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), Earthsigns: 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 Ukiahaiku Festival: Winning Entries (Ukiah, California: Ukiahaiku 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.

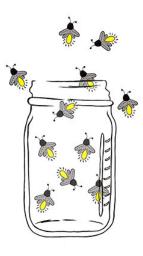
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Michael Dylan Welch



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