

Shipping the Oars

spring rain . . .
the chafing
of my crutches

moss on the path—
you ask me, quietly,
if I have summer plans

on an old memory card
a photo of my sister
in her chemo wig

alone on the beach
long enough to watch the stream
change course

ferry gift shop—
all the tourist mugs
gently clinking

December commute—
I catch the yawn
of the driver beside me

the ferry quiets
as it drifts in to dock—
rising moon

This collection represents selected haiku and senryu first published in 2016, with a few from 2015, arranged in a loosely seasonal progression. These poems first appeared in the following journals and books: *Acorn*, *Chrysanthemum* (Germany), *Exhaling: 2015 Seabeck Haiku Getaway Anthology* (Seattle: Haiku Northwest, 2016), *Fire in the Treetops: Celebrating Twenty-Five Years of Haiku North America* (Sammamish, Washington: Press Here, 2015), *Geppo*, *The Heron's Nest*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Modern Haiku*, *Moongarlic*, *Noon* (Japan), *Off the Beaten Track: A Year in Haiku* (London: Boatwhistle Books, 2016), *Poetry on Buses* (Seattle, 2015), *Presence* (England), *Prune Juice*, and *Tinywords*. In addition, "half moon" was the featured poem on Seattle's "Poetry on Buses" website on 29 October 2015, and appeared on poetry placards on Seattle-area buses and at RapidRide stations in 2014 and 2015, and "autumn sun" won third place in the 2015 Seabeck Haiku Getaway annual kukai. My thanks to all readers who have "shipped the oars" for these poems.



Michael Dylan Welch

Copyright © 2016
by Michael Dylan Welch

22230 NE 28th Place
Sammamish, WA 98074-6408

WelchM@aol.com
www.graceguts.com
www.nahaiwrimo.com

autumn sun—
I ship the oars
for the loon

old gas station—
one suction cup popped loose
on the closed sign

coastal drive—
we roll down the windows
to hear the ocean

the weight
of the trillium
I shouldn't have picked

night fog—
the wish of waves
reaching the beach

around we go
down the lighthouse stairs
summer's end

family reunion—
the camera's timer
goes off too soon

poetry reading—
I hear nothing more
after he says loam

from ear to ear Montana sky

late show on TV—
I finish cleaning up
for the cleaning lady

your raised eyebrow—
I change the channel
back

gridlock—
a man in an ambulance
bows his head

intermittent rain—
hits to my website
up today

pumpkin weigh-in . . .
the judge's motion
to lift off hands

election-day hike—
as much fog on the left
as on the right

half moon
travelling with me
away from home

