

ultrasound picture
slowly passed from hand to hand—
beginning of spring

scattered ashes . . .
how still each reed
and its shadow

(for John Wills)

sheet lightning—
the fawn's hoof
snaps a twig

spring birdsong . . .
wanting you here
to hear it

landing swallow—
the ship's chain
dips slightly

departing plane—
a strand of her hair
on the car seat

These poems were written ten to twenty years ago (2000 or earlier). Rather than focus on more recent poems, this collection looks further back at poems that haven't been republished or anthologized as much as others (with a couple of exceptions), but that I still particularly like. These poems previously appeared in *Acorn*, *Brevities*, *Brussels Sprout*, *Cicada*, *Frogpond*, *Geppo*, *Global Haiku: Twenty-five Poets Worldwide* (Cullercoats, North Shields, U.K.: Iron Press; Oakville, Ontario: Mosaic Press, 2000), *The Haiku Anthology* (New York: Norton, 1999), *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac* (Tokyo: Kodansha International, 1996), *Harvest: Haiku North America Anthology* (Foster City, California: Press Here, 1991), *Heron*, *HPNC Newsletter*, *Light and Shadow: Haiku Society of America Members Anthology* (Foster City, California: Press Here, 1998), *Mirrors, Modern Haiku*, *Open Window* (Brooks Books, online, 2000), *Origin*, *Persimmon Tree*, *Poetree* (Palo Alto, California: Canopy, 1998), *Raku Teapot Haiku* (Alton Bay, New Hampshire: Raku Teapot Press; Redding, California: White Owl Publishing, 2003; includes CD recording), *Shades of Green: Haiku North America Anthology* (Foster City, California: Press Here, 1997), and *The Thin Curve: 1999 Red Moon Anthology* (Winchester, Virginia: Red Moon Press, 2000). In addition, "sheet lightning" won third place in the 1998 Wallace Stevens Contest (California).

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Crossing the Room

Michael Dylan Welch



old folks' home—
the square of light
crosses the room

your laughter
 under the willow
makes it summer

still heron stills me

an old fiddle case
takes my coins
and the rain

chess men in boxes . . .
the café's ceiling fan
turns by itself

window fog
a drop of milk
on her wrist

whale bones . . .
the hollow sound
of blowing sand

at the well
 wishing
 for a coin

seasonsgone

shooting star
 shouting
 shooting star

lazy afternoon—
the digital temperature sign
rises one degree

a chime of bells
across the snowy field—
 the horse's breath

steady drizzle—
a patch of dry gravel
under the swing seat

together
we take the dog's old route
. . . summer rain

an ant in the shadow of the pebble I kicked

downtown rain
the jazzman
plays his sax