

# Deep Winter

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deep winter  
shriveled on a branch  
unpicked apple *Garry*

grey sleet  
blows against the tree roots *Michael*

muffled by the storm  
in this monochrome world  
distant goat bell *Garry*

a clock ticking  
by the frosted window  
steaming muffins *Michael*

at midnight  
counting each chime *Garry*

storm clouds pass . . .  
moonlight through lace curtains  
falls on the cat's back *Michael*



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who publish rengay, and to rengay poets  
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“Mother’s Back” was written in the summer  
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*Recreated in 2019*

# Four Rengay

*Garry Gay  
Michael Dylan Welch*



# Whispered Stories

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total darkness  
beyond the fire ring  
many sounds

*Garry*

somewhere  
the bubbling creek

*Michael*

stumbling  
searching for wood  
nothing but crickets

*Garry*

points of light  
above the pines  
—bat squeaks

*Michael*

snoring neighbor  
our camp stories whispered

*Garry*

campfire shadows  
play on the canvas—  
the sound of a zip

*Michael*



# Taking Turns

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by candlelight  
the ace of spades  
bent at the corner

*Michael*

with red fingernails  
she puts me in check

*Garry*

the lost scrabble piece  
turns up this morning  
in the vacuum cleaner

*Michael*

leapfrogging  
all the pieces—  
king me

*Garry*

my turn—I blow the dice  
for free parking

*Michael*

cheating  
myself  
at solitaire

*Garry*



# Mother's Back

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broken string—  
the floor covered  
with worry beads

*Garry*

the chain letter  
tossed into the trash

*Michael*

snapped apart . . .  
I get the wishbone's  
short end

*Garry*

last date—  
we split our chopsticks  
in silence

*Michael*

she studies herself  
in the cracked mirror

*Garry*

rain splatters  
the uneven sidewalk—  
I break my mother's back

*Michael*

