

lunar eclipse;
remember when we used to be
afraid of the dark?
*always brighter
on the other side*

the moon comes full again
who knows the path
to the cabin in the woods?
*we follow these stars
in our eyes*

Queen Anne's lace
your filigree
before the snow
*a whatever-will-be wish
of milkweed in the wind*

summer bees . . .
where did they go
while we were dreaming?
*the hum within
a winter hive*

you give to me
a gift of water
falling into blue
*wiping away
each othe's tears*

just in time
before the frost
heavenly blue morning glories
*gathering
while we may*

September mist . . .
you are the rain
and my parade
*all caught up
in the same embrace*

facing the rain
and the whole half-truth
of incarnation
cotton candy melting
down to the cone

west wind through the trees
the stars
broken mended
a smile
marked return to sender

night air
we open our selves
to the earth
a moonflower
woven into her hair

floodwaters coming
we say goodbye
to our old teacher
somewhere someone waiting
on the opposite shore

“uh-oh” says the boy
eye-to-eye
with the hummingbird
just so far—then
the wave turns back to the sea

rushing to the I.C.U. . . .
the fireflies
are out tonight
a call sent
to the vast beyond

western wind
taking me softly
closer to you
morning hues held
on the edge of each cloud

feverfew . . .
the least we can do
for love
stirring clockwise
a circle cast in my tea

Spring Arrivals

a cold easterly the double note of chiffchaff

under snow-heavy skies first swallow

indoors listening to the whitethroat's song again

sunshine filling every room the cuckoo's call

swift scream down cobbled streets bikers follow

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'swift scream' first pub. *Proletaria*, Spring 2020

Insect Parade

*the fluttering
of a flute
darting butterfly*

chrysalis shell
an old stringless violin

*throughout the house
her cello vibrates
hidden cricket*

little boy in red
whistles a tune
watching the ants march by

*raindrops in her tambourine
grasshopper bounces away*

grizzly conductor
taps the stand
the flies fall silent

Outing

swallow flight—
a forged signature
on the permission slip

schoolmarm scent
a twinkle in the eye

buddy system
holding hands
with the boy he likes

school fieldbook
an initialed heart
from Dawn or Dave

trading Oreos
for homemade gingersnaps

I'll show you mine
if you show me yours—
swift consent

All Kinds of Weather

purple crocus . . .
hail, then snow,
then sun

*beach breezes—
our skin glistens with sand*

autumn gale—
fir branches
hit the roof

*clear sky
tree trunks piled beyond
the high-tide mark*

evening fog does not mask
the croaking of frogs

*warm and dry—
raspberry blossoms alive
with all kinds of bees*

Down the Lane

hedgerow
a dropped coin
just out of reach

hedgerow
her old wicker chair
with a 'free' sign

hedgerow
the fire in your eyes
as we argue

hedgerow
a small wild rose
with a gentle bloom

hedgerow
a song in my head
still at sunset

Home Run

Seattle Mariners	2
Kansas City Royals	3

third inning—
my six-year-old counts
the passing airplanes

the home run rises
a few rival cheers

crack of the bat
drowned out
by the beer vendor's yell

the batter's lunge
before changing his mind—
smell of shelled peanuts

shadows now
halfway up the bleachers

sixth inning—
my son asks when there'll be
another home run

a sequence by

Peter Jastermsky &
Christine L. Villa

The First Note

music festival

tuning up
a soft ring
of overtones

the scent

barbecue smoke
the stolen glances
on our first date

of bluegrass

orange blossoms
fiddling around
until the kiss

After the Wedding

fresh orange juice
sunrise spills
into the kitchen

Mary McCormack

patio party chit-chat
clouds sail across my sangria

j rap

drops of moonlight
on the India Pale Ale
cool jazz

Jacob Salzer

fingers on piano keys
the sound of falling stars

Mary McCormack

rainbow
I bite into
the sparkling snow cone

j rap

a long pause between us
aurora borealis

Jacob Salzer

haiga by

Olivia Ark (art) &
Rob Scott (poem)



dried up leaves —
I brush the knots
out of her hair

All The Rainbow

birth cry . . .
the depth
of her dimple

*a baptism candle
in memory of mom*

all the rainbow
between two ends
a promise kept

*she holds baby
I hold them
while they nap*

a gift just because . . .
fireflies

*a spring dusk
a new light
rests on you*

a rengay by

*Laszlo Slomovits,
Michele Root-Bernstein &
Jennifer Burd*

Sway Me

morning cool
I let the breeze
sway me

Jennifer Burd

cicadas thrum
my body in waves

Michele Root-Bernstein

neither here nor
there a snake
parts the grass

Laszlo Slomovits

our day ripples over
river stones

Jennifer Burd

hanging on
for the ride
hedge parsley burr

Michele Root-Bernstein

bindweed shoots
blind for something to hold

Laszlo Slomovits

Red Dirt Road

descanso
black crosses leaning
on each other

*red rock mesa
textures of wind*

summer drought
the cholla cactus
nothing but bones

*roadrunner tracks
a phantom
in the ghost town*

in his old canteen
a bit of dust

*mirage
the distance to
las cruces*

HEADING NORTH

spring sun
the sounds of water drip
ping

kjmunro

gutters
sport stick boats

Pam Harry

hot coffee
in the morning
with the last of the firewood

Joanna Joniec

long long distance call
with a dear dear friend

Pam Harry

moonrise
on the horizon
over freshly-blanketed peaks

Charlotte Hrenchuk

making snow angels
their hands touch

Lillian Nakamura Maguire

stars aligned
on the hem
of her wedding dress

Pam Harry

crown jewels
kill

Arlin McFarlane

centuries later
archaeologists unearth
pandemic hoards

Charlotte Hrenchuk

around her neck
iridescent Yukon ivory

Lillian Nakamura Maguire

monstrous flapping
butterflies
rule the world

Sandra St-Laurent

migrant workers heading north
for generations

Lillian Nakamura Maguire

a desert mirage
where love is attention
soaked in blood and sweat

Joanna Joniec

her cheeks
flush to maple leaves

Sandra St-Laurent

saucer shapes hover
as pink
as the moon

Charlotte Hrenchuk

the elephant looms
in the voter's view

Lillian Nakamura Maguire

the echoes of monks' voices
weave together
a prayer

Charlotte Hrenchuk

eager to unfold the message
she rushes up the winding staircase

Pam Harry

two small feet
dancing over, around & through
carpets of crocuses

Arlin McFarlane

this mild breeze
is filled with promise

Pam Harry

Tryst

autumn forest
the riotous colors
of birdsong

*her bling-bling earrings
under the sun*

topless
the Bugatti
blasts hip-hop

*first kiss
in the back seat
fireworks*

commitment issues
moving in moving out

*final chapter
of a love story . . .
nightfall*

PING!

4 a.m.
the house settles
with a solid thump

*the sizzle and pop
of eggs frying*

just before shutting
the computer—PING!—
incoming e-mail

*laundry day . . .
the huffing breath
of the steam iron*

tuning the new radio
nothing but static for the longest time

*false dusk
and the tinkle of sleet . . .
dozing over a book*

**seeking true north
(with a nod to Ryōkan)**

*my feet go on walking
my mind goes on wandering
and my feet go on walking*

the clouds above
the grass below

*a ladybug tags along
a friend looking
for a ride*

last night's inn
so far behind . . .
ahead an upland cabin

*waning day, settled
smile on my face*

beaming down on me
a Buddha moon . . .
dreaming with eyes open

Raining Cats and Dogs

*spring watercolour
on the fallen washing
dog footprints*

scattered piano notes
of Cat March

*not a single birdsong
across the murky sky
raining cats and dogs*

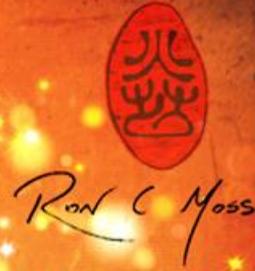
thunder
my cat huddles close
to my dog

*sandcastle ruins
guarded by a Great Dane*

aw-aw
a cat chases
the dog's tail

Sweet Tangerine

deep longings . . .
lavender stems bend
under the weight



falling into you
sweet tangerine

solstice moon
watermelons cool
in the twilight

raise the glass
my hollow self
between us

the warm curve
of your smile

rainbow
on the soap bubbles
fools in love

Ron C. Moss & Elisa Theriana



Music to My Ears

Victrola in the attic . . .
someone's fingerprint
in the dust

Michael Dylan Welch

the label spinning
on the record player

Bruce Robertson

eight-track console
glowing green in the dark
click repeat

Kevin O'Conner

a Walkman strapped
to the skier's chest

Michael Dylan Welch

slot-load CD
goes in smooth
but then ejects

Bruce Robertson

500 GB of music
but nothing to listen to

Kevin O'Conner

Smouldering

winding, unwinding
in my burn pile
a missed ornament

Alan S. Bridges

the pot plant too big to hide
up in smoke

Jacquie Pearce

fire-charred fence—
the neighbour's dog
half way underneath

Michael Dylan Welch

chasing lightning strikes
for black morels

Alan S. Bridges

summer night
the ghost story cut short
by a flaming marshmallow

Jacquie Pearce

my autobiography
still smouldering

Michael Dylan Welch

Untangling the Chimes

following me
around the burn pile
a billow of smoke

*a ripple changes
the colour of grass*

Taps
the percussion
of flapping flags

*an extra boost
to the eagle's soar
scudding clouds*

on the front porch
untangling the chimes

*tucking her in
the croon of trees
outside the window*

s t o n e s

*skipping stones
on a windowsill . . .
scent of the sea*

echoing the shape
of the pond

*curled
in a hand
crescent moon*

teaching my daughter
the *snap*
my father taught me

*his pockets overflowing
with river rocks*

muscle memory
I toss it and the ocean
tosses it back

burning sage

the tawny owl

d

r

o

p

s

a feather

in the woods

for

the shaman

in me

come
at
sunset

to eavesdrop
on
the hedgerows

the chattering topic

is
of abundance
this autumn

Woolgathering

I follow
the dry creek bed of my thoughts—
an old crone squats
under a sweetgum root
singing her toothless song

*green the fern
and black the feather
red the stone
in any weather
clear the well that springs within*

the spell
of her drop spindle
spinning
an endless yarn . . .
wind rewrites the clouds

she gives me
the wing bone of a thrush,
a willow whistle,
and a glimpse of my face
in a bottomless pool

The Gateless Gate

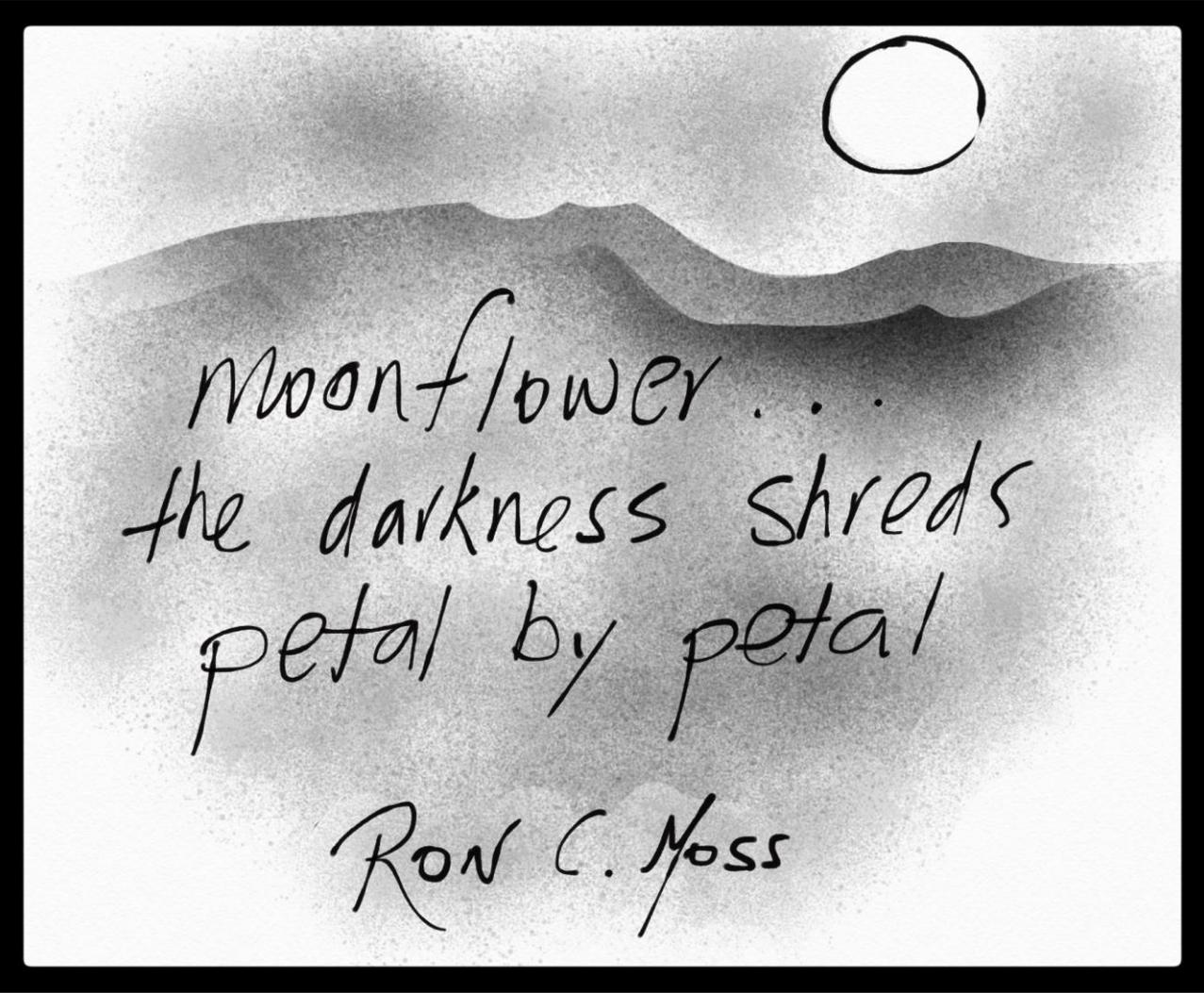
what do I seek
in this dark water . . .
a fish rises
out of the depths to strike
a drifting dogwood petal

the sudden rush
of a heron's wings
out of the cedars
where it slept
this infusion of light

the wind
makes a river
of the pond—
how to flow forever
while staying in one place

a first rose
blooms in the archway
to nowhere—
the buttercup meadow
on the other side of self

at dusk
in the orchard
the song
of a mockingbird
echoing the infinite



moonflower . . .
the darkness shreds
petal by petal

RON C. MOSS