

Pilgrims' Stride

Composed On-Line At The Haiku Foundation
March – November 2014

comparing maps
to the mountain pass–
pilgrims' stride

–John Stevenson

a sun-warmed stone bridge
over snowmelt

–Billie Wilson

dampened soil
of seed trays
in the glasshouse

–Margaret Beverland

grandmother's silverware
polished every monday

–Polona Oblak

a sonata
on the concert Steinway
played to the moon

–Lorin Ford

dragonflies hover
by the swaying reeds

–Karen Cesar

slight hum
of a drone
in fog

–Alice Frampton

the atmosphere
thick with teenage pheromones

–Norman Darlington

I stumble
trying to reply
“I plight thee my troth.”

–Paul MacNeil

thinking of a red wig
during chemo

–Asni Amin

the woodland
of silent stories
and shadow

–Alan Summers

he makes a wish
to become real

–Marion Clarke

each mirror reflects
only the cool moon
rising

–kris moon

freshly-caught fish
sizzles in the pan

–Aalix Roake

a wealthy prince
exiled in Nigeria
soliciting my help

–Christopher Patchel

*sugar plum fairy came
and hit the streets...¹*

–Jennifer Sutherland

a milky nimbus
at dusk
beneath the cherry tree

–Scott Mason

pulling in spring clouds
with a telephoto lens

–Dru Philippou

¹ Lyric excerpt from “Walk on the Wild Side” by Lou Reed

plain truth
of a skylark's
song

–Stella Pierides

our yoga instructor
tells us to breathe

–Priscilla Van Valkenburgh

smoldering dung cakes
burning in the blackened pit
flavors the curry

–Betty Shropshire

the family's grudge
celebrates a century

–batsword

first snowfall
covering little by little
all the dirt

–Vasile Moldovan

scraping the ice rink
of blood, sweat and tears

–Carole MacRury

the sting
of a paper cut
on her tongue

–Terri French

used books signed
for someone special

–Ellen Grace Olinger

a large voddy tonny
for the woman who may be
his next wife

–Sandra Simpson

stirring the crowd
with the slur of a slur

–Maureen Virchau

continents join
under this moon
the bones of my head

–Patrick Sweeney

the scarecrow reads
renku to the rabbits

–joel irusta

pickled grapes and walnuts
swaddled in silk
in my messenger bag

–Peg Duthie

no more wet newspapers
since the online version

–Carmen Sterba

a gothic revival
emerges
with a single click

–Marilyn Potter

ants open a crack between
their city and ours

–Mark Harris

cherries in bloom
on the kitchen wallpaper
and outside too

–Michael Dylan Welch

fourteen
ageku

–Fourteen Poets (see page 5)

Fourteen Ageku:

the squeals of girls
blowing soap bubbles

–Carmen Sterba

so many baby birds now
and all cheeping loud

–Alan Summers

she picks up the largest shell
and listens to her childhood

–Marion Clarke

how this giant soap bubble
flexes with the wind

–Sandra Simpson

just one breath
scatters dandelion seeds

–Lorin Ford

releasing a colt
into the pasture

–Maureen Virchau

the lingering day unwinds
over a fresh cup of tea

–Alice Frampton

earth smells
of tilling a field

–joel irusta

warm and serene
lingering day

–jerry julius

our beanpole
budding

–Phil Allen

children follow a butterfly
around the corner

–kjmunro (slightly edited)

whirligig flamingoes
return to the front lawn

–Todd Treloar-Rhodes

the monarch lays her egg
under a milkweed leaf

–Thomas Miller

my baseball glove
comes out of the closet

–Johnny Baranski