

# hedgerow

a journal of small poems

# #109

## **Air**

nothing new

time chews away  
at bones and muscles

after a breakfast of codeine  
Bach's air  
seems airier

## **Solitude**

even if there's nothing it counts

like when you talk  
to your shadow

come November  
the absence of light  
will feel like a rock

## Flicker

in this world too

men mending lamps  
far above the ground

I sell a used book  
on "lights-on" and "lights-off"  
enlightenment

*Johannes S. H. Bjerg*

deep winter  
a pile of discarded  
grapefruit rinds

*Agnes Eva Savich*



*evening news  
another soldier  
fails to return*

*photo by Leyland Cecco  
haiku by Nika*

feeling the sun  
on his wrinkled face ...  
prison yard

*love me or not*  
intermittent  
summer rain

at the tip  
of his middle finger  
a cold moon

*Chen-ou Liu*

neon lights  
the aurora borealis  
unseen

*Juliet Wilson*

old wine—  
the self-help guru's  
seven steps to God

to think once  
we were two young bucks  
my cat and me

her gentle  
offhand  
shy way  
saying  
*hi*

*Barry George*



never far  
from her human  
rescued cat

windchill  
tuning my ukulele  
in the snow

evening star  
a new song born  
from his fingers

*Christina Sng*

rusted plough  
the barley field dusted  
with thistledown

*Tim Gardiner*

barely catching  
my mother's expression  
last flicker of a candle

what's this that steals  
in the low moon beams?  
a prayer whispered

silvering  
with ancient lichen,  
this living rock

*Mary White*

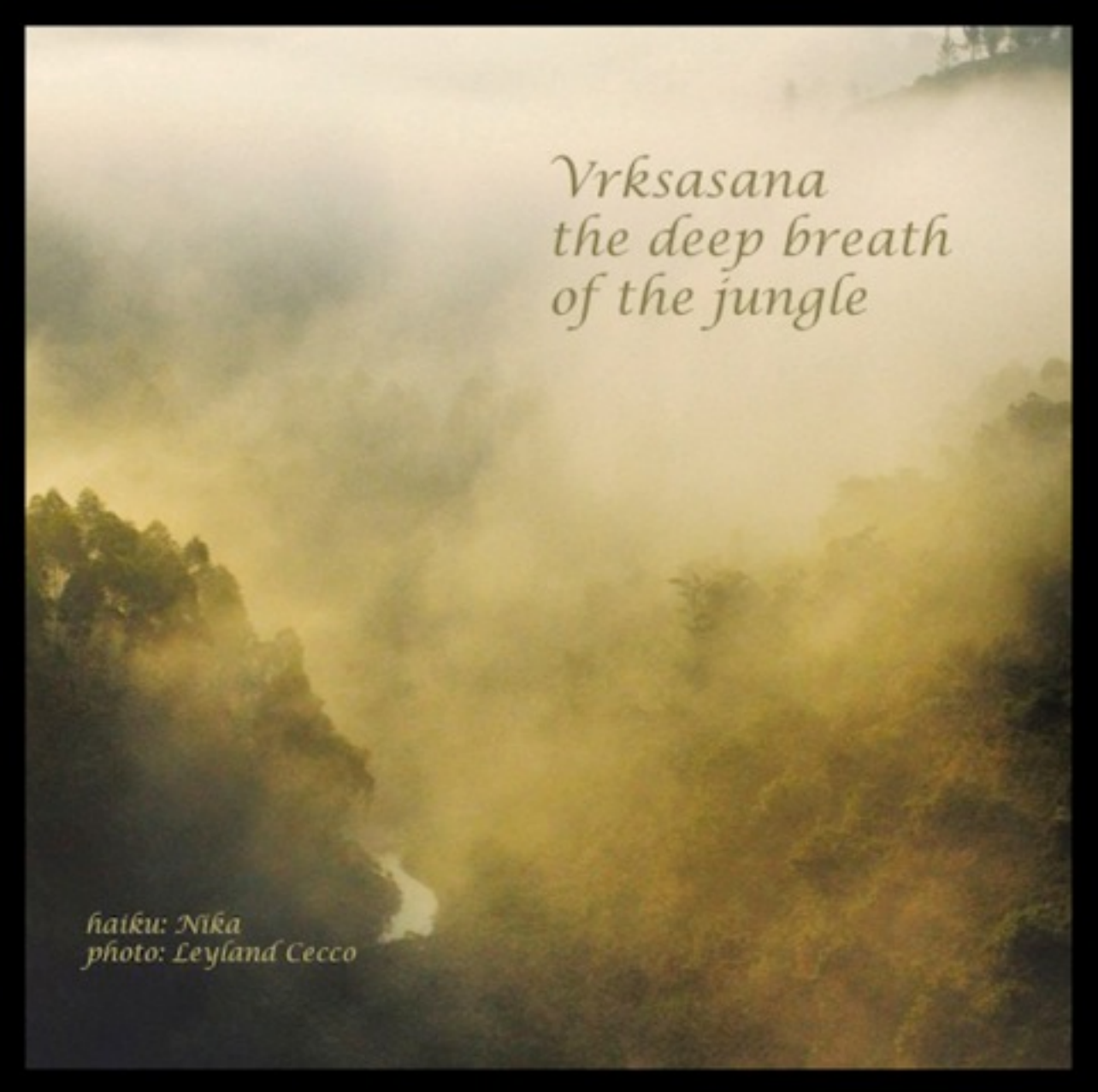
winter shore  
the wind reasons  
with the sea

*Adrian Bouter*

snow, rain  
mud, wind...  
stone Buddha

to soothe  
the winter blues  
tulips

*Anne Elise Burgevin*



*Vrksasana  
the deep breath  
of the jungle*

*haiku: Nika  
photo: Leyland Cecco*

sunrise  
six duckling bottoms  
point to the sky

heavy rainfall  
in the rear view mirror  
a rainbow

*Vera Constantineau*

sometimes  
I'm a moody tulip  
my wings  
drooping purple poems  
wherever I go

a dream  
of monarch caterpillars  
stripy  
green and yellow crawlers  
I touch the body of hope

full moon  
on my pillow  
we all  
dream the same crimson  
borealis and then forget

*Carole Johnston*



rain falling  
water rushing on the road  
a frog croaking  
wind chimes tinkling in the wind  
his low voice, singing

new cream  
for my aching bones  
warms them  
like a small fire, whiskey  
and chilli peppers

with what  
do we fill these spaces?  
nothing  
we leave them empty –  
let life drop what it will

*Joy McCall*

the past  
almost over  
incense

*Steve Smolak*

rainy day  
slowly the sky  
drips into the sea

water lilies  
a deeper pink  
after the rain

unexpected rainstorm  
holding a red balloon  
over my head

rain puddle —  
tipping over  
into my own reflection

you, me, the last tangerine  
and now at last  
the rain

*Zee Zahava*

i still look  
for you, even  
in the mirror

*Charl JF Cilliers*

## Down the Kite String

out like a lamb --  
the green tips  
of day lilies

*rain-soaked robins  
feasting on worms*

a bumblebee  
on its back  
humming a dirge

*lengthening days  
her depression  
lifts*

almost losing my faith  
a spider rebuilds its web

*sunset --  
dew descends  
the kite string*

Meik Blöttenberger  
*Julie Warther*

stänger dörren  
till mitt äppelförråd  
öppnar den igen

apple shed  
I close the door  
open it again

*Ola Lindberg*

autumn dusk  
the lengthening  
of solitude

*Tiffany Shaw-Diaz*

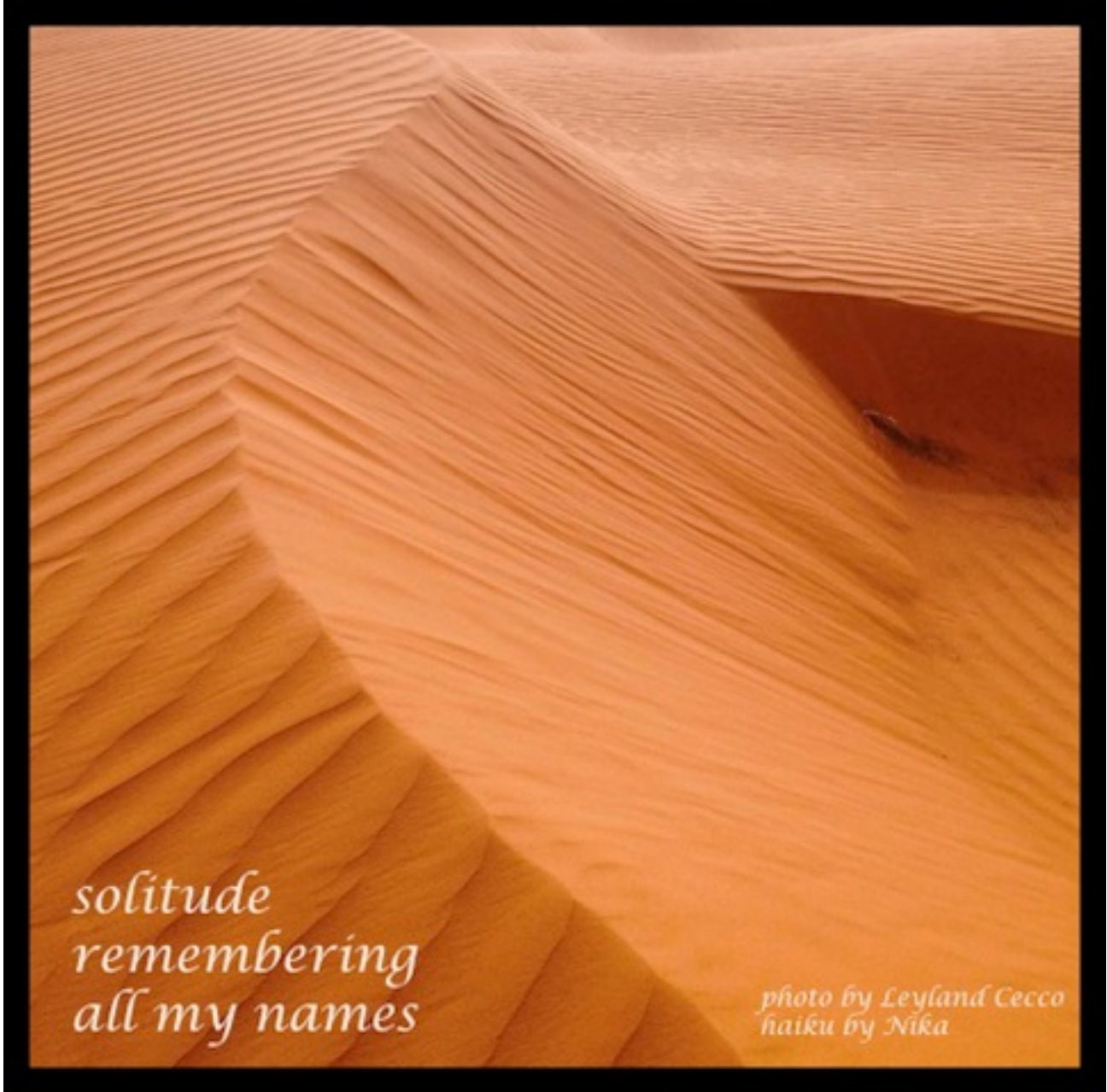
Shinobazu Pond –  
even these withered lotuses  
can lift my heart

Shinto shrine:  
a fierce dragon guards  
the purifying font

the clunk of wooden sandals  
on stone paving –  
Mount Otowa

*Maeve O'Sullivan*





*solitude  
remembering  
all my names*

*photo by Leyland Cecco  
haiku by Nika*

*from my tanka diary, 2017 :*

falling asleep  
first night  
2017  
how the poem  
dissolves into words

for a peaceful world  
she worked fourscore fifteen  
my mother  
would cry today I close my eyes  
and bear witness

on the sixth day  
I walk the streets at night  
picking up  
fallen camellias... another year  
too long to wait

rain seven days and nights  
lightning precedes thunder  
can a poem  
caught in the bucket of my mind  
wash the world clean

.

this busy world  
the quiet mirror  
of melting ice

*Kath Abela Wilson*

we flew to Mars  
from my backyard –  
old dreams  
lie buried in the sand  
waiting for a kid in pigtails

no stars  
off the Jersey coast...  
northerly gales  
surf our boat sideways already  
regretting unspoken words

*Pris Campbell*