

a pair of toddlers
enlarge the puddle—
beginning of spring

on crutches—
still I go
to see the cherry blossoms

not yet
in my spelling checker
coronavirus

late-evening sun—
the honeysuckle blossom
finds a hummingbird

homeward drive—
a row of cherry trees
in the dark

after the popsicle the popsicle stick

year of the rat—
three African violets
by the mended violin

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by Michael Dylan Welch



22230 NE 28th Place
Sammamish, WA 98074-6408 USA

WelchM@aol.com
www.graceguts.com
www.nahaiwrmo.com

Knight Moves

Michael Dylan Welch



first day of spring—
I teach my son
how a knight moves

Musqueam old growth—
the sea and sky
we share

flight

the lamp tilted
to light my diary—
the year's first snow

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

the baby's hand the crackling leaf

not so cold
when you take my hand
the seaside cave

silent night—
the bell choir bells
at rest in velvet

coronavirus—
the library book
I cannot return

sundog—
the toboggan's pull rope
shiny at the bend

therapisttherapisttherapist

flowered latticework—
the plein air painting
lacks the arachnids

gym workout . . .
the weight
of #metoo

the scent of cedar
on a rusting chisel—
waning moon

the tattoo
I never knew she had—
summer solstice

MENd

diagnosis . . .
from sky to sea
November rain