

## Mike Welch

### A Matter Of Time

She sits across from me at the kitchen table  
with shaking hands, not from nerves  
but from the golden leaves that fall in her eyes  
in a sudden room of medium white.  
Is there nothing sadder  
than the pain of an older building?  
It has been said that 67% of green  
is yellow in the fall.  
Can you trace the bells as they ring?  
Beware of the winter dreaming of apples,  
and the midnight dreaming of dawn.  
Excuse me sir, do you know where the morning is?  
Select softly the missing piece of you  
and remember how the flow of water  
cuts through mountains,  
levels cities and nurtures the trees.  
(First thing in the morning and already  
the squirrels are stealing the nuts  
from the neighbor's tree.

Originally from Burlington, Iowa, **Michael Welch** has authored one chap book, *The Bounty of Hunger*. He began writing poetry during his college years only to return to it 20 years later when he was a professional standup comic and comedy writer. Comedy produces tragedy. As in much of poetry, comedy writing requires getting to the point in as few words as possible. After realizing he had a poetry manuscript over 800 pages long, as well as being encouraged by other writers, he decided to begin the process of submitting poems for publication. He lives in the San Francisco Bay Area and works as a Fine Wine Specialist. His poems have appeared in the spring issue of *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *The Newell Post*, *Ankh Press* and *The Non-Functioning Literate*.