

hedgerow

a journal of small poems

#104

tide swells

 dunlin running up the beach
running down the beach

sunlight

through the memorial arch
drifting dust

iron roof

hooks of chipped rust
snagging sunset

John Hawkhead



early sunrise
catches the spider
in a web of light



Rand C Moss

bending down
for the morning paper . . .
weight of the news

turning and turning
in midtown fog
the barber pole

moon in the pines . . .
the diagnosis
benign

coins in the koi pond—
I wonder about
each of their wishes

Michael Dylan Welch



*dead thistles
the feel of a key
in a rusty lock*



Rand C Moss

pouring oolong
all the flowers
in present tense

Andrea Cecon

Bone China

She squeezes the teabag with arthritic fingers and places it on a chipped saucer. It will dry to a leaf-filled husk before she dips it into another cup of tepid water, reconstituting it into slightly weaker oolong. This procedure will be followed three more times. Once more in the morning to wash down dry toast and a boiled egg. Twice at precisely 3pm to accompany half a biscuit with a tablespoon of orange marmalade. Only after the fourth cup--which is by then nothing more than colored water--does she tear open the bag adding the leaves to the soil of a wild rose bush that grows by an abandoned potting bench near a forgotten garden.

silent spring
the cedar scent
of a lifespan

Terri French



*simmering rhubarb . . .
mother plays ragtime
on broken keys*



Ron C Moss

paper moon
the dryness of
grandmother's hand

from somewhere
to nowhere the bridge
suspended in mist

Martha Magenta



*the light steps
of a hooded plover
on sacred ground*



Rand C Moss

morning quiet
a stray breeze finds
the cat's tail

wordplay
how sunlight changes
the meaning

light to shadow
afternoon passes
through the cracks

running home
a little moon left
in my eyes

Sandi Pray



*high country storm
flocks of sheep huddle
against the fence line*



Ran C Moss

after the conference
another petal falls
from the bouquet

photographer
holding still
the heron

kjmunro

on a bench
before another shift
the train conductor sits
and punches
holes

autumn sky—
the wobble
in a distant V of geese

Barry George



*first sunlight ...
a translucent bait-worm
in dad's fingers*



Ron C Moss

Tribute to Santoka

not a cloud for days
I wonder if my eyes
have turned blue

walking
I fill this empty road
with thoughts

Ola Lindberg



*spring dew
a dragonfly opens
to the light*



Rand C Moss

sunlight breaking...
a cormorant flexes loose
the snow

winter churchyard
the virgin's palms
open to the rain

ground thaw...
herring gulls circle
the landfill

Paul Chambers



*early frost
a glint of sunlight
from the locksmith's keys*



Ron C Moss

A Speck of Lint

within the vastness
of the winter sky
earthshine

*a speck of lint
on her blue blazer*

low tide –
only a single shell
on the beach

*of all people
he chooses
me*

alone without a care
the morning star

*one final question
an owl pierces
the dawn*

**Angela Terry
and Julie Warther**



*meditation . . .
deep in a white forest
the sound of frost*



Ron C Moss

wisps
across the snowcrust . . .
our attempts at goodbye

one last skate
to the pond's end and back
sinking sun

Julie Warther



so weary . . .
leaf upon leaf
the pathway home



Rand C Moss