autumn shadows—
the scarecrow bends forward
closer to the earth

Raining...
a can of paint
holds open the door

-Ross Figgins
-M. Kettner

The stillness of dawn:
crashing between the branches,
a solitary leaf.

Perfect summer sky—
one blue crayon
missing from the box

-J. W. Hackett
-Evelyn Lang

distant thunder—
the dog's toenails click
against the linoleum

Rowing downstream
red leaves swirling
behind me

-Gary Hotham
-Michael McClintock

In my medicine cabinet,
the winter fly
has died of old age.

Empty mailbox
i pick wildflowers
on my way back

-Jack Kerouac
-Marlene Mountain