

steady breathing . . .  
a kiss on her cheek  
ends the story of Christmas

# Bullseye

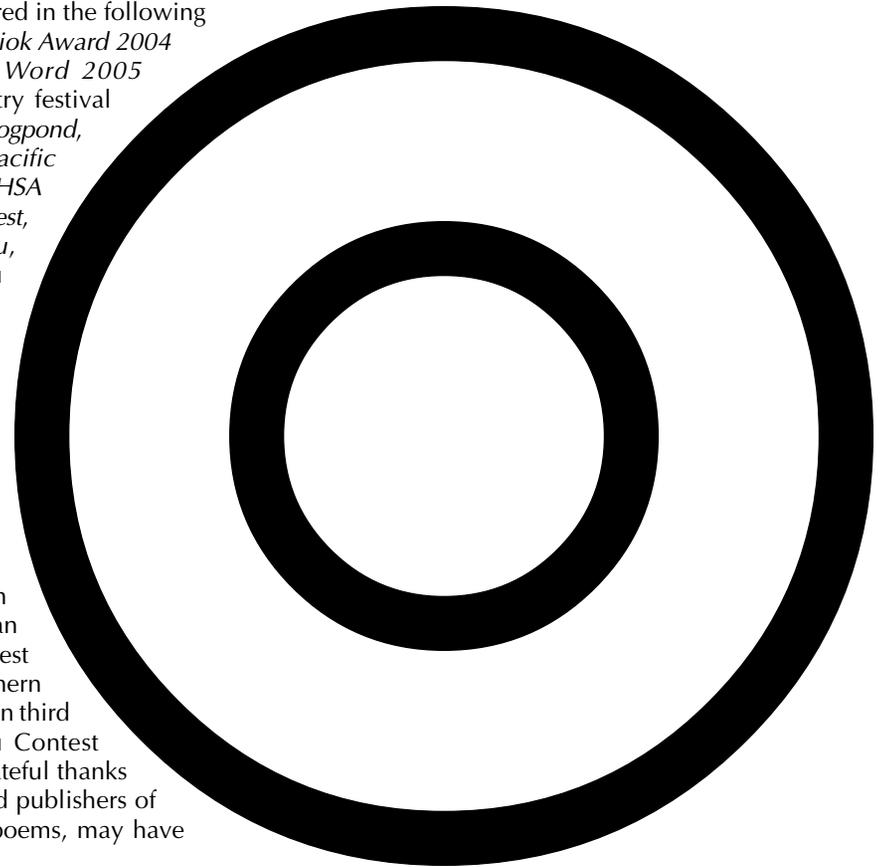
*Michael Dylan Welch*

spring cleaning—  
dirt in the grooves  
of the five iron

Mother's Day—  
a wooden chess set  
in mid match

rising gas prices—  
the attendant changing numbers  
in a pouring rain

These poems have previously appeared in the following journals and books: *The Betty Drevniok Award 2004* (Haiku Canada, 2005), *Burning Word 2005* (Washington Poets Association poetry festival program, Greenbank, Washington), *Frogpond*, *Geppo*, *The Gifts of Bashō: Haiku Pacific Rim Anthology* (Ogaki, Japan, 2004), *HSA Newsletter*, *Hermitage*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Mariposa*, *Mayfly*, *Modern Haiku*, *Walking the Same Path* (2004 Haiku Society of America members' anthology), and *Wind Shows Itself* (2004 Haiku Northwest anthology, Seattle, Washington). In addition, "cold rain" won second prize in the 2004 Anita Sadler Weiss Memorial Haiku Award sponsored by the Haiku Poets of Central Maryland; "crackling beach fire" won a runner-up Heron's Nest Award from *The Heron's Nest* in December 2004; "nude beach" won an honourable mention in the 2000 San Francisco International Senryu Contest sponsored by the Haiku Poets of Northern California; and "relaxing my arm" won third prize in the 2004 Drevniok Haiku Contest sponsored by Haiku Canada. My grateful thanks go to each of the judges, editors, and publishers of this work, who, by selecting these poems, may have believed that they hit a bullseye.



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relaxing my arm  
butterfly  
on the bullseye

nude beach—  
the crowd around  
the dead whale

crackling beach fire—  
we hum in place of words  
we can't recall

hospital waiting room—  
the drinking fountain  
stops its humming

dust storm—  
a fence post unweathered  
below the soil line

sister-city meeting—  
fold creases  
in the foreign flag



the waiter interrupts  
our argument on abortion—  
a choice of teas

taxis in a line  
at the county airport—  
migrating geese

long red-eye flight—  
I regret  
my double-knots

clouding sky  
my finger  
on the bear track

cold rain—  
the inning ends  
with nobody on

accumulating snow—  
oven mitts  
praying on the counter

ringing church bell—  
moonlight dimmed  
by a gentle snowfall