A Day of Snow
Composed on-line at The Haiku Foundation
March – November 2016

a day of snow
no one else
has come to the door
–Marshall Hrycuik

coyote song closer
this longest night
–Judt Shrode

incense lit
the scent of sage
lingers in a crowd
–Maureen Virchau

bales of the second haying
stacked to the rafters
–Paul MacNeil

dust from travelers
makes its slow descent
in the moonlight
–steve smolak

faded jeans, school colors
and granny’s specs to match
–Betty Shropshire
facing me
a hairy bunyip points
the bones

—Barbara A. Taylor

horses’ foggy snorts
lead our morning jaunt
along the track

—Marietta McGregor

balls of moss
exit the quaking forest

—Carmen Sterba

scanning an empty platform
as the train chugs off

—Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

in the garden shop
seed packets
arrayed alphabetically

—Marilyn Potter

I sit in silence
behind the steering wheel
awhile

—Paul Geiger

glasswing on the handle
of my butterfly net

—Karen Cesar

the ewe gently nudges
her lambs to move on

—Mary Kendall

a gypsy’s forecast
uttered to the sound
of rolling dice

—Lorin Ford

one white tulip
in a sunlit border
glows against the green

—Marietta McGregor

trick-or-treaters skip
under a new moon

—Maureen Virchau

another soul in the limelight
of #blacklivesmatter

—Agnes Eva Savich
Bastille Day fireworks extinguished

–Marion Clarke

if only I could fit an arm chair into my wine cellar

–Liz Ann Winkler

recruitment of volunteers for the hospice New Year’s Eve

–Gabriel Sawicki

a dust caked child turning a dry spigot

–Judt Shrode

beaming with joy the first visitor presents a tray of passionfruit

–Barbara A. Taylor

week after week the geyser spout remains frozen solid

–Barbara A. Taylor

the commuter car full of personal devices

–Michael Henry Lee

skiers debate violet wax or blue special

–kj munro

with a touch of her finger the goddess of wind marcel the tall grasses

–Patrick Sweeney

twelve breaths moving as one hour of tai chi

–Michael Henry Lee

a gull’s wings barely moving in the midday heat

–Polona Oblak

along the Sheboygan salmon anglers drift fishing

–Betty Shropshire
this eclipsed moon
suddenly the colour
of fallen leaves

― Marietta McGregor

striking the hunting camp
no deer in sight

― Paul Geiger

every quarter
the gentle chimes
of our antique

― Barbara A. Taylor

the scent of rain wafts
among peepers

― Theresa Cancro

wooded dunes
in dappled sunlight a stand
of Indian paintbrushes

― Betty Shropshire

bursting out of gravity
in a trail of stars

― Marion Clarke