

an urn in my lap—  
the seaplane descends  
from snow into rain

your hand in mine . . .  
the sky so full  
of stars



a delicate rain . . .  
the photo of the body  
passed from hand to hand

the neon buddha  
keeps hearing  
the call of the mild

the neon buddha  
wants to hold  
a guilty party

the neon buddha  
hopes his last resort  
is Club Med

These poems were all written in February of 2011 for the inaugural National Haiku Writing Month, or NaHaiWriMo, which I created in October of 2010. The idea is for participants to write one haiku a day throughout the month of February—the shortest month for the shortest genre of poetry. NaHaiWriMo has a website at <http://sites.google.com/site/nahaiwrimol/home>, and a very active Facebook page, with about 700 monthly users. With the exception of the three neon buddha poems, all of these poems were first published in *Haijinx* IV:1, March 2011, online at <http://www.haijinx.org/IV-1/nahaiwrimol/haiku.mdw.p1.html>. The three neon buddha poems are previously unpublished. My thanks to all inaugural NaHaiWriMo participants for their haiku enthusiasm and for committing to write one haiku a day in February, a habit for many of them that has continued throughout the year.

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# Traces of Snow

*Michael Dylan Welch*

Selected Poems  
from NaHaiWriMo 2011



a trace of snow—  
the cat's bell  
reminds me of you



broken resolutions—  
the snowman's belly  
drooping in the sun

skinned knee—  
my daughter asks me  
about God

a little stone in my sole—  
from which mountain trail  
did it travel?

dusty attic—  
the old rocking horse  
without any eyes

the plums in front  
of the Egyptian embassy  
not yet in bloom



slanting rain—  
the mall cellist  
draws us in

Valentine's Day—  
a cherry tomato  
bursts in my mouth

first snow—  
a crow's distant caw  
carries me home

a show of hands  
in the jury room—  
winter light

unfinished basement—  
it was here where I finished  
my childhood

