New Calendar

Composed on-line at The Haiku Foundation
January – September 2017

new calendar
a year of
“Natural Wonders”
— John Stevenson

a clownfish offers
the first greeting
— Peter Newton

taking a fistful
of freshly tilled earth
to my cheek
— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

café aromas
on the warm breeze
— Maureen Virchau

sound of a flute
slowly rising
with a hazy moon
— Dru Philippou

flickering light of a bike
from the side road
— Marina Bellini
under the bed-sheet
   tales of bold highwaymen
   and horse-drawn coaches
   — Lorin Ford

   has the lord executed
   his droit du seigneur
   — Polona Oblak

   Jimmy Carter
   and Rosalynn
   on the kiss cam
   — Judt Shrode

   after the picnic
   some spirited croquet
   — Michael Henry Lee

   the old quarry
   so deep and cold
   and daring
   — Mary Kendall

   her scars stay hidden
   though the neckline plunges
   — Debbie Feller

   each time I wake
   the moon lights
   something different
   — Gabrielle Higgins

   the whir of dragonfly wings
   in the remaining heat
   — Sally Biggar

   a neutrino
   passes through the chestnut
   and the worm, too
   — Lorin Ford

   the tension of the needle
   piercing linen
   — Carmen Sterba

   Dutchman’s breeches
   sprout along a cliff’s
   ragged edge
   — Maureen Virchau

   six pairs of boots
   by the pilgrim shrine
   — Polona Oblak
in full flight
fledglings skim
through the archway
— Barbara A. Taylor

my toddler puts her milk glass
on the kitchen counter
— Paul MacNeil

on the store’s intercom
comes a cleanup request
for aisle thirteen
— Michael Henry Lee

recalling where they were
on Jerusalem Day
— Debbie Feller

snowflakes
falling north and south
of the peace wall
— Marion Clarke

Tolstoy in Russian
by a roaring fire
— Michael Henry Lee

could it be
that women prefer a room
with a view?
— Karen Cesar

absinthe and “that look”
as they suck on sugar cubes
— Betty Shropshire

date nights
purely
for conversation
— Marietta McGregor

all the agar plates
contaminated
— Polona Oblak

lunar maria
resolving into
the rabbit
— Lorin Ford

one last guess at the weight
of the Blue Hubbard
— Peter Newton
folding
the scarecrow’s
clean clothes

— Sally Biggar

searching for candles
in the back of the drawer

— Carol Jones

ribbon-tied letters
release the faint scent
of face powder

— Marietta McGregor

how this kite gently
pulls us together

— Betty Shropshire

a pink petal
comes to rest
on a raindrop

— kjmunro

a stream of bubbles
from beyond the fence

— Marion Clarke

The Renku Sessions #5
Sabaki: John Stevenson