

Neap Tide

Michael Dylan Welch

spring sun—
at the top of the roller coaster
she says yes

afternoon hike—
the pussy willows dwindling
from my handful

the scent of autumn
drawing us out once again—
the rusty porch swing

beached kelp—
we examine each other's
life lines

These poems have previously appeared in the following journals and books: *Bashō Festival Anthology* (Japan, 2004), *The Betty Drevniok Award 2001* (Haiku Canada, 2002), *Boston Haiku Society News*, *Fig Newtons: Senryu to Go* (Foster City, California: Press Here, 1993), *Frogpond*, *Geppo*, *Haiku Canada Newsletter* (Canada), *The Heron's Nest*, *HPNC Newsletter*, *Mariposa*, *Nisqually Delta Review*, *Snapshots* (England), *South by Southeast*, and *Tracing the Fern* (Sammamish, Washington: Press Here, 2005). In addition, "dried tadpole" won an honourable mention in the 2001 Drevniok Haiku Contest sponsored by Haiku Canada; "gathering clouds" won a Selected Haiku Award in the 2004 Bashō Contest (Japan); "the call of a loon" won an honourable mention and "the scent of autumn" won first prize in the 2005 Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest sponsored by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society.

*neap tide . . .
kite string caught
in the stingray's teeth*

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after the verdict
the arsonist
lights up

gathering clouds—
the feel of the Gettysburg Address
etched in bronze

the call of a loon—
the Manitoba sunset
deepens to scarlet

frost on the pampas grass—
the man at the bus stop
sways back and forth

dried tadpole
stuck with a pin—
ticking sleet

Remembrance Day—
my insignificant wince
at the misdirected poppy pin

December flurries—
in the airplane magazine
a half-finished crossword

Christmas Eve—
bits of price sticker
stuck to my finger

emerging
from thawing snow
paw in a trap

fog . . .
just the tree
at the bus stop

*For Jerry Kilbride
(died 3 November 2005)*

for her this spring
the greengoing woods
still greening

*For anne mckay
(died 4 March 2003)*

after the brushstroke,
his head stays tilted
to a sun-dappled sumi-e

*For Kaji Aso
(died 11 March 2006)*

her last breath—
the strings vibrating
on her dusty harp

*For Elizabeth Searle Lamb
(died 15 February 2005)*