

# hedgerow

a journal of small poems

# #96

just when you thought you were safe Northern wind *it's not history just canned foods*

shipwrecked without a sea (or ship) just your usual day *on a weather map Russia is blue blue blue*

calling on its larger mother the sea in my ear *two of the three pills contain dusk*

with its own megalomania the absence named November *broccoli on the floor and you lift a foot*



**Robin White** is a beekeeper, Reiki Master and artisan living in Deerfield, New Hampshire. She is the founding editor of Akitsu Quarterly and the hostess of the Annual Haiku Gathering at Wild Graces. More info can be found at [www.wildgraces.com](http://www.wildgraces.com)

sunset heals me... i remain crazy for another day

a night alone  
i find the worm  
in my apple

a student of the ten thousand things i now give them all to you

procrastination  
i use it now  
by writing this haiku

ripples in my tea cup the sweetness of rain

**Mike Rehling** is a quiet vegan wordsmith living in the North Woods of Michigan.

my love is moonlight  
glistening on the wings  
of a mayfly –  
eternal and bright  
despite it all

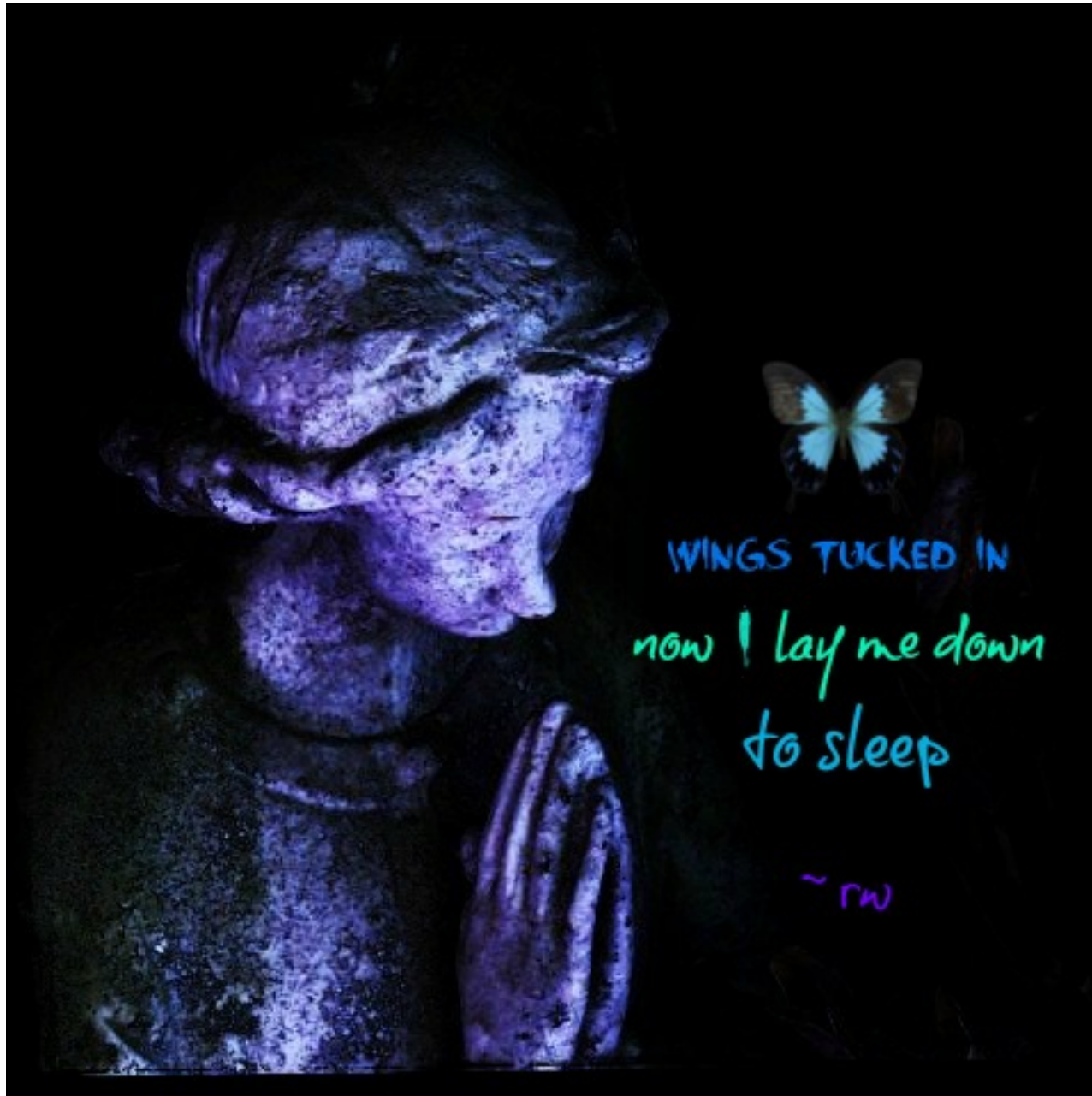
soul searching  
the bones of a deer flash by  
in the bus window

**Chase Gagnon** is a poet, photographer, and digital artist from Detroit Michigan. He currently resides in the San Francisco Bay Area. <https://chasegagnon.smugmug.com/>

rucksack  
the life I choose to take  
on my journey

knowing when  
it's time to go  
wing filled skies

**Rachel Sutcliffe**, from Yorkshire, UK, has suffered from a serious immune disorder for the past 15 years, throughout this time writing has been her therapy, it's what keeps her from going insane!



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forest thickets  
the runnel and ripple  
of bird notes

lone tree by the roadside a plywood cross


alpine hut  
black ice fills  
all the gaps

**Mark Miller** is a retired teacher living in a tiny village on the east coast of New South Wales, Australia, where he has been writing haiku for many years.



autocorrect  
tried to type 'father'  
came out 'failure'

my son's questions...  
he still thinks I have  
all the answers



frost moon  
a dagger moth flutters  
to the ground

barbkaufmann

**Barbara Kaufmann** is a retired nurse whose love affair with nature started when she was five and continues unabated. You can see more of her work at <http://www.wabisabipoet.wordpress.com>

dentist's office  
in a tree  
the pale white belly of a bird

winter camping  
stars  
tend to their own affairs

it's not just anyone I'll let re-arrange my dishes, darling

1-minute oatmeal, just enough time to write this line

compost—  
a feeling of virtue  
in the stinky can

**Miriam Sagan** (Santa Fe, New Mexico, USA) is the author of thirty books of poetry, memoir, and fiction. Her haiku appears internationally, and she blogs at Miriam's Well (<http://miriamswell.wordpress.com>).

if the measurements are not exact  
baseball does not function  
love might

you see pretty flowers among weed clumps  
I see weeding

**E. Martin Pedersen**, a San Franciscan, has lived in eastern Sicily for over 35 years. Back home in summers, he enjoys following baseball and taking long walks on the PCT. He blogs at <http://emartinpedersenwriter.blogspot.it>.



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one  
huge  
mushroom  
pushing  
through  
autumn