

A bounty awaits
First fruits ready to devour
Fall yields its harvest

Lynn Faria

HARVESTING CORN

White field corn picked fresh
From the stalk in the corn field—
Its very good fried.

Emory Jones

Crisp Autumn nights cool
Sun kissed apples-rosy cheeked-
That farmers harvest !

Mario R. Cavallo

brightly colored trees
your eyes in admiration
your heart, harvested

Start-Hope Ertel

Think Faster

so is it just me
or do we all think faster
thoughts are not the point

Drew Pissarra



head bowed, looking down
sorrowful lady mourning
sunflower laments

--**Patricia Martin**

Harvest

little foxes nip
ripe fruit from the lowest boughs
climb higher, my love

Rachel Larensen

The Three Feather Day

Feather in the grass,
On the tarmac,
Along the arm of a summer chair -
Free in that ironic way
Things are
That fall.

Chrisina Northrup

Once skinned, poached, and canned,
An idle farm's homely pears
fall feast for wasps.

--Amy D'Orio

fanfare
for the autumn harvest —
squash blossoms
2021 HSA Members' Anthology

Suzanne Niedzielska

Harvest

They freeze at my glance.
Incisors locked on a nut.
Squirrels: winter comes.

Deb Cassidy

October Haiku 2025- Harvest

barren field of dreams
plundered row by row, fat kernels
plucked by the king's teeth

Kevin Carey

Hummingbird hovers
at scarlet salvia throats
last nectar harvest.

Polly Brody

the shrieking green smell
of corn stalks, defruited; me
now laden instead

David Bigham



Green trees turn golden
Crisp breezes churn fallen leaves
Sweater weather is here

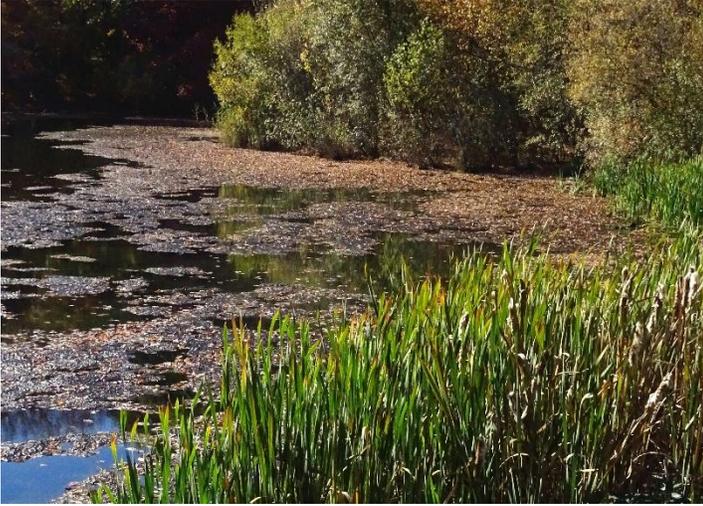
Tanya Evans

for the late September sun

I feel the sunshine
seeping through this crusted shell
of malaise-dipped dreams.

Matthew S. Mercure





A pale green pepper
hangs over the long straight rows
of autumn's last gifts

Cynthia Santostefano Sharr

Horizon split by
Fall's stiff breeze. A shower of
needles pulls my gaze.

Stephen Corbeil

Harvest
What can I harvest
During this fall season's till
Red leaves and acorns.

Gloria Jainchil

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Slight scent of applewood
cool breeze over fall fire pit
Blackbirds roost on bare branches

Tony Fusco

Embrace positives
Release what no longer serves you
Moonlight meditations

Caroline Lodewick

I see how I see
now my eyes see other ways
to see who I am

Karl Traichel

Three tomato vines
sprung from seeds I did not sow
feed the deer this fall.

-Charlie Ewers



black birds line the wires
survey ravished fields below
begin plotting revenge

Patti Fusco

What then shall we reap?
Fate multiplies, escalates,
Whatever we've sown.



L. P. Murphy

sun reveals the web
shade makes it invisible
there also not there

Ellen Hirning Schmidt

Pumpkin patches bloom
Ripe Apples plucked by children
Farmstands overflow



Frank Chambers

My bamboo rake
uncovering leaf
prints on pavement

NanO