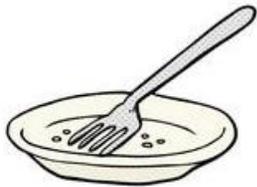


cupcake papers
blow from the kitchen counter—
summer's end

year's end—
the sky's song
growing quiet

sermon's end—
potluck smells
rising through the vent

jet lag—
with a suitcase click
summer ends



spring lightning—
a flower's shadow
against the fortress wall

rice chaff
whitens the scoop—
supper alone

.....

Many of these haiku and senryu focus on the sense of taste. Others are favourites from the last year or so, with one or two older poems added for seasoning. They all appeared the following tasty publications: *Acorn*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Carpe Diem Haiku Kai* (online), *Carving Darkness* (Winchester, Virginia: Red Moon Press, 2012), *Frogpond*, *Geppo*, *The Haiku Anthology* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1999), *Hedgerow*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Many Trails to the Summit* (Seattle, Washington: Rose Alley Press, 2010), *Mayfly*, *Origin*, *Painting Sunlight: A Trilingual Canadian Haiku Anthology* (Ottawa, Ontario: Wah, 2015), *Pebbles*, *Per Diem* (The Haiku Foundation, online), *Persimmon*, *Presence*, *Prune Juice*, *Rattle*, *Raven Chronicles*, *Raw Nervz*, *Slug in a Fast Food Cup* (Seattle, Washington: Luna Park Productions, 2009), *Snapshots*, and *When Butterflies Come* (Haiku Society of America, 1993). In addition, "leaving home" placed seventh in the Shiki online kukai in December 2010. My gratitude to all editors and readers for their excellent taste.

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Breakfast Alone

.....

Michael Dylan Welch

breakfast alone
slowly I eat
my melancholy

midsummer thunder—
we take turns
having the last word

leaving home . . .
winter sky
in my daughter's eyes

misty garden—
even in Seattle
I long for Seattle

my daughter's little finger on the hummingbird nest

roadside stand—
the boy selling cherries
is taller this year

game delay—
a maple spinner
in my daughter's hand

granny's story
of goblins and ghosts—
warm cookies

first day of school—
I eat my buckwheat pancakes
in silence

fog
in
the
forecast
separation

Sunday lunch—
the sixth grader eats his soup
alphabetically

pull of tonight's moon—
the harbour lighthouse
a little taller

headphones rented
for the in-flight movie—
my dinner, shifting

after-dinner mints
passed around the table . . .
slow-falling snow

from the ocean
to her moat
a bucket mostly spilled

turning the page . . .
my lamp lights
snow on the windowsill