4th Annual
H. Gene Murtha Memorial Senryu Contest Results

ISSUE #28  JULY 2019
Prune Juice, founded in 2008 by Alexis Rotella, is a digital journal occurring tri-annually, dedicated to publishing and promoting modern English senryu, kyoka, haibun, and haiga. Past editors include Steve Hodge, Terri L. French, Bruce Boynton, and Liam Wilkinson.

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EDITOR’S NOTE

Welcome to the July 2019 issue, featuring the winners of the 4th Annual H. Gene Murtha Senryu Contest plus the short list of honorable mentions. The Prune Juice team is honored to help select and publish these fine senryu in concert with contest founder and Failed Haiku editor Michael Rehling.

It was a joy to have dinner with Mike in early June at Delft Bistro in downtown Marquette, Michigan (about halfway between each of our hometowns) and discuss the finalist entries over vegan Burger Impossibles and plenty of laughter as we all caught up.

I first met Mike six years ago at the 2013 Cradle of American Haiku Conference in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, hosted by Gayle Bull at The Foundry Books. Sadly, the haiku community lost Gayle in early April. This issue is dedicated to her generous heart and rich legacy as a founding keeper of the haiku flame in America. I am entirely grateful to Gayle for welcoming me so openly into her home. Please take a moment to listen to the story behind the history of American Haiku in Gayle’s own words: https://www.thehaikufoundation.org/2015/11/30/thf-interviews-gayle-bull/

Many thanks to both the new and returning contributors for making this issue so diversely talented and entertaining! Hope to see you at HNA . . .

Brent Goodman

Rhinelander, Wisconsin, USA
July 1st, 2019
4th Annual
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FIRST PRIZE

ultrasound gel
as she circles the probe
I read her face

Madhuri Pillai

This senryu won first place because it perfectly captures a potential moment inside Gene Murtha’s emotional universe, while remaining wholly original and delicately-crafted within Madhuri Pillai’s direct experience. The “ultrasound gel” in the first line makes immediate cool contact with our skin, and concisely sets the scene in a medical examination room. We first think of an expectant mother visiting for a routine checkup, but then remember that ultrasound exams are alternately used to look for tumors and other signs of serious illness. This clinical exploration inside the body is reflected in the speaker’s eyes searching the subject’s facial expressions for clues (“as she circles the probe \ I read her face”). Whether or not the poet was invited to watch the ultrasound monitor during the exam doesn’t matter, because the first hint of any concern will be found in the face of the one who circles the probe. Another rich complexity of this
poem is its ability to allow for a multitude of possible viewpoints: Who is “she”? Who is “her”? Who is the “I”? I've read this senryu from any number of points of view, and each angle delights and intrigues in its own novel way.

Brent Goodman

SECOND PRIZE

strip-o-gram
everyone's standards
go lower

Elizabeth Crocket

Just like many successful senryu, this poem explores the complexity of human/social relations through the lens of a single event. At first read, this snapshot can be enjoyed as a simple satire – a lighthearted jab perhaps reproaching those involved in this bawdy “social” event. But like a foot strategically inserted between the door jamb to keep the door ajar, this senryu affords an opening that seduces inquisitive readers to explore more, inviting deeper conversations regarding the role and responsibility of the individual versus the group. Whether it’s for a birthday or a bachelor/bachelorette party, Strip-O-Grams are
typically for the individual, but performed in a very public setting. The poet’s specific use of the word “everyone” immediately challenges the role of the individual, be it the reader, the recipient of the Strip-O-Gram, the person who sent the Strip-O-Gram, or any of the guest/participant of the event. In an instant, “me” becomes “we” and the individual is stripped out of the senryu and the poem is thrust into the realm of the public, asking the heady question of “what happens when the individual relinquishes responsibility to group standards?”

Kelvin Fujikawa

THIRD PRIZE

shriveled flesh
the impermanence
of bath bubbles

Kelly Sauvage Angel

Here is a poem that triggers a multileveled set of emotions. I confess I have no real memory of my time in my mother's womb, but I firmly believe that memories of bathtime as a small child are the best and closest proximity in my imagination to the warm fluid life in the womb. As we grow older the trials and stresses of our daily life can be left behind, if only for a short time, in the
wonderful peace that a bubble bath can provide. And yet, even though the impermanence of our bathtub revelry is always present in our minds we stay until “shriveled flesh” prompts our slow but smiling exit. We wrap ourselves in a soft dry towel and both our conscious mind and warm flesh remember how our mothers (or dads) carried us back to the safety of a sweet smelling crib.

There is a moment of satori contained here as the warm glow of bubbles light up our eyes and then disappear gently in the tub. I thank the poet for giving us a poem that so skillfully conforms to all of our deepest memories.

Mike Rehling
HIGHLY COMMENDED  
(in no particular order)

family reunion
bad breath
has a name

  Roberta Beach Jacobson

chess match . . .  
I choose a bottle of whiskey
  to be my rival

  Ivan Gaćina

birthday candles
I blow out
an old dream

  Lucky Triana

I dream
someone else’s dream
hotel pillows

  Terri L. French
shrinking all
my flaws
thumbnail photo

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

all day rain
sending a second
friend request

Michael Henry Lee

pilot burial
he still speaks
from the black box

Tomislav Sjekloća

writer's block
my father's
eulogy

Claudette Russell
a mute man —
his parrot repeats
the silence

Aljoša Vuković

divorce papers —
a stray dog
adopts me

Corine Timmer

border war
the price of tamales
on a slow day

Darrell Lindsey

baggage claim
his and hers
the second time around

Robert Witmer
first date
I slip into
old habits

Lori A Minor

you and me
taking a selfie
separately

Dan Burt

Ceasefire . . .
a soldier comes home
wrapped in moonlight

arvinder kaur

history class
my girlfriend whispers
forget what happened

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
cancer diagnosis
i add a red lipstick
to my collection

Madhuri Pillai

shooting stars —
the dash between
born and died

Colleen M. Farrelly

sunshine —
she spins the sunglasses
round and round

Kai Rands

This concludes the
H. Gene Murtha Memorial Senryu Contest Results

Read Gene Murtha’s Selected Poems 2001-2013:
Again the therapist refuses
a breath mint

Image / Senryu: Alexis Rotella, USA
business lawyer
that little kid who
teased our dog

Nancy Shires
USA
hockey playoffs
the clash
of uniform colors

biker bar
my throatiest
‘same’

new cannabis dispensary opening 'soonish'

Alan S. Bridges
USA
Easter morning
a lone balloon looms
over daffodils

Scott Wiggerman
USA
rollercoaster queue
the kids point
at a passing snail

men’s room mirror
the politician practices
his smile

backstage
the stripper removes
her wig

John McManus
England
outdoor theatre
a crow’s nest
of critics

opera house
the resonance
after the flush

**Bryan Rickert**
USA
eating
all these pork dumplings —
Year of the Pig

Ruth Holzer
USA
city skyline
one binocular gaze
greets another

Anna Cates
USA
top floor window
I think I saw
my imagination

facing statistics
96 percent of me
chimpanzee

John Hawkhead
United Kingdom
two egg mc muffins
taking the edge off
Ash Wednesday

send the prison poet frees himself

5 a.m.
turning on the news
mourning dove

first snow
on my 65th
I piss on it

Darrell Petska
USA
frozen pipes
a trickle would have saved
a bundle

first dance steps
she says bathroom’s
down the hall

Facebook fallout
what we didn’t meme
to say

Peter Jastermsky
USA
never buried
Einstein's brain
still thinking outside the box

Charles Harmon
USA
discarded ring
my finger has no room
for memories

Pris Campbell
USA
attic trunk...
our hands are stained
with old secrets

Debbie Strange, Canada
aging
in eco-friendly
packaging

a kite
breaking
the law

Guliz Mutlu
Turkey
Secret

I’ve lost my secret. I thought of sending out an all-staff email or posting something on social media, but I would then have to describe the secret, which would kill it. I can say it’s not very big. If you see something small and lost, that’s probably it. But you can keep it. It’ll be our secret.

telephone pole
the braille
of rusty staples

Bob Lucky
Saudi Arabia
the neighbor's discordant chimes first day of spring

the hairdresser trims a spider plant between appointments

three pens in one room the wrong one

Gary Hittmeyer
USA
real news
fake news
April Fools' day

Olivier Schopfer
Switzerland
coldest night
my cup runneth
over the hill

Robert Epstein
USA
heat wave
i make a hat from newspaper
with warlike headlines

children art
each house has
its own face

Nikolay Grankin
Russia
rained in . . .
the thunder
of their boredom

lunch hour . . .
the sidewalk littered
with suits

red light district
he flashes
his brakes

dress code
I windsor-knot
my freedom

Dave Read
Canada
Yelp . . .
these people
need help

thepenismightier

writer's block . . .

_____________
_____________

Aaron Barry
Canada
strawberry dream cake
what I would give for
a morsel of truth

Stacy Taylor
USA
firewater
a dragon eats
its tail

Veronika Zora Novak
Canada
classic chevy
she asks what's left
in the tank

holding hands
for the corporate prayer
a reach

Ken Olson
USA
gift exchange —
his white elephant
bigger than mine

Robert Moyer
USA
suspension bridge -
our last attempt
to get back together

Image / Senryu: Cristina Angelescu, Romania
thinning fog
I begin to see
the god in mother

foreign market
somewhere in the spice stall
the smell of home

private albums
page after page my ageless
awkwardness

Theresa Okafor
Nigeria
my last resort
drought dead plants
wear flower hair clips

Kath Abela Wilson
USA
clearance sale
happiness
sold out

a tree branch
broken in half
split infinitive

Srinivas S
India
Moving out Moving in

Moonlight on a stuck wardrobe drawer
Socks stuffed into the corners of an old suitcase
Dirty shirts wrested from a tangled nest of bras
A stack of CDs—the unbearable loss of empty cases
Opening a frame—the brittleness of an old photograph
A briefcase lined with proof that you exist
The hiss of salt filling a ziplock bag
Kissing the grain of a child’s bedroom door
A final glance at the defiant hip
The chance of rain

first night alone
I reprogram
the passenger seat

A 4-digit code and the click of a door
Stale disinfectant—the glare of ash parquet
A stainless steel kitchen and its strange cafetière
Signs of past life on cutlery
The threat of a 10-page inventory
A strand of dark hair in a porcelain sink

(Cont.)
(Cont.)

The sickening tear of the last sheet of toilet paper on earth
The temptation of a cut glass ashtray
The fear of the telephone
The respectful silence

    one by one
    where she will never find them
    my poems

Lew Watts
USA
childhood camp out
the star I wished on
a satellite

afternoon sun
all the smudges
on my windows

after the accident
pink lipstick
on the cigarette butt

loggers' bar
the tree-hugger's surprise win
at darts

Jacquie Pearce
Canada
though I have nothing to say cherry blossoms

Eva Limbach
Germany
a morning dove
its slow lamentations
continuing without you

Early Bird  considering the vermicelli

minor key change
the maker hands his guitar
to a musician

David J. Kelly
Ireland
an angry drunkard:
the last glass
filled with air

Midhat MIDHO Hrncic
Bosnia and Herzegovina
Translated by Djurdja Vukelic - Rozic
snapchat
snowflakes melting
on eyelashes

empty nest
no new songs
on the ipod

Bisshie
Switzerland
morning
at the clown motel:
fresh faces

Chad Lee Robinson
USA
small town carnival
I recognize
all the rides

out of words
I refresh
the screen

final round
everyone cheering her on
featherweight

Peter Newton
USA
first date
eating the oysters
he used to hate

carol raisfeld-photo& words

Image / Senryu: Carol Raisfeld, USA
her calligraphy writing me off

Rp Verlaine
USA
hiking boots
tongues hanging out
trail’s end

frosty morning
bagging leaves
not my cup of tea

Raymond C Roy
USA
he lands
a knock on my head
Fathers' Day

reckless
driver hurrying
to the grave

moonlight tale
singing aloud to conceal
my fart

cornmeal
feeding the toddler
feeding myself

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)
Nigeria
from the garden

to the fridge – and back

his muddy shoes

Marie Derley
Belgium
anniversary
she dyes her hair
for the party

train journey
thoughts jump from one track
to another

walking stick
granny taps it softly
generations listen

Minal Sarosh
India
lonely moon
in the open window
her smoke ring

David He Zhuanglang
China
Spirited Away

A hotel room, far from the ground, yet I can only bring myself to look up. Ancient light from distant stars is all that meets my gaze. What fantastic journeys have those photons made? Lilliputian pyrotechnics pepper my retinas. Whole galaxies shrunken to pinpricks

stop press . . .
each character of newsprint
frozen in time

A glass and a bottle. Neither full, neither empty. Both evoking bleak, wind-swept landscapes where eagles and heather moorlands persist. There’s money to be made distilling such desolation, for those that want to swallow it

determined to start somewhere
composing myself

The tilting glass tinkles. Purists insist you shouldn’t mix ice and fire. Perhaps they seek to avoid a tepid mediocrity between extremes. Against the night sky, their kaleidoscopic conflict is

(Con’t)
entrancing. Swirling strands of thawed water gently dilute an alcoholic ocean. Another poison’s potency diminishes. And inevitably, whenever a bottle’s opened, the angels will get their share.

Moonshine . . .
wisdom and ignorance
poured from the same still

David J. Kelly
Ireland
Father’s Day —
trading the Mustang
for a minivan

warm bread —
a bite from the middle
of the loaf

Elaine Wilburt
USA
Brexit pirates
up their own masts
debating

Helen Buckingham
United Kingdom
future perfect
we will have lived
happily ever after

passing clouds
some things
we can agree on

green tomatoes
my neighbor gives me
some free advice

Bob Lucky
Saudi Arabia
confused child
with my father's face
dementia

Jason Gould
USA
ancient rome
the couple who live
down the road

Image / Senryu:  Anna Maris, Sweden
folding
others’ clothes
her pile of complaints

rewind —
the comfort of knowing
all the lines

Debbi Antebi
United Kingdom
steel cut oats
I tend to do things
the hard way

back from
the mindfulness retreat . . .
burnt toast

first day of spring
  rethinking
    spandex

poking at
a soft boiled egg
eye surgeon

Dan Curtis
Canada
remembering an anniversary—forgetting it

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA
powerless
neighbors mingle
after the storm

our gods
stand between us
total eclipse

Mary Kendall
USA
red flags the flush of his drunk

toxic christianity my holey sock

drug addiction
another line of
I'm sorrys

Lori A Minor
USA
co-exist
my worries
and her laughter

Neha R. Krishna
India
convent visit
after morning grace
a big bowl of prunes

neon moon
a dying star
closes her blinds

Lee Gurga
USA
working lunch
my i’s dotted
with nacho cheese

Elizabeth Alford
USA
wearing her first
Halloween costume
a blessing in disguise

first hearing aids
now he hears
the ringing in his ears

denture talk
I feel myself becoming
unglued

Jim Krotzman
USA
On Edge

It must have been ten in the morning on a Sunday when the show started. My kid brother and I had a balcony seat. That’s because the free-for-all was taking place in the house opposite ours.

The neighbours spoke a tongue which we did not understand but the gestures and raised voices told us plenty. It all began when the mother asked her offspring whose turn it was to wash the dishes. This triggered off an altercation between brother and sister which though it started on a low key soon escalated into a full fledged battle replete with the most colourful words. The mother and father soon joined the fray and though I had my bets on the patriarch it was the mater who turned out the hot favourite.

How we rooted for our respective heroes. All in all it was a wonderful show which beat free style wrestling any day because everyone knows that the latter is rigged. But this was the real McCoy. We waited with bated breath for the clincher. Agog was what we were. We could scarcely guess who would succumb and who would live to tell the tale. It was a genuine edge-of-the-seat performance.

(Con’t)
Finally, the judge’s gavel came down hard. The brother was declared official dishwasher for the day and slunk away into the undergrowth, defeated. The grand finale was over but I had to drag my kid brother away from the veranda still shrieking for an encore.

I could now understand how the gladiators of yore drew such a crowd in ancient Rome.

truth prevails —
under the powdered wig
the judge quite bald

Gautam Nadkarni
India
ambulance arrives
her main concern
phone charger

Susan Farner
USA
workday over hard drive meltdown

Image / Senryu:  
Pris Campbell, USA
pub night . . .
the gentle sway
of a stray dog’s teats

final days
we begin to talk
in trochees

engagement dinner
her mom double-knots
the turkey’s legs

biology class
a frog jumps
out of it

Lew Watts
USA
wedding reception
my turn to sit
at the old folks table

all morning
I wash windows
my mind clears

Kathryn Bold
USA
all the applause
I didn’t deserve
spring drizzle

Radostina Dragostinova
Bulgaria
chain-link fences
on both sides of the road . . .
post election

lakefront cottage
my midsummer night's dream
with mosquitoes

grounded for a week
my son shadows the dog
from room to room

Chen-ou Liu
Canada
spilled milk . . .
unable to contain
his anger

Michael Morell
USA
65th —
ever sure which pain
to take seriously

haiku workshop —
everyone brings a laptop
filled with maybes

Kevin Valentine
USA
middle age
a crumb stuck under
the delete key

Lucy Whitehead
United Kingdom
the valentine briefs
his girlfriend sent him
army barracks

Gregory Longenecker
USA
state fair
sharing a corn dog
with a dunked clown

break room . . .
sweeping crumbs off the table
with my ID badge

on the desk
a box of testing pencils
with teeth marks

cobweb in my hair
kids think it is a sign
I'm getting old

Dan Burt
USA
second thoughts
through trains fly by
on the far track

Babel on the bus London fog

Meg Arnot
United Kingdom
north star
still not sure
where I'm going

girl on speaker phone
under cherry blossoms
you've got to leave him

baggage carousel
not as fun
as it sounds

Kristen Lindquist
USA
Grandma’s sharp tongue
lye soap
by the pound

Lori Becherer
USA
finding my zen
the argument ends with
nothing

Image / Senryu:  Elizabeth Alford, USA
Shape Shifting

ey keep on going round and round about me
pestering-badgering-hounding-haunting not permitting a wink of
sleep well past midnight pushing their agenda without any
consideration whatsoever for my sanity until I eventually relent
and decide to rub graphite against the crispness of pale white
sheets so that they may flow into a cascading mess blurring the
boundaries between the existential and the absurd

chiaroscuro
we are but outlines
in the darkness

Yesha Shah
India
between subway stops
rap music and dance routines
perfectly timed

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
USA
Wiki page
my death date
still empty

sheep farmers
bleating
about Brexit

Roger Watson
United Kingdom
park bench
two old ladies griping
about old ladies griping

locking eyes
the barmaid bends back
the beer tap

one yawn
now two
jury pool room

Ben Moeller-Gaa
USA
menu
boiled eggs
and fly

Pere Risteski
Republic of North Macedonia
Veterans Day
on my grandfather's shoulder
one-legged pigeon

Marta Chocilowska
Poland
a rose is
a rose is not
a rose

delayed —
the terminal bird and I
look out at the plane

Jianqing Zheng
USA
child's question
a duckling's lopsided dive
stirs the cranberries

one mitten off counting boyfriends

dowering cafe
a soldier's pocket guide to France
1944

counting best friends
her second mitten falls
to the snow

Bill Cooper
USA
at the easel
my life story
becomes abstract

x-ray dept
best foot forward
with a hop

first night nerves
the trumpeter polishes
his face

Robert Kingston
United Kingdom
taught
to be wordless —
an elder’s fart

Adjei Agyei-Baah
Ghana/New Zealand
retirement —
he micromanages
a bonsai tree

Ian Willey
Japan
spring frost —
bottle by bottle my gray
vanishes too

passing years
spaces between her hangers
are still even

Deborah J White
USA
Image / Senryu:  

Jianqing Zheng, USA
still life:
three prunes, two apples,
no lemon

Naked Ladies
people admiringly look
over the hedge

cloudy today
the waitress in the ice cream shop
has goosebumps

Pitt Büerken
Germany
summer drought
this stagnant river
of traffic

Joanna M. Weston
Canada
Summer of Love

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi consults with the Beatles on how to be here now while Timothy Leary drops acid and implores us youth to tune in, turn on and drop out, but things don’t change in Sister Margaret’s all-girl class. We still wear uniforms and we still wear chapel veils to mass, or in desperation, a Kleenex hair-pinned to the top of our heads. Our only form of outer rebellion lies in wearing shorts under our skirts instead of slips, allowing for a quick change as we walk home.

While rock stars extol the virtues of letting it all hang out, we firmly believe in keeping it all in. We hold tight to the paradox percolating in our rebel hearts from our uneven haircuts to our tan saddle shoes.

a chapel veil
sinks in a mud puddle
summer of love

Marilyn Ashbaugh
USA
upside down
gas barrel
preacher’s pulpit

Richard Stevenson
Canada
two sides
of the story
a mixtape

snakes
roll their eyes
at the craps table

Rick Jackofsky
USA
toddler staring
at the owl tattoo staring
back from her shoulder

texting his wife
phone chimes
on kitchen counter

night walk
neighbor yelling
at his TV

country road
porchful of eyes
follow me as I pass

David Graham
USA
long distance relationship
she can't squeeze his pimple
over the screen

rain gone
old man's umbrella
now a cane

castle sightseeing
lagging behind the group
boy waves a stick

Tomislav Sjekloća
Montenegro
chemistry lab
waiting for
her reaction

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi
India
late afternoon . . .
the dog and I follow
our shadow selves

Eric A. Lohman
USA
under
the weather
under a blanket

late summer
all my freckles
look like ticks

sci fi novel
a boarding pass
for a bookmark

Brad Bennett
USA
corpse pose
our yoga instructor
snores

border fence
guard throws a teddy bear
back into Mexico

John J. Dunphy
USA
death poem
he dictates
the exclamation mark

Julie Warther
USA
Image / Senryu:  Lori A Minor, USA
crematory smoke . . .
his hashtag
trending

summer solstice —
the goth teen
throwing shade

Mark E. Brager
USA
left right left right
& so on
to the polling station

minus twenty
the dog walker’s bag
lets off steam

tUBERculosis

LeRoy Gorman
Canada
lumps in the mattress
all the jobs I’ve left
undone

sighing wind
yesterday’s news
all around the street

backyard burning
the neighbours' row
dwindles to dawn

homebrew
a taste of algae
in the demijohn

Martha Magenta
United Kingdom
awkward silence
he slips back into
his own shadow

Devin Harrison
Canada
I’m sorry, Dave

splitting Mizar
a breeze rustles the leaves
in the pole beans

    climate change...
    seen enough yet supermoon?

Very Large Array —
a snake warms itself
in the sun

    sultry night
    Betelgeuse glows pinkly
    in her tattoo

I watch as Galileo
enters Cassiopeia

    open bean pods
    “I’m sorry Dave
    I’m afraid I can’t do that”

Charles Trumbull, New Mexico, USA
Lew Watts, Illinois, USA
first frost —
sliding back
into a bad habit

holey sock
I try to open
my third eye

Nicholas Klacsanzky
Ukraine
nude beach
an umbrella in her drink
the only shade

Carol Raisfeld
USA
our trails
redrawn
in coconut crabs

Gopal Lahiri
India
home from the beach
with enough sand to fill a day
of hourglasses

struck by lightning
in a tobacco field
a scarecrow smoking

Ed Bremson
USA
road trip
the mileage added
to an argument

to do list
raindrops check off
most of it

Gay Pride Parade
only my shadow fits in
with the crowd

Fractled
USA
people talk to their own echoes so earnestly

R Erlandson

Image / Senryu: Robert Erlandson, USA
a draft in the head . . .
when your mind blows away
the hat flies off

Ivan Gaćina
Croatia
old father —
the toddler learns to grunt
when standing up

down the preacher says
“the End is nigh”
passes the plate

crowded bed
the couple
and the lie

he’s gone to college —
now upstairs thunder
is always thunder

David Oates
USA
sushi bar
on the napkin a raw
senryu

without a care
in the world
space debris

Ross Plovnick
USA
the highest
of all mountains
a three line poem

Julia Wakefield
Australia
garden party
all of my words
empty buckets
everyday street
the lives of different people
in each passing car

Anna Maris
Sweden
polling day . . .
the toddler peeping
through her fingers

Mary Gunn
Ireland
I enter the abyss . . .
Windows
for computers

advanced geometry . . .
the many tangents
to the story she tells

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
USA
Second Sunset

After the walk along Rushup Edge to the Lord’s Seat, I imagine you will be able to make the short walk to the summit of the hill. You're steady over the first few rocks, stopping to enjoy a hare before it disappears into a grass tussock. There are no walkers near the peak; a brisk breeze funnelling through Dovedale and the crowds below.

river stones one step at a time

Mother turns back as the path becomes a scramble for the knoll. You struggle on the loose stones, stick tapping vigorously. Resting on a boulder, you watch me make it to the summit. I wait for the sun to set twice behind the high point of Thorpe Cloud across the valley.

overhanging ledge the loneliness of wind

Tim Gardiner
United Kingdom
path to enlightenment . . .
a naked bulb
in the outhouse window

Mark Gilbert
United Kingdom