

Patricia's Picks
Poetry Pea Journal of Haiku and senryu Autumn 2021:

how could you even fathom its age?
pond rippled by unheard minnows

Craig Kittner

six crows —
at the bus stop
— south bound

Linda L Ludwig

winter whitecaps
on the Pacific Ocean
her disappearing nouns

Mimi Abern

Père Lachaise
we argue all the way
to Abelard's grave

Kristen Lindquist

Sydney Harbor
the sails at the Opera House
fill with wind song

Angela Terry

the suddenness of a hawk
over my shoulder
clouds that whisper rain

Craig Kittner

the brown eyes
of a Sherpa child
Himalayan moon

Bruce H Feingold

Golconda fort
our claps echoing
in the past

Minal Sarosh

the mist
up and down
round and round
the road to Big Sur

Mimi Abern

over Gettysburg
storm clouds charging the sky
blue and grey

Joshua St Clair

Seattle
your syllables...
drops of rain

Geoff M Pope

Catskill Mountain dew
my whole life contained within
these peaks and valleys

Sari Grandstaff

South Carolina Sunday
shock cords hold
the beer cooler shut

David Oates

Afghanistan
all the butterflies clinging
to the last flower

James Young

Holocaust Museum
his hometown a dot
on an SS camp map

Elaine Wilburt

chamomile tea...
the full moon slowly
fills Paris sky

Laughing waters

spring
grandma knits another
purple sky

Lakshmi Iyer

the melody of a blackbird singing nimbostratus

GRIX

pouring down

through the rainforest
komorebi

Pam Joy

long after
the sound of jet skis
the sound of waves

Chris Dean

New Orleans
the jazz of raindrops
on a flooded street

Bill Fay

trees shed their leaves he said she said

Ronald K Craig

silver anniversary
the length
of his scrotum

Aaron Barry

only the cry from the stretched shadow down the empty street harvest moon

martin gottlieb cohen

icicle
dripping
refrozen
elongated
icicle

dripping
puddle

Mark Farrar

counting colours back into the rainbow another boy quotes from Star Wars

Alan Summers

lazy August day
my grandson's long conversation
with Big Bird and Buddha

Bruce H Feingold

discarded toys
in the scatter of unwrapped presents
they ride the box into space

Robert Horrobin

just when I thought
the day was grey—a blue jay
swoops over the lilac

Doris Lynch