks—each one a small window into the natural world's poetry and the cultures that honour it.

I (Joe) recently spent five days back in Wales. Living in Spain, it was a much needed opportunity to reconnect and share some time with my family. When I had a moment between the mad dash of visits squeezed into that short time at home, I dove into our shared document that we use to edit each new edition of the journal.

Reading it from a place other than Barcelona reminded me that wherever we are, when we visit it, the journal is a sort of focal point for our readers, for *us*. It's a little hub: a place to both connect with others' perspectives and ideas, and also to take some time to be alone with those thoughts at the same time.

That thought felt comforting, and we hope that in some way it does for you too as you read this Summer Edition. It is honestly such a privilege to be a part of this project. Thank you all for not only your generous donations, your help with widening the readership for our writers on social media, but also the many, many kind words you continue to send our way. They mean so much to us, truly.

We hope you enjoy the Summer Edition.

With Best Summer Wishes,  
Joe and Luci

Joe Woodhouse and C.X. Turner



# Summer Flourishing



I empty my mind  
into the light of dawn  
distant birdsong

Chen-ou Liu


sewing sunlight  
into the yellow azalea  
spider threads

Ben Oliver

first in  
last out  
summer sun

Brad Bennett





sparkling dawn...  
meadow atwitch  
with young rabbits

Laurie Greer


first dawn  
i wake up and find myself  
dreaming

Lev Hart

lawn sprinkler  
children try to touch  
the rainbow

Aleksandra Rybczyńska





the things we did  
in last night's dream ...  
morning showers

Joseph P. Wechselberger


prom queen  
the short reign  
of primrose

Anne Fox

countryside landscape  
a field of solar panels  
between rye and wheat

Aleksandra Rybczyńska





the shifting shapes  
in my dream--  
a murmuration of starlings

Kim Klugh

warmer days  
feel of the seeds  
through the packet


Bryan Rickert

dew-pinked roses ...  
those three words I say to her  
with my hands

Chen-ou Liu







dandelion seeds -  
I provide my wishes  
with a parachute

Aleksandra Rybczyńska

spring buds  
four in the shirt pocket  
for a bypass

Richard L. Matta

a pondhawk perches  
on an Amazon box  
criss-crossing jet trails

Kristen Lindquist





temple heat  
offering passion fruit seeds  
to the gods

Agnes Eva Savich

hiking through  
my wallpaper forest  
shinrin-yoku

Lee Hudspeth

summer beginning  
a bud of clover  
in the hiker's heel

Joanna Ashwell





muddy forest path  
so many directions  
to slip

Roberta Beach Jacobson


my baby daughter's  
laughter  
light on the water

Jo McInerney

tadpole season  
dragonfly wings hover  
over frog song

Louise Hopewell





forest stream  
the kingfisher's cry  
cleaves the shimmer

Ganesh R.


cold coffee  
rain stipples  
the river

John Pappas

calm waves  
the sun warms  
the lighthouse windows

Paula Sears





watching the marathon  
an old man  
with a stick

Marc Brimble

a drop of condensation forming an opinion

evan coram

beach walk  
my reflection holds on tight  
to her hat


Louise Hopewell



dusklight otters pogo-sticking into it



Debbie Strange



billowing clouds. . .  
guided to the lighthouse  
on the fisherman's boat

Rowan Beckett Minor


sunflower seedling  
pencilling her height  
on the pantry door

Jennifer Sutherland

surface ripples  
the plucked chord  
of a bull frog's call

Jay Friedenber





thawing stream  
the rippling shadows  
of rock pebbles

Hifsa Ashraf

duck-egg blue  
spring leaving  
a note for summer

Joanna Ashwell

my longing  
to see things deeper  
forest thicket

Bryan Rickert





such a small duck such a wide wake

Robert Lowes


a woodpecker or two intrusive thoughts

Edward Cody Huddleston

baby's first laugh an exclamation of daisies

Wendy Cobourne





reeds  
eliding an egret  
wind-stippled stream


Kathryn Liebowitz


books piled up  
on a washing machine —  
backstreet in summer

Maurizio Brancaleoni

sunlit timothy . . .  
the warm velvet  
of a pony's muzzle

Kristen Lindquist





re-pasturing  
the meadow clouds  
a rain-herd

Joanna Ashwell


the wave  
of a squirrel's tail  
should I use a comma?

Wilda Morris

first cup of coffee . . .  
mourning cloaks congregate  
at the pond

Stephenie Story





the neighbor's trampoline  
in my front yard  
tornado season

Gordon Brown

distant virga pouring a new kigo

Marilyn Ashbaugh

cuckoo's return  
another year layers  
the raised bog

Thomas Powell





climate change  
dotting the landscape  
mussels Provencal

Carla Schwartz

wild violets  
why wear  
white

Maya Daneva

bus stand  
a boy sells peanuts  
in paper cones

Srini





wildfire moon  
the roadside's crude calligraphy  
of charred trees

Mark Miller


soft breeze off the bay everything's skin

Lisa Espenmiller

defined curls  
from end to end  
bantu knots

Uchechukwu Onyedikam





grandma  
cleans the gravestone  
summer wind

Devoshruti Mandal


sun after rain--  
the shine of a puddle  
rubbing off on her hand

Laurie Greer

rice planting song  
a baby in the shade  
slips into sleep

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi





coastal rain  
rolling a seashell  
in her small palm

Mark A. Forrester

beach jacket—  
a hole in the pocket  
of stones

Debbie Scheving

summer clouds  
how my mood changes  
after every scan

Joanne van Helvoort





stony beach  
the toddler running  
softens my winces

Mary White


summer afternoon  
wandering far beyond  
the event horizon

Ernest Wit

gentle rain . . .  
a hummingbird foraging  
in the cinnamon ferns

Paula Sears





mismatched socks –  
father doesn't remember  
that he has a son

Krzysztof Kokot


summer prom no-one takes her brain tumour

Timothy Daly

strawberry moon  
the fields empty  
of farm hands

Jackie Chou





twilight shadows  
climbing the cliff face  
a curlew's cry

Gavin Austin

a heron  
on the shore -- I measure out  
the evening's rice

M.R Pelletier

bog ...  
sinking  
into old thoughts

Betsy Hearne





moths flutter  
in the twilight garden  
my little white lies

Annie Wilson


late spring dusk;  
rabbits eating the clovers  
i forgot to mow

Anthony Lusardi

we without me sinking sun

John Pappas





summer movie house  
the way emptiness  
fills the seats

Robert Hirschfield


prairie sunset  
an eagle on the doorstep  
of the sky

Zach Street

strawberry moon  
eleven eider chicks  
now ten

Kristen Lindquist





low tide  
my sandcastle crumbles  
into a horseshoe crab

Sandip Chauhan

moon rise  
the ocean wants  
its edges back

Dan Schwerin

the scent of star jasmine  
our galaxy  
stretching away

Keith Evetts







## Review: The San Francisco Haiku Anthology: Volume Two

By Rowan Beckett Minor

The San Francisco Haiku Anthology: Volume Two is a new 250 page compilation of haiku and senryu edited by Susan Antolin, Garry Gay, and Carolyn Hall. This is the much-anticipated follow-up collection to The San Francisco Haiku Anthology (1992, Smythe-Waithe Press), which was also co-edited by Volume Two's co-editor, Garry Gay. This anthology highlights 94 poets who live in or have lived in the Bay Area, including the anthology's three editors.

Each feature includes 2-12 haiku and/or senryu by each poet, and showcases the many diverse voices the Bay Area has to offer. Included in Volume Two are: the Introduction to The San Francisco Haiku Anthology (1992), the Introduction to The San Francisco Haiku Anthology: Volume Two (2024), a foreword by Ce Rosenow, and biographical sketches of included poets. Several poets from the original anthology return with new sets of haiku and senryu alongside many fresh names new to this volume.






What is most exciting about this anthology is the editors' choice to showcase many different distinct styles and approaches to haiku and senryu. The majority of haiku in this anthology follow more traditional methods and are what the average reader will expect when thinking of haiku. A great example is this poem, by Clysta Seney:

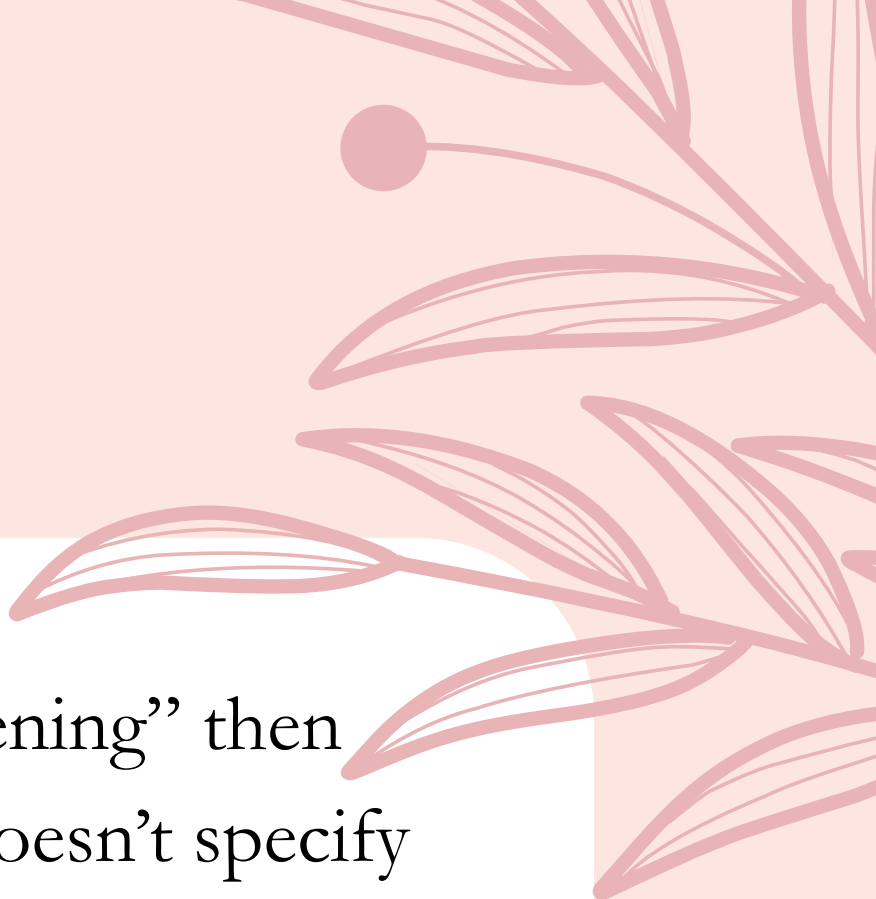
half my orange  
set out for the oriole  
summer solstice

Seney uses one moment juxtaposed against one concrete image, which also happens to be a well-known kigo. There is a cut between lines two and three, and all unnecessary words have been eliminated, making this poem as brief as it can be. Toriawase, which is an arrangement or assortment of elements, can also be seen in this haiku, as the author carefully selects half the orange and combines it with the oriole on the summer solstice. This poem also taps into some Japanese aesthetics, such as wabi, which is the sense of beauty that stems from an appreciation of solitude. Seney's haiku is simple, elegant, and feels authentic.

Another approach to haiku in Volume Two is references to art and culture, such as in this haiku by Ebba Story:

balmy evening  
the light of Caravaggio  
on strangers' faces







This poem starts with the distinct kigo “balmy evening” then adds in the light of a Caravaggio painting, but it doesn’t specify which one. This is a stunning example of the Japanese aesthetic *yūgen*, or a mysterious beauty that is implied, but not fully exposed. The *yūgen* expands into line three, as the light of the Caravaggio is on the faces of strangers. Story’s poem is another strong haiku that exemplifies many different tools and aesthetics. Repetition might be rare in haiku, but that doesn’t stop Phillip Kennedy from taking a risk:

spring cleaning  
on the tow truck’s long flatbed  
another tow truck

Again, this haiku starts with a strong kigo, then cuts before lines two and three. The image of a tow truck is familiar and distinct, and Kennedy even gives a full description of the tow truck’s long bed. These trucks are also big, so the adjective “long” is important when realizing that one tow truck is carrying another. The repetition here is successful because it feels like such a natural moment, and this is an effective poem because it uses the proper craft tools scarcely and correctly.

Although several haiku scholars say that poets should avoid using multiple words ending in “-ing” in the same haiku or senryu, Jerry Ball demonstrates that it can be done:






checking tickets  
then exchanging seats  
spring opera

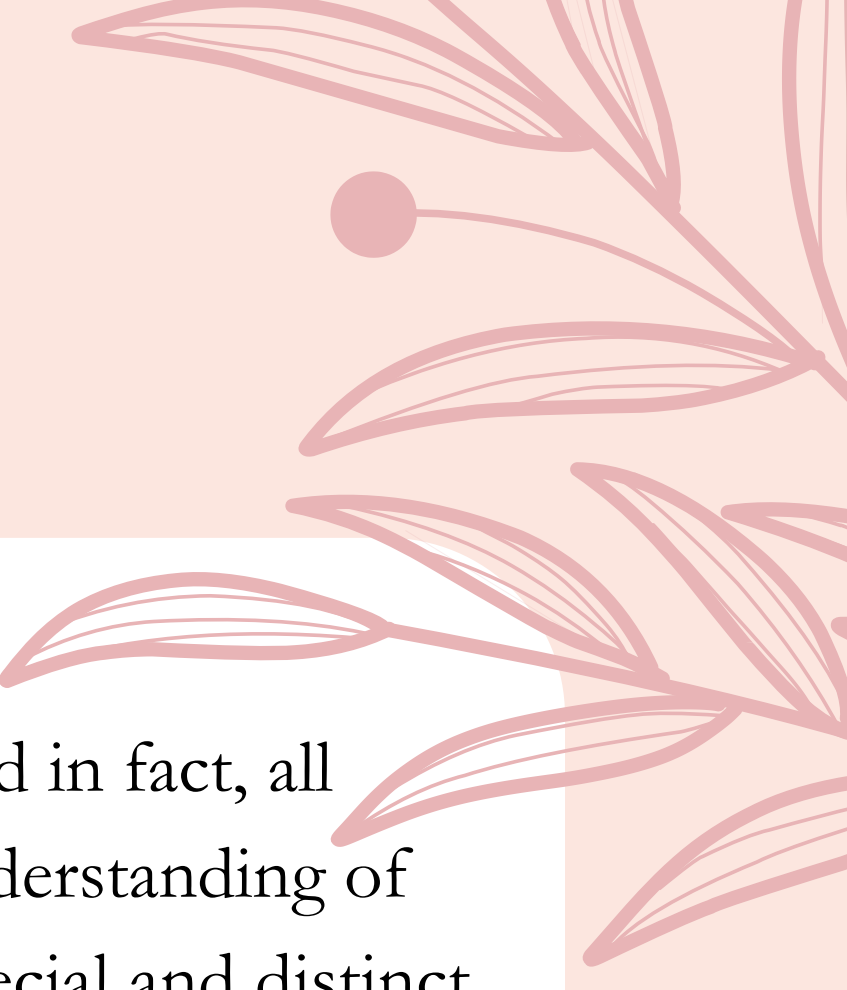
Not only are there two words ending in “-ing”, there are three. One thing that makes this poem successful is that it encompasses a common moment that could be experienced by the average reader. Even if not personally experienced, the sometimes humorous and awkward moment of being in someone’s else’s seat is also a frequent gag in movies and TV shows, thus making this poem universal.

The word “spring” almost goes unnoticed as ending in “-ing”, as it isn’t a present participle like the other two. Ball uses these words carefully and with purpose, making this another very striking and successful poem.

There are just a handful of haiku written in 5-7-5, but most of them are quite well done. Mimi Ahern demonstrates that 5-7-5 can work when you apply proper haiku craft tools, such as juxtaposition, cut, and kigo:

my daughter threads it  
as I did for my mother  
fading autumn light






This subtle syllabic structure does not seem forced, and in fact, all words of the poem are necessary to maintain a full understanding of the author's intention. The moment in this poem is special and distinct to Ahern's voice.

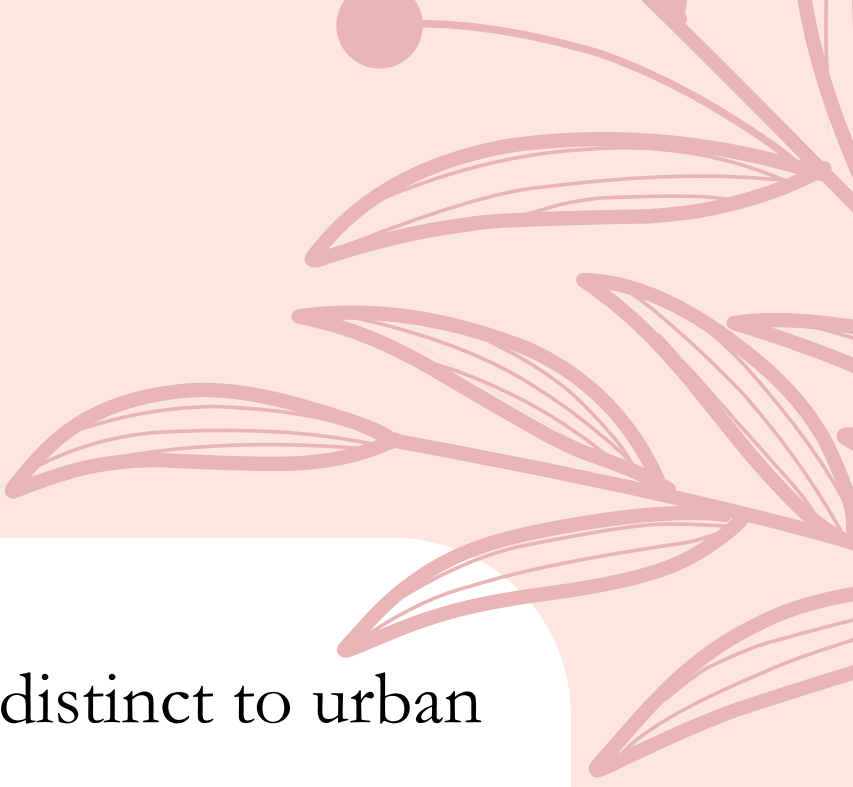
Another unique component of this anthology is that many poems are specific to the Bay Area, such as the following haiku from Sarah Paris:

outside the walls  
herons guard the shore  
San Quentin

These haiku and senryu are so distinct to the authors' environments that only the poets in this anthology could have written them. This will give readers, especially those outside the area, a new perspective of what life is like for those living in San Francisco and California. This is especially important for readers who might be unable to travel, as it will provide a deeper understanding of the surrounding culture. The connection these poets have not just to California, but to urban west coast living in general, remains a recurring theme throughout the anthology, like in this haiku from Jeremy Pendrey:

autumn dusk  
the subway preacher  
counts his tips





This surprising haiku shows readers a type of preacher distinct to urban areas, like San Francisco.

There are also several somber and poignant haiku displayed throughout Volume Two, but one poem that stands out is by Jerry Kilbride:

AIDS march  
I keep relighting  
the candle I carry


The aforementioned poem could potentially be referring to, is an annual event that was founded in 1987.

Contrary to the previous poem, the following senryu by Stephan Colgan is much lighter and funnier and what readers will expect when thinking of traditional senryu:

sixth birthday  
the piñata  
puts up a fight

This poem has a humorous and universal moment that readers might recognize. Senryu like Colgan's are great palate cleansers between the traditional haiku and more serious poems in the anthology.

Most haiku and senryu in this anthology are three lines, but there is also a wide variety of one-line haiku and senryu as well. The majority are traditional in technique, but some are experimental.






One example is by Susan Diridoni:


flagging down my doppelganger even if

The impressive wording in this poem creates space for readers to put themselves into Diridoni's alternate reality, and is a great example of how haiku and senryu have evolved over the years.

It is noticeable to the trained eye that this project was inclusive, sometimes focusing on relevance over technique, and does contain few poets who are lacking in craft tools. Although these sporadic poems might not necessarily meet the criteria to be considered haiku or senryu, they are still enjoyable and do not detract from the overall depth, integrity, and quality of the anthology.

A major upside to the many different voices featured in this collection is the ability to become familiar with poets readers might not come across otherwise. However, a few other notable authors, not mentioned above, include: Fay Aoyagi, Chuck Brickley, Cherie Hunter Day, Robert Epstein, Paul M. Patricia J. Machmiller, Jane Reichhold, and Michael Dylan Welch.





The San Francisco Haiku Anthology: Volume Two might be more expensive than your average poetry anthology, but the print book is certainly a decent price for the 700 haiku included. There is also an ebook available, which is a more accessible option for those who might be in another country, or for those who experience financial hardships.

The San Francisco Haiku Anthology: Volume Two is excellent, filled with palpable and memorable haiku and senryu that showcase the immense talent in the Bay Area.


This collection might be one readers won't want to put down, but it is best read in smaller sections, a few poets at a time. The slow, conscious reading will help savor each poem, and get a full feel for each striking poetic voice. Although many poems are specific to the Bay Area, there are also several poems that encompass the common experience. This body of work will expand your senses and give you an appreciation for the nature you didn't know existed.

*The San Francisco Haiku Anthology: Volume Two*, edited by Susan Antolin, Garry Gay, and Carolyn Hall. (California, USA.: Spare Poems Press, 2025). 250 pages; ISBN 979-8-218-51228-6. \$39.95 from [www.sparepoemspress.com](http://www.sparepoemspress.com)





Summer  
Fulfilling



summer sunrise  
a spider's silk  
dabbed with dew

Kim Klugh


day moon  
the stallion kicks up  
hot dry dust

Agnes Eva Savich

summer corn  
the deepening dent  
in the butter cube



Helen Ogden



quiet morning sea -  
splashing the rising sun  
a dolphin

Paul Callus


withered garden  
the weight of water  
in the hose pipe ban

Jenny Shepherd

famine village  
songs of past summers  
permeate old stones



Bisshie




summer gorge  
the river gone  
but not its sound

John J. Han

Over the yellow field,  
the barn owl's slow wing beats  
- early morning mist.

Tim Chamberlain

swamp candles . . .  
the kingfisher's rattle  
changes pitch



Kristen Lindquist

holiday jigsaw  
rocket and dragon shapes  
in the clouds

Earl Livings


floodmarks on an abandoned train river valley

Glenn Coats

summer hush  
the tide returns  
what it took

Neena Singh





a cathedral  
of arched rushes . . .  
marsh warblers

Debbie Strange

heat haze  
children breaking the red  
hydrant open

Deborah A. Bennett

firetruck arrives  
hydrangea clay pot  
collapses outside



Andrew Grossman



paper plane the arc of a small sky

Adrian Bouter


summer rain  
blunting the curves of  
my cloud-pruned yew

Alan Peat

the groom's tears  
as she walks the aisle  
summer rain



Michael Lamb



flies buzz  
around a dead pigeon  
the longest day

Johnny Moran


under the neem tree still childhood swing

Srini

osprey dives -  
first and last flight  
of the fish



Samantha Pardo Irigoyen



fallen elm  
the sparrows' nest  
unbroken in its arms

Laurie Greer


not enough time to name them white caps

Glenn Coats

paulownia flowers -  
the words of the monk  
recited from memory



Mauro Battini



staring contest...  
the fireflies  
let me win

Edward Cody Huddleston

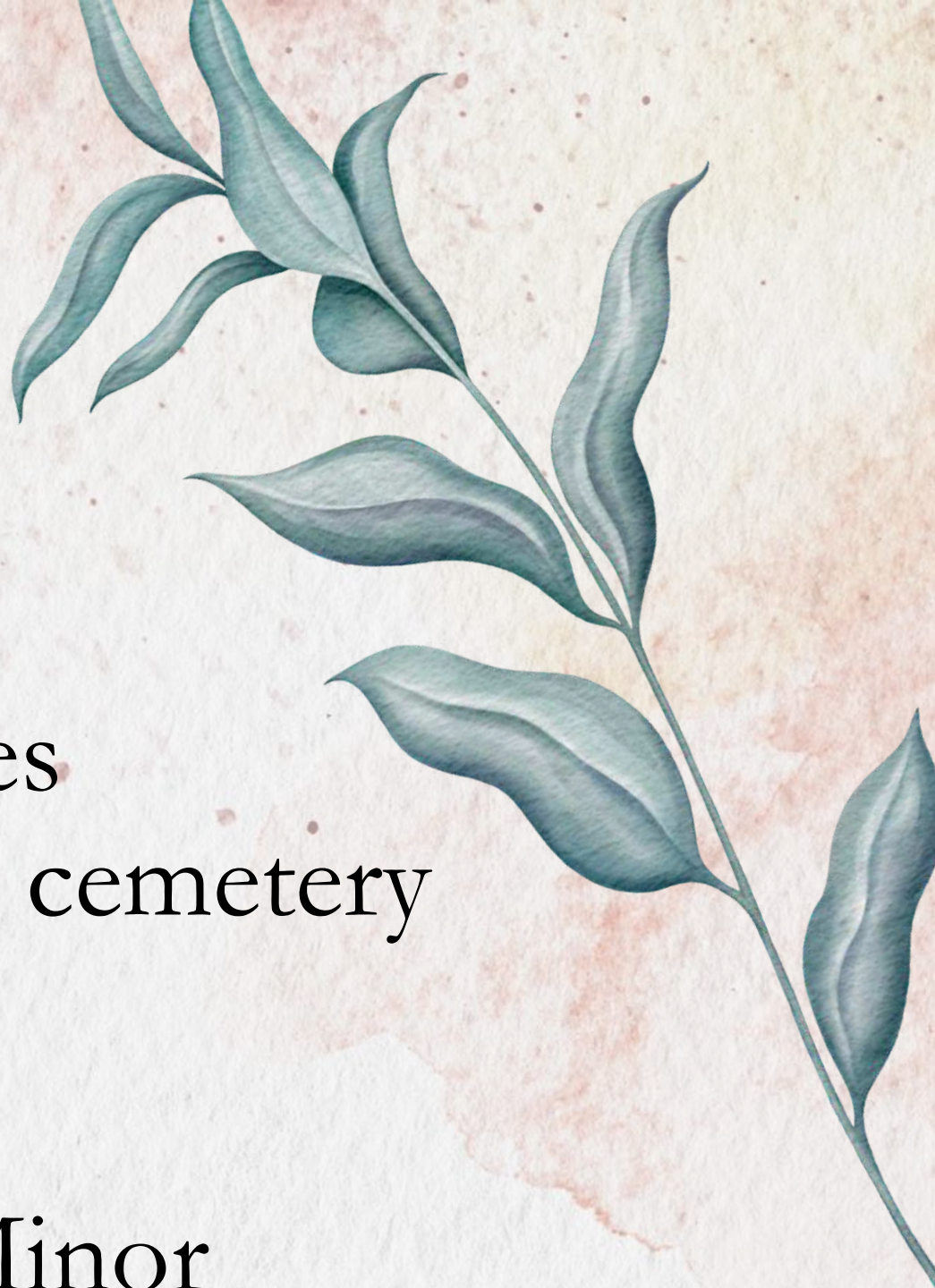
midsummer storm  
I squeeze the clouds  
from my hair

Antoinette Cheung

meditation retreat  
silently moving  
the scent of jasmine



Diana Davison



broken headstones  
in the abandoned cemetery  
fresh lilies

Rowan Beckett Minor


deleting  
my search history  
clear summer sky

Alvin Cruz

Aberbach  
ten thousand years  
of polish



Mark Gilbert



blossom wind—  
a teen boy follows  
the butterfly trail

Hifsa Ashraf


relegated  
to a desk job  
grocery store orchid

Julie Schwerin

sun reflecting  
off the water...  
new freckles



Debbie Scheving




onshore breeze  
a one-legged seagull  
leans in

Lorraine A Padden

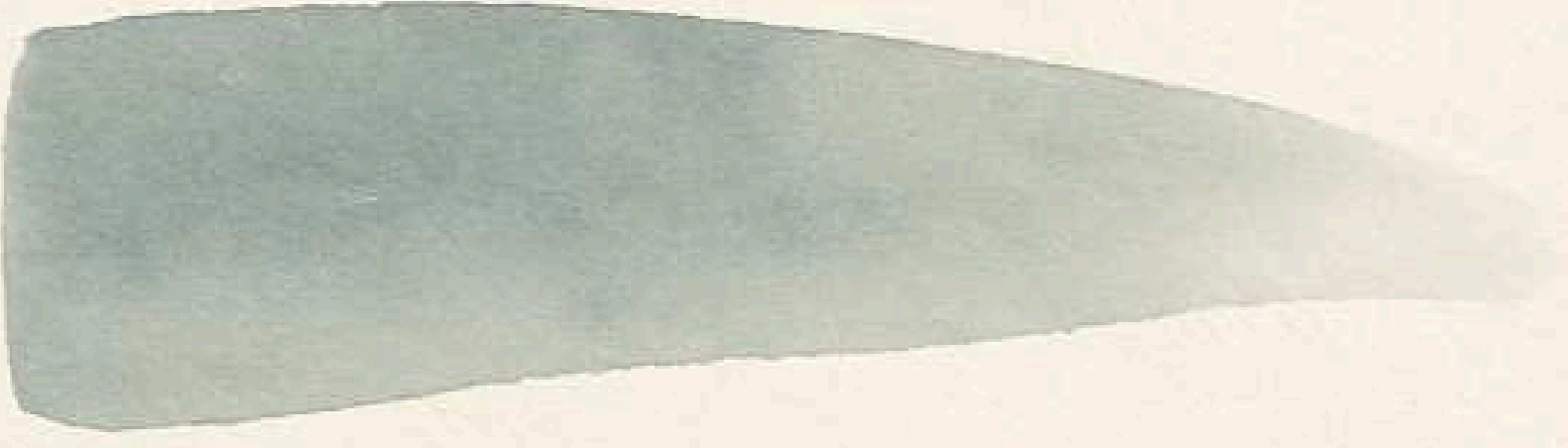
summer solstice—  
my o-u-t-s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d s-p-i-n-e  
tilts to the Sun

Arvind Padmanabhan

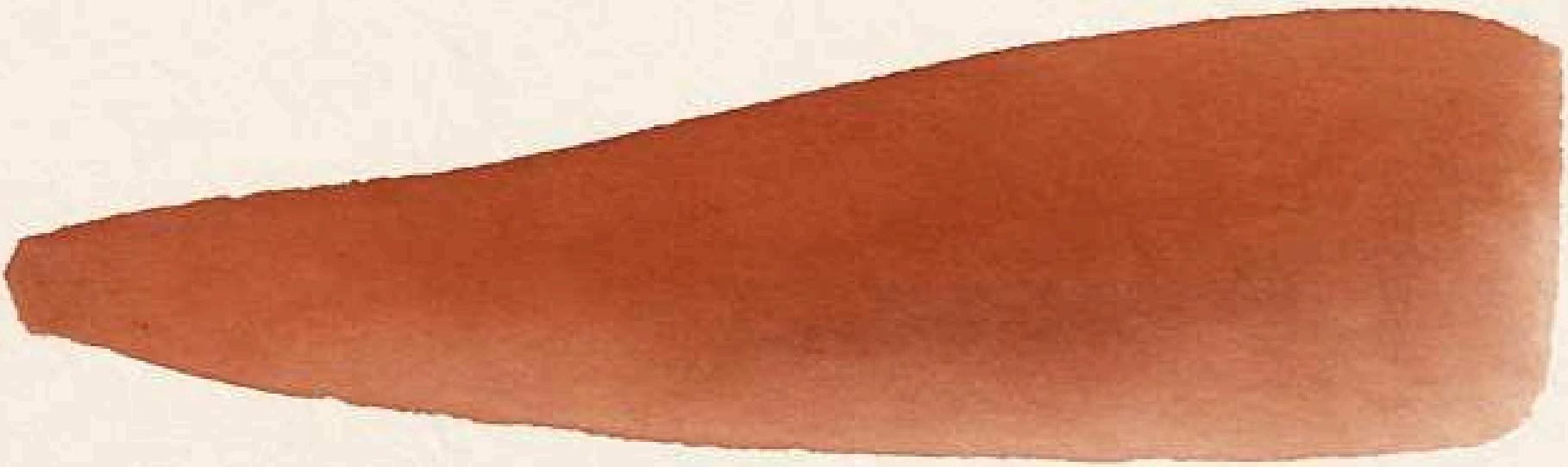


far-off thunder  
the rising crescendo  
of crickets


Mark Miller



*open house  
a spittoon wedged  
in the floorboards*



Sandip Chauhan



measuring  
every breadcrumb  
the dog's picnic gaze

Joanna Ashwell


cattail seeds  
cicadas singing  
somewhere between

Mark A. Forrester



summer for a week  
in the village reading room  
me and a mosquito

Wiesław Karliński




we hold  
our breath  
the duck returns

Ravi Kiran

meadow wind  
a tuft of milkweed tilts  
the spider web

Paula Sears



summer respite  
the lake ripples  
through me

David Green

midsummer sale  
the bruised petals  
of pink peonies

Hifsa Ashraf


crystal beads on the mallard's nares starbirth

Dylan Stover

sudden truce --  
among the rubble  
plum flowering

Mariangela Canzi





white chrysanthemums  
their heavy heads bowed  
by the family plot

Leslie Umans


puddled lane  
summer forgetting  
the way home

Joanna Ashwell

afternoon sun  
the black cat spreads  
across two seats



Lori Kiefer




beating circles  
into the dust  
one-winged moth

Bryan Rickert


the charred oak  
keeps reaching for the sky  
summer rain

Joanne van Helvoort



prayer flags  
footsteps  
in the wind

Mike Fainzilber



turning heads —  
a show of  
passiflora stars

Katja Fox

cherry stem  
alone in the bowl...  
moon sliver


Zachery May

dusk . . .  
a brown trout slips out  
from under the river stone



Paula Sears






dusk currawongs  
the squeals and whoops  
of kids playing chasey

Louise Hopewell


summer solstice  
cutting the corn  
from the cob

Kevin Valentine



all the names  
I knew once  
dust storm

Doris Lynch



sunken gravestone  
other  
the *m* worn away

Betsy Hearne


drought –  
just enough dew to raise  
the earth's scent

Ben Oliver



wild flowers  
the broken chain in his  
windswept hair

Ralph Stott




slanting sun  
maple leaves drip  
with cicada calls

Keiko Izawa


near dark  
bats tracing  
an ancient script

Shawn Blair

summer night —  
the lamplit silence  
as our daughters paint



Patrycjusz Pilawski




lying next to you  
there are lanterns in my hair  
field of desert stars

Stacy Nigliazzo


sunset sky  
a brisk breeze  
charges the coals

Neil Arthur



sunset shallows  
nine-armed sea stars  
touch in passing

Bill Cooper



moored to nothing more  
than moonlight  
her lone skiff

Kathryn Liebowitz


sleeping baby  
the globe glows soft  
on its cradle

Alan Peat

moonlight —  
I turn my pillow  
to the cool side



David Thorndale



night crabbing—  
the hushed light  
of a waning moon

Mark A. Forrester

midsummer moonlight  
stretching across the porch  
another stray cat

Tina Mowrey

in terms of when not if falling star



Shane Coppage



# A Selection of Haibun

## **Missed Opportunity**

In the dream I'm on my bicycle, my Brompton.  
One word to the woman cyclist who rides up  
alongside me from behind. She takes off before I  
finish my sentence. The light changes and I try to  
catch up to her. Suddenly, in bed, my feet pumping  
up, down, up, down, into the blankets.

pedaling nowhere  
I waken  
desire for conversation

Carla Schwartz

## On the Margins

The risk never occurred to me—just a harness, chute, and chair lifted into sky. I'd seen hundreds launched from this platform behind a speedboat. I take a few running steps. The boat guns forward. The chute doesn't fill. A hundred tangled cords snap taut, loop around my throat. The sail drags behind me, heavy with seawater. The line keeps pulling. Eventually the boat stops. People swim toward me. My friend pales at the welts on my neck. They offer an apology. A refund. I ask to go again. Tell them it can't happen twice.

anvil clouds—  
a reeling angler says  
I've been hit twice

Richard L. Matta

## Zimmer der Ewigkeit\*

Eternity (now lost) burned when Munich was carpet bombed. The central allegory of eternity - after which the room was named - went up in flames. Nothing remains of it: no photograph, no preliminary drawing, no hasty sketch. I imagine that Time was personified, maybe as a winged cherub. Perhaps a virtue marked each corner. Somewhere among the elaborate high rococo composition a snake would undoubtedly have been trampled underfoot. It's amazing what imagination can make of the void; how an infinity of darkness, of absence, might be softened.

beer garden  
crow shadows flying  
over dry grass

*\*The Room of Eternity, Residenz, Munich.*

Alan Peat

## Honey & Bird Song

Like the honeybee, who knows the cost of stinging, Mom valued peace. I remember rolling my eyes, tamping down my frustration with her, when she refused to engage with Dad over some issue that she said *wasn't worth the fight*. As a teenager, I wanted her to value herself, stand up against my father's unreasonableness. In many ways I was right; it took years for her to find her voice. Today, however, I see the value of picking battles while negotiating a truce in the cooking vs. dishwashing wars.

spiny cholla fort  
four blue eggs  
in a thrasher nest

Janet Ruth

## Mr. Dooly's Toucan\*

...from his aviary, December 1970. From above, from the side, then segmented - David Bowie blue about the eyes.

Sometimes local lads brought roadkill to the door - a Jay, a stoat, a wayward gull. He never encouraged the shooting of birds but a gamekeeper's cull was too good to miss.

And on his desk, with light reflected from the Cefni estuary, he painted them all back alive.

foreshortened  
a car-stilled wing  
drawn into flight

\*From Charles Tunnicliffe's 'measured drawings' collection.

Alan Peat

## Painting air

The strong gusts pummel us. They tear through the rusty tinge of wind-swept grasses, over ground-hugging bushes. Sunlight tints the ridges and is swept away. A cleft in the hillside tumbles beyond our view. Four hundred metres below, the steel-grey surface of Lake Pedder. In the sweep of showers small islands emerge and vanish. Hillside rock glistens wet like scraped bone. The slope's pelt ripples and undulates. It's never still. Up here beneath the scumbled sky on a rocky outcrop, I imagine myself, easel anchored, the colour of cloud dripping from my brush.

updraught

a wedge-tailed eagle

circling

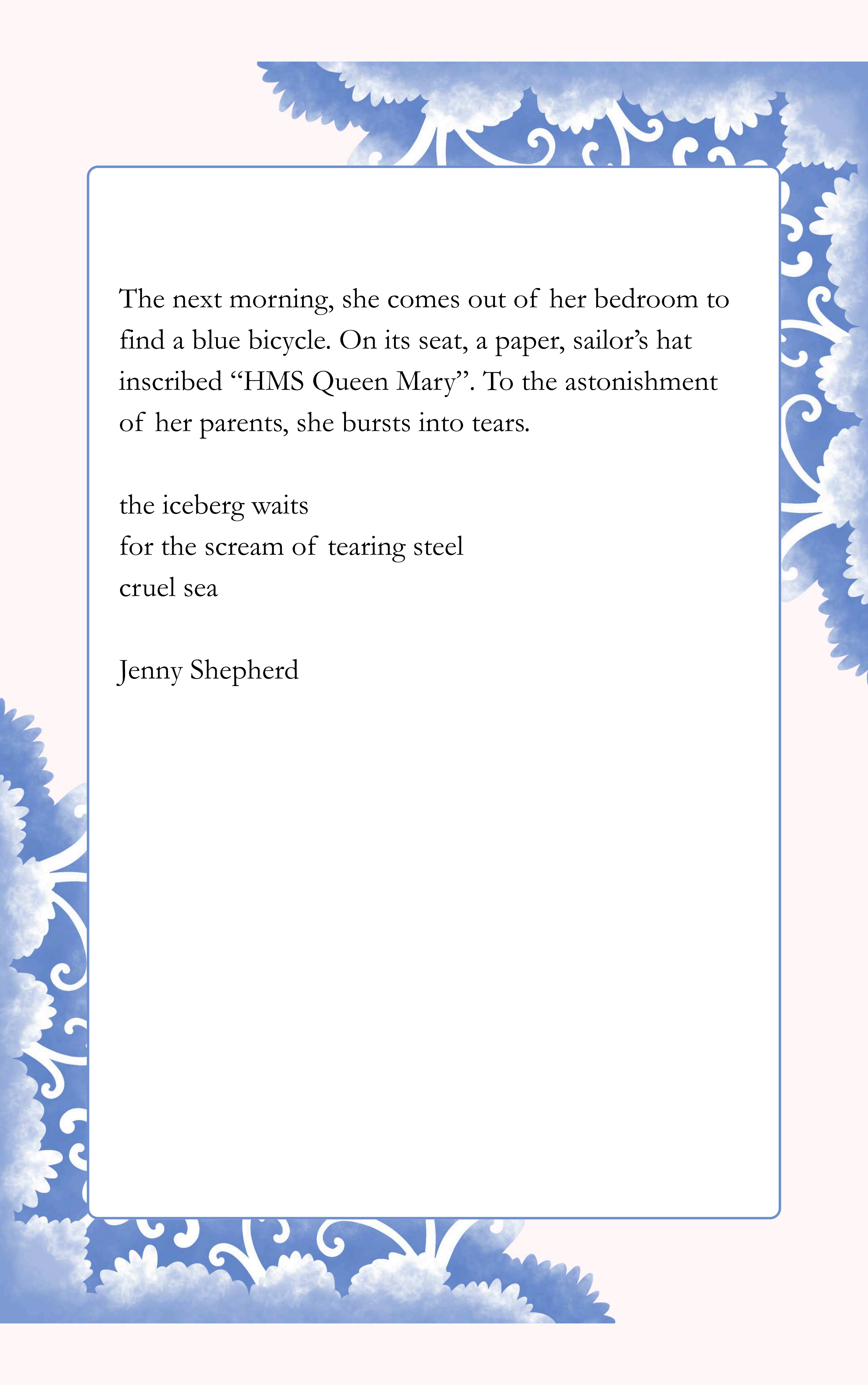
Lorraine Haig

## **That Sinking Feeling**

Her happiest childhood memories are of sailing between England and Taiwan on ocean-going liners. Shortly before her seventh birthday, the family hears that the Queen Mary is being sold. Her parents tell her they are buying the ship as her birthday present.

Even a six-year-old knows She'd be difficult to transport, so imagines the longest lorry ever built, or a complicated system of rollers, with thousands of Egyptian slaves towing Her with long ropes.

The day before her birthday, she sits from sunrise till sunset on the hill they live on, watching the main road from the valley, waiting to see Her glide slowly up to their house. She goes to bed disappointed, but still hoping.



The next morning, she comes out of her bedroom to find a blue bicycle. On its seat, a paper, sailor's hat inscribed "HMS Queen Mary". To the astonishment of her parents, she bursts into tears.

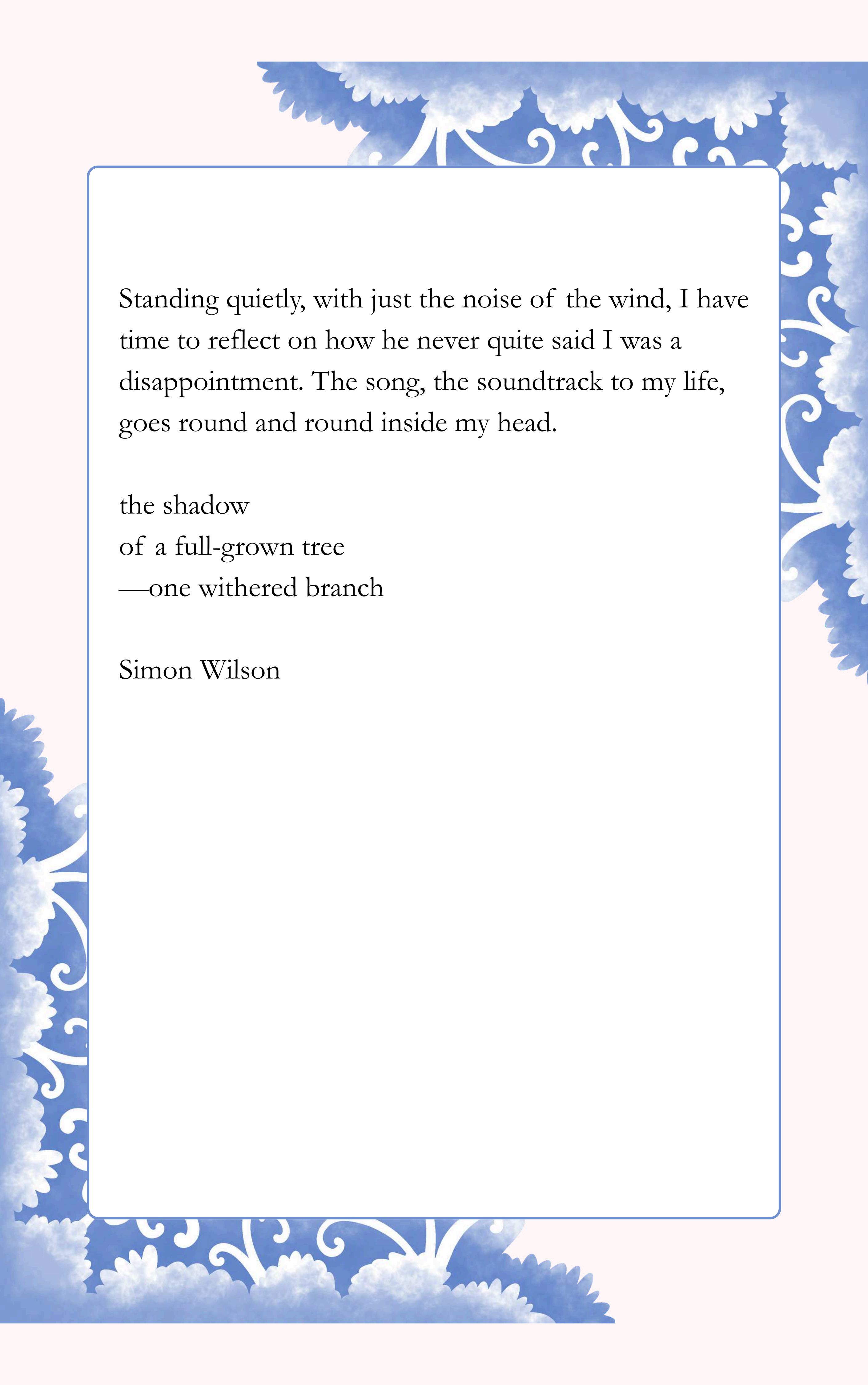
the iceberg waits  
for the scream of tearing steel  
cruel sea

Jenny Shepherd

## **A Fine and Private Place**

Every bursted bubble has a glory, according to the song from the film Chitty Chitty Bang Bang. I saw it at the pictures during a rare childhood holiday on the coast. Dad had a conference to attend and clients to see, so he dropped us off on Sunday and came back five days later. It rained every day, there was little to do, and we saw a lot of films. On Saturday we travelled home in sunshine.

Today, as I do every three or four years, I am visiting his grave. Mum and Dad are buried together, ashes mingled in the Garden of Rest at the church where they married. Someone has planted roses since I was last here. They ramble chaotically over the wall, stretching towards the distant hills.



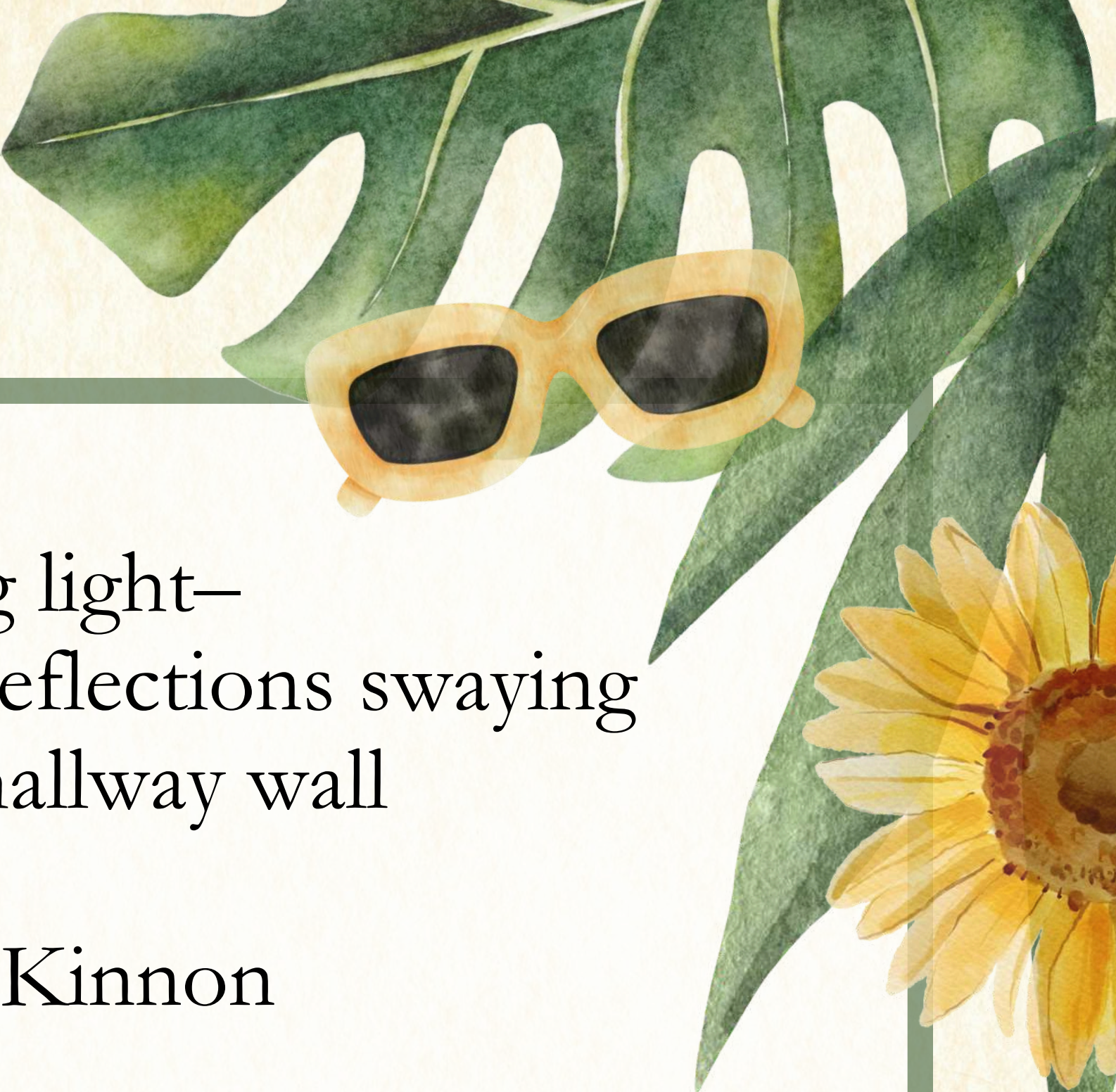
Standing quietly, with just the noise of the wind, I have time to reflect on how he never quite said I was a disappointment. The song, the soundtrack to my life, goes round and round inside my head.

the shadow  
of a full-grown tree  
—one withered branch

Simon Wilson

A watercolor illustration of a summer scene. In the top right corner, a pair of orange sunglasses with black lenses is perched on a large green monstera leaf. To its right is a bright yellow sunflower with a brown center. In the bottom left corner, another pair of orange sunglasses with black lenses is perched on a monstera leaf. To its left is another yellow sunflower. The background is a light beige color with a subtle texture. A thin green rectangular border frames the central text area.

# Summer Fizzling



morning light—  
leaves' reflections swaying  
on the hallway wall

Rob McKinnon


in the schoolyard  
a lone sunflower  
Bakhmut summer

Brian Kates

narrow valley  
the river bends  
the road



Bob Stewart



the trout slipping  
through his broken net –  
dad's aphasia

Jo McInerney


early swim  
the tip of a wave  
salting her lips

Barrie Levine

after his tantrum  
three wilted dandelions  
in a small fist



Marilyn Humbert

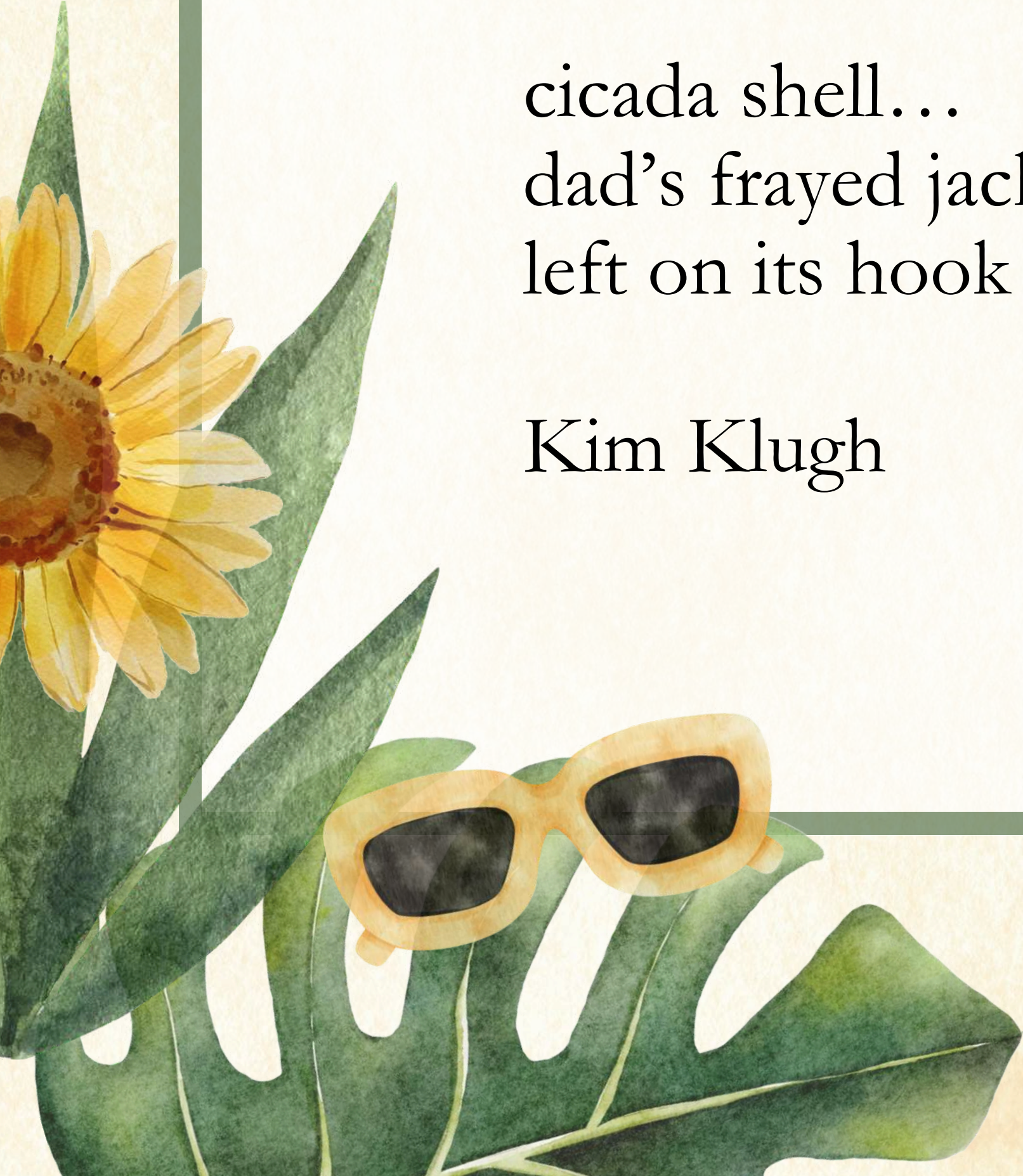


mid-summer noon  
a flying hawk stirs  
the heat mirage

Hifsa Ashraf

harmattan tide  
all the hardness  
in dew


Uchechukwu Onyedikam



cicada shell...  
dad's frayed jacket  
left on its hook

Kim Klugh





stepping outdoors  
her cigarette smoke whisper  
greet the wren

Randy Brooks


suddenly a road runner questions to follow

Peter Jastermsky

shelling eggs -  
this broken  
world

Maire Morrissey Cummins





just the wind  
the twitch of a ladybird  
in my palm

Mark Gilbert


slow day  
scanning the classifieds  
for an elephant

Dyana Basist

beachcombing  
my footprints fill  
with plover song

Annie Wilson





spruces in fog . . .  
a tossed clam shell  
fills with rain

Kristen Lindquist


after the wind the  
wildflowers' necks

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

was it only  
yesterday—  
purple lilacs

Laurie D. Morrissey





two young crows  
harrying a hawk  
the hill's steep climb

John Hawkhead


inchworm racing his shadow to noon

Julie Schwerin

a double rainbow  
over the library--  
I sign out two books



Jimmy Pappas



children's day  
in the hospice courtyard  
sparrows are playing

Wiesław Karliński


island hopping  
a stranded temple's shadow  
on the sea

Alan Peat

cheekbreath  
a wind dimples  
the koi pond

Dylan Stover





water lilies  
a girl scatters wishes  
between koi

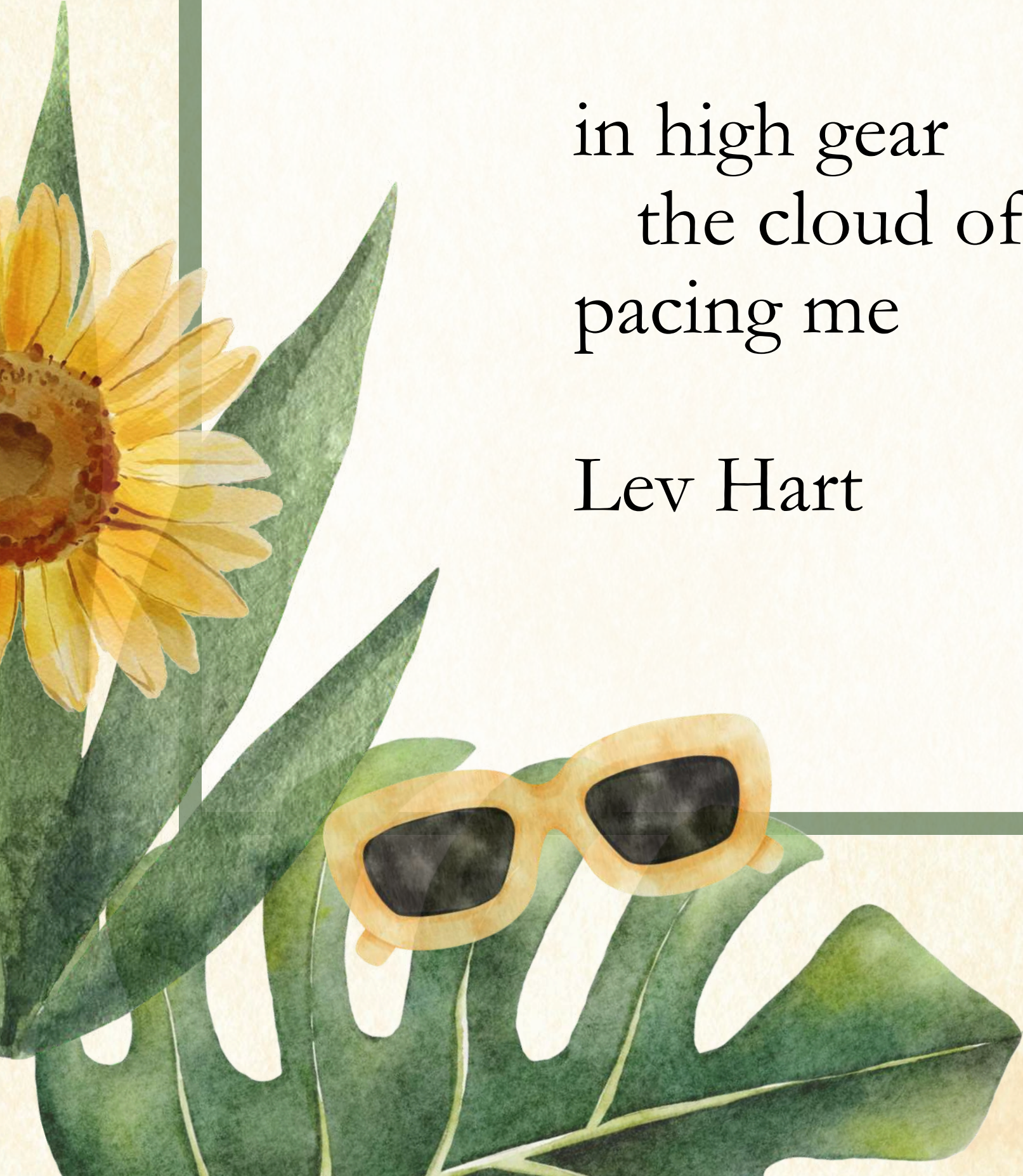
Louise Hopewell


open discussion  
in the family garden  
overgrown thistles

Hifsa Ashraf

in high gear  
the cloud of mosquitoes  
pacing me

Lev Hart





working their way  
through Exodus  
church mice

Edward Cody Huddleston


August the heaviness of grapes

Roberta Beach Jacobson

a small breeze  
in the water basin –  
the cherry tree shakes

Paul Bregazzi





komorebi  
purple fungi flowering  
the moss


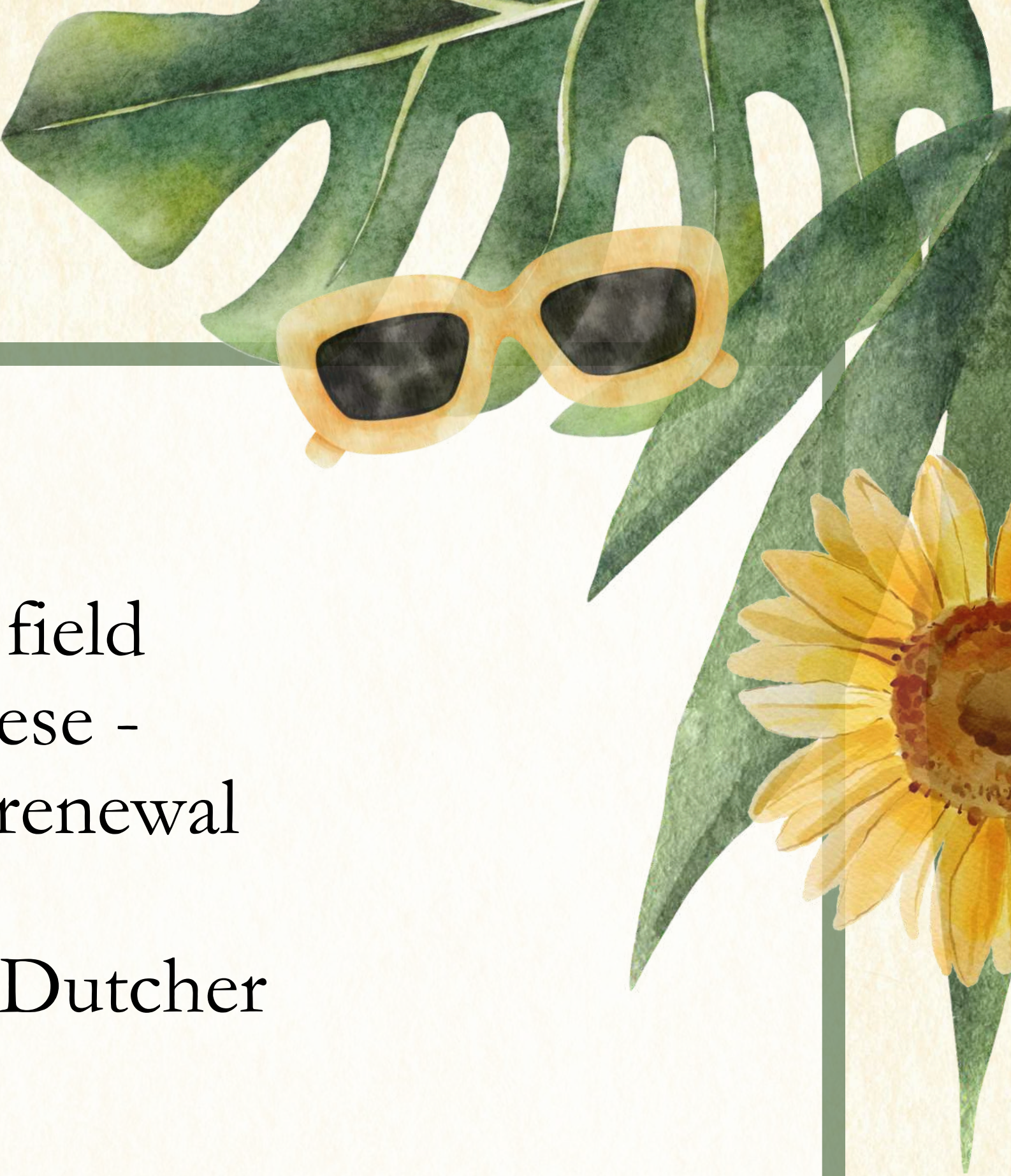
Lorraine Haig

wood pigeon's throat  
the bruise peeks  
from her polo-neck

Lorraine Carey

shadow  
of a belt buckle  
mountain arnica

Jerome Berglund



empty field  
and geese -  
urban renewal

Roger Dutcher


summer glacier  
hiking the high black rim  
left behind

Leslie Umans

adults talk wills  
a little girl colors  
her placemat

David Oates



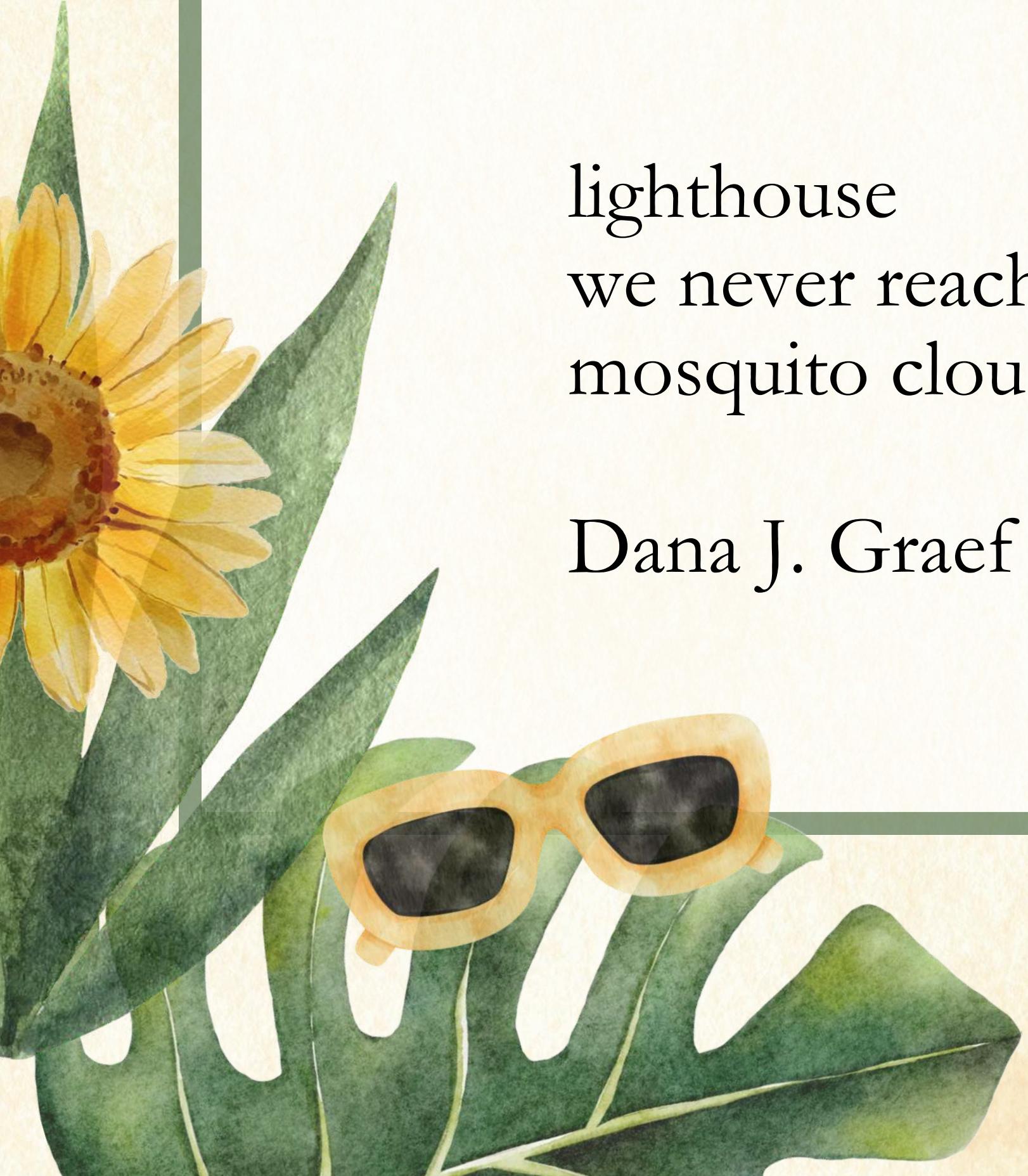


cold to the touch  
the dog tags  
in dad's belongings

Sharon Martina

books piled up  
on a washing machine —  
backstreet in summer

Maurizio Brancaleoni





lighthouse  
we never reached—  
mosquito cloud

Dana J. Graef





Mark Meyer





a June moon  
low on the horizon  
flecks of strawberry

Deborah Burke Henderson


the impermanence  
of purpose  
vernal pools

Kathryn Haydon



summer rains  
more orange blooms  
of missiles

Archie Carlos



lost —  
a hawk moth  
on his plastic rose

Katja Fox


pool-house door locked  
the sharp kick  
of dark summer clouds

Nicholas Gentile

his Buddha statue  
on the sidewalk--  
new owners

Jimmy Pappas





misunderstood  
the silence  
of dust mites

Joseph P. Wechselberger


weeping willows  
sweep stone steps—  
thunder at the temple

Maximilan Akagi

hospice window  
mum and the hydrangeas  
bluer today

Adele Evershed





leftover rain  
the books he dog-eared  
to death

Glenn Coats


mango shower  
a farmer brushes the day  
off his shirt

Ganesh R.

accident blackspot  
beside the memorial plaque  
hedge woundwort

David J Kelly





hummingbirds  
looking for the feeder  
she used to fill

Kimberly Kuchar


summer's end  
a cool wind  
lifts the tablecloth

Tony Williams

afternoon heat  
the long reach  
of the sprinkler

Ben Gaa



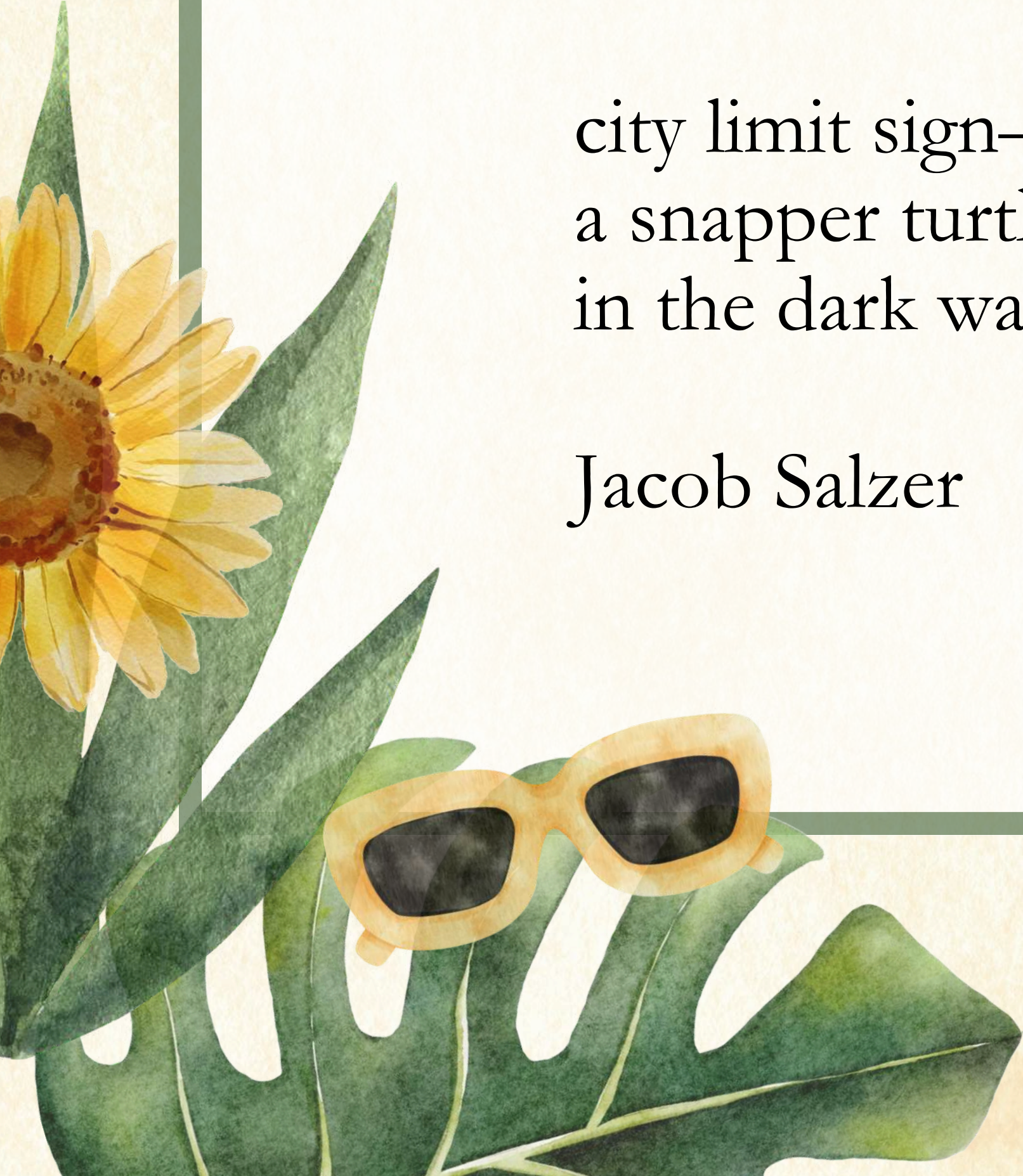


light bleeding  
through stained glass  
the rubble still warm

Robert Witmer

cirrus threads  
osmanthus scent wanders  
within the hospice


Sandip Chauhan



city limit sign—  
a snapper turtle disappears  
in the dark water

Jacob Salzer





moon after rain  
stepping around  
puddles of light


Kevin Valentine


cat's cradle  
between telephone cables  
the red sinking sun

Dylan Stover

the deep blue  
of my hometown sky  
summer's end

Mona Bedi





evening drizzle  
firefly lights up the inside  
of a snail shell

Hynek Koziol


a white ibis  
fishing at twilight  
fingernail moon

Eric Sundquist

laden  
with moonlight  
old peach tree



Julie Bates



summer forest  
walking more slowly  
over wild violets

Fatma Zohra Habis

All Saints' dusk  
coaxing the corn dust  
to its final rest

Dan Schwerin

cycling the moon and i in sync

Kala Ramesh

# With Thanks

Luci and I would like to give our thanks to some of the people who have most recently offered their generous support to our journal. We are so grateful that you champion this project as it develops and grows. These donations, along with the many kind, encouraging comments, galvanise us to do ever better with each edition.

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