

low gear up the mountain—
a patch of snow
between the columbine

Douglas's spirea
newly planted . . .
our gloved hands touch

daylilies nodding—
the commuter train
sounds its horn

two steps ahead of me,
you set the western columbine
to swaying

evergold sedge . . .
I forget which way
we came on the trail

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Edge of My Boot

Michael Dylan Welch



there, you say . . .
the arrowleaf groundsel
at the edge of my boot

shore pines
creak in the wind—
your offshore love

unpaid bills—
Indian plum sprouts
from green to yellow

Darwin's barberry—
the place where
the skid marks stop

shrubby cinquefoil
taking over
the puppy's grave

pink fawn lily—
the abandoned bunker
wet with graffiti



bridal wreath spirea—
all the centerpieces
on the center table

Chinese tupelo . . .
for some reason
I think of flutes

crickets stop
a lost golf ball
in the royal fern

red chokeberry
in the overpass shadow
crumpled lotto ticket

barren strawberry—
she tells me now
of her first marriage

the black elder
shakes its shadow loose . . .
early snowfall

roots of the river birch—
a salmon's carcass
still a bit red