

Connecticut Poetry Haiku Group

May 2026

Shoots of spring abound
Awaiting the warming sun
Growth is imminent

Lynn Faria

Title: College

Bite my lip, a lisp
Clear and steady, my choices
Emerge in the dawn

Aanum Khan

Flowers in the spring
begin to show their beauty
in vibrant colors.

David Boston



Hummingbirds are back
Rapid flapping of their wings
Lilacs scent the air

Linda Maselli Richardson

In shorts and t-shirt
grandson ends high school years
once a boy, now man

Mary Hills Kuck

Growth

Soft echoes unfurl.
Last year's remnants will emerge.
Fern fronds in spring air.

Simon C Edgett

Unfurling

Crack in the concrete—
a green stem asks for nothing,
takes the whole sidewalk.

Pavan Kumar Pillapalem



Our old moccasins
are swallowed by the footprint
of new Adidas.

This haiku is from a current
project: [A Cherokee Chapbook](#)

LaVerne Lovelady

for Jack Kerouac

The twisting branches
take the round about way
to eternity.

Matthew S. Mercure

Like daisies – I grow
Each with the sun in our eyes
Life's gift – for weeds, too

Torrie

soggy dead limb rots
as if by magic unseen
orange mushrooms appear

Tony Fusco

Started them from seeds
One by one they disappeared
Groundhog's getting fat

Deb Cassidy

better than
I could have imagined . . .
my grown son

Marita Gargiulo





Mountains, rivers, glaciers are goddesses,
Not in our imagination, but in reality,
Without their water, we'd be gone.

Karim Ahmed

Insight

two short, one long— sketch
sounds, plus two senses more, stretch
tanka—scroll rengas

Kevin Carey

Shy buds learn the sun
New green umbrellas open
Birds land on soft shade

-Edward Lent

Tight bud seams loosened,
lilac lavender promised
but frost shut bloom down.

Polly Brody

visiting dad's grave
nothing but crabgrass growing
time to try again

Patti Fusco

above Spring graves
with satin sky
spears of grass grow green.

Peter Ulisse

Spring again. New shoots
broke through soil by the dead tree
their roots intertwined

Natasha (Natalia) Piendel

Quiet rain at dusk
A bud dares to split the dark
New morning begins

Padmaja Battani

The Vessel

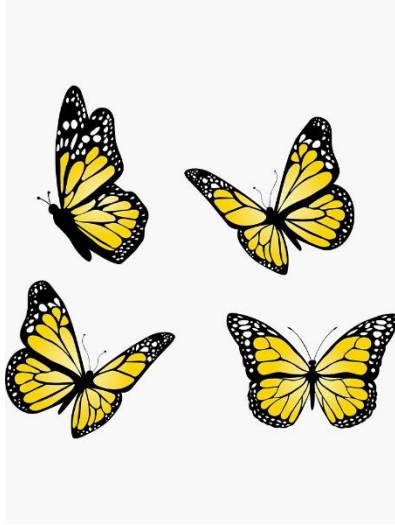
The vessel expands
To hold what is poured within
Elasticity

Adair Heitmann

River After Rain

each vein relearns sap
hawthorn petals drifting past
our silent arches

Jennifer Tubbs



Yellow butterflies
Flitting across green meadow
Like dancing sunshine.

Emory Jones

emerging threshold
murky waters lie ahead
no mud, no lotus

Melissa B. Lombardo

Celine tills the soil
Sows seeds with nurturing care
Waiting for Spring's green!

Mario R. Cavallo

Sprouts ringing the stump
of a long-felled red maple.
Old roots birth new life.

Charlie Ewers

Pink infant petals
Drifting down from the wild plum —
Late April snowflakes

James R. Scrimgeour

ORCHID

twisting while turning
toward warm early sunlight
five buds on a limb

Jan Geoghegan



Spring, a time for growth
Branches stretch to find the sun
Will I find myself.

Lance Kilburn

You say midlife crisis—
I hear something settling:
quiet, hard-earned truth

Toshi

Botanical Renegade

Tiny white flowers
scattered in the front yard bed.
Surprise strawberries!

Havi Brouillard

The small blue crocus
lifts its color from the ground
a steadfast journey

Cynthia Santostefano Sharr

whirl with no birr
helicopters land en mass
all grounds seeded

Mary Keating

Japanese stilt grass,
Foxglove beardtongue, tall tickseed,
lovely invasives.

Jane Jacobson

morning light wakens
stillness leads to wonderment
first steps of many

Starr-Hope Ertel

I only saw weeds
Where the gravel turned to road
Rocks blossomed pink stars

Rachel Larensen



Mom and dad's spirit
in the back row
on professor's last day

Doreen R. Oshinskie

notches
on a doorpost —
ten

Suzanne Niedzielska

In the 35th year

Divided daisies
in shock wilt leaves. Deep
roots siphon new life.

Melanie Taverner

The sea hugs a shell,
wave retreats, then hurtles forth
to push its playmate.

Stephen Corbeil

What might have been a
decade later, haunts me now
like ghosts, after all

Brynn Turner

True Wiz

Getting wise on the rise
Seasoning strength, saving sense, surviving
the spirit
To cherish what is meant.

K. McSpadden, A.k.a. Francee' Bouvenir
Artist, Author, Designer, & Photojournalist

last year's flowerpot–
through old dirt
dandelion

Amy Levitin Gray

I planted strange beans
They grew to an amazing height
What did young Jack do?

Larry E. Zimmerman
Hebron Poet Laureate

All growth isn't good
Like cancer or billionaires
Oh those plum buds burst

Ellen Hirning Schmidt



Dogwoods birth blossoms
Fragile petals blush pink faith
Bathed in morning sun

Frank Chambers



