

The Blizzard Watch

Each time I hike this switchback trail I see
a sapling crashing down two steps behind
my back, in whiteout, long ago: a sight
I heard, not saw, creeps up and startles me.
Which nurse log can it be? The trailside's lined
with deadfall. Risk is certain, day and night.
I whirled: Snow. Footprints, blurred. The shivered tree.

Dan Campion

POETRY IN PUBLIC 2026

Yes, Gorge Yourself, Steadfastly Bite

Yes, gorge yourself, steadfastly bite
against the crust of this earth. Chew the biting wind, I supposed you knew
the wind bites back. So, feast! At a time meant for fasting. Breathe!
At a time meant to hold your breath. Do I have your attention? Do I hold your gaze?
Gaze up at the sky sucking chemicals into its very fabric. Silky sunshine
turns to hellfire and we're killing each other. Taking lives up to touch the ozone
so, go ahead, cherish this moment. You don't know when Mother Earth has had her fill.

Maya Dahdaleh

POETRY IN PUBLIC 2026

Young Woman Outside the Gardens of Shah Jahan

She picks up a half-grapefruit from the dust,
takes a bite, then stumbles off. Wait.

I forgot to describe the man's white shirt, her only
garment. Behind her, the gardens. No, wait.

I forgot that the British destroyed them in a single
day of dust. But wait. Not the British
we know and love. Not by the likes of us.

Cecile Goding

POETRY IN PUBLIC 2026

Wonder Bread

I color my palms in permanent marker,
the shade fades,
not permanent, just slow in its erasure.
The instant noodles flood out over the polystyrene ridge,
the rapid familiarity scolding,
not instant, just fast in its conception.
Relentless dilution, and I am terrified of pedantry.

Pete Hadland

The Work

I'm teaching myself to look
at an ending and see its beginning.
Bird flattened on concrete, possum
jaw in my backyard.
How a broken window can be
an entrance.

Nina Helewa

Notes on the season

A black-spangled scarf of murmuration
sweeps low in languid turbulence
over the silk-ruffed surface of the cornfield contour,
wordlessly gauging the remaining turns of the earth till harvest,
the lowering back to rest,
another gifted season exhaled slow and full.

Jennifer Horn-Frasier

Re-Do Haiku

If only I knew how to do haiku.
Always a snafu with sensory view.
Count syllables, too? Wrong again! Oh, phew!
If I had a clue? What a haiku coup!

Mary Jedlicka Humston

Better With Beef

My daughter is vegetarian
So I make an effort and find
a recipe calling for mushrooms
and pasta. We all say "Mmmm"
as if the meal was delicious. But really,
it would have been better with beef.

Alison McGoff

360°

This morning's sunrise
Horizon wrapped in color
Turn in a circle.

Devin Redmond

When You Read Too Much

In the dream, my son whispers, “Dad, we’re like books.
You checked me out of foster care, and I’ll check you
out of death, that other placement. As you never returned
me, so I’ll never return you. Screw the fines.” I wake
with a start, my chest pounding, my shirt its own Dewey
Decimal System. If love is a library, then loss is your card.

Ralph James Savarese

Return

the sun returns
lavender in her arms
heart-shaped stones
worn warm in her pockets
she opens herself to me
I step into her light

Fran Scott