

quiet Japanese garden—  
a branch cut on the side  
facing away from the path

*Michael Dylan Welch*

a painter and a pond  
share the loneliness

*Karma Tenzing Wangchuk*

floating leaf  
a raindrop  
pushes it in

*Jessica Tremblay*

at the video shop  
*Titanic* out of stock

*Michael Dylan Welch*

chilly morning—  
the moss springs back  
after my step

*Michael Dylan Welch*

pink petals float in the pond  
above the carp

*Marshall Hryciuk*

a lull in our conversation—  
maple tree roots  
crisscross the moss

*Michael Dylan Welch*

chopsticks down  
the meal is over

*Terry Ann Carter*

Michael Dylan Welch wrote these tan-renga with fourteen other poets attending the Haiku Canada Weekend at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., 19–21 May 2006. We wrote most of these collaborations at Nitobe Japanese Garden, with one tan-renga finished after the weekend. First published in *Haiku Canada Review* 1:1, February 2007, pages 28–32. My gratitude to each poet, and to the garden for its unfolding inspiration.

### *Participants*

Chandra Bales — Albuquerque, New Mexico  
Terry Ann Carter — Nepean, Ontario  
elehna de sousa — Salt Spring Island, British Columbia  
Amelia Fielden — Buff Point, NSW, Australia  
Marshall Hryciuk — Toronto, Ontario  
Ava Kar — Oliver, British Columbia  
Howard Lee Kilby — Hot Springs, Arkansas  
Carole MacRury — Point Roberts, Washington  
Vicki McCullough — Vancouver, British Columbia  
Claudia Coutu Radmore — Carleton Place, Ontario  
Lyle Rumpel — Victoria, British Columbia  
Carmen Sterba — University Place, Washington  
Jessica Tremblay — Vancouver, British Columbia  
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# Nitobe Meditation



Nitobe meditation—  
traffic and waterfall sounds  
become one

*elehna de sousa*

my reflection in the pond  
wobbled by a koi

*Michael Dylan Welch*

black branches  
and a silver lamp post—  
ducks on the frozen pond

*Ava Kar*

the old wardrobe  
now stained red

*Michael Dylan Welch*

a crowd  
on the garden path  
I walk around the crows

*Chandra Bales*

in need of a wash  
the black BMW

*Michael Dylan Welch*

pond's edge—  
the last plum blossom  
drifts to a stop

*Carole MacRury*

a mourning dove  
flushes upward

*Michael Dylan Welch*

garden stroll—  
we raise our voices  
near the bubbling stream

*Michael Dylan Welch*

my friend, the raven, settles  
on a high cedar in the wind

*Howard Lee Kilby*

searching  
in the garden  
a twisted trunk

*Lyle Rumpel*

finding myself  
at the end of the path

*Michael Dylan Welch*

a stone lantern  
covered with moss  
next to one without

*Michael Dylan Welch*

visiting friends who still  
live in our old suburb

*Amelia Fielden*

under halogen lights  
translucence  
of a million petals

*Claudia Coutu Radmore*

in Spanish  
she asks me the way

*Michael Dylan Welch*

“way of teenage rebellion”—  
cedar stump  
rotted at its core

*Vicki McCullough*

paint faded  
on the entire totem pole

*Michael Dylan Welch*

garden walk  
each rock  
in its right place

*Carmen Sterba*

a shiny penny  
in the snow-viewing lantern

*Michael Dylan Welch*

