

Year and Brochure*	1 st Place Haiku	2 nd Place Haiku	3 rd Place Haiku
2020	<p>the hoot of an owl the way Mother put up with my bedtime questions ~ Gregory Longenecker</p>	<p>the sequined costume of the baton twirler gleams young dandelion ~ Clysta Seney</p>	<p>first flute of bamboo one hole for each old regret spaced unevenly ~ Bill Cooper</p>
2019	<p>acorn on my palm the life of a mighty oak flashes before me ~ Priscilla Lignori</p>	<p>first wind in the pines it begins with a whisper and so will it end ~ Alison Woolpert</p>	<p>boot prints and paw prints through a patch of melting snow — village far below ~ Linda Papanicolaou</p>
2018	<p>walk in the evening— reminiscent of mom’s touch this soft balmy breeze ~ Priscilla Lignori</p>	<p>first day of the year in the garden a junco turns over a leaf ~ Gregory Longenecker</p>	<p>just before slumber— the sound of gentle rain on purple hollyhocks ~ Sean Kelbley</p>
2017	<p>early plum blossom the faint recollection that i’ve been here before ~ Michael Henry Lee</p>	<p>winter clouds blanket tents in the refugee camp stray cats yowl all night ~ Neal Whitman</p>	<p>first morning sunrise shines through the open window spotless countertop ~ Jenny Katherine Luu</p>
2016	<p>flowering dogwood— mother’s belongings all fit into one suitcase ~ Priscilla Lignori</p>	<p>river baptism the brief cellophane rustle of dragonfly wings ~ Ferris Gilli</p>	<p>four petals unwind releasing a pink path stream flowering dogwood ~ Marilyn Ashbaugh</p>

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2015	on the bay waters summer fog hides a question one yellow kayak ~ Elaine Whitman	along the river students set up their easels the scent of wild grape ~ Priscilla Lignori	eyeglasses folded beside a worn-picture book . . . quail calls fade away ~ Ferris Gilli
2014	morning solitude on a rippling mountain stream two fly fishermen ~ Linda Papanicolaou	early summer rain Mom hums some forgotten tune in a minor key ~ Gregory Longenecker	an apple blossom landing in the outstretched hand of my little boy ~ Mimi Ahern
2013	sugar moon rising the wail of a midnight train takes me home again ~ Ferris Gilli	church memorial celebrating her long life creak of grasshopper ~ Carolyn Fitz	open cellar door faint voice of a grasshopper lulls baby to sleep ~ Roberta Beary
2012	frost-covered window I add a rubber ducky to the bubble bath ~ Roberta Beary	under the table my knee touches my grandson's the lengthening days ~ Gregory Longenecker	restless autumn sea remnants of Fukushima arrive at our shores ~ Margaret Chula
2011	the familiar cough of the neighbor's old Chevy winter solitude ~ Billie Dee	munitions worker staggering home from the pub— dark billowing cloud ~ Joan Zimmerman	persimmon fabric folded in tissue paper Mother's kimono ~ Elaine Whitman

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2010	tell us, hazy moon— which lunacy will you send to our fragile town? ~ Dennis Noren	riding a horse through a field in the steady rain— autumn loneliness ~ joan iversen goswell	windows open now my cat laying on the sill in the hazy moon ~ Michael Henry Lee
2009	bluetail damselfly escapes the empty cottage where children once played ~ Roberta Beary	so still, so quiet . . . to sit alone with daydreams and blue damselflies ~ Deborah P Kolodji	the cry of the deer down each hill and past each stone still hangs on the leaves ~ Jerry Ball
2008	across my closed eyes the cloud shadows come and go spring melancholy ~ Desiree McMurry	one tiny cricket the darkest color chirping in the crayon box ~ Elinor Pihl Huggett	I watch my neighbour Watch her cat that is watching A fallen fledgling ~ Lorraine Ward
2007	blue jacaranda . . . the house a little smaller than I remembered ~ Ellen Compton	hurricane has passed the sky is wiping its face with gray handkerchiefs ~ Ed Grossmith	a star is fading into her lemonade glass hospital silence ~ Eduard Tara
2006	Halloween twilight Again this year my son waits Alone by the door ~ Roberta Beary	a mid-summer rain the clearness of sea water in the shore stone's bowl ~ Carolyn Thomas	a lamenting owl is darkening the forest aged lovers kiss ~ D. Claire Gallagher

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2005	the scent of autumn— drawing us out once again the rusty porch swing ~ Michael Dylan Welch	small withered garden the hand of a dying friend resting in my hand ~ Ebba Story	Pleiades at dawn . . . talking each other to sleep near the river's edge ~ Francine Banwarth
2004	soldier's funeral . . . steady gust of March wind tears at the color ~ Richard St. Clair	Golden path of light swiftly scans the muddy fields face upturned, I wait ~ Desiree McMurry	this winter ocean— following its shore until I've reached my limit ~ An'ya
2003	Early morning light . . . puffs of dandelion clocks gleam across the lawn ~ Robert Major	drying persimmons— this deepening of color so deliberate ~ Alison Woolpert	the depths of winter riding a horse with no legs through an open field ~ Joan Goswell
2002 (no 1 st prize awarded)	His Father's Day brunch From among the lemonades he picks up the check ~ Gloria Jaguden; tied for 2nd	returning robins— Father's spirit has missed them by only these days ~ Carolyn Thomas; tied for 2nd	a sunlit prism— my first poem of the year has written itself ~ Michael Dylan Welch
2001	twilight adagio . . . moving through the ocean fog cranberry workers ~ Richard St. Clair	autumn loneliness— your final letter to me with a missing page ~ Michael Dylan Welch	therapist's office . . . noticing the withering poinsettia leaves ~ Richard St. Clair

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2000	on Easter morning the bread dough breathes and rises under its damp cloth ~ Margaret Chula	blowing soap bubbles on her eightieth birthday the years glide away ~ Margaret Chula	the morning paper a black ant punctuating the big black headline ~ Yvonne Hardenbrook
1999	and now she is gone— the old woman who took us mushroom-gathering ~ Carolyn Thomas	haze across the moon— in my old classroom photo faces without names ~ Elizabeth St. Jacques	on wooded hillside— finding quiet solitude instead of mushrooms ~ Elsie Canfield
1998	New Year's Day sunrise the back of the pickup truck filled with donations ~ Christopher Herold	wet from melting snow meter reader leaves behind official footprints ~ Yvonne Hardenbrook	the breeze bearing them only a second or two . . . camellia petals ~ Robert Gilliland
1997	lying in a field we listen to the sunset— wild geese migrating ~ Claire Gallagher	at Fisherman's Wharf tide reaches high-water mark —magic of spring moon ~ Louise Beaven	a mosquito drinks adding to my collection of itchy tattoos ~ Gino Mastascusa
1996	spring evening stillness from the nunnery garden an old cradle song ~ H.F. Noyes	Our teenage daughter swishing in skimpy black silk— this early summer ~ D. Claire Gallagher	spring evening darkens reluctantly my mother says no to more tea ~ Marion Olson

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1995	blown by the March wind a clattering soda can beats me down the street ~ Dennis Davidson	this first Autumn wind my slicker with red berries dry in its pockets ~ Carol Purington	a red dragonfly floats into the garden room and floats out again ~ James Kirkup
1994	Turnip in my hand— Its cold roundness heavier Than a baby's head ~ Sister Benedicta, O.S.H	the battered scarecrow still standing—high water mark drying on his throat ~ Elizabeth Searle Lamb	grandmother's cellar a few forgotten turnips their fragrant presence ~ Yvonne Hardenbrook
1993	Scratching my elbow the fingernail leaves a mark— first chill of evening ~ Clark Strand	The sightless old man tracing his initials . . . carved on the withered tree ~ Helen Dalton	long winter evening— the sweetness of a carrot comes out in the soup ~ Clark Strand
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<p>1989</p>	<p>in fluorescent vest he digs up the macadam— first autumn rain ~ Patricia J. Machmiller</p>	<p>his Mohawk haircut highlighted on the billboard with this morning's frost ~ Elizabeth Searle Lamb</p>	<p>Not making a sound Fireworks in far distant sky Slowly climbs and falls ~ Manzen (Tom Arima)</p>
<p>1988 (no contest was held)</p>			
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<p>1986</p>	<p>financial district pairs of mirrored glasses greeting each other ~ Jerry Ball</p>	<p>causeway on the marsh: a fledgling, mouth wide open— even in the rain ~ Rosamond Haas</p>	<p>Fledgling flaps its wings wild in busy morning air— not leaving its nest ~ Tom Arima</p>

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1985	<p>The first New Year's Day . . . my dead father's pocket watch keeps ticking—ticking ~ Louise Somers Winder</p>	<p>A mile from the sound— still the plunging spring river rides in my backpack ~ Ethel Dunlop</p>	<p>The poinsettia every year an afterthought beside the fireplace ~ Joseph Roberts</p>
1984	<p>A summer evening— in the sunset I must move whenever you move ~ Jerry Ball</p>	<p>Rising from the marsh with a sudden rush of wings evening's autumn wind ~ Joseph A. Roberts</p>	<p>Pale sun going down: grandfather and the withered tree in the same shadow ~ Louise Somers Winder</p>
1983	<p>Buying a pumpkin pausing I go back to buy the ugliest one ~ W.E. Greig</p>	<p>eating McDonalds' by the roadside, the children seated on pumpkins ~ Patricia J. Machmiller</p>	<p>The small pasture pond speeding swallows changing course on a slant of light ~ Rosamond Haas</p>
1982	<p>Still the drought drags on the old tin cup—up, up, up to the very last ~ Louise Somers Winder</p>	<p>Dust from the long drought steals the lads' footprints—but leaves his slender shadow ~ Ethel Dunlop</p>	<p>Overripe apples in the abandoned orchard— the noonday sunshine . . . ~ Barbara McCoy</p>
1981	<p>In the highway ditch a barely-noticed crocus trying to be tall. ~ Pearl S. Schuck</p>	<p>Feeling the comfort my old, arthritic knees and the basking lizard ~ Louise Somers Winder</p>	<p>At Sunday service lizard on the window sill— I count his push-ups. ~ Ossie E. Transbarger</p>

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1980	Campfire extinguished, the woman washing dishes in a pan of stars ~ Raymond Roseliep	A Halloween clown eases a convertible through the caution light ~ Barbara McCoy	Erasing my mark on the mountain—another zig-zagging skier ~ George Swede
1979	A small child napping beside toys in the sand pile . . . the afternoon shade . . . ~ Jerry Ball	Bright new calendar old routines marked plus my date for set of false teeth. ~ Beth Martin Haas	Park bench to park bench . . . elderly man and woman moving with the shade ~ Louise Somers Winder
1978	The names of the dead sinking deeper and deeper into the red leaves. ~ Eric Amann	A butterfly slips through the sunlight on flowers and leaves no shadow ~ Kurt J. Fickert	A sudden Spring breeze— the titmouse on the fence lifts one wing for balance ~ Thelma Murphy

* The brochure for a given year can be viewed by clicking on the year of interest in the table of the youngleaves.org website on the page from which you opened this document.