

returning from a party
I lick the clouds
with my lizard's tongue

s/now
(just to say something deep)

drag out the-rainy-broken-down-city cliché
and win
a cauliflower brain

on a Pollock-chart
we're the white dots in the red paint

a sequence by

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

with the growing deafness a deeper grand piano dive

gather your horses thimbles and glasses for the fire

four corners of a round planet centring your DNA

removed from the photo Trotsky went to paint the sky above Ukraine bright purple

a little to the left of your heart the wind-up key for the grief bunny

after the rain more rain and you empty a sheet of music

art by
Pamela A. Babusci



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Mountain Cabin

mountain cabin—
we ring in the new year
around the hearth *CM*

a few sparks crackle
in the cheery silence *SL*

hold still:
children catching snowflakes
on their tongues *ER*

grandparents' magic moments
in daguerreotype *ND*

at the end of
a narrow rock tunnel
wafer moon floats *EY*

slower and more transparent
cricket song *LP*

*

autumn wind through the field of flowers all bending	KE
pen poised over the blank page today in my diary	MW
the bells on one side beaus on the other except the two behind the door	LP
so elusive the taste of that first kiss	KK
...village gassed in the war dying before his baby is born	MW
silkworms in a shoe box that children bring	KE
up and down the line of green-leaf-tide frisbee dog	LP
extra heat for summer unknown moon faces next door	JTC
on a Hollywood tour bus everyone hoping to see the stars	LP
this frayed script of <i>A River Runs Through it</i>	CM
spiralling blossom the wind farm worker prays for Fukushima	PC
evacuees savor earliest strawberries	EY

*

does a tadpole dream of leaping out of the pond?	CM
carefully tamping in divided roots	MW
for a few moments our mathematician lost in the passage of cloud	PC/LP
the eyes of a snowy owl 'one wild and precious life'	CM
many red drops... numb fingers making winter wine	MW
meeting up after 30 years hot tears down my cheeks	JTC
the child he never knew existed a mirror of his soul	SL
daunted by each other the soccer match kicks off	EY
dust gathers gradually and gently on those old trophies	CM
a fox scurries spreading the scent of fallen leaves	SL
the full moon through the slats of a ramshackle barn	CM
rice bundled, hung up over high bars	EY

*

a no deal Brexit
in the offing this imp-possible
return to the motherland *SL*

wrapped in well-designed wings
bats sway *KE*

letter box flaps
as bills hit the door mat
just before lunch *MW*

brought in with my scarf
springtime air *EY*

pink sakura clouds
that seem to float for now
and forever *KE*

her trust in his grip
as they Lindy Hop *LP*

having only
a handful of moments
alone with you
O nightbird your visits
mean everything to me



an'ya

the
l
e
a
v
e
s
will
be falling
soon

reflections

on
this sunny afternoon
on water

no one
here
but
empty
deck
chairs

falling stars
in
the sky
and
in
the
swimming
pool

Valeria Simonova Cecon (renku leader),
Nicholas Klacsanzky,
Andrea Cecon

standing in between

New Year:
barley for breakfast
lunch and dinner

NK

the lights go out early
in a refugee camp

VSC

late at night
the slight accent
of a foreigner

AC

the wind and I
massaging her foot

NK

these strange desires...
the first and the last day
of my period

VSC

standing in between
the scent of daffodils

AC

above the sway
of green green green grass
migrating ducks

NK

a second-hand jacket
with all of its memories

AC

summer moon
visits the attic and touches
father's journal

NK

overwhelming news
of McDonald's bankruptcy

VSC

on the bench
a sad clown
soaked to the bones

AC

morning fog
carrying the chirp of crickets

NK

coughing fits, and dreams of old books
and of my granny and her God;
in the dead of night, blackbird songs
and a bitter cold wind

white frost on the holy roof
old wood pigeon picking at seeds
a small book of island poems
my daughters, sleeping

he wrote of the twisted hawthorn
where lay the crippled fawn
with the lost leg, and I wept
when I heard the shot

Echoes of Childhood

Hollyhocks evoke memories of my summers, ages seven through ten, when I was delivered for two weeks to a farm where my cousin, aunt, and uncle lived. I was a small-town girl who didn't enjoy getting dirty until I was exposed to the rural life. There was nothing I could teach my cousin about my life that she wanted to learn. I wanted to learn everything about the farm. My cousin taught me to gather eggs from mean hens, pick produce from the garden, and berries from the strawberry patch for our meals. Most afternoons we ran to the barn to ride her horse, bareback, to the fallen mulberry tree way out in the field. Riding together required my cousin to walk her horse into a ditch so he was the right height for me to get on behind her. She laughed till she shook the first few times I slid off. Once seated, we hung on to his mane and raced to the mulberry tree. In a bag tucked between us, we carried: a thermos of water, crackers, berries, toothpicks, and hollyhock blossoms. Together we turned that mulberry tree into a castle. With just our hands we dug a moat, filled it with nearby pooled rain water, and packed mud around the bare branches to build chambers. Then we sat in the shade of our castle to create the king and queen and loyal subjects. The queen required a fully opened hollyhock blossom, pierced by one toothpick up the middle into a buxom bud: body and frilly gown. The king required a bud for each pant leg, two toothpicks, and a partially open bud for a frilly shirt. Each day there in the mulberry world, our creation became more elaborate. Each summer our stories grew more intricate. Then... stopped the summer I turned ten. That is when my aunt died of the ravages of breast cancer. Someone described her illness as a weed that grew out of control and killed all the good parts of her. I remember looking at the hollyhock patch that summer and realizing weeds had taken over there, too, choking off the once bountiful blossoms. Life changed for both my cousin and me that summer. We were in our sixties before we began spending summer days together again, sharing what we recalled of our hollyhock adventures, our laughter before the weed invasion.

abandoned farmhouse
the surrounding trees
lean in

tanka art by

Ron C. Moss

*the full moon
so much brighter
on this night,
I ride in the glow
of a millions years*

*dreaming
of a wild brumby
at full gallop
stars scatter and drift
in every direction*



*dry fallen leaves
in a silvery dance
slip into shadows,
they mark our passing
through this world*

*the paleness
of my cold fingers
in a violet landscape,
these are the moments
of my life*

ron c. moss

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