

Haiku Group April 2025 Poems

Sunset bleeds sorrow
Scatters into darkest night
Love, awakens dawn

Starr-Hope Ertel

RETURN

With the approaching winter
I return to a home
I no longer can call home.

Bessy Reyna

wet cold rain of spring
soggy buds pause in uncurl
robins forage on

Edward Ahern

returning home
his shoes off
his smile on

Marita Gargiulo



Edward never learned
Teach said incorrigible
The Black beards return

Shawn M. Von Briesen

path with no markers
find a way forward
go on or return?

Jan Geoghegan

Stock market crashes
bird flies by my deck
chimes ring in the breeze.

Peter Ulisse

Teacher Haiku:

Great teachers allow
tiptoe into learning with
high expectations.

Catalina Peñafiel Rincón

Return to sender
No longer at this address
Ashes to ashes...

Mario R. Cavallo



A midnight bass drum
The sound of my own heartbeat
Keeping me awake

Kelly Jo Carlson Kozlowski

I yearn for quiet
Knowing there is no return
To the peace I've lost

-Pat Mottola

Stickball, 1954

Lift the manhole lid.
Drop into the slimy pit.
Find the ball. Game on.

-Charlie Ewers

Raindrop falls on stream
morphs through pendulum rebirths
traverses full circle

Tony Fusco

hitchhikers—
flecks of sand
between my toes

Evelen Atreya
Modern Haiku 56.1 Winter-Spring 2025

The door swings both ways
Opening to a confused mind
Where love and hate dwell.

Larry E. Zimmerman
Hebron Poet Laurate

what is happening?
thoughts play hide and seek with me
sometimes they return

Patti Fusco

Seedlings and songbirds,
Melt my heart like April snow.
Blessings of springtime.

L. P. Murphy

Spring

Nature comes around
returning with the full force
of a green grandeur

David Boston

spring returns-
the yellow haze of daffodils
spreads across the hill

Deborah Howard

Daffodils spring up
Water flows over stones in a brook
The birds are singing

Caroline Lodewick

what is happening?
thoughts play hide and seek with me
sometimes they return

Patti Fusco

look for meaning's map
truth hides behind the mirror
old roots call, listen

Karl Traichel

"I'm here, I'm here" calls
intrepid little titmouse
echoes bounce from trees

Mary Hills Kuck

April's daffodils
their return
always a surprise

Alisa Parcels

