

UNTITLED

Laurie Scott Cummins

Like my dad's hair
Summer grass is thinning.
Seasons change.

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SHANGRI-LA

Christopher Merrill

Of *Lost Horizon* I remember the plane crash,
A lush green mountain valley, and contemplatives
Who do not seem to age or die... The grade school teacher
Who made me trade the Hardy Boys for an adventure
Story set in Tibet, inspired this hankering
For ideal places. How I need you now to see
Through my bravado, and train me in the ways of God.

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SWEET IOWA CORN

David Duer

Stopped at a farm stand this morning
to get a sack of sweet Iowa corn,
that delicious butter-and-cream variety.

Five boys sat in the shade—
the ones who just picked it?—
swapping lies and shucking corn
and eating it fresh off the cob.

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NEWBORN

Julie Claus

I stood in the garden uncertain what to do with him.
So in the hushed tones of grasses, I began
introducing him to life. Bough by bough, leaf by leaf,
I named every name that would name him.
Petal by petal, we opened to each other.
I kept to him, he kept to me
even as we flew from tree to tree.

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MISCALCULATION

Dan Campion

These trading cards of dreams will never sell.
Their grainy pictures fade. Their film noir spell
Disperses in a smog of bubble gum.
They don't pack even quiet house's hum
Or subtle glow of clock-face radium
Or pillowcase caress of tousled hair.
We're stuck with cardboard decks of solitaire.

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CODA

Marvin Bell

Listen to my song.

Listen when my song has ended.

It will be my way of taking you in my arms.

It will be the way I come to where you are.

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GRACE

Nina Lohman Cilek

Grace, my grandmother-great,
taught me to pray when I was six or five
in her kitchen white The Lord's Prayer white
by the sink where water steamed and scalded
by the oven that warmed, at the table where she sat
line by line, again one more time
while we wait for the yeast to proof

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BUTTERCUP

Karol Krotz

the window her prisoner from the goings-on outside
scents of air and sounds of life through the tiny crack

not deterred she readies herself for the encounter she awaits
those that taunt her instinctive longing

self-composedness, alertness, poise, precision necessary
to escape and conquer her elusive desire

not today, she abandons her post, the bird flies away

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OPTIMIST, TEMPTED

Leslea Haravon Collins

It looks better than it tastes
But there it lies, nestled amongst its sweet companions
Sticky and chewy
Beckoning to my mouth.

Maybe the next one
Will taste better.

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INSPIRATION

Ruth Manna

Senior tech lab time
Need to create cool haikus
C'mon c'mon muse

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"A NOSE IS A NOSE IS A NOSE!"

PATRICK NEFZGER, WIGGLESHAFT

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NOSE, WOULD SMELL THE SAME!

A NOSE BY ANY OTHER ROSE, WOULD SMELL THE SAME!

INSPIRED BY GERTRUDE STEIN, SHAKESPEARE AND HEMINGWAY.

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CHANGE OF VENUE

Carol Tyx

It's good to move out of your room
at least once a year, to sleep in the spare bedroom
or if that's full, on the living room floor
maybe even the backyard
to see who you might be
waking up somewhere else.

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GATE

Tony Craine

Windblown gate, banging late at night
Surrogate noisy neighbor
While the noisy neighbors sleep
By day you contain the annoying little dog
No wind moves you then
Only now, irregular, you open and...
Slam. Open and...

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THE BOOK OF NO PAGES

Dave Morice

I bought a book with all my wages.
Between its covers were no pages.

No one wrote it very well
With perfect grammar. I could tell.

All the words were clear as air
About a truth that wasn't there.

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IN THE GRASS

Nancy Lael Braun

small boy reaches out
for the grasshopper, reaches
out for the hopper...

reaches out again
and again and again and
both hopping, hopping

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JUST A MERE FARM

Randy Beckman

It's just a mere farm built from the sweat of DAD'S brow
It sustained his large family through the Depression somehow
Wherever we've gone in pursuit of our goals
The farm is within us – its part of our soul
And Dad would smile to know we'll always call
This mere farm on the prairie home to us all

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IN THE MORNING

Mary Pogge

I stretch awake
and discover which of my joints
fingers, knees, whatever
has joined the lemmings' march
towards the cliff of age
today

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SPRING

Brown oak leaves dancing
Over frozen sheets of white
Promise warmer days

Tim Terry

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JANUARY THAW

Jan Down

A wisp of wind
Tree branches bend
Snow plops down
Upon my head

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HAPPY FOURTH!

Tom Snee

I live in my own little world, but it's well kept.
Mow the lawn, shovel the snow, paint the fence when needed.
I'd invite the neighbors to a Fourth of July picnic,
but I don't have any.

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DQ HAIKU

David Leshtz

Soft serve krunch kote queen
Summertime butterscotch gal
Melt my blizzard heart

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HAIKU

evening smoulders
midsummer June bug boogie
cool lightening hot dance

Janvier Abramowitz

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HALF SONNET

Paul Diehl

Through fog the bridge throws
lights across the river, parallel lines of
dark, dim, dark, dim, like fingers through
a hand's spaces. The wind deepens,
this way, that way.

Tonight I'd do anything at all
but break your heart.

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THE UMBRELLA'S DREAM

Madi Genz

My umbrella has a dream
to fly away.

When storms brew I open its canopy.

It tries and perseveres, but has yet to take flight.

I feel sorry for the poor thing.

For I am the one
with the strong grip.

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TWILIGHT DANCE IN AUTUMN

Janet Skiff

Dozens of small onyx dots with
thread-like wings
rise from large, dark, lacy trees

and together create a pointellistic cloud

that glides up and down and soars
with collected grace
across a low fuchsia sky.

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LESS THAN ONE CENTIMETER ACROSS

Lisa M. Roberts

You know what got me?
After the ultrasound and after pointing out
what were and were not
the healthy bits of my breast,
the radiologist, as he got up to walk away,
leaned down to pat my leg and said,
"Good luck."

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BETRAYAL

staring unblinking
as if I were a stranger
turncoat computer

Denise Tiffany

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IN READINESS

Rene Paine

The moon, three days waning
graciously introduces the purple and pink of a February sunrise
Sunrise to sun risen, the Iowa earth readies to exhale that breath of thaw
while life below the ice perches
like the swimmer on her block
ready to heed the whistle of change
and send us into the churn and thrust of renewal

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BIG BROTHER

Dick Hakes

You did not know I watched
but I bore witness to your deed
when Niko's skates betrayed him and
he sat there on the ice
discouraged and alone
until your hand came through the crowd.
I could have cheered out loud.

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