

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

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

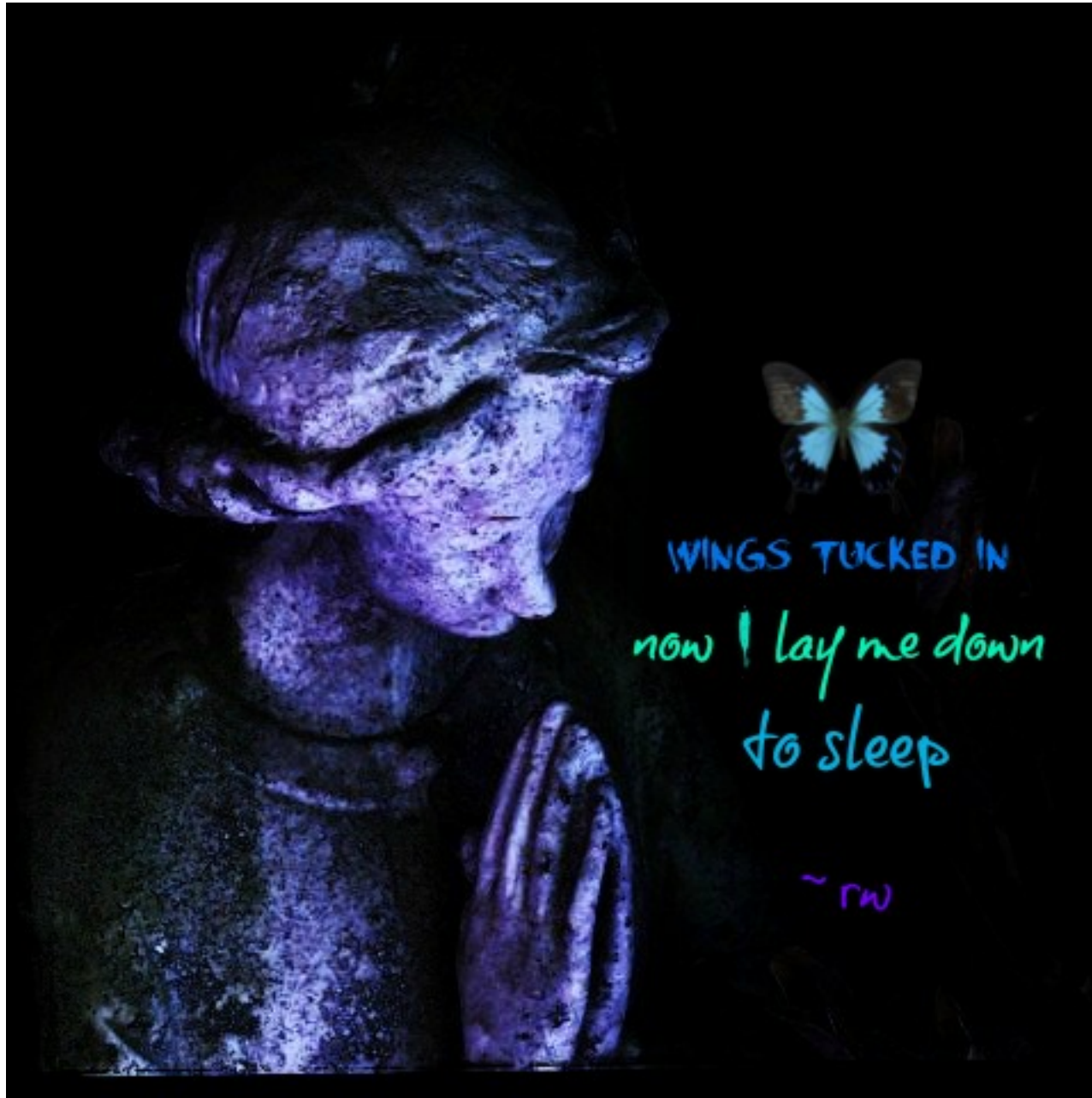
soul searching
the bones of a deer flash by
in the bus window

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!



WINGS TUCKED IN
now ! lay me down
to sleep

~rw

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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

bar Kaufmann

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