

Wales Haiku Journal

Summer '26



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Editors' Note

Welcome to the Summer '26 edition of the Wales Haiku Journal.

This issue brings together 210 works from poets around the world, including our largest collection of haibun, renga, haiga, tanka and haiku sequences to date. Within these pages are poems we'll be returning to for a long time. We genuinely believe this is our strongest edition yet. Even now, we find ourselves returning to certain poems, reading them again, and wondering how three short lines can hold so much.





As editors, we're continually grateful for the trust so many writers place in us. With every edition, our community grows a little larger, welcoming new voices alongside familiar friends. It's a privilege to witness the remarkable breadth of contemporary haiku and its related forms.

We're especially encouraged by the growing enthusiasm surrounding this year's Summer Haiku Competition and by the increasing number of people discovering haiku for the first time. It feels as though this mindful, attentive art form continues to find new readers and writers with every passing season.





Thank you for being part of that journey. Whether you're reading, writing, sharing

or supporting the journal, we're so grateful you're here. We hope you enjoy the Summer '26 edition.

Warm wishes,
Joe & Luci





Summer Stirring





cocoon opening—
first-graders
motionless

Patricia Haddock


cirrus clouds
the first pancake
is never perfect

Ian Willey

new home
the geranium cutting's
tiny roots

Katie Montagna





butterfly net—
the meadow suddenly
aware of us

Thomas L. Vaultonburg


old barn
in the morning chill
calf's breath

Jamie Wimberly

silent pond
beaks dipping
at sun sparks

John Low





a cool breeze
glides over the lake
riffs on a silver flute

Robert Witmer


nodding daffodils
father steers my mother
from the passenger side

Glenn G. Coats

rainbow
on the bridge
a child lifts her kite

Kimberly Olmtak Gomes





first hot day
the cotton dress
creases

Rachel Greve

double rainbow—
a child's giggle
caught by the river rocks

Adele Evershed

twirling in her new dress petal drift

Reid Hepworth





lost notebook
sand and longing tumble
from the pages

Farah Ali

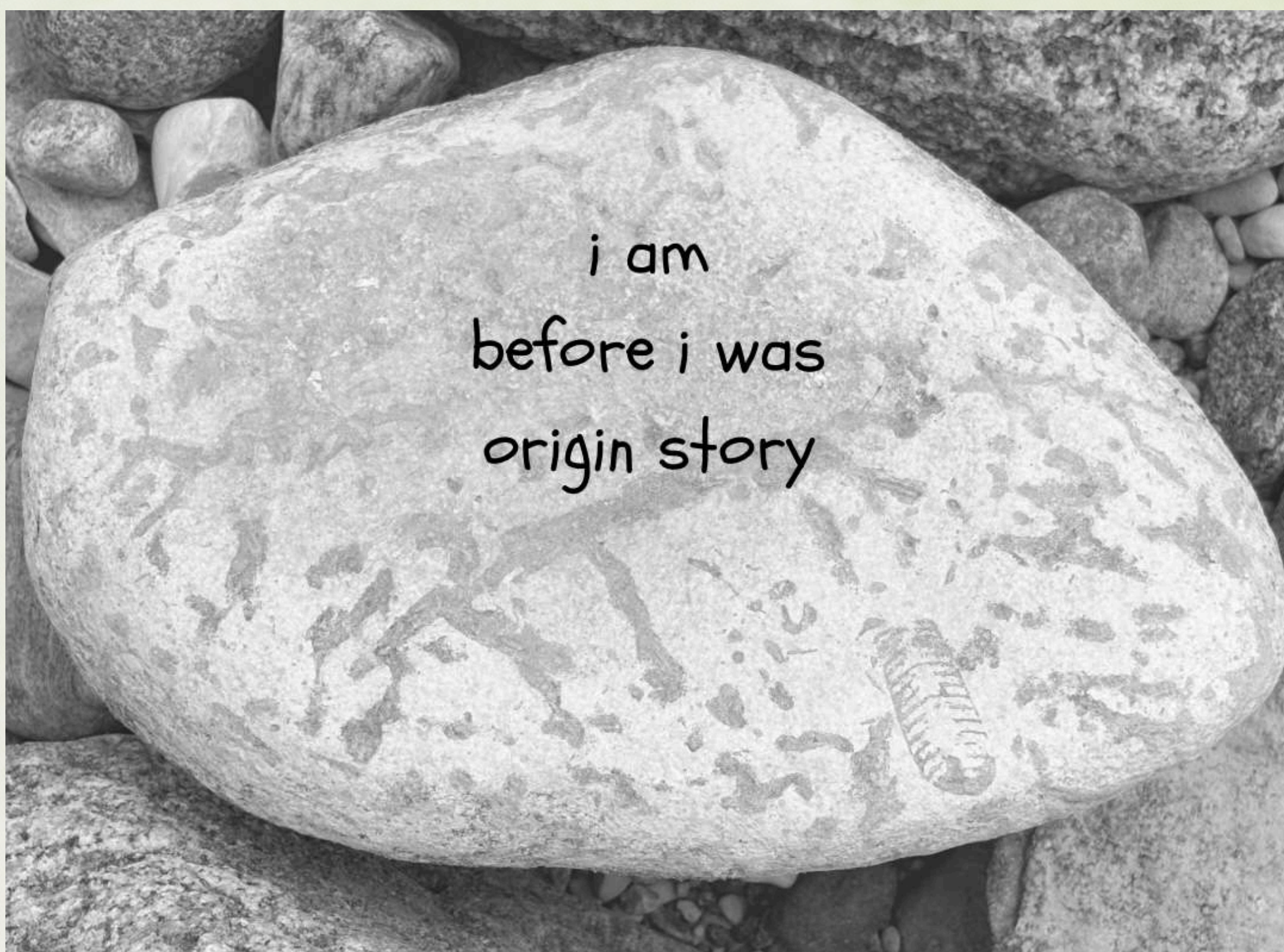
tea and biscuits –
his nametag
upside down

Lorraine Haig

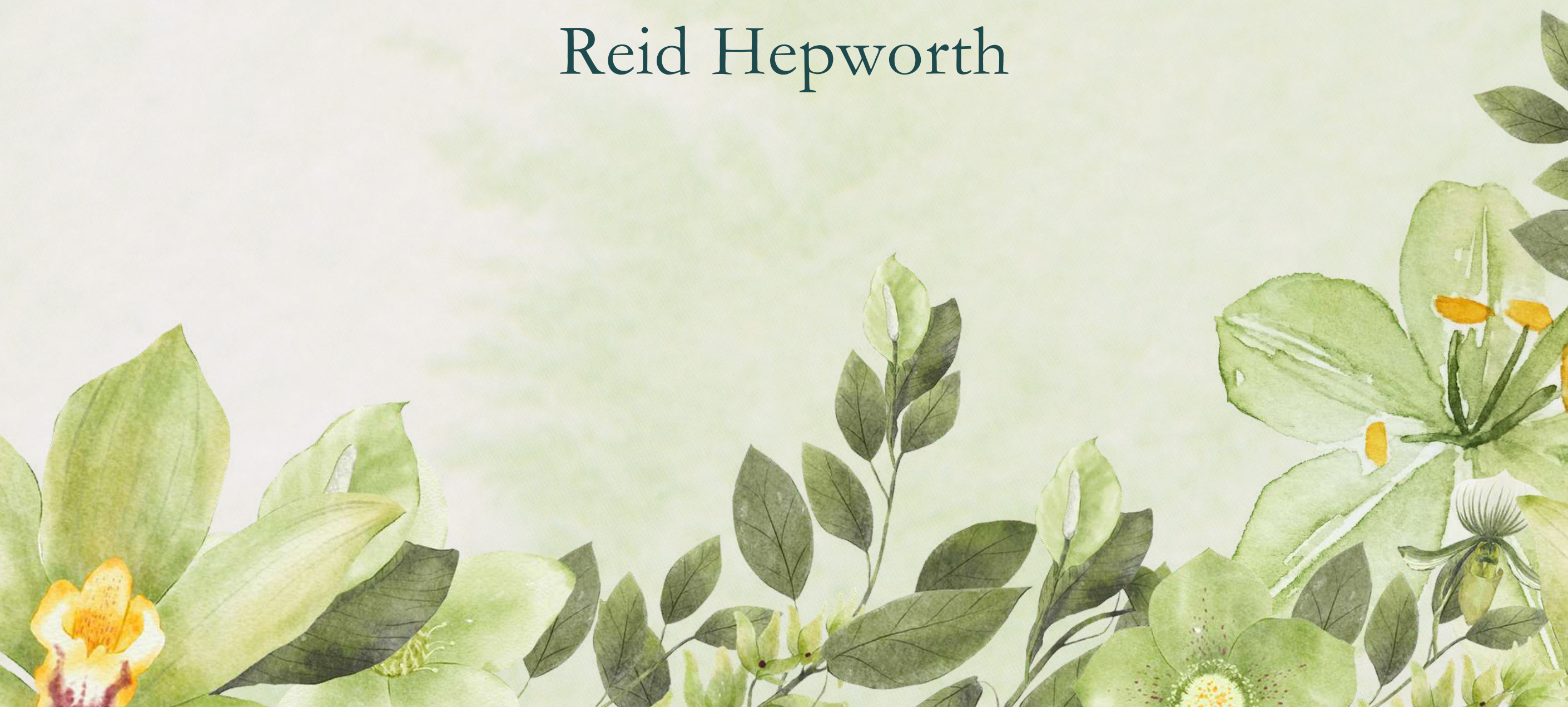
I breathe in
my childhood summers
wet moss


Sharon Walter





Reid Hepworth





new steps
by the cabin door...
the same old key

Artur Zieliński


day moon—
hush after
the call to prayer

Vishal Prabhu

old ferry ghat—
one slipper filling slowly
with rain

Rajat Chandra Sarmah





curling
back on itself...
dead spider

Melissa Dennison


leaf light
a spider spins its web
across the badger's exit

Thomas Powell

wood stork
a shadow
through eelgrass

Marilyn Ashbaugh





waiting for rain
two mangoes
fall beside the coffin

Soumya Mukherjee

back in the city
finding the shell
i left in my pocket

Barrie Levine

wild violets
driveway repairs
put on hold

Adelaide B. Shaw





hidden treetops wood thrush duet

Norbert Kovacs


the pulse
of a bee's belly. . .
sweet alyssum

Terri L. French

lavender field—
her purple crayon
worn to a nub

thomas david





worn-out shoes
a street cobbler mends
my journey

Hifsa Ashraf


family reunion
ripping the husks
off the corn

Tom Bierovic

baseball radio
a wavy line
of mustard

Chad Lee Robinson





remote bay
shallow water keeping
a silence of stones

Adrian Bouter


row after row
garden seeds
the taste of August

Nicholas Gentile

wildflower —
a survivor's hand
through the concrete

Mark Hendrickson





crosswind flight
to a thicker reed
roseate skimmer

Bill Cooper


pine needles
crisp underfoot
the river runs low

Nancy Orr

waterlogged baggie
the mackerel's
fixed stare

Peter Jastermsky





dandelion fluff –
scattered thoughts
all day long

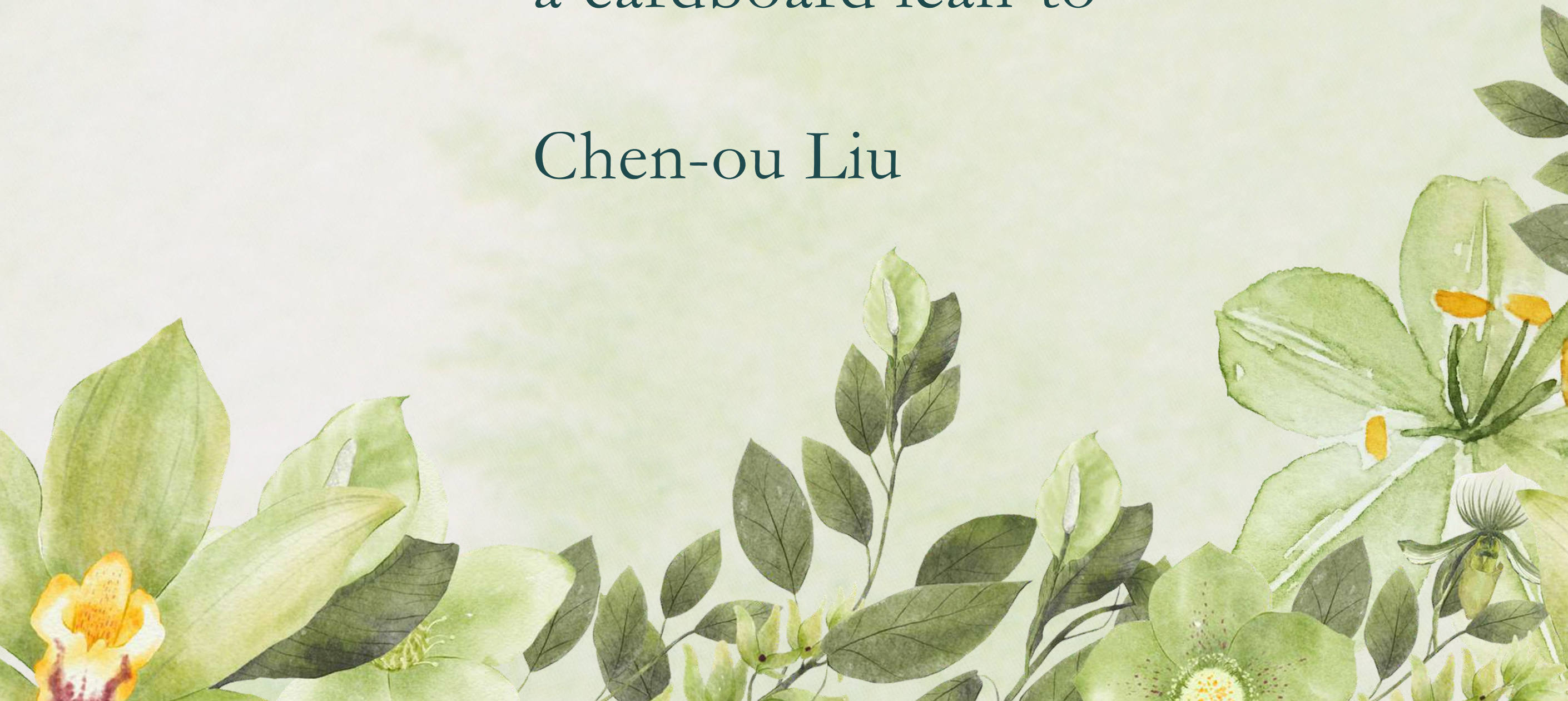
Mirela Brailean


honey locust tree
mother's well-kept secret
exposed

Stephenie Story

dust motes
in the streetlamp glow
a cardboard lean-to

Chen-ou Liu





tide
the castle sinks
into its moat

Edward Cody Huddleston

low cloud
sheep bells drift
out of sight

Travis Park

country resort a revolving door of bird songs


Vandana Parashar





this too shall pass Mother's Day

Biswajit Mishra



summer breeze
a squadron of pelicans
shreds June gloom

William Scott Galasso


cutting through
the happy hour crowd
patio squirrels

Ben Gaa

airstrike rubble
their daughter's last
summer class

Archie G. Carlos





after the storm
a song i didn't know
i was holding

Doug Belleville


bridge with stars -
falling lilac blossoms
return to the sky

Steliana Cristina Voicu

warm breeze
zesting a lemon
into the cake

Lorraine Haig





storm warning
a tangle of driftwood
anchored in sand

Bob Lucky


getting carried away--
the nuptial flight
of a monarch butterfly

Kim Klugh

hosing beach sand
from our feet . . .
a plover's pippeting call

Hannah Mahoney





wing beats
the improbable journey
of pollen

Jeff Hoagland


cleaning the eaves
a bit of shell
in last year's nest

Barbara Feehrer

redwood our initials begin to bleed

Arvinder Kaur





shooing off
the housefly again...
unwashed plates

Madhuri Pillai


garden party debris ...
the dregs of the day
drain into dusk

David J Kelly

pink sunset
the last peony
drops its petals

Cynthia Anderson





teakwood forest
the dusk
inside a towhee's cry

sanjuktaa asopa


buck moon
the low crackle
of powerlines

Ravi Kiran

setting sun
shines through a dandelion
grandma`s smile

Aleksandra Rybczyńska





dining alone
I ask the waiter
to light the candle

Joseph P. Wechselberger


quad lights
across a darkening fell
bleats of the flock

Ben Oliver

late to bed
the room full
of uncounted sheep

David J Kelly





Mojave moon
dreaming of rabbits
the three-legged dog

Gordon Brown



night sky
over our village home
my Universe

Ashoka Weerakkody



The image features a light beige background with a central vertical band of a slightly darker shade. The corners are decorated with floral illustrations. The top-left corner shows a branch with green leaves, a yellow rose, and several pink, dotted berries. The top-right corner features a large yellow daisy-like flower and an orange flower. The bottom-left corner has a yellow daisy, an orange flower, and some brown leaves. The bottom-right corner shows a yellow rose, green leaves, and several pink, dotted berries.

Summer Singing



solstice dawn
nudging the sprinkler
into the sun

Lori Kiefer

the tones
of first light
mourning doves

Kathryn P. Haydon

overnight rain—
a refugee's water bottle
filled with yesterday



Adele Evershed



late morning
the slope of a robin's back
catches sunlight

Deborah Burke Henderson

fully immersed
in locust song
woodland pond

Bryan Rickert

rural school bus
roadside waves
of goldenrod

Bob Stewart





peace talks
both spiders spin
their webs

Beata Czeszejko



clearing Dad's house...
in the sock drawer
his medals

Peggy Hale Bilbro

bluff-side creek
new leaves pixelate
the trees



Ben Gaa



cicada cry —
the hollow in her pillow
still warm

Martina Matijević

divided
among heirs
asparagus fern

Ralph Matthews

report cards
stuffed in their envelopes . . .
summer heat

Michael Dylan Welch





pearl grey dusk dark birds settling

Nancy Orr

plum blooms
the cat's cradle
of contrails

John Pappas

campfire
the progress
I've made

Chad Lee Robinson





tasting
my father's childhood ...
chapatis

Betsy Hearne

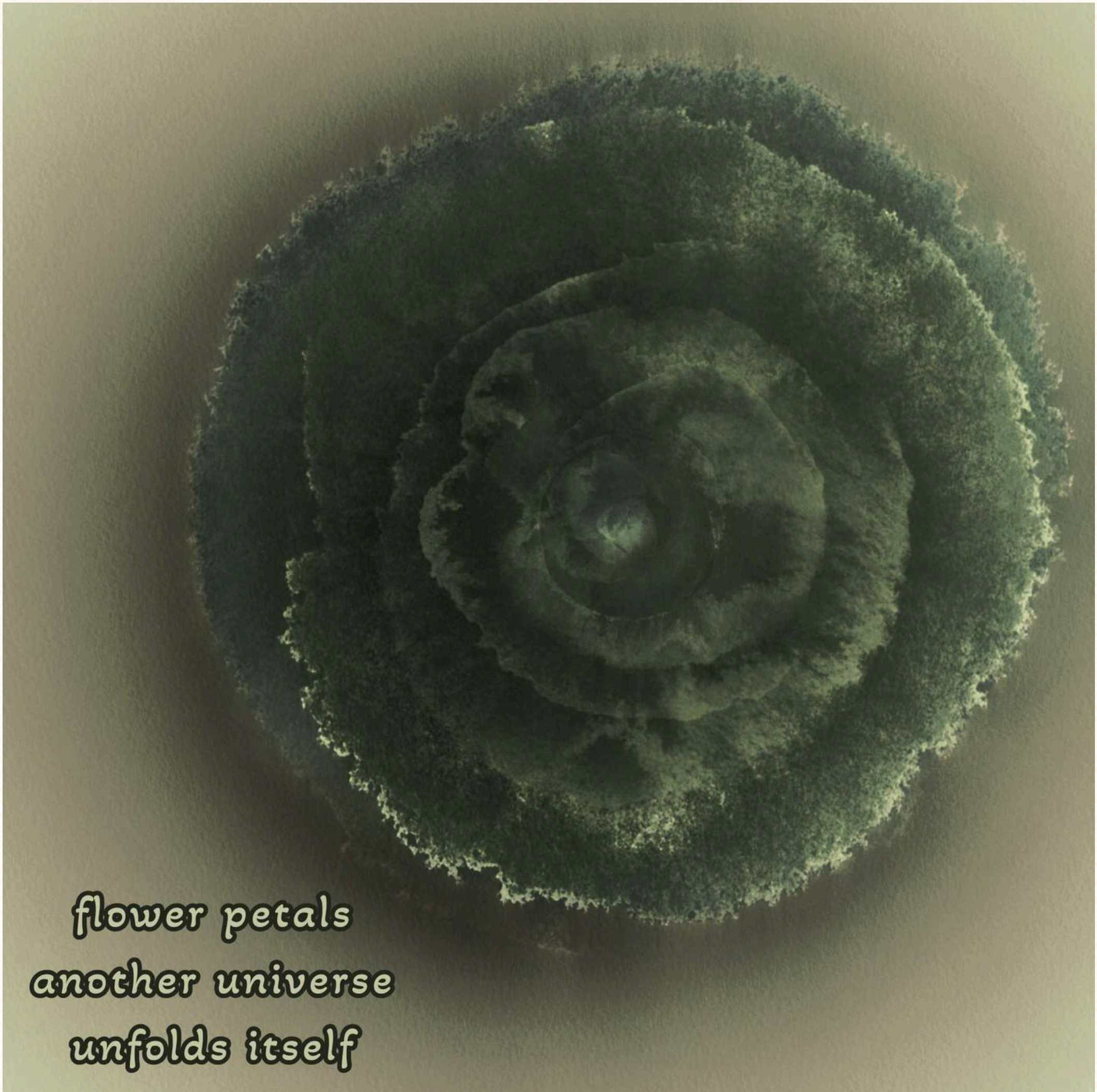
midsummer sun
a redhead
in the freckled shade

Tony Williams

sunlit estuary
a heron floats
its shadow upstream



Adele Evershed





Mark Meyer





sudden breeze
a whisper
of green persimmons

Mike Fainzilber



lake's edge
a silver fish turns
into a heron

Joy Hallinan

round-a-bout . . .
the small car full
of tuba



Lorraine Haig



the kickback
from dad's shotgun
wild violets

Rowan Beckett Minor



bloodstains
on my Persian rug
wars in the East

Marie Derley

checking his crops
a farmer on
his one leg left

Peter Jastermsky





low tide —
a gull lifts
the same shell twice

Jacek Margolak



the limp worm
in a robin's beak —
settling storm

Lucas Weissenborn

beach sand
whipped by the wind
velella

Sarah Paris





a little pickle
on the side
summer fling

Vandana Parashar


row of tan houses—
lone jacaranda
blooming

Patricia Haddock

reaching the end of my rope swing

Reid Hepworth



The page features decorative floral illustrations in the corners. The top-left corner shows a branch with green leaves and several round, pinkish-red berries. The top-right corner features a cluster of yellow and orange flowers with dark centers. The bottom-left corner has a large yellow flower with a dark center and smaller orange flowers. The bottom-right corner shows a branch with green leaves and several round, pinkish-red berries.

rain barrel—
a wasp drinking
the whole sky

Thomas L. Vaultonburg

summer rain
the long and short
of a turtle's neck

Ravi Kiran

stone garden
raking the sound
of straight lines

Morgan Ophir



nesting long distance I curl up in your voice

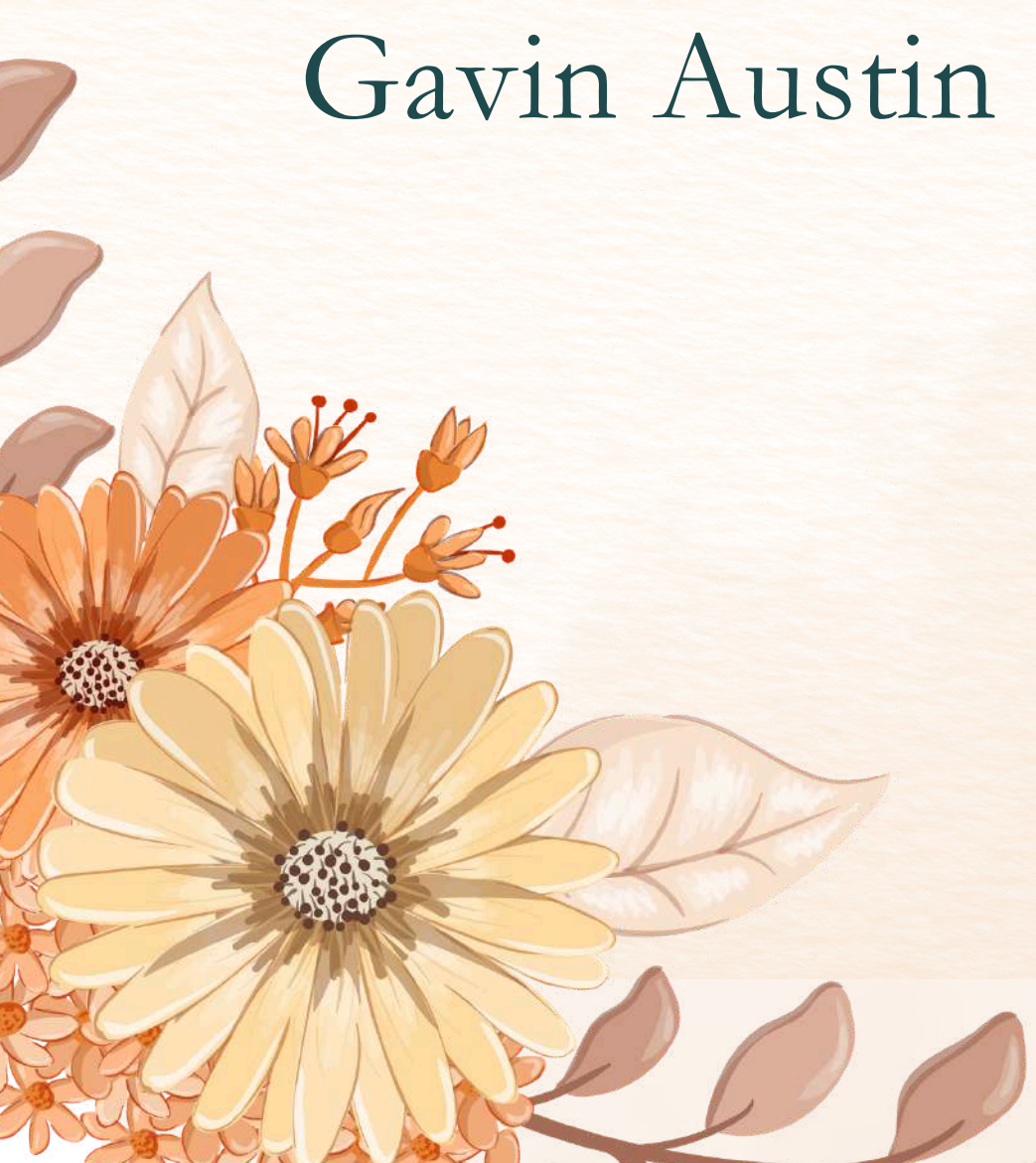
Carla Schwartz

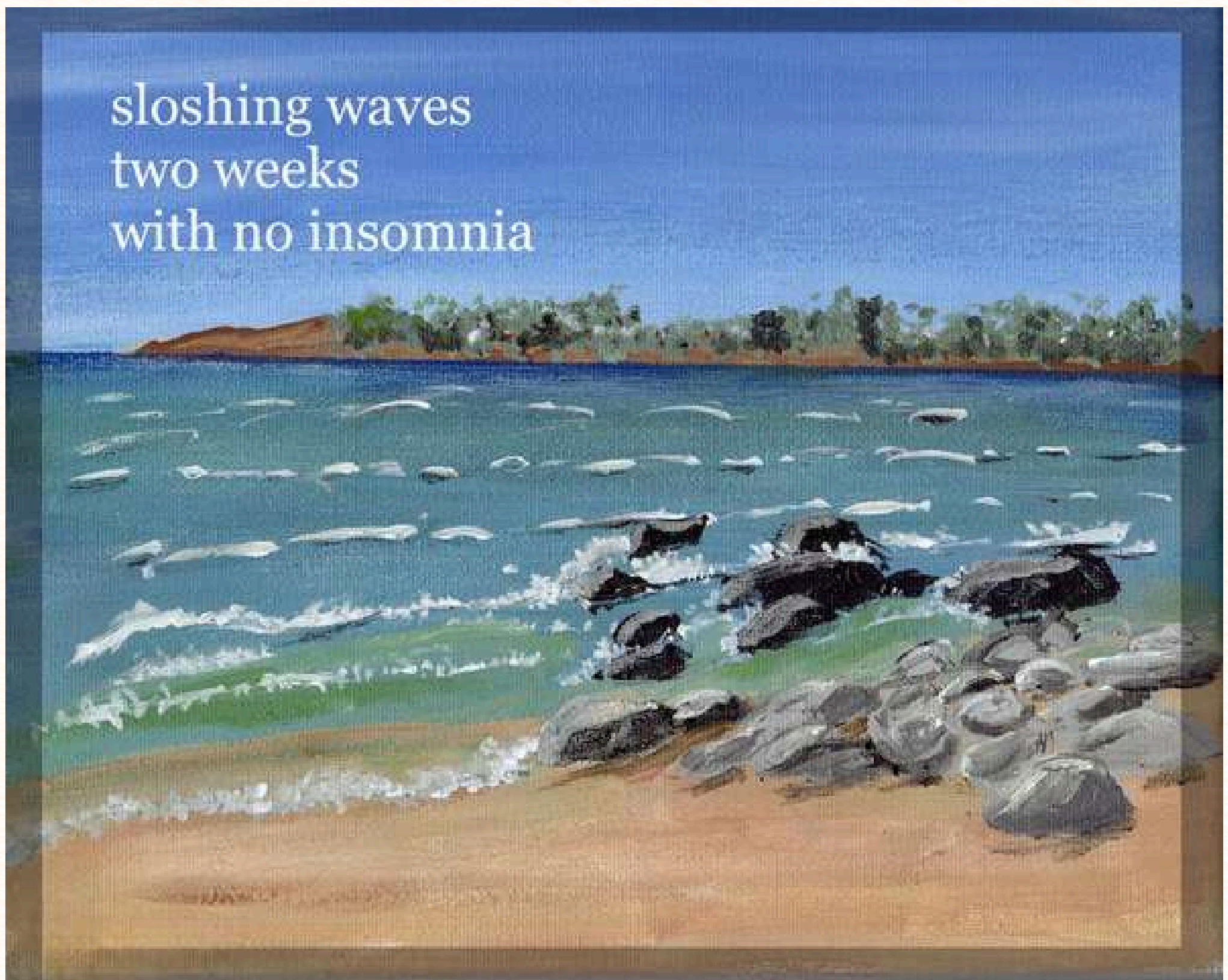
sugar maple leaves —
our hands touching
the worn headstone

Kristen Lindquist

milkweed pod
the unhinged colours
of a monarch



Gavin Austin





Adelaide B. Shaw





only the thin branches
tremble
noon breeze

Byron Wilson



summer wind
dad's voice through
the venturi mask

Hifsa Ashraf

gridlock--
a drift of bluebonnets
through the median



Terri L. French



Butterflies dancing
near the clay hovel –
bitter cherries

Florentina Loredana Dalian



詰め将棋
静寂破る
蝉の声

tsume shougi
seijaku yaburu
semi no koe

a long game of chess —
the voice of a cicada
breaking the silence

David Thorndale





yard sale
only a tattered kite
not for sale

Bob Lucky



deep summer
spilling from buttercups
sunlit rain

Wedndy Cobourne

toads singing
to the rains —
glossolalia



Sylvester Kwakye



a break
in the prison wall
yellow daisy

Kathryn P. Haydon



shield ferns
the yearling deer
steps toward us

Kristen Lindquist

mojito on the terrace —
the orchestra conductor
waving at a bee

Claudia Codau





evening pasture—
a cow's slow gaze
untangles my hurry

Thomas L. Vaultonburg

out of no-where
bird shadow
bird

Herb Tate

sunset sky—
the vendor counts
unsold melons

Neena Singh





Nick T





campsite million-star accommodation

Aleksandra Rybczyńska



crescent moon
the pearlescence
of kanzashi

Bonnie J Scherer

a summer storm
I learn to sleep
with wind chimes

Joanna Ashwell





summer stars
the invisible math
between them

Kerry J Heckman

roofless house waxing moon

Mariangela Canzi

still water
the night heron wades
in Andromeda

sanjuktaa asopa





midsummer moon
a mirror carp somersaults
among the lily pads

Keith Evetts


shooting stars
plunge into the lake
I cast my line

Jenny Sharpe





Summer Settling



summer's dawn
children stir reflections
in the creek

Glenn G. Coats


God?
the answer returns
as an echo

Jaundré van Breda

first light
a crack in the sky
lark song

Clive Bennett





first morning walk
since his surgery
the pull of new scars

Janet Ruth

morning sun
on the countertop
the blinking cat

John Pappas

puppy love
the fluff in the pasture
never landing

Adrian Bouter





summer sound of rain on an upturned canoe

Gordon Brown

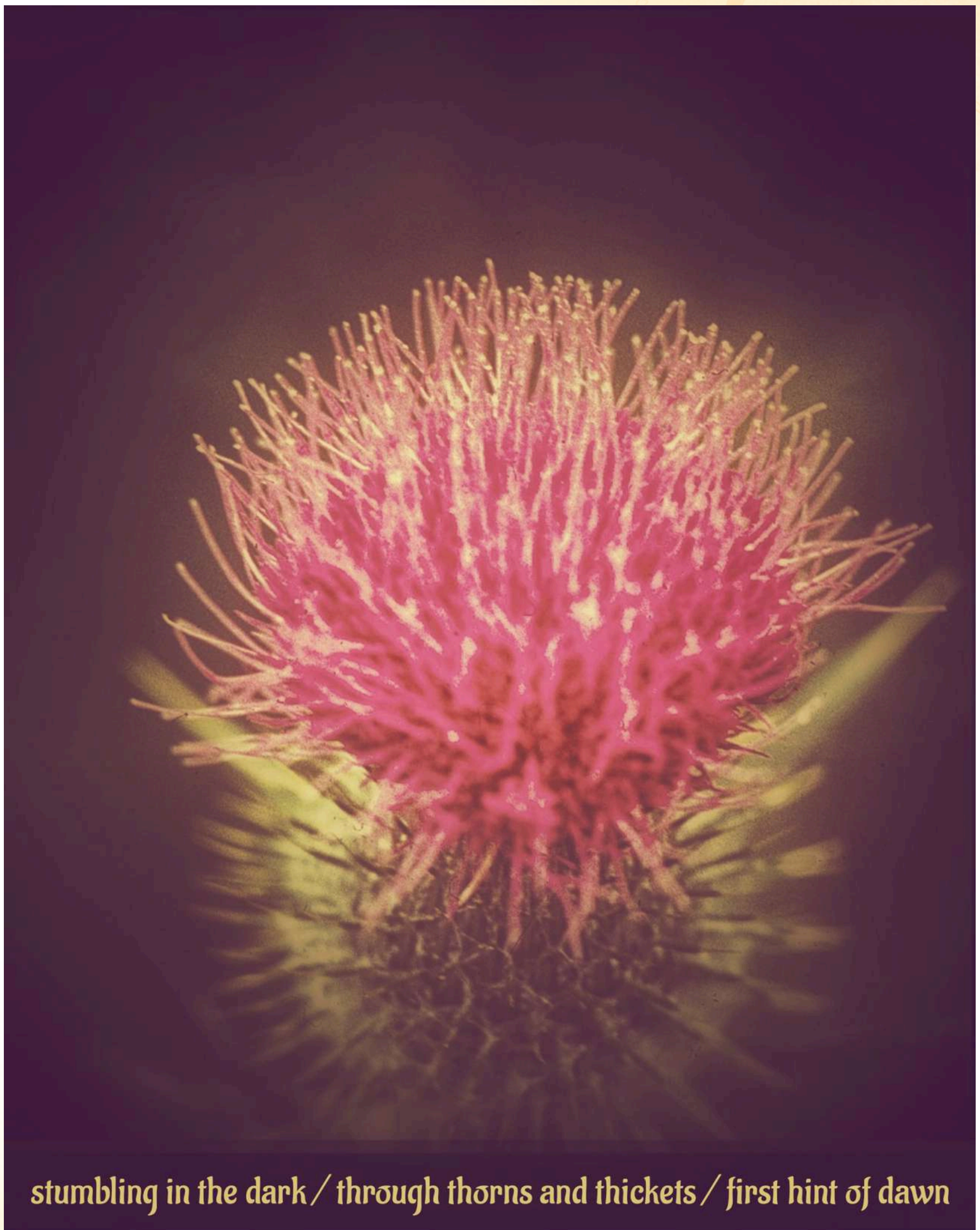
border patrol —
a line on the window
level with the cat's nose

David J Kelly

newsflash about the kill
between my fingers
the pantry moth

Beata Czeszejko






stumbling in the dark / through thorns and thickets / first hint of dawn

Mark Meyer





weeding
the vegetable garden
wild strawberries

Nancy Orr


tacking
the torn earth . . .
first rain

Bipasha Majumder

unmarked trail
my son draws a map
with a stick

Barrie Levine





fruit that didn't grow
a tomatillo lantern
filled with only light

Mariya Gusev


prolonged heat –
noisy swifts circling
our wordless walk

Goda Virginija Bendoraitienė

a blackberry
collapses in my mouth
the taste of your name

Vandana Parashar





splintered fence
the many eyes
of a peacock

Gareth Nurden

outdoor wedding
 sunlight slants into
the absentee's seat

Keiko Izawa

lucid day
we share a
romantic dinner

Christopher Seep





tea ceremony –
all eyes and ears
the girl's dolls

Mirela Brailean


beach resort
slow clouds
in the lap pool

Gavin Austin

residue
of bitter pomegranate
her health kick

Reid Hepworth





rocking it gently
in my arms
broken guitar

Michael Dylan Welch

the little church
where our family is buried
jarfly husks

Rowan Beckett Minor

Easter Sunday...
my former life
as a sparrow

Pippa Phillips





potty training
the boy next door sprinkles
the marigolds

Bisshie


wood thrush notes the lavender of wild geranium

Kathryn Liebowitz

moving day
a maple seed
on my suitcase

Edward Cody Huddleston





pruning—
from thorn to thorn
in inchworm time

Marilyn Ashbaugh

lake waves . . .
a bluebird dips
from the sky

Kathryn P. Haydon

late summer —
the mark of a ring
on my finger

Claudia Codau





off guard in plum scrub a flutter

Deborah Bowman


pooh sticks from under the bridge wake of a sunhat

Diana Webb

hard candy
the silence of
my oldest child

Peter Jastermsky





field mice
in the broomsedge
pausing a scythe

Tom Bierovic


sea shells
broken in transit
summer love

Svetla Mirova

thick mizzle
a gull feather snags
on a thatch of rockweed

Kristen Lindquist





tight hug
her lavender perfume
in my shirt

Ram Chandran


purple trillium
a deeper shade
of warzone

Lorraine A Padden

slot canyon
sand in the crease
of the trail map

Bob Stewart





channel crossing—
a lullaby in another tongue
off starboard side

Adele Evershed


prairie heat
a bison licks a patch
of sunburst lichen

Brad Bennett

museum reflection pond
a water strider's legs
akimbo

Randy Brooks





pressed daisy
grandma calls me
my mother's name

Denisa Hanšutová


desert hammock dreaming a grove of white birch

Julie Schwerin

false crawl
a pelican squeezing water
from his maw

Bill Cooper





the rose
has its hooks in me
diphenhydramine

Ollie Surber


lemon pips the one that got away

Debbie Strange

an arum lily
from grandmother's garden
thriving in shadow

Patricia Hawkhead





the slow turn
of a marshmallow
summer's end

Laurie D. Morrissey

eye chart
all the letters
I used to be able to read

Wilda Morris

zoetrope
the flicker of forest
from the train

sara winteridge




fishing
for
shadows



Peter Jackson





first butterflies —
shredded bits of paper
between the cobblestones

Francoise Maurice


snatching an apple
from my neighbor's orchard
the nunnery bell tolls

Nicholas Klacsanzky

forget-me-nots
the nursing home window
shuts

Ryan Wade Biller





first raindrops
the shifting lifeline
in my palm

Kavita Ratna

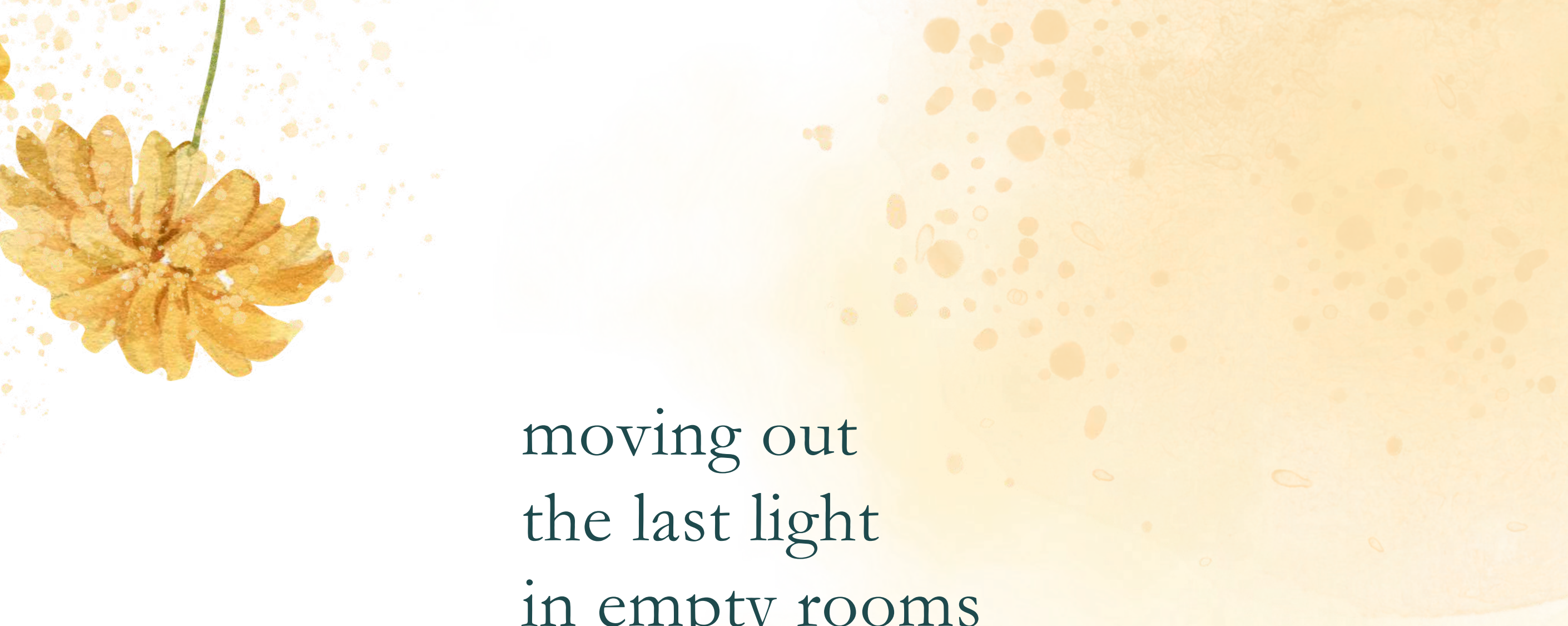
summer hill slope
mother's shadow
with two shopping bags

Keiko Izawa

lights out —
after the piano
the crickets

Claudia Codau





moving out
the last light
in empty rooms

Nitu Yumnam


soft dusk air
the record needle circles
cicadas cry

Yoon Kim

evening rain
one cup
moved closer



Jacek Margolak



egg moon
blackbird singing
in the dead elm tree

Bisshie

star-filled river
in the torch beam
crocodiles' eyes

Marilyn Humbert

summer's end
a sparkler hits the water
with a hiss

Ian Willey





Tanka,
Rengay,
A Haiku
Sequence





today's mail
with an ad addressed to you
gives me a jolt
even after many years
I still reach out for you

Adelaide B. Shaw

first lesson
of retirement...
learning to fold
paper cranes
on a weekday

John Zheng





The Start of Something

orchard blossoms
ripening in morning dew
the oriole's song

an infant's giggle
as she rises to her knees

origami
a fiddlehead fern
unfolds spring

a quill pen
sotted with words of love
ready to fly

the giddy-up call
of a returning crane

cupped hands
full of strawberries
scent of chocolate

Marilyn Ashbaugh (1,3,5)
and Jeanne Cook (2,4,6)





Bookends

clay tablets
in the British Museum . . .
low ultraviolet light Michael

tales of hidden treasure
in the Dead Sea Scrolls Garry

turning of a page . . .
the Book of Kells
at Trinity College Michael

waiting in line
to view
a Gutenberg Bible Garry

City Lights
selling paperbacks Michael

at the beach
reading a novel
on my Kindle Garry

Michael Dylan Welch and Garry Gay





Odonata

bike path
an eastern amberwing
tags along

pickerelweed
an azure bluet
sheds its skin

water's edge
golden-winged skimmers
battle for a mate

drifting cork
a calico pennant clings
to my fishing rod





still water
a scarlet darter deposits
her eggs

twilight shadows
the blue dasher catches
a mosquito

night fishing
a neon skimmer rests
on a lily

Kevin Valentine





Haibun



There's something

about rain tapping at windows and blustering wind
that makes me want to chant a lament, but instead
I sink into a chair and watch the rain bejewel the
halo of a swaying streetlight. I'm convinced the
weather is singing just to me, and maybe you,
wherever you are.

our favorite song
the emptiness
of blue skies


Bob Lucky






Gratitude

The Internet is awash with memes on how astoundingly immense the universe is, and how astoundingly unlikely it is for any planet to exist that sustains life, let alone advanced life that can pay taxes and eat fugu. Yet here we are. We've won a lottery beyond imagination, but that's not the half of it, or even one-quintillionth of it, to the power of a million quintillions. What's more, how likely is it that any of us are even born, given the 300 million sperm cells swimming up the fallopian tube at the one right moment when a single egg receives a single sperm cell and gives birth to the single one of us? To one you. To one me. Each of us is immensely fortunate to be alive, and immensely fortunate that our planet even exists





for us to be alive in. This incomprehensible
comprehension overwhelms me with gratitude.

a soap bubble popping
on fresh-cut grass
another in the breeze

Michael Dylan Welch





Over-and-Under

In a Japanese garden, a large, low mulberry limb has been propped up by a post. Perfectly lashed rope around the post and limb ensures unfettered growth, while extra bark neatly tucked underneath the rope fends off chafing. Today I feel propped up in an artful way, too.

fresh cedar gate
a toddler's red trike
parked in the shade

Anne Elise Burgevin







Space to Walk and Dream

It's the start of a new year. Roads and venues are noticeably quieter. Schools are closed and businesses that are open have reduced staff. Urban inhabitants are holidaying near the water or at higher altitudes. Today offers respite from the recent run of hot weather. I am driving with two friends to Royal National Park, the second oldest national park in the world. I grew up with it on my doorstep. In the sixties it was the place friends went to practice for their driver's licence and later try out their new wheels. Amorous teenagers would drive to 'Nasho' for a pash.


After we leave the highway the road starts to twist and turn, an irresistible attraction for weekend motor cyclists. We continue down the hill toward






the grassy flats at Audley, past an abundance of Angophora Costata trees. After recent bark shedding, the summer sun has set their orange trunks aglow. We cross the causeway and find a shady spot just a stone's throw from the café where we share each other's ups and downs over tea and coffee.

After succumbing to temptations in the adjacent gift shop we stroll toward a rustic bench seat at the edge of the weir beneath the verdant shade of a large plane tree. The shallow water laps gently to the rhythm of the breeze. A family of ducks provide entertainment as they dart full speed across the water, stopping suddenly to perform their bathing ritual. Tails





waggle and wings flap creating a shower of water. Heads dip underwater and intensive preening follows. There is no such thing as a ‘dirty duck’. This daily ritual is performed to clean and waterproof feathers and keep skin healthy. It is not long before a second wave of ducks arrive to join in.

This morning spent in the great outdoors has been relaxing and restorative. All too soon it is time to leave this special place. A big backyard for generations past, present and future.

in a place I know
someone I don't
old photos

Carol Reynolds





Surfside

It's still dark out when we get to the beach. Uncle Larry says it's the best time of day to go fishing. I start splashing in the sea foam with my cousin Jenny, until Uncle Larry gently shushes us. "You'll scare the fish."

We wade out until the water is up to my thighs, but there's only one fishing pole, and Jenny and I get bored. The live bait bucket draws our attention.

small hands open
a shrimp leaps away
on the waves

Kimberly Kuchar





The End of a Gated Cul-De-Sac

overgrown hedge
the drawn-out chirp of crickets

The swimming pool is a concrete bowl of black rainwater and oak leaves. A padlock chains the back sliding doors, and vinyl siding curls away from the foundation. A rusted tricycle lies in the middle of scruffy green, swallowed by shadows.

the faint squares
of driveway hopscotch
foreclosure


Chen-ou Liu





At Hammonasset Beach State Park

We had our parents' cremated remains commingled, and yesterday secreted them to a tidal line of shells between the sand and Sound. They loved walking there, the shells crunching underfoot, back when walking was their thing. Twenty of us gathered: the four siblings, their adult children and spouses; pregnant Lizzie in tears; John and Mariko having driven two hours from Brooklyn for two hours at the shore. Only Andrew and his betrothed, in Philly prepping for their wedding on Saturday, were no-shows. Designated by sister Sarah as the master of ceremonies, I wore my new binoculars—disguised as a birder—should a ranger happen by. For as many vernal equinoxes as may remain for me, I will remember brother Graham, bent over, pouring the ashes in that shallow hole. And the sound of the shells, brother Philip pushing them





around with his feet to make the gravesite appear undisturbed.

today's to-do list—
change water filter, plant bulbs,
mail off wedding gift

Brad Davis







My Boyfriend Invited a Fields Medalist to Dinner

Dear Kohlrabi, Sweet you. Nutty, you. Crispy, you. Hard on the outside, crunchy inside. If I can cut through your skin, peel you down, bitable. Not bitter, like radishes or some other brassicas. Purple or green, fattened above soil level, you bloom into fullness, pregnant for eighty days. Your flavor, your sweet meat, invites my bite, and I bite you raw.

I once mistook another brassica for you, served that fraud uncooked to a dinner guest. We found no flavor we adored. This root crushed my expectations of luscious nuttiness. My hopes of ever succeeding as a hostess wife, bitterly dashed.





discovering turnips
the hard way
nonconformal mapping

Carla Schwartz





Midnight Hunter

Early Sunday morning—a strange noise from the kitchen. Half-dressed, I pad down the hallway and switch on the light. A bottle cap skids across the floor. Paws reaching under the fridge. Green eyes lift to mine.

night watch—
a glint of madness
in her eyes

Joan C Fingon







Slippery Slope

We rattle up poorly paved roads, crammed into jeeps. Sometimes the winding road is in India, sometimes Nepal. Our view ahead obscured by fog rising from deep valleys, or clouds sinking from mountain peaks. Somewhere, the trackers have found our target and we are going to find it.

Arriving, we ask where it is and the trackers point over the edge—a steep pitch down which my stomach drops—it’s at least 45 degrees. I’m pretty sure my hiking pole will not stop me if I start sliding down the mountain. But, standing prepared to assist are the guys I’ve come to think of as “the young guns”—or my new best friends. Down we go—300 meters, foot-by-foot. One holds my hand, the other jams a boot into the leaf litter to slow my momentum. They smile and make encouraging sounds, sometimes in a language I don’t





understand. I smile back nervously, try to keep camera and binoculars from getting in the way. There, amid the thrashing sounds of fellow seekers, tripping over vines and fallen logs. There, struggling for a foothold, I look up along the guide's pointing finger. . . .

high in the mist
a red panda's face
my ragged breath

Janet Ruth





Oral History, Mostly

When we were kids, we got an orphaned calf and named her Annie. Maybe we called her something else, but Annie would have been a great name. At my age, there are too many memories running loose in the pasture to worry about a misnamed cow.

What my siblings and I do remember when we sit down to compare memories and debate the course of family history is eating my mother's pan-fried steaks and never wondering if it was Annie.

mother's day
too late to ask about
the secret ingredient

Bob Lucky





Ostracized

Stop chit-chatting with everyone, my mother says.
You're here to win, not to make friends.

a door prize
from the sorority rush
unpicked roses

If beauty pageant contestants are prettier than most
girls in the Greek system, and I am rejected by
both, it must mean that I am the least desirable of
them all.

bruised fruit
still the apple
of mother's eye

Jackie Chou







Surprising Place

We live a mile above sea level, the air is thin and the humidity hovers around 20%. Water boils slower, we drop glass beads into the pot and cover it, hoping to trap some of the heat and add a little pressure.

Our dining table is a casualty of the dry air. The glue holding its legs dries out, and one night, mid-meal, a leg falls off. We chase dishes as they slide toward the edge.

My guitar case, too, becomes a makeshift humidifier; an apple inside keeps the neck from pulling off the body. Outside, we have to tend to the lawn, watering it religiously





while bagging the clippings. A third of our yard is devoted to desert landscaping—cacti surrounded by colored rock.

We entertain ourselves with static electricity. Rubbing balloons on our clothes, we make them stick to each other, or make the kids' hair stand straight up. After shuffling our feet on the carpet, we flick a spark in the dark to find the bathroom light switch.

It's a game for the kids. "Son, stop shocking your sister!"

ZZZap! He shocks her anyway.

high country life
snowcapped mountains
watch in stillness

Thomas Smith





With Thanks

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