

NOVEMBER 2025 CPS HAIKU GROUP

The silo is full
with this year's crop of corn grain
the apple grove waits

David Boston

inhaling sunshine unpinning
a fresh blessing sheets from
the clothesline

Rebecca Dobson

Aubade

Your presence: slow sun
rises descant from blue sleep.
We pulse, skin to skin.

CMcGhee

pine needles whisper—
First Nation spirits return
in limbs of maple

Kevin Carey

morning grass glistens
cardinal perched in sun light
a chill up my spine

Starr-Hope Ertel



for George Orwell

And once enough
reject the evidence of sense,
the Party begins.

Matthew S. Mercure

Chilled breath, dragon
fire at sunrise; it whispers,
still living, still breathing

Havi Brouillard

rain on my bare hand –
five small truths in each drop,
none of them the rain

Amy Levitin Gray

cloud passes over first winter wind
creeps in quick chilled
arm goose flesh

Tony Fusco



I may not see you or hear
your voice, but I can feel you
in my heart

Deb Cassidy

Those first cold days when fireplaces
send smoke signals the memory of our
home lost to a fire paralyzes me

Bessy Reyna

I can see through you
to the space behind your eyes
that look back at me

Cynthia Santostefano Sharr

sun touches gently
soft winds envelope with chill
fly circles slowly

Ed Ahern

Summer brook sang free.
November's icy mantle
covers up its voice.

Polly Brody

purple phlox creeps
red wing black bird sings
look-see-listen-hear

Jan Geoghegan

turkey still
in oven
communion.

Peter Ulisse

Angst in New Hampshire

Elevator down,
hums soft, slows, stops. Doors hold closed.
How loud can I scream?

Charlie Ewers

forked tree trunk
a nest for fall leaves
ready to let go

Suzanne Niedzielska



Scarecrow

Straw stuffed in my clothes
Would feel itchier, if I
Only had a brain

Frank Chambers Jr.

What is a November sky
If not a wondrous scene of kinetic stillness
Look, watch, observe, stare, touch

Caroline Lodewick

gold, red and green leaves
fade to grey sugar laces
petulant November skies

Rachel Larensen

November winds rushed
Through trees as scurrying
leaves
Danced in old graveyards

Mario R. Cavallo

Wild, wasteful wind whirls.
Sends crisp golden leaves swirling.
A spendthrift season.

Philippa Paquette

almost liking,
driving by... skunk on
November night

NanO

cinnamon, nutmeg,
ginger, cloves sweeten the air
my fall favorites

Patti Fusco

