

# 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

who left the doors open  
to Valhalla?

~Polona Oblak

rusty roofing iron  
repurposed  
as a letterbox

~Sandra Simpson

#smitten #diamond #yes  
#winterwedding

~Christopher Patchel

at the Marquise  
a clandestine romp  
in neon flicker

~Judt Shrode

his better half chambers  
another round just because

~Betty Shropshire

after a while  
the life boat for refugees  
hardly floating

~Vasile Moldovan

the first pawlonia leaf  
to touch the soil

~Maureen Virchau

how the setting moon  
fills the garden  
with darkness!

~Gabriel Sawicki

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