

# Edible Haiku



*candy canes  
on the office tree,  
the boss crooks a finger*  
—John Stevenson

*restaurant lunch  
everyone with a partner  
me with my haiku*  
—Michael Ketchek

*first day of fast:  
oh, the beautiful  
winter fruit*  
—Patricia Kelly

*passing the jug  
the warmth  
of my hands*  
—Jim Kacian

*Oreo cookie  
split in half—  
which side first?*  
—Eve Kaplan

*Thanksgiving long gone—  
in my dreams  
still peeling potatoes*  
—Susan Weitz

*here I am  
stirring a pot of chili  
snow falling*  
—Jay Cox

*two spoons clank  
over a banana split  
lovers' quarrel*  
—Mary Russo Demetrick

*feed the chickens  
stack wood  
a cup of coffee with cream*  
—Liz Stark

*the Sushi-makers:  
are they as lonely  
as they look?*  
—Cory Green



*Sunday dinner  
he hides a Brussels sprout  
under chicken bones*  
—Ferris Gilli

*steering through  
the intersection      avoiding  
a bagel*  
—Tom Clausen

*at the roadside stand  
choosing elderberry pie  
for the sound of it*  
—Irene Zahava

*as we eat  
the waiter's cologne  
fills the water glasses*  
—Kathleen Thompson

*warm bread, apple butter  
third grade  
running home*  
—Ebby Malmgren

*a pint of black beer  
embraced  
between two Irish hands*  
—Chris Bankert

*ripe strawberries  
red jewels in white yogurt—  
how shall I share them?*  
—Ellen Richards

*a blue bottle fly  
in new spring light  
finishes crumbs*  
—Joan Payne Kincaid

*blueberries  
stare up from the dish  
snake eyes*  
—Naomi Strichartz

*research greenhouse . . .  
tomato plants  
still smell like tomato plants!*  
—Kathy Kramer



*Grandpa woke up  
age three      eve of nineteen-hundred  
to steak juice and bread*  
—Tina Wright

*armored leaves  
give way to artichoke's  
soft heart*  
—Debbie Allen

*outside the window  
marshmallows of snow  
inside: hot chocolate*  
—Louise Budde DeLaurentis

*young and loose  
she cooked  
her goose*  
—Joyce Holmes McAllister

*soup, chow mein, ice cream  
all for 35 cents—  
year: 1941*  
—Mort Levinson

*hummingbird hovers  
outside the window—  
we sit drinking sweet tea*  
—Michele Bazan Reed

*second honeymoon—  
feeding each other nibbles  
of ripe persimmon*  
—Claire Gallagher

*apple picking  
we polish off a few  
on the way home*  
—Yvonne Hardenbrook

*soon  
we will be eating cherries  
together*  
—Ann Brewster

*winter solitude  
in a world of one color  
the taste of peaches*  
—Wendy Smith

