

summer again—
the broken spines
of all her travel books

in the breeze
of an ambulance
a nodding iris

the slant of rushes . . .
paddle eddies
into trout eddies

unfurled awning—
the café crowded
only in the shade

recession—
this year's fireworks
a little shorter



spring haze—
I lose again
at solitaire

summer's end—
sunflower seeds
under the bleachers

These haiku and senryu focus primarily on the sense of sight. They previously appeared, mostly in the last year, in *Acorn*, *Blithe Spirit* (England), *Bottle Rockets*, “Butterfly Dream” (Canada; blog), “Colorado Boulevard Poetry Corner” (blog), *Earthsigs: 2017 Haiku North America Anthology* (Sammamish, Washington: Press Here, 2017), “English-Speaking Union of Japan” (website), *Four Hundred and Two Snails: Haiku Society of America Members' Anthology 2018* (Haiku Society of America, 2018), *Frogpond*, *Geppo*, *Gift of Silence: A Haiku Tribute to Leonard Cohen* (Ottawa, Ontario: Éditions des petits nuages, 2018), *Haiku Canada Review*, *Hanami Dango: 2017 Members' Anthology* (San Jose, California: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 2017), *Horizon Haiku Anthology* (Allahabad, India: Cyberwit, 2018), *HPNC Newsletter*, *Kō* (Japan), *Matrix* (Canada), *Modern Haiku*, *Moongarlic*, *Nourish*, *Presence* (England), *Skylark* (England), *The Sixteenth Annual Ukihaiku Festival: Winning Entries* (Ukiah, California: Ukihaiku Festival, 2018), *The Sleepless Planet* (Tokyo: Gendai Haiku Kyokai, 2018), *Still* (England), *Tinywords*, *Wales Haiku Journal* (Wales), and *Zoomoozophone Review*. In addition, “the rabbit's ears” won the Aichi Prefecture Board of Education Award for best poem of 2017 published in *Kō*, and “long-distance bill” won the English-Speaking Union of Japan monthly online haiku contest for July of 2018. Here's to always seeing seeds for haiku in plain sight.

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The Firefly's Glow

Michael Dylan Welch



a firefly's glow
against her palm
passed to mine

leaves in a heap
by the funeral home door—
an idling limo

circles of rain—
tied-up yachts
chumming together

the rabbit's ears
backlit by a sinking sun—
dry grass swaying

gallery opening—
a change of weather
ripples the rainbow flag

first frost . . .
a pair of shoes
left at the door



Christmas tree up—
I stir the skin
back into my soup

stamps now
on all the letters—
winter moon

first day of the year—
I eat an apple
with my left hand

snow falling
after the funeral
a deeper silence

power outage—
we find the candles
with a smartphone

deepening debt—
snow along the rim
of the clay flower pot

remaining snow—
trumpet practice
from an open window

the gull's cry—
the shape of the wave
before it curls

while we argue
my daughter twisting
a crystal prism

nightrain

long-distance bill—
her birthday circled
on the lighthouse calendar

woods walk—
I catch the cobwebs
that miss my son

all the way down
the abandoned slide
cherry blossoms