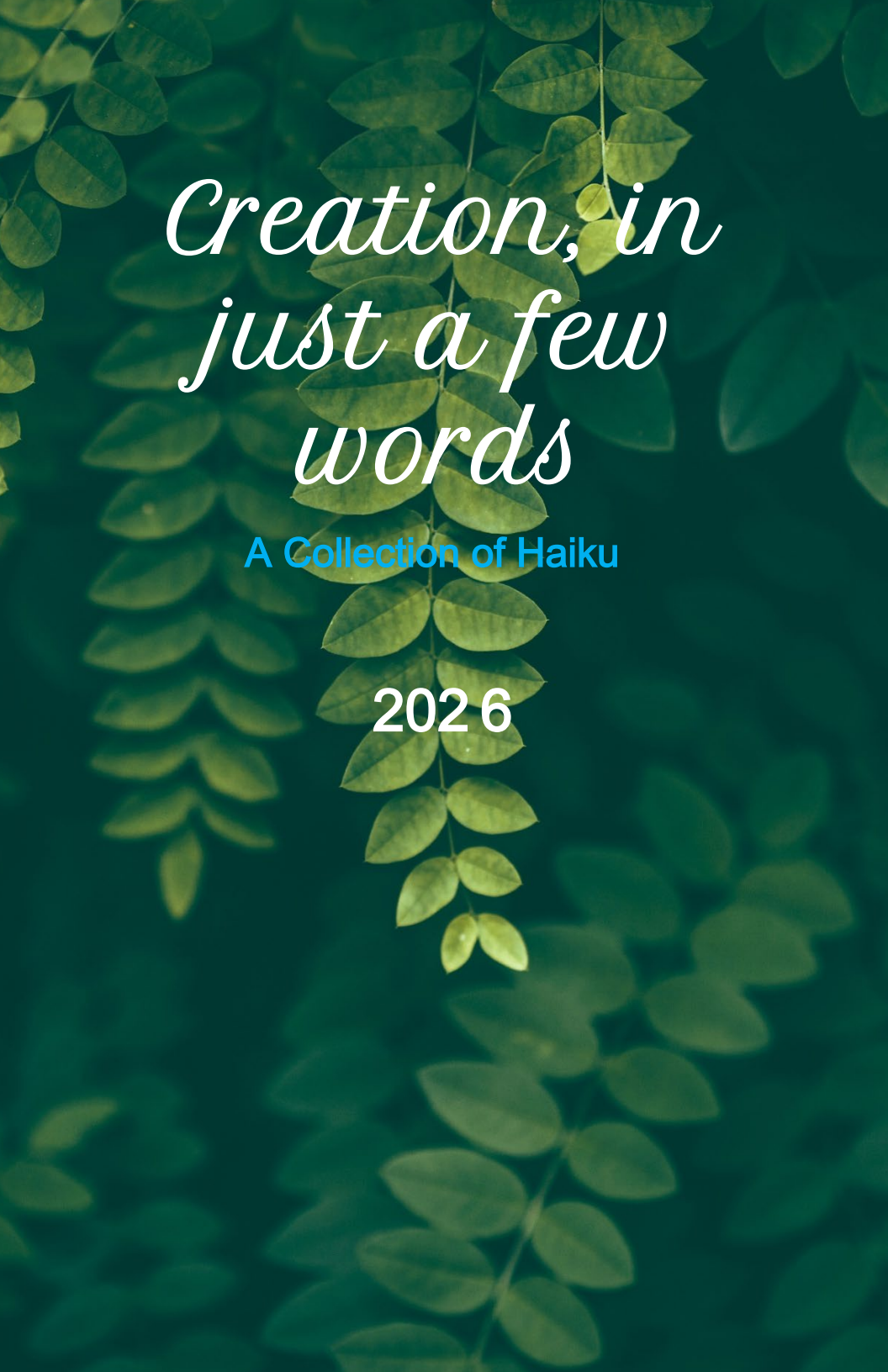
Creation, in just a few words
A Collection of Haiku
2026

Only the birds
Sing the music of heaven
In this world.

—Issa, *Journal of My Father's Last Days* (1801)

Presbyterians for Earth Care (PEC) invites individuals and congregations to participate in the growing earth care movement within the PC(USA) and beyond. PEC is a national eco-justice network that cares for God's creation by connecting, equipping, and inspiring Presbyterians to make creation care a central concern of the church.

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Photographs by Courtenay Willcox, unless otherwise noted.

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CREATION

"In the beginning God created"
Genesis 1:1

Crater Lake National Park, OR

Authors Featured:
Wendy Gist, Pasadena, CA
Bill McConnell, Charlotte, NC
Nancy Jones, Atlanta, GA
Laura Stockbridge, Broken Arrow, OK
Betty Jean Jordan, Monticello, GA
Hansen Wendlandt, Sapporo, Hokkaido, Japan

Love of creation
Animals, plants, land, sea, air
Nature's my passion

Wendy Gist

Earth our island home
We abuse and destroy it
This is all we have

Bill McConnell

Centuries have passed
Creation groans in labor
Life depends on us

Bill McConnell

Delicate balance
Dark and light and warm and cold
Synergy and peace

Bill McConnell

This world is God's gift
Our task is to care for it
We must do our job

Nancy Jones

We are called to care
For all of God's Creation
We have failed our task

Nancy Jones

How did God do it -
Make the whole world in six days?
My chores take longer.

Laura Stockbridge

How could any view
Our awe inspiring nature
And still deny God?

Laura Stockbridge

Thank you, Creator,
For your earth which we steward.
Help us protect it.

Laura Stockbridge

Earth on life support
Creator performs triage
Do not desecrate

Betty Jean Jordan

Wind, waves, wilderness
Gentle rhythms - earth's heartbeat
Be still and know, I am God.

Hansen Wendlandt

Mt. Constitution, Moran State Park, ME

SUN, MOON & SKY

For the wonder of each hour, of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the Beauty of the Earth
Glory to God hymnal

Authors Featured:
Laura Stockbridge, Broken Arrow, OK
Melissa May, Stillwater, MN
Linda Gaines, Puyallup, WA
Patricia Deeney, Lawrenceville, NJ
Linda Lorah, Erie, PA
Connie Roop, Appleton, WI
Jen Porter, Grand Rapids, MI
Courtenay Willcox, Wayne, PA
Jennifer Marsh, Leesburg, VA
Rosalyn Sue Edrozo, Texas City, TX
Wendy Gist, Pasadena, CA
Elizabeth Larson, Lucerne, CA
Claudia Moreno, Ridgefield, WA

Beautiful sunsets,
Fields of wildflowers in bloom,
For these, I gave thanks.

Laura Stockbridge

The days are sacred
Each morning blessed by the sun
Moon's prayer ending

Melissa May

a mystic sunset
deepening blue, trailing pink
Solace for my soul

Linda Gaines

Savor sun and breeze,
flowers hue and chirping songs.
Nature's calm and peace.

Patricia Deeney

Sun over water,
Rising and setting daily,
Magnificently.

Linda Lorah

Ocean Moon Rise, Corolla, NC

Ocean moon rising
Full orb casts ribbon of light
Heavenly highway.

Connie Roop

sun rises
white wall glows pink
in morning light

Jen Porter

Gwich'in summer sun
Circles the tundra daily
Solstice is our gift

Courtenay Willcox

In purest silence
the full moon launches shadows
down the mountain crags

Jennifer Marsh

Early today
I caught the cobalt sky
just as it waned to the dawn.

Rosalyn Sue Edrozo

I watch green light dance.
Aurora borealis
covering the sky.

Wendy Gist

Perseids
Dust, rock, bright angles —
Heavenly geometry.
Dark yields to the light.

Elizabeth Larson

Neowise
Ancient ice marries
The light, dreams entwined in stars,
Comet dives through sky.

Elizabeth Larson

Hidden behind clouds
A majestic presence
Awe! Joy! I glimpse it!

Claudia Moreno

Warm sun, gentle breeze
A simple joy to savor
Nourishing, healing.

Patricia Deeney

Sunrise, Corolla, NC

SCENERY

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;
they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you,
even Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these.
Matthew 28b-29

Authors Featured:
Patricia Deeney, Lawrenceville, NJ
Linda Lorah, Erie, PA
Connie Roop, Appleton, WI
Jim Bernath, Trinidad, CO
Jan Fitzpatrick, Denver, CO
Eric Riddle, Columbus, IN
Elizabeth Larson, Lucerne, CA
Courtenay Willcox, Wayne, PA
Joan Brown, Santa Fe, NM
Susan Whitlock, Ann Arbor, MI

Sunset Pass, Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, AK

Wander in the wild
Ramble through nature's beauty
Awed by God's first book

Patricia Deeney

Sixteen shades of green,
Northwest PA's verdant coastline,
a feast for the eyes.

Linda Lorah

Presque isle beauty
Welcomes visitors always
Beckoning with sand.

Linda Lorah

Lobster boats, buoys bob
Scattered islands topped with pines
Rocky shores beckon.

Connie Roop

memories
everywhere I look
my old hometown

Jim Bernath

grounded on granite
secure in embrace of sky
sustained by nature

Janet Fitzpatrick

Near hollow's narrow
Ripples reflection on rock
Thousand ferns unfurled

Eric Riddle

Hold hat in high wind
Sun beams through refreshing rain
We look for rainbows

Eric Riddle

Twelfth Night
Deep dreaming winter
Night, bare-limbed oaks thickly hung
with stars, a new year.

Elizabeth Larson

Alaska landscape
Caribou walk easily
Over tundra sedge

Courtenay Willcox

Vast, wild tundra
My biophilia calls me
Endless views bring me home

Courtenay Willcox

Storm rushes valley
Surprise rainbow delights eyes
Sings hope into hearts

Joan Brown, OSA

Appreciation
For the blessings of Lake Erie
Unexpectedly.

Linda Lorah

A greypink mist swims
the warp and weft of black woods,
weaves another day.

Susan Whitlock

Chanticleer, Wayne, PA

FLOWING

WATER

Wherever the river goes, every living creature that swarms will live,
and there will be very many fish once these waters reach there.
It will become fresh, and everything will live where the river goes.
On the banks, on both sides of the river,
there will grow all kinds of trees for food.
Their leaves will not wither nor their fruit fail,
but they will bear fresh fruit every month,
because the water for them flows from the sanctuary.
Their fruit will be for food and their leaves for healing.

Season of Creation text for 2026,
Ezekiel 47:9, 12

Authors Featured:
Sarah Windes, Blacksburg, VA
Richard Morgan, Hendersonville, NC
Jim Bernath, Trinidad, CO
Laura Renauld, Leesburg, VA
Naomi Kelly, Old Forge, NY
Courtenay Willcox, Wayne, PA

McKaig Nature Center, Wayne, PA

the stream brings sunlight
tumbling down polished pebbles
flashing over stones

Sarah Windes

Water's so smart it flows
downhill never thinking twice
of doing otherwise.

Richard Morgan

streaming service
free of charge
this laughing creek

Jim Bernath

Playful water
Laughing, chasing, tumbling
Over sun-splashed rocks

Laura Renauld

One drop of water
Dances unites, combining
Becomes one ocean

Naomi Kelly

Icy water flows
Snow melts from the mountain tops
Cools my achy feet

Courtenay Willcox

Snow-fed stream, Sunset Pass, Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, AK

PLANTS & TREES

They are like trees
planted by streams of water,
which yield their fruit in its season,
and their leaves do not wither.
In all that they do, they prosper.
Psalm 1:3

Authors Featured:
Melissa May, Stillwater, MN
Ruth Sheets, New Paltz, NY
Wendy Gist, Pasadena, CA
Margaret Kadunc, Circleville, OH
Remi, Louisville, KY
Richard Morgan, Hendersonville, NC
Cindy Corell, Staunton, VA
Beth DeFiglio, Poughkeepsie, NY
Jim Bernath, Trinidad, CO
Janet Fitzpatrick, Denver, CO
Nancy Jones, Atlanta, GA
Laura Renauld, Leesburg, VA
Tricia Matthew, Green Bay, WI
Amy Dunham Strand, Grand Rapids, MI
Davis Acton, Lilburn, GA
Elizabeth Larson, Lucerne, CA
Martine Palmiter, Rockville, MD
Bethany Hurley, Erie, PA

The morning glories
Are trumpeting their blueness
Summer's finale

Melissa May

Milkweed pods, Kirkwood Preserve, Newtown Square, PA

Milkweed flowers bloom.
Oh, please, may I see some "cats"?
God answers my prayer.

Ruth Sheets

Purple salvia.
Iridescent tiny birds.
Again, I'm thankful.

Ruth Sheets

Walking on trails
by majestic Sequoias
I feel very small.

Wendy Gist

I planted milkweed
with expectation and hope
to grow butterflies.

Margaret Kaduncc

Sitting on the porch
I saw a surprise lily
It is growing fast

Remi, age 6

Remi

I am connected
to the blade of grass
growing in the shade.

Richard Morgan

I sowed them deep,
Yearned to see them blossoming.
Gladiolus glow.

Cindy Corell

Cindy Corell

the old Dover oak
300 years old, so big
and so amazing

Beth DeFiglio

a bright yellow sunflower
petals so perfect
it is hard to look away

Beth DeFiglio

crocus, you are love
always daring winter
with tenderness

Jim Bernath

impossibly blue
a patch of sky fallen down
painting the iris

Janet Fitzpatrick

the forest is dark
gold light filters through tall pines
on a glade of fern

Janet Fitzpatrick

red tulip petals
open lips kissing the sun
serving up pollen

Janet Fitzpatrick

fuzzy cattail heads
backlit by the setting sun
a field of torches

Janet Fitzpatrick

nature has lessons
tall grass bends but seldom breaks
stiff branches shatter

Janet Fitzpatrick

Sunlight through the trees
Raindrops sparkle on the leaves
A morning blessing

Nancy Jones

Morris Arboretum and Gardens, Philadelphia, PA

Walking in the woods
Space and life and wonder here
I am truly blessed

Nancy Jones

Hiding in plain sight
A tiny, violet secret
Amid the queen's lace

Laura Renauld

Prairie Blazing Star
fuzzy purple flower spikes
Monarch magnet

Tricia Matthew

into green grass
Virginia Creeper creeping
into green grass

Amy Dunham Strand

Green Leaves
Morning dew speckles
The leaves, wind blows gently, the
sun bright with God's love

Davis Acton, age 12

Wheat
Light turns seed to grain,
Wheat grows and dies, crushed for us,
Rising, becomes Bread.

Elizabeth Larson

Poppies
Cupped faces blink at sky,
Fragile sun goblets sway,
Spring's tender candles.

Elizabeth Larson

Blackberries
Evening, Clear Lake's edge,
Greening spiked branches cradle
Sweetness in purple.

Elizabeth Larson

Fallen Oak
Limbs that held the sky
Now in spring's greening grass lie
Cradled in the earth.

Tree cutters jest and laugh.
Sunlight pours in.
Bird homes gone.

Martine Palmiter

Grandma tried to teach
Me the trees before she died.
I am learning now.

Bethany Hurley

SEASONS

For everything there is a season and a time
for every matter under heaven
Ecclesiastes 3:1

Winter freeze, McKaig Nature Center, Wayne, PA

Authors Featured:
Melissa May, Stillwater, MN
Ruth Sheets, New Paltz, NY
Linda Lorah, Erie, PA
Jan Fitzpatrick, Denver, CO
Jen Porter, Grand Rapids, MI
George Sayler, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Winter has checked out
Seed catalogs have arrived
Optimism thaws

Melissa May

Frozen pond beckons.
Children arrive with their skates.
Winter chimes with joy!

Ruth Sheets

October mornings,
Walking the lakeside highway
Smelling apples, grapes!

Linda Lorah

some prefer a paved walk
my choice is the twisted path
I know its seasons

Janet Fitzpatrick

cool air
still mid august
Goosebumps

Jen Porter

Autumn leaves drifting,
to rest upon mother earth
and nourish new life.

George Sayler

Sparkling like diamonds,
Icicles glisten the trees
As a queen's ransom.

Linda Lorah

Snowflakes cover all
The beautiful and ugly
Blanketing it white.

Linda Lorah

INSECTS

Go to the ant, you lazybones;
consider its ways and be wise.
Without having any chief or officer or ruler,
it prepares its food in summer and gathers
its sustenance in harvest.
Proverbs 6:6-8

Laura Stockbridge, Broken Arrow, OK
Rosalyn Sue Edrozo, Texas City, TX
Susan Berry, Alexandria, VA
Ruth Sheets, New Paltz, NY
Meg Kadunc, Circleville, OH
Marilyn Marshall, Magna, UT
Susan Whitlock, Ann Arbor, MI
Laura Brooks, Arlington, VA
Jim Bernath, Trinidad, CO
Nancy Jones, Atlanta, GA
Brenda Bengtson, Hamilton, VA
Laura Renauld, Leesburg, VA
Tricia Matthew, Green Bay, WI
Naomi Kelly, Old Forge, NY
Eric Riddle, Columbus, IN
Nolin Hurley, Erie, PA
Bethany Hurley, Erie, PA
Linda Wilkinson, Erie, PA
Jennifer Marsh, Leesburg, VA
George Sayler, Coeur d'Alene, ID

Dragonfly

Ode to mosquitoes:
Vampires who buzz about me,
Flee lest you be slapped

Laura Stockbridge

Preparing the fenceline
for the coming storm,
a locust buzzed past.

Rosalyn Sue Edrozo

I heard a locust buzz,
turned and saw him fly away
in the mouth of a mockingbird.

Rosalyn Sue Edrozo

Fireflies light the night
unnoticed two years underground
catch the moment now

Susan Berry

A juniper shrub
Quietly holding a gift.
Soon, a butterfly!

Ruth Sheets

Surface tension lets
the insect stand on water.
Silence stands nearby.

Margaret Kaduncc

The caterpillar
Power pack for brooding birds
Transform to beauty

Marilyn Marshall

The caterpillar
Gross, ugly and destructive
Potential beauty

Marilyn Marshall

Cicadas record,
like tiny tuneless divas,
the summer's soundtrack.

Susan Whitlock

Shoo, darn deer fly — ouch!
Jolting my lake-front idyll
But you lived here first

Laura Brooks

black butterflies
dance together
in the riversong

Jim Bernath

Spider looks at the moon
sees a face like human
with a hundred eyes

Jim Bernath

Spraying mosquitoes
Kills all the pollinators
Not just biting ones

Nancy Jones

The dragonfly nymphs
Eat the mosquito larvae
And then bless the yard

Nancy Jones

Spider webs sparkle
All across the window pane
Hate to brush them down

Nancy Jones

Fireflies soar skyward,
lighting friendly habitats -
harmony at dusk.

Brenda Bengtson

Owl-Butterflies
Gentle masters of disguise
Eyes on unfurled wings

Laura Renauld

One blazing star leaf
nine solitary bees cling
a slumber party.

Tricia Matthew

Monarch Moments
Speck of creamy white
transfiguration pending
hidden becoming

Caterpillar chomps
devouring a milky weed
shedding one more coat

A jewel of jade
swaying on gossamer threads
cradling a rebirth

God's origami
unfolding, refolding form
old turned into new.

Monarch Caterpillar, Wayne, PA

Crumpled wings unfurl
pulsating with life's spirit
fragile becomes strong

Twirling garden dance
pirouetting into Light
sipping nectar's zest

A speck of love grows
wings swirling on gusts of grace
migrating beauty.

Tricia Matthew

Monarchs dance around
sweet cloying milkweed flower
caterpillars birthing

Naomi Kelly

Holding broken branch
Slowly hiking with spiders
Wand casts webs away

Eric Riddle

A butterfly's wing--
Tumbling colors, waves in wind
A monarch of sky.

Nolin Hurley, age 14

Bumblebee sleeping
In the flower I planted,
You are welcome here.

Bethany Hurley

Judy Nettleton

They flutter and soar.
Among summer's bright blossoms.
Butterfly ballet.

Linda Wilkinson

Their light, like God's love
Glows softly in the darkness.
Creation's nightlight.

Linda Wilkinson

Fireflies wait for dusk
tease through leaf mesh, meadow lace,
starting the party

Jennifer Marsh

Crickets at night, singing,
sending their love song to whom.
You and I for sure.

George Sayler

BIRDS

**Look at the birds of the air:
they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns,
and yet your heavenly Father feeds them.**
Matthew 6:26a

Authors Featured:
Melissa May, Stillwater, MN
Shelly Craig, Houston, TX
Ruth Sheets, New Paltz, NY
Wendy Gist, Pasadena, CA
Remi, Louisville, KY
Sarah Windes, Blacksburg, VA
Jan Fitzpatrick, Denver, CO
Nancy Jones, ATlanta, GA
Tricia Matthew, Green Bay, WI
Amy Dunham Strand, Grand Rapids, MI
Davis Acton, Lilburn, GA
Michelle Ballou, Bellingham, WA
Elizabeth Larson, Lucerne, CA
Bethany Hurley, Erie, PA
Hansen Wendlandt, Sapporo, Hokkaido, Japan
Jennifer Marsh, Leesburg, VA

Leftover communion bread
Fuels the birds on this cold day
Truly the bread of life

Melissa May

"My View"
Floating feeders crowd
Dancing doves'orange toes curl
Full fed wend away.

Shelley Craig

Blue heron soars high,
Harsh, loud, abrupt is her call.
Joy sings in my heart.

Ruth Sheets

Heron, Corolla, NC

Hooting owl youngster
in low nearby branches, a
wonder to behold.

Wendy Gist

A new recorder
Playing new songs for the birds
I heard many birds.

Remi, age 6

wood thrush's bell tones
ring through the evening forest
one-voice harmony

Sarah Windes

incessant chatter
magpies convene in the field
exchanging gossip

Janet Fitzpatrick

Quail, Oro Valley, AZ

herons undisturbed
from their morning rounds
practice catch and eat

Janet Fitzpatrick

raptors soar above
field mice no match for keen eyes
predator and prey

Janet Fitzpatrick

The birds call to me
Come out and fill the feeder!
I answer their call

Nancy Jones

Autumn Meadowhawk
observing from the shadows
red hunter waiting

Tricia Matthew

from the pond's reeds
a grey heron glides
I eat my lunch: salmon

Amy Dunham Strand

Birds Rejoice
Woosh goes the wind in
The cloud speckled light blue sky,
Birds rejoice God's love

Davis Acton, age 12

red-winged blackbird—
his heart
worn on a sleeve

Michelle Ballou

atmospheric river
mallards swim
across the footpath

Michelle Ballou

Pigeon in San Francisco
Concrete and hard edges,
Nestling on the sill, pearled wings,
Cautious purple eye.

Elizabeth Larson

A pair of crows
Fly in tandem overhead,
Matching twigs in their beaks.

Bethany Hurley

Another sparrow
No barn owl, no rare blossom,
Beauty, everywhere

Hansen Wendlandt

Wild raucous croaks
from the gnarled bayside alders
crows call the tide in

Jennifer Marsh

Barn Owl, Sonoran Desert Museum, AZ

LAND ANIMALS

"But ask the animals, and they will teach you,
the birds of the air, and they will tell you;
ask the plants of the earth, and they will teach you,
and the fish of the sea will declare to you."
Job 12:7-8

Authors Featured:
Wendy Gist, Pasadena, CA
Richard Morgan, Hendersonville, NC
Jim Bernath, Trinidad, CO
Amy Dunham Strand, Grand Rapids, MI
Michelle Ballou, Bellingham, WA
Elizabeth Larson, Lucerne, CA
Bethany Hurley, Erie, PA
Janet Fitzpatrick, Denver, CO

Our cat is purring
in my lap contentedly.
Time to stay awhile.

Wendy Gist

Rocking on my front porch
neighbors pass and wave
rabbits freeze like statues.

Richard Morgan

master's black dog
during chi gong
watches the sky

Jim Bernath

Gracie Willcox, schnoodle

cat hypnotizes
with wide eyed stare
and swishing tail

Jim Bernath

my dog peers up at squirrels
sounds of chattering, barking
argument or prayer?

Amy Dunham Strand

hospice visit
coyotes howl
at sunset

Michelle Ballou

Pony
Hooves sink in pasture's
Soft grass, raindrops cling to mane.
Nostrils ripple, sigh.

Elizabeth Larson

Our backyard bunny
Escaped the neighbor's dog once.
Her pierced ears listen.

Bethany Hurley

pond bottom exposed
geometric mud puzzle
turtles hide below

Janet Fitzpatrick

Yellow-bellied slider, Corolla, NC

HUMANS

When I look at your heavens, the work of your fingers,
the moon and the stars that you have established;
what are humans that you are mindful of them,
mortals that you care for them?
Yet you have made them a little lower than God
and crowned them with glory and honor.
Psalm 8:3-5

Authors Featured:

Max, Memphis, IN

Jessica Maudlin, Jeffersonville, IN

Richard Morgan, Hendersonville, NC

Linda Lorah, Erie, PA

Jim Bernath, Trinidad, CO

Janet Fitzpatrick, Denver, CO

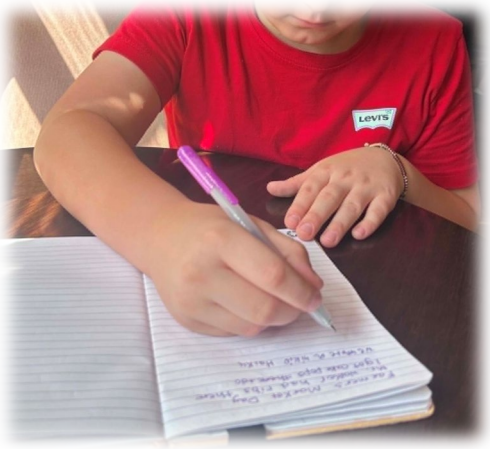
Nancy Jones, Atlanta, GA

Jen Porter, Grand Rapids, MI

Amy Dunham Strand, Grand Rapids, MI

Eric Riddle, Columbus, IN

Bethany Hurley, Erie, PA



Max

The water is warm
Diving deeply, swimming fast
High Dives are scary!

Max, age 10

These loves are my why
Tending the Garden for them
Serving, Preserving.

Jessica Maudlin

My dear father was
a sturdy plow horse
modeling for me straight lines.

Richard Morgan

Her baby fingers
beg of me
piano lessons please.

Richard Morgan

Swimmers ... fisherfolk
Recreating , relaxing,
Gods bounty for us!

Linda Lorah

both vague and vivid
dying aunt's bedside
when I was four

Jim Bernath

each step a release
worries fade with altitude
respite on the trail

Janet Fitzpatrick

A good dad

You and I were made
To care for one another
And all of God's world

Nancy Jones

around the corner
child stalks the cat
a haiku?

Jen Porter

wedding guests revel
under strings of bright white lights
a slow-setting sun

Amy Dunham Strand

She passes roses
Carefully, from son's coffin
Carillon bells ring

Eric Riddle

A new baby cries,
This world so unlike the womb.
Heaven, too, is birth.

Bethany Hurley

Caring for the world, starting with a toad

GARDEN'S BOUNTY

Then God said, "Let the earth put forth vegetation: plants yielding seed and fruit trees of every kind on earth that bear fruit with the seed in it." And it was so. The earth brought forth vegetation: plants yielding seed of every kind and trees of every kind bearing fruit with the seed in it. And God saw that it was good.

Genesis 1:11-12

Authors Featured:

Margaret Kadunc, Circleville, OH

Laura Brooks & Virginia Brooks, Harrisville, NH

Jen Porter, Grand Rapids, MI

Martine Palmiter, Rockville, MD

Melissa May, Stillwater, MN

Peach is almost ripe.
Do not pick. Wait for it. Wait
for it wait for it.

Margaret Kaduncc

Blueberries ripen
Shiny globes glistening bright
in the morning sun

Laura Brooks and Virginia Brooks

potatoes and zucchini
browning together
sabbath sizzles

Jen Porter

basket of apples
now hold plums
of thanks

Jen Porter

Strong chard up for the count!
Made it through frozen ground.
Hello!

Martine Palmiter

Picking tomatoes
Arms plunged through the scented leaves
I emerged perfumed

Melissa May

True Love Seed, Thornbury Township, PA

PEACE & PRAYER

Do not be anxious about anything,
but in everything by prayer and
supplication with thanksgiving
let your requests be made known to God.
Philippians 4:6

Authors Featured:
Jen Porter, Grand Rapids, MI
Amy Dunham Strand, Grand Rapids, MI
Eric Riddle, Columbus, IN
Michelle Ballou, Bellingham, WA
Hansen Wendlandt, Sapporo, Hokkaido, Japan
Martine Palmiter, Rockville, MD
Sam Hamilton-Poore, Birmingham, AL
Susan Whitlock, Ann Arbor, MI
Judith Rane, Albuquerque, NM

warm condensation
post it list bleeds pink
readable no more

Jen Porter

on the white counter
the empty orange mug
waiting to be filled

Amy Dunham Strand

Breathing quietly
Silence while pausing between
Moments of stillness

Eric Riddle

garden bed
his last day
put to rest

Michelle Ballou

Ferncliff, Arkansas

Pray for forest health.
Pine for clean water and air.
Plunge into action.

Hansen Wendlandt

Steady rain. No excitement.
Just rain falling.

Martine Palmiter

Chama River rock—
In my hand: flat, round, hard, cool –
Undeniable.

Sam Hamilton-Poore

Cool on my forehead
the breeze brushes back my hair
like a mother's hand.

Susan Whitlock

Respond Memory
Of kindness or violence
Replays the molding!

Judith Rane

Grasses, Wilson Farm Park, Berwyn, PA