

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