



Scarlet Dragonfly Journal

Issue No. 5 -- August 2022



*blue irises
seen by blue irises . . .
blind date*

*haiku by Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
artwork by Tiffany Shaw-Diaz*

-- Valentina Ranaldi-Adams, USA
Artwork -- Tiffany Shaw-Diaz, USA

hairdryer
her damp edges
curled

-- Anne Morigan, Canada

sleeping dog
lifting ears --
grandpa's footsteps

-- Bidyutprabha Gàntayat, India

night river
the thoughts fade
at each bridge

-- Mircea Moldovan, România

From my balcony,
Overhang of trees billow --
Sails of green on blue.

-- Bracha K. Sharp, Israel

To the Last Future Generation

You might think we didn't trust the scientists, but there's a wide chasm between what we wanted to happen and what we made happen. We heard reports on how the planet was heating, the poles were shrinking, the wildlife, disappearing. How could we not hear them? Every night the evening news blared dire warning after dire warning. We heard but did nothing . . . till the gap to avoid the grim predictions also shrunk to nothing, then disappeared. We cared. But we felt as powerless then as you do now.

shrieks of earth
burn through buildings
dust upon dust

-- Scott Wiggerman, USA

On the wings of dawn
Pretty sunflowers unfurl
Summer morn kudos

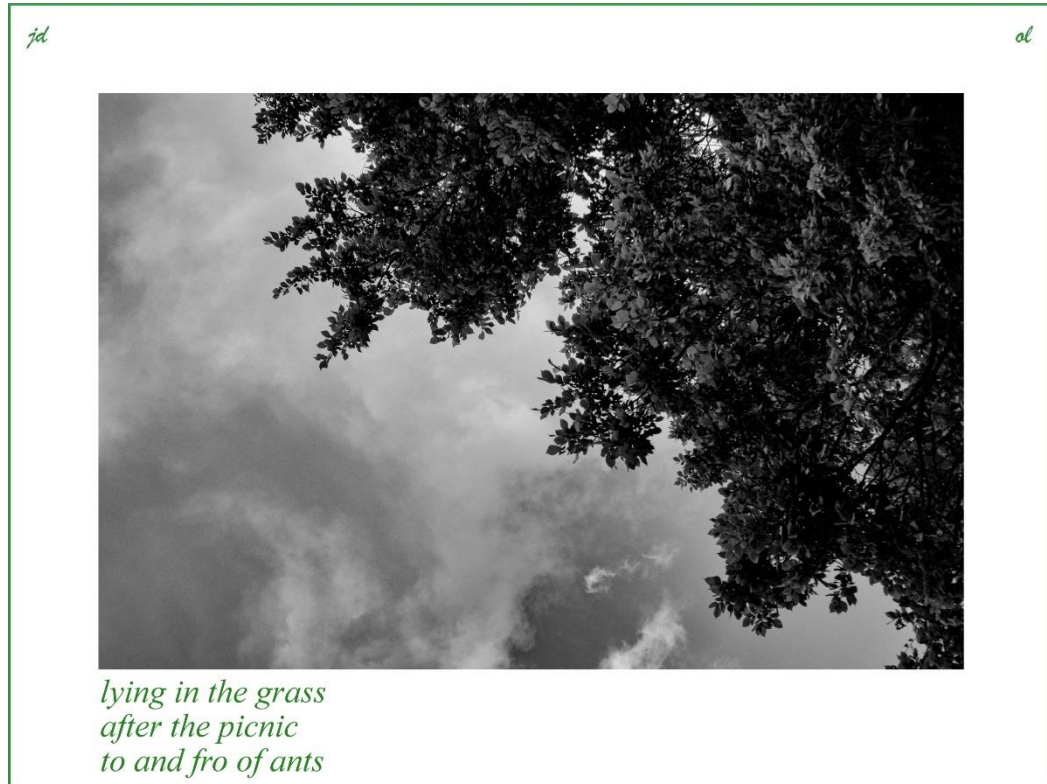
-- Anita Bacha, Mauritius

sudden rain --
sparrow dives into a gap
beneath the roof tiles

-- A.J. Anwar, Indonesia

revisiting
the old threshing floor --
windswept memories

-- Paul Callus, Malta



-- Oscar Luparia, Italy

after the rains
hanging tiny bells
all over the tree leaves

-- Ram Chandran, India

first chemo
the open petals
of a sunflower

-- Carmela Marino, Italy

Divination

may as well

rose-gold dawn
a sin
to stay in bed

name a cloud

so many of them
end in us

and tell its story

last page missing
we guess
how it turns out

-- Keith Evetts, UK
(split sequence)

a russian tank
rusting between oaks
summer rain

-- Myron Lysenko, Australia

shatter of glass
music loitering
on the streets

-- Kyle Hemmings, USA

early monsoon
on my temple
the first drops of rain

-- Manoj Sharma, Nepal

childhood memories
shelling the grains of wheat
one by one

-- Eufemia Griffo, Italy

a blue eyed cat

matches
the midnight sky

**the sound of her
meeting
her mate**

-- Taura Scott, USA / Jackie Chou, USA / **Kath Abela Wilson, USA**

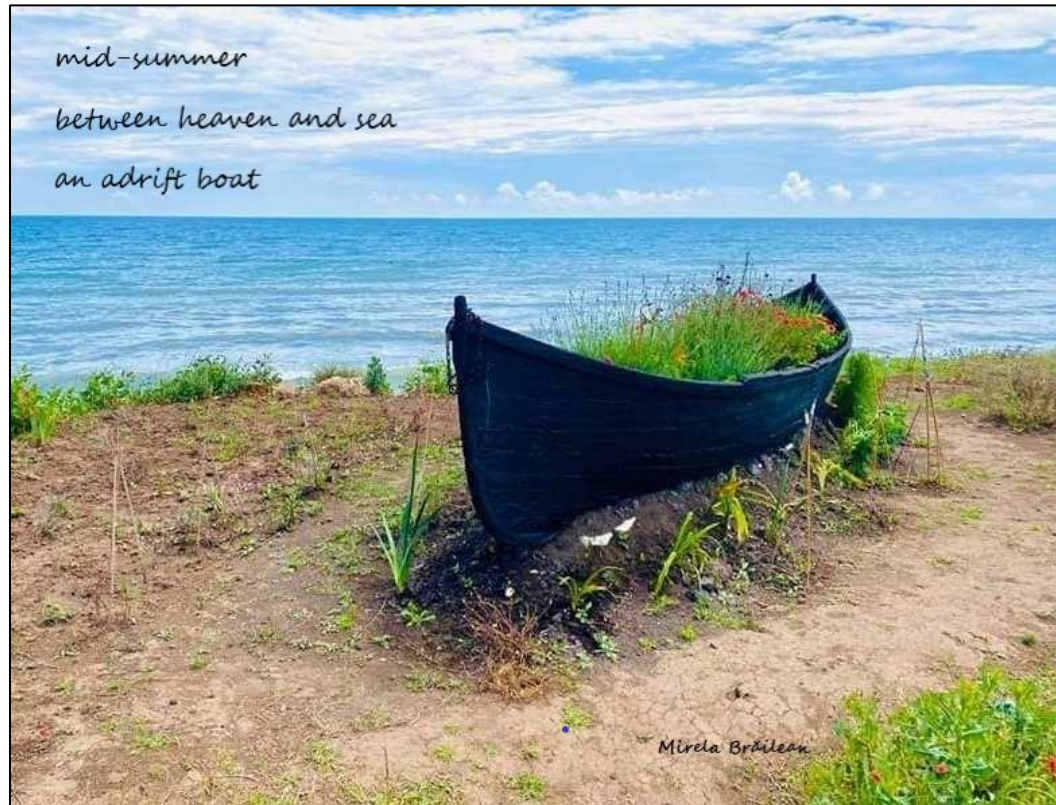
music lesson
the ruler beating time
and knuckles
-- Mike Gallagher, Ireland

carbon sink of boreal forests

-- Roberta Beach Jacobson, USA

the sun's gaze
upon resting petunias
a bee nestles

-- Katherine E Winnick, UK



-- Mirela Brăilean, România

on the stove
a pot of ramen --
layoff notice

*wife's swelling belly
fascinates the cat*

listening
to the same song again --
whippoorwill

*passing her in a market
her mother's perfume*

-- petro c. k., USA / Kimberly Kuchar, USA

Seeds of Tomorrow

freshets of wind

*the thrum
of a possibility
working the bellows*

doing what I can

spring equinox
the ever-expanding
girth of time

from where I am

*solving for x
a rambler rose learns
to climb*

-- Shloka Shankar, India / Robin Ann Smith, USA
(split sequence)

my drooping boobs

whether I want it to
or not

my body
morphing into
a fertility figure

-- Susan Burch, USA

the wind
in my eardrum --
life in reverse gear

-- Tazeen Fatma, India

her nimble fingers of light steal the summer from a firefly

-- Ivan Randall, Australia



-- Tom (WordWulf) Sterner, USA

my child's death my rebirth

-- Akhila Mohan CG, India

synapses
left to wither
old faith

-- Jonathan Roman, USA

unmarried . . .
alone but not alone
in the world
strangers become friends
in this gypsy life

-- Jackie Chou, USA

at midnight
two torches wander --
a black cat

-- Remzi Gülsün, Turkey



-- Lavana Kray, Romania

night falls

beginning of night

strange lives of
strange creatures

exude a bounty of
nightmares
felt within

-- Linda Imbler, USA

lake covered
with lotus blossoms
lost love
like the moon's reflection
is only a memory

-- Alvin B. Cruz, Philippines

The morning after
Wild ocean and stinging sands
Blue sky peeking through.

-- Molly Walsh Donovan, USA

hedged bets --
a four-leaf clover found
in grandpa's bible

-- Lorin Ford, Australia

sea worn
holding the tide
in a pebble
suddenly my words
are songfall

-- Joanna Ashwell, UK



-- Sharon Martina, USA

at daughter's house
our shadows play
motionless tag

-- Robert Hirschfield, USA

a walk in the park
the weight of my own body
looking for a lift

-- Madeleine Basa Vinluan, Philippines

Birds whisper secrets
learned when they were dinosaurs --
survivors trust change

-- Peggy Rush, USA

notes from the plague year

Lives blew down the street.
Stars flickered out in the sky.
Moon and sun, both gone.

From minarets and cathedral domes, from penthouses and barns, from shacks and skyscrapers, the winds howled, packs hunting sparrows and hawks. Armies of the sea swept toward the shores on dark horses, brandishing ragged blades. Boats stood as still as houses, and houses leapt up from the earth, and all within the boats and houses trembled. They prayed to and cursed their gods, who answered them with mouths of open graveyards.

Smiles like resting doves.
Branches holding small candles.
Sunlight on moist grass.

Warriors of wisdom battled the storms. Sailors, in starched white and wrinkled powdery blue, rushed calmly across the decks with clipboards and hoses. Soldiers in foxholes told jokes about death. Pilots circled the carnage below them, eyes wide and steady, in search of safe places and battles to fight.

Indifferent stones
marched toward the black forest.
Stones, bright in the sky.

The end came in gargling moans, like lungs leaking blood up into the throat. Or it did not come, but growled close by, ripping at the skin of time. Or it passed with a bone-grin and a jaunty wave of the skeletal hand. Some of those it passed snarled at it, and some waved back. And the dawn opened over all of them, like a horror novel that they had to keep reading to find out what happened to them, to those around them.

Dew-stars on the grass.
A scream circling in the breeze.
Feathers fell like leaves.

-- JBMulligan, USA

humming an old lullaby . . .
your warmth again
upon my breast

-- Neena Singh, India

my anxiety
without words
lightning

-- Pamela Gemme, USA

hummingbirds on the patio
flying upside down
sadness forgotten

-- Sharon Michele Williams, USA

sunflowers
the soldiers have no eyes
for their beauty

-- Pitt Buerken, Germany



-- Maxianne Berger, Canada

summer morning . . .
a pushcart-vendor's bell
wakes the street up

-- Milan Rajkumar, India

butterflies
fashionistas
poetry in colors

-- Lakshman Bulusu, USA

painting a robin's song the morning sky

-- Daniela Rodi, Finland

this life
I've lead

a chickadee

lost
at a feeder
full of jays

-- Bryan Rickert, USA

tumbleweed
a childhood spent moving
town to town

-- Nika, Canada

labyrinth
the way to my heart ...
no missteps this time

-- Bonnie J Scherer, USA

Zoo
the beasts look at the people
through the bars

-- Dejan Ivanovic, Serbia

holding hands
with the night sky . . . as if it were
her only wish

-- C.X. Turner, UK

in your pulse the softness of violet

-- Tiffany Shaw-Diaz, USA

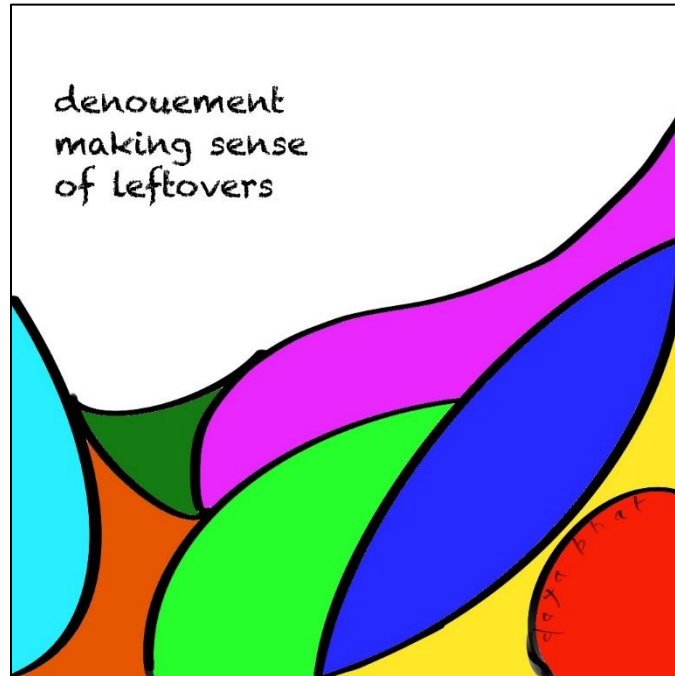
celebrating a newborn --
my mother returned home
with a plate of Tammina*
I forget to ask
what is the baby's name ?

** Tammina is a traditional Algerian dessert, made with semolina, honey and butter, offered on occasions and holidays. This dessert is mainly consumed after childbirth as food for the mother, for the nutritious aspect, and is also served to the guests when they visit to congratulate the new born.*

-- Hassane Zemmouri, Algeria

White ginger scents the
August afternoon; egrets
Step through the damp grass.

-- Rose Anna Higashi, USA



-- Daya Bhat, India

The Witching Hour

3:00 A.M. Supposedly, the time of night demons do their worst. Sometimes, though, one only finds a red-eyed diplomat, sleepless and tweaking his notes...

I hadn't thought he was that bad. I suspected some folks were just stuck in the 80's, couldn't let go of that Cold War mentality. I thought maybe he was just ill-fated to assume the unwelcome role of bad guy, a position forced upon him by a world desperate for someone to blame, point the finger at, a simple solution to complex problems. With a scapegoat to revile, the whole world could come together as one!

Early in his political career, his critics identified subtle clues that he was destined to become a problem person: *He slouched in his seat with his legs spread*, body language that gave him away. Like a labelled youth, he acquired the prediction, *troublemaker*.

Unfortunately, negative prophecies can have a self-fulfilling effect. Like a woman, pressed by a persistent paramour, he finally relented and did his worst ...

Putin seated
at a white, shiny table --
Ides of March

-- Anna Cates, USA

"Proverbial"

I put my penny
Back in the pocket where my
Lips lay decorous.

-- Hasib Iftekhhar, Canada

adjusting
the clock hands
on the dial
I come to terms
with all that's lost

-- Daipayan Nair, India



-- Steve Bahr, USA

children's laughter . . .
she is left in peace
after the party

-- Tuyet Van Do, Australia

strips of pink
at the horizon . . .
day of release

-- Chen-ou Liu, Canada

not long after dawn

These twins are laughing as some people do when they have just awakened, but their smiles are of the kind that may unsettle rather than include. Both are round in a somewhat pleasing way, and they are speaking words though none of their syllables are clearly audible. The car is old, but not dented, and they are stopped off the middle of the road at a time when there is very little traffic. They circle the car, switching places. As they drive away, they still seem to be laughing, and the exhaust emerging may be of the kind that is produced when a car is started cold..

morning sky
moon fades
as it sets

-- Alan Bern, USA

last goodbye . . .
a tuberose sprouts up
from mother's chest

-- Haimanti Bagchi, India



*we pause...listening
to the sky-blue chatter
of courting birds
our own soft murmurs
deeper than twilight*

bkaufmann

-- Barbara Kaufmann, USA

once sown,
the seed will grow
without me

-- Yvonne Waern, Sweden

pink magnolia
the first swish
of the sprinkler

-- Theresa A. Cancro, USA

steep path
appears and disappears
mountain stream

-- Tsanka Shishkova, Bulgaria



the English roses
beyond the closed gate --
time stands still

a white butterfly
the last light touch

-- Maria Tosti, Italy

gentle oars
lap across the water
in sync with
ripples and waves
reflections shift in the wind

-- Roy Kindelberger, USA

Paper moon
Last light penetrates
into origami

-- Maria Cristina Pulvirenti, Italy

spring wind
across the conflict border
soothing his wounds
the soldier avoids footfall
into the sprawling white lilies

-- Pravat Kumar Padhy, India

the din of crows ancestors whisper in my bones

-- Norma Bradley USA



quiet evening -
the clamour of thoughts
in my mind.

©vipanjeet

-- Vipanjeet Kaur, India

in Hokkaido
a haskap falls to the ground
I don't hear the call

-- Marjorie Bruhmuller, Canada

when
the
known
becomes
unknown
depression

-- Deepa Patil, India

blue flowers
in a tiny garden
the baby's eyes

-- Robert Witmer, Japan



-- Linda L Ludwig, USA

quarter-life crisis
I meet my inner child
in Disneyland

-- Divya Garg, Canada

daffodils
friends delivering cheer
at the bedside

-- Amoolya Kamalnath, India

along the bank
of a fish pond
water boatman song

*softly crooned
in perfect pitch*

dark clouds loom
the green tree frog croaks
to hasten rain

*clinging under
the elephant ear*

hike trail
the waterway overrun
with weeds

*dandelion fluff
rains wishes*

thinly sliced...
lemongrass fragrance
in the hot ginger tea

*the warmth
cupped in my hands*

the silk road
old world treasures
chi tea

*a hot concoction
of goji berry ginger*

-- Christina Chin, Malaysia / Linda Ludwig, USA
(collaborative tan-renga)

park bench --
my world
stops

-- Mani G. Iyer, USA



-- Debbie Strange, Canada

getting out of my head the last clouds turn pink

-- Cynthia Anderson, USA

the doctor said
he only lived for 3 months
brain tumor
she never let go of his grip
until today

-- Nani Mariana, Australia

a heart to heart around the firepit

lights twinkle
in darkening skies
a curlew calls

-- Clive Bennett, UK



-- Cristina Voicu, Romania

shamisen
embracing the fall
of sakura

-- Hla Yin Mon, Myanmar

green hill --
the snail makes its way
the moon on its back

-- Rupa Anand, India