

Wild West

Sangre de Cristo
cantering along
a cactus-lined trail

*echoing in the canyon
the cowboy's yee-haw*

distant clouds
a sharp-shinned hawk
circles above the mesa

*loosening the reins
to jump a fallen tree—
piñon scent*

kicking up stones
in the dry creek bed

*thunderheads loom . . .
brushing dust
off the liver chestnut*

Jennifer Sutherland
Alan S. Bridges

Rear-View Mirror

traffic jam—
alone in her car
farding

Steve Hodge

impulse buy
a pickled egg
at the gas station

Terri L. French

phoning home
for the bedtime lullaby
truck stop waitress

Peggy Hale Bilbro

only her daydream
of a white picket fence
empty road

Marietta McGregor

recalculating . . .
a fresh sprig of lavender
on the rear-view mirror

Brendon Kent

The Vine's Grip

eggshell sky
the nuthatch keeps
to a patch of light

*at Gate 10B
a woman praying*

empty tarmac
a wrapper
trusts the wind

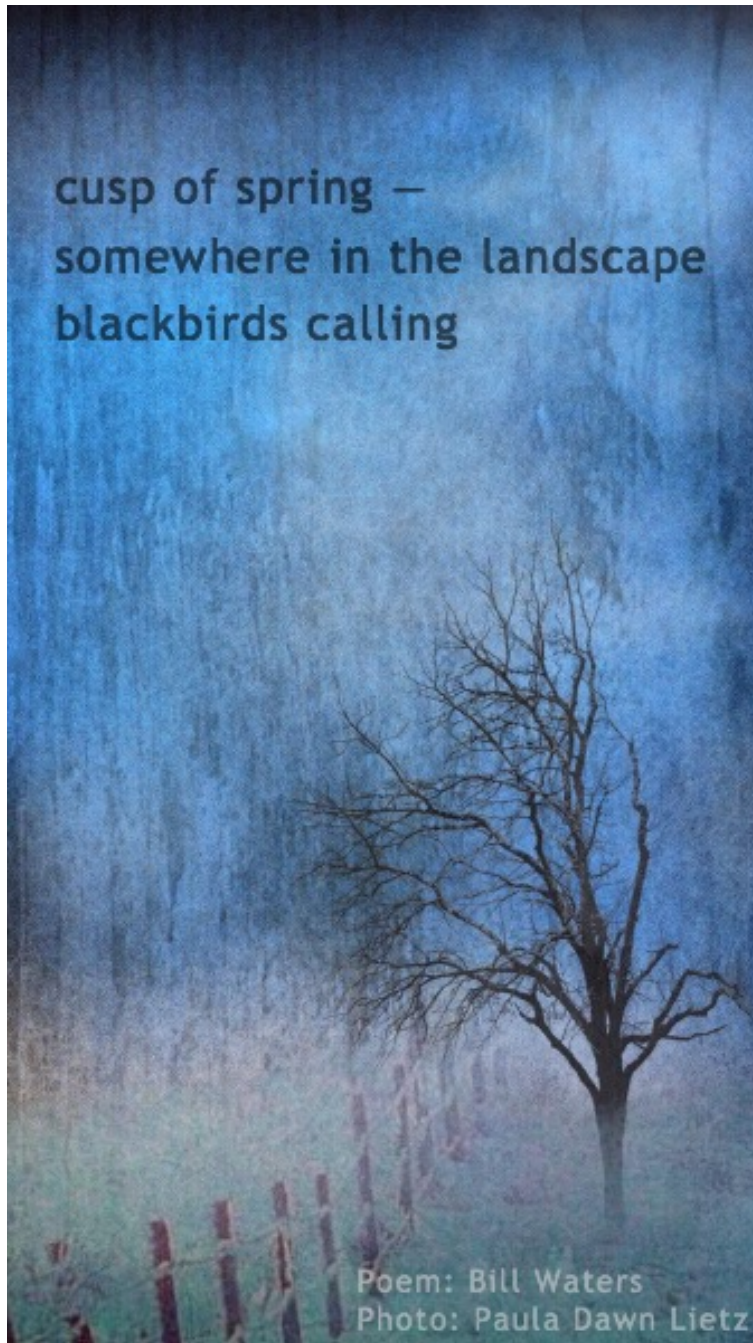
*near gale—
the vine's grip
on the trellis*

meds help my kids
see the real me

*this sunset
a fingerprint
in the paint*

Dan Schwerin
Julie Warther

cusp of spring —
somewhere in the landscape
blackbirds calling



Poem: Bill Waters
Photo: Paula Dawn Lietz

who's bold enough
to believe
in love or war?

*I tell your lies
to the falling rain*

Gabriel Bates
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

Strong Spirits

winter fig
every naked branch
tipped with green

*on her ankle she wears
a golden chain*

engagement ring
he weaves the stems
of white clover

*deer settle
in a circle beneath
the rowan tree*

strong spirits
drinking from the same cup

*our glasses held high
we all make a toast
to Gaia*

Kath Abela Wilson
Gregory Longenecker

Pagan Fire

cloud shadows
flying over the fields
hugging the ground

glints of flame
the deeper crimson
of garnet

pagan fire
eyes of the forest
peer from the darkness

circle of stones
an updraft of sparks
swept into the night

black lipstick
and moonstones
droplets of rain

Simon Hanson

Pairings

cork-pop
the graceful slope
of her shoulders

first pour
his sea-glass eyes

wine glow
the ring on
the tablecloth

the ebb and flow
between them
tasting notes

their song
he fills her glass again

a sip of port
fortified
he pops the question

Jennifer Hambrick
Linda Weir



Debbie Strange

At Rainbow's End

the sound of water . . .
all my memories
flowing tonight

*a hollow place
behind the falls*

found waiting there
at the rainbow's end
a single golden peony

*moment of clarity—
the silverfish slips
into a new chapter*

a letter hidden
in the back of her book

*what feels like an ending
the weight of words
washes over me*

Angela Terry
Julie Warther

The Boat, the Cello

it was just one of those odd dreams
that stay with you throughout the day
the sailor playing the cello
the boat rocking at anchor

many days later I still hear
the splashing of waves, the low tune
the dark of night—*benedictus*
on the salt-crusted deck

awake or dreaming, I am there
on the old boat in the harbour
the song of the cello bringing tears
the rocking, the waves, the night

Joy McCall

Great Meadows

nylon parka
the swish of swans
on take-off

*pale dead fish
float on the surface*

but for the head-bob
of a hooded merganser
the motionless cove

*ripples
of a beaver . . .
lodge silhouette*

a middle-aged couple
pauses at an empty nest

*geese drop
to the icy meadow . . .
just before dusk*

Alan S. Bridges
Brad Bennett

Wave after Wave

indigo blue
sea horses drift
in sunlit ripples

baitfish
in the shallows . . .
slivers of light

last surfer
a wave curls over
the setting sun

first star tonight
going a little deeper
for live cockles

songs of home
a stranded octopus
on the shore

night swim
a running dive
into the abyss

seaside shack
drifting to sleep with sand
between our toes

old shipwreck
stories of lost sailors
wave after wave

Ron C. Moss

cloud mountain
i walk the path

of old gods

the cranes
showing me

the way
to fly

ai li

Unlocked Gate

from the other side
of the earth
torn

*an open abyss
to the journey within*

without knowing
the depth of the canyon
beginner's mind

*the way
beyond the gate
beyond the mind*

winter wind blows open
the unlocked gate

*morning glories . . .
in every breath
we are home*

Sondra Byrnes
Ron C. Moss

on cherry blossom crushed but walking

David J. Kelly

A Potpourri of Seasons

country by country
a potpourri of seasons
Independence Day

Karen Cesar

midnight while the world sleeps
we wake to freedom

Rohini Gupta

watching the clock
waiting to skype my faraway
daughter

Mary White

a zebra lifts its head
sniffs into the breeze

Moira Richards

under the dim moon
in the forest heat
a tiger roars

Rohini Gupta

Mosi-oa-Tunya
the Smoke that Thunders, thunders

Moira Richards

dust to dust
of blown-up Buddhas . . .
all is impermanence

Sprite

*if the button is pushed
there'll be nowhere to run/Ozzy Osbourne: Killer Of Giants lyrics*

Karen Cesar

Makar Sankranti
children throw their kites
to the wind

Rohini Gupta

how delicate these shadows
of almond blossom!

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

at their wedding Mass
soft suckling sounds under
her silk stole

Mary White

widowed in floods
and here comes the fire season

Kathy Earsman

remembrance here
life symbol there
candles lit everywhere

Sprite

through full moon hours
circling dark sacred hills

Rohini Gupta

assorted nuts
fill a little rodent's larder
to the brim

Sprite

a vagrant's stone soup
for the longer nights

Sprite

all the way
to Muktinath to find my dream
was just a dream

Kathy Earsman

in blazing sun
our grapes begin to ripen

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

someone once said: guests, like fish,
begin to smell after three days

Karen Cesar (pp Benjamin Franklin)

deep in the ink Sepia's healing secrets

Mary White

under this moon silently
all that can grow begins to grow

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

even my old man suckered by the season

Moira Richards

drums in time with ankle bells
the ancient tales of love and death

Rohini Gupta

acres of crosses mark our sickness with no name

Moira Richards

wheelchair bound
a bunch of young soldiers
prepares for Bastille day

Sprite

cake and a cardboard crown
for the birthday boy

Karen Cesar

just a spark
and a puff of wind
and the whole mountain's afire

Moira Richards

russet, amber and gold
consumes the canopy

Sprite

there is a season
for everything
now let go, let's go

Mary White

cracking a sad
his withering winter smile

Kathy Earsman

Kushmanda laughs spilling out stars the universe is born

Rohini Gupta

boulders from the floor of an ancient sea

Kathy Earsman

'Occupy Everything' reads the Wall Street protesters' sign

Karen Cesar

for the second coming Glastonbury's legends of the grail

Sprite

whiskey breath brings back a sober memory

Mary White

after the Easter Mass
our fingers meet
in holy water

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

who is who under
the wet mask of colours

Rohini Gupta

why so sour
this hot afternoon,
little whip tail scorpion?

Karen Cesar

oranges and lemons
say the bells of St Clement's

Sprite

on wattle day
our golden blossom strengthens
who we are

Kathy Earsman

with such faith, soap bubbles
blown across the pond

Karen Cesar

Karen Cesar

Rohini Gupta

Mary White

Moira Richards

Sprite

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

Kathy Earsman (Sabaki)

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