Edition 3 Spring 2026

A poetry broadside

FREE! Discuss over coffee

barbara

https://barbara.pub
@thebarbaraverse

love is

holding space for hope,
for each other,
from the first bloom

of promised spring and

the last ache of sunset.
love is singing you to sleep
while the world is on fire

but we plant our garden anyway-
for tomorrow
and tomorrow,
and
tomorrow

when we have nothing
but a long journey
of wide-eyed young love

fading dying slowly until

the person you
oh so quietly let them slip away
-you've burned into
nothingness
We can still till the soil
something may grow
something may bloom
tomorrow
we still hold space for hope

Athena Law

athenalawauthor.com.au
instagram.com/athenalaw_writer

↖ contrapuntal ↗

listening for the graveyard wren - a bird
bard of ancient dolmen
and for the scratch of my pen
as my heart is sung open

Helen Smith

helensmithwrites.com

↖ englyn

An Awkward Cinquain

My bod
is too bossy
for my unyielding feet
Yet it can't find another pair
to hire

Chenxi

↖ cinquain

2 tanka + 1 haiku →

Broken Land

open spaces and splitting fences
backs broken while digging fences

where they once eked out a living
prayers buried with forbidding fences

made with trees hewn from the edge
shaped into blood-dripping fences

forced to flee unknown cities
over their shoulder, disappearing fences

among refugees, Patience cries
her hands blistered from mending fences

Mona Mehas

linktr.ee/monaiv
monamehas.net

↖ ghazal

On Teaching Bashō
After Matsuo Bashō

How many frog rocks
tossed into the Manatee
River to teach boys
Bashō only for them to
forget, for them to piss off

Manatee mullet;
how many rocks, metaphors,
and boys do I have
left? The Manatee mullet,
their many spectacular

splashes swell into
persistent silence; the boys
replaced; teacher- gone

Nicholas Finch

Haiku for the unseen

Tin roof after rain-
a sparrow rehearses freedom
in the puddle's sky.

David Anson Lee

haiku ↗

Flames

Upon a time, to ease my inward night
Have I some mortal candle briefly burned
To take a measured comfort by that light
'Till guttered out at last the dark returned

Then reassured was I and candle's life
Must ever on a given length depend
So has it burned for mistress, friend and wife
And burned its steady course from end to end

But you, my love, must cause me great unease
When drawing forth as now this endless song
From that bright flame of yours which will not cease
What fuel could burn so hot or last so long?

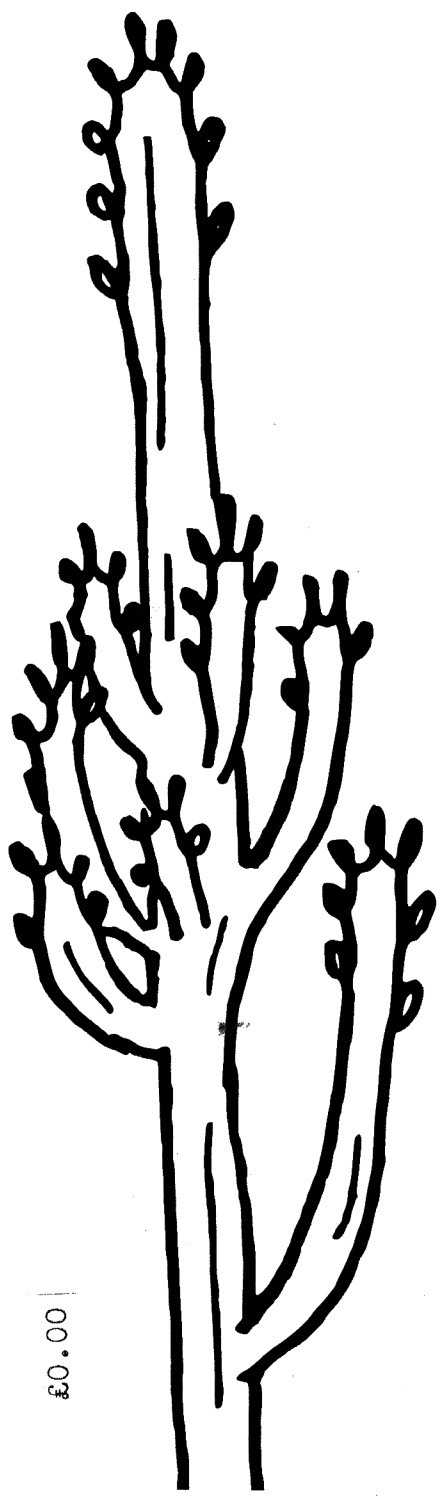
Of flames undying, ancient stories tell
That lead us on to heaven, or to hell.

Michael Eisele

deviantart.com/azul-din

↖ Shakespearean (English) sonnet

Scan to find out more



£0.00

GENETIC CODE IS A FALLACY.
HUMANITY IS A LOGICAL EXTENSION OF BINARY CODE,
BOTH MANKIND'S DESTINY AND REALITY.

Scott C. Holstad

hankrules2011.com
instagram.com/scottsmusicshak

experimental (110 bytes)

* barbara is made in DUNDEE with two typewriters, a glue stick and a photocopier *