

August 2025 Haiku

Haiku left Out July 2025

We make our stand here
Determined to be free and
Divested of a king

David Boston

Haiku Independence

Alligators roam
Protecting those caged inside
Americas way

Starr-Hope Ertel

Deb Cassidy-the last three letters
were cut off her July Haiku:

Tasha, almost four,
Will climb as high as she can.
“Don’t help me, Mommy!”



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The warm spring sunshine
Awakens the infant seeds—
Sprouts climb out of bed.

Dr. Emory Jones

During an eclipse
The sun wanes, the moon waxes
It's that kind of day

Drew Pisarra

they wane with the sun –
bees heavy with golden work
vanish with summer

~ Amy Graver

Kayakaholic

I admit to being powerless.....
over the gentle ripples
of a cool river

An unquenchable urge,
a yearning, and paddles to
guide me safely home

~~ Cathy Weiss

Town of Clinton Poet Laureate Emerita

spring seep in moss bowl
so clear it could be imbibed
attended by toad

Ed Ahern

In the still air of August
Buddleias blossom blue:
Two hummingbirds hover.

Judith Liebmann

Final view
of the waning moon —
a silk thread

Marita Gargiulo

To you, it's August.
To teachers, it is Sunday.
Monday comes too soon.

Deb Cassidy

full moon, sky's spotlight
vast beacon outshines them all
winks, then disappears

Patricia Martin

Author/Writer/
Communications Professional

stark, this light—
summer burns then falls
into schoolrooms

Kevin Carey

Kingdoms of Mankind
lost, rediscovered
lost again in sand

Tony Fusco

The Sturgeon moon wanes
Casting a magical glow
On fruitful landscapes !

Mario R. Cavallo

Wane

Purple mountains rise
Red painted sky blankets all
As amber grain wanes

Starr-Hope Ertel

as vacation wanes
time becomes more precious
enjoy each moment

Patti Fusco

pre-dawn sky
darkening
as the moon sets

NanO

When will it wane?
Big boats need bigger puddles
Make it wane, Mommy

Jan Geoghegan

Pneuma's sorrow fades
Threshold of eternity
Peaceful surrender

L. P. Murphy

our blood moon wanes
o a sickly sickle
of light

Suzanne Niedzielska

It's not the ocean
Just an evening by the sound
In Connecticut

Caroline Lodewick

late summer bathers
only a few now
fishermen arrive.

Peter Ulisse

I give you nothing
you have all you need from me
feel compassion, go

Karl Traichel

Cows wade in a cool
pond. Summer's heat wanes awhile.
Here comes the farmer.

Stephen Corbeil

for Jack Kerouac

night still-lonely —
flick'ring candles dancing with the
shadows on the page

-Matthew Mercure

Baskets of chestnuts
Sit on the old oak table
Shades of faded brown

Cynthia Santostefano Sharr

Periods of Transition

I hear the hawk's cry
echo through the neighborhood -
fledging, growing up

Havi Brouillard
