

the sudden flash—
how can I write of a bomb
so long ago
so far away . . .
is it still burning?

why did she mail it,
this French postcard
from the past,
from a time when we
were not yet lovers

up late the night before
our flight to Japan—
again I zip
and then unzip
our suitcase

my muse returned
from vacation today,
leaving me
dormant seeds—
I water them with ink

driving to work
on Valentine's Day—
without you
a microchip reminds me
to fasten my seatbelt

a wisteria arbor
in late autumn—
I sit until
I am the only sitter
and I too disappear

These tanka previously appeared in the following publications: *American Tanka*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Conversations in Tanka*, with Amelia Fielden (Port Adelaide, Australia: Ginninderra Press, 2014), *Gusts*, *Red Lights*, *Ribbons*, *Skylark*, *Solitary Plover*, and *Tangled Hair*. In addition, one poem is forthcoming in the 2015 Tanka Society of America members' anthology, and "Something's already come between us" first appeared on my Graceguts website in a haiga with artwork by Gary LeBel. Thanks to the editors of each of these publications for giving these poems a place in the world.

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World with No Corners

Michael Dylan Welch

looking for love
through winter, spring,
summer, fall—
I find the world
has no corners

“Something’s already
come between us,”
you whisper.
“Yes,” I reply,
“our clothes.”

you, tomorrow,
are moving away—
for me it is as if the moon
will never rise again
over the endless pines

unable to find
just the right words,
I find myself
starting a doodle
in my ex’s guestbook

are you coming?
I say as I pick up the phone—
but it is just a charity,
when I am in need,
asking for old clothing

what is the use of a fallow field?
is it, as they say, the calm
before the storm,
the grief
of an unused womb?

what’s left
of our sailboat’s
wave
disappears
in the freighter’s
wake

shopping bags
from the grocery store
stacked on the kitchen table—
the weight of your call
saying you’re not coming

the snow has retreated
farther up the mountain—
for now, we agree
not to talk
of divorce

new moon . . .
my son asks where,
and my wife says
it’s the heart
that can always see it

old enough now
to refuse my hugs,
my daughter tells me
that she loves me
that she always will