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unfinished to-do list—
my roses lure me out
into sunlight

The preceding poem won the autumn/winter 2005 “Haiku this Haiga” award on *HaigaOnline*, and appeared in a haiga with a Japanese translation by Hiromi Inoue, with artwork by Mary B. Rodning and calligraphy by Shisen, presented on the front of this trifold. Aside from “first rose,” “sniffing a rose,” and “talk of snow,” which are previously unpublished, these poems have appeared in the following journals and books: *Five Lines Down: A Landmark in English Tanka* (Baltimore, Maryland: Modern English Tanka Press, 2007), *Footsteps in the Fog* (Foster City, California: Press Here, 1994), *For a Moment* (Pointe Claire, Québec: King’s Road Press, 2009), *Frogpond*, *HaigaOnline* (online), *Haiku Quarterly*, *Haiku Troubadours 2000* (Fujima, Saitama, Japan: Ginyu Press, 2000), *HPNC Newsletter*, *Jack Straw Writers Anthology* (Seattle, Washington: Jack Straw Productions, 2010), *Mariposa*, *Modern Haiku*, *Pontoon*, *Raw Nervz Haiku*, *Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society*, *True Colour* (Redmond, Washington: City of Redmond, 2014), and *Woodnotes*. Also, “the rose you gave me” won third place in the 1995 Independent Newspapers Love Poetry Contest, and was published in thirteen San Francisco Peninsula newspapers. And two verses, “the record player” and “the thump of a rose,” were originally two-liners in rengay, the latter from a rengay that won an honourable mention in the 2009 Haiku Poets of Northern California rengay contest. Jean Cocteau once said that “A true poet does not bother to be poetical. Nor does a nursery gardener scent his roses.” Forgive any lapses into the overly poetical with these haiku and tanka, but I hope I’ve not scented any of the flowers. Thank you for stopping to smell these roses.

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The Scent of Roses



Michael Dylan Welch

first rose—
my toddler's breath
parts the petals

the rose you gave me
has dropped all its petals
to the windowsill—
overnight, I did not hear the rain
as each petal fell

the record player
skipping
La Vie En Rose

yellow roses
on the attorney's desk—
lost case

falling rose petals . . .
the tattoo
on the pallbearer's arm

Valentine's Day—
these thousands of roses
in my hand for you

dew on a rose—
a pair of aphids
spinning

sniffing a rose
that's starting to wilt—
summer café

the neon buddha
dies again and again
in the rose garden

a single blossom
on the wild rose
October wind

quiet garden—
the rose's blue shadow
under moonlight

the thump
of a rose
on the child's casket

for now the roses bloom,
but tomorrow
when their fragrance has gone,
will you still remember me
and my poem?

talk of snow—
the stems of roses
recently pruned