A Bowl of Cherries
Composed On-Line At The Haiku Foundation
June – November 2015

a bowl of cherries
sitting on each white plate
someone's name

~Lynne Rees

under a canvas tent
the snap of a breeze

~Barbara Kaufmann

passersby stop
to applaud a subway
saxophone player

~Karen Cesar

sweet reminiscences
of our bygone days

~Barbara A. Taylor

yet again
the moon lights the loggerhead
as she digs

~Paul MacNeil

with the twittering
morning mist clears away

~Maria Tomczak
from the mountain top
Puyallup natives trace
their lands below
~Carmen Sterba

his better half chambers
another round just because
~Betty Shropshire

who left the doors open
to Valhalla?
~Polona Oblak

after a while
the life boat for refugees
hardly floating
~Vasile Moldovan

rusty roofing iron
repurposed
as a letterbox
~Sandra Simpson

the first pawonia leaf
to touch the soil
~Maureen Virchau

#smitten #diamond #yes
#winterwedding
~Christopher Patchel

how the setting moon
fills the garden
with darkness!
~Gabriel Sawicki

at the Marquise
a clandestine romp
in neon flicker
~Judt Shrode

I stagger through cricket songs
impaired by Gandalf Grog
~Patrick Sweeney
all the children
mark off their days
with chunky crayons
~Beth McFarland

jackets warming
by the wood burning stove
~Joel

a peal of bells
from across town
announces early Mass
~Marion Clarke

the border collie
herds freshly shorn ewes
~Agnes Eva Savich

fools
always find a perfect one:
apple blossom
~Todd Treloar-Rhodes

on the count of three
we let the kite go
~Liz Ann Winkler