

toll booth lit for Christmas—
from my hand to hers
warm change

つり銭の温もり 聖夜料金所
tsurisen no nukumori seiya ryōkinjo

first star—
a seashell held
to my baby's ear

明星や巻貝そつと 吾子の耳
myōjō ya makigai sotto ako no mimi

an old woolen sweater
taken yarn by yarn
from the snowbank

古毛糸巣づくりに得て残り雪
furukeito suzukuri ni ete nokoriyuki

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First Snow 初雪

Michael Dylan Welch



first snow . . .
the children's hangers
clatter in the closet

初雪や子らのハンガー音たてて
hatsuyuki ya kora no hangā oto tatete

tulip festival—
the colours of all the cars
in the parking lot

チューリップ祭色のあふれる駐車場
chūrippumatsuri iro no afureru chūshajō

spring breeze—
the pull of her hand
as we near the pet store

春風のペットショップへ手を引かれ
harukaze no pettoshoppu e te o hikare

scattered petals . . .
the thud of my books
in the book drop

花吹雪返却口へ本の音
hanafubuki henkyakuguchi e hon no oto

summer moonlight
the potter's wheel
slows

月涼し速度落としてゆく轆轤
tsuki suzushi sokudo otoshite yuku rokuro

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

ハミングをまじへ二人の浜焚火
hamingu o majie futari no hama takibi



meteor shower . . .
a gentle wave
wets our sandals

流星群二人のサンダル濡らす波
ryūseigun furati no sandaru nurasu nami

after the quake
the weathervane
pointing to earth

地震後の風見鶏指す大地かな
jishin go no kazamidori sasu daichi kana

home for Christmas:
my childhood desk drawer
empty

空っぽの僕の抽斗クリスマス
karappo no boku no hikidashi kurisumasu