Mike Welch – Two Poems

Another Look

Defending the roll of wheels
the sun still shines through glass
to reveal the field of breathable dust

like a wedge of lemon with ice water.
The elegance of this tiny table
demands a basket of bread.

I wake through life on damaged legs
drinking the best wines
to pay my rent.

The waitress looks beat up and resigned.
The balsamic vinegar in my saucer of oil
impersonates the beauty of a spotted moth.

At least the napkins are cloth
and, of course,
white,

folded into an acceptable rectangle
to rhyme with tabletops
and paper money.

It makes you feel better
about paying the bill.
I refuse to look at the dessert menu.

An hour later, on the road to Carmel,
I call my friend battling cancer
craving a Moscato Poached Pear Cheesecake.

RIVER POEM

The sound of the river
falling as rain
your stolen glances
the taste of salt on your thumb
a collection of moments
assembled into an afternoon
sneaking through the window at night

my unskilled heart screaming gently
in tongues across your blouse
a bouquet of half blossoms
on the table
seeking a vase in a river
a fragment of recollection
recoiled in the grass
a decent moan through
broken teeth
knowing we will never hear
these notes again
and the river swells
the river swells
while the wind blows us into
recollection
falling as rain, the sound
of the river
in a vase

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.