

amid the suits and skirts  
hanging at the dry cleaner,  
a wedding gown—  
today, our anniversary,  
we run errands separately

perhaps I dream  
too much of you—  
but, for all the world  
that summer cloud  
is the shape of your face

dust on the fore-edge  
of the bookshelf—  
the mark made only by your book  
taken out to read  
the love poems

that pause in the rain  
as we drive  
under the overpass—  
the pause, too  
in our argument

scraping toast  
over the kitchen sink . . .  
the thought that  
one day robots  
will run the world

a red leaf blows  
across the tide pool  
landing next to anemones . . .  
and I wonder  
are there seasons in the sea?

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# Learning to Ride

*Michael Dylan Welch*

after midnight  
my wife brushes her teeth—  
this sudden desire  
to learn to ride  
a unicycle

my stapler, phone, and notepad  
neatly arranged on the desk,  
yet my thoughts of you  
are as disordered as the trash  
awaiting the custodian

summer breeze  
lifts a corner  
of our picnic blanket—  
I place a grape  
on your outstretched tongue

a glow in your cheeks  
tells me what I want to know . . .  
you reach for me  
in the crowded airport  
for my heart

her hands wrapped  
around the jade cup  
of steaming green tea—  
she lifts it to her lips  
and they part

the sky's stillness  
seems to match my pulse  
this time of waiting  
waiting to hear  
the diagnosis

wildflower seeds  
sprinkled in the garden—  
mother calls to say  
she can no longer remember  
this and that

growing quiet  
in the face  
of the diagnosis  
my mother lifts  
her shoulders

pasqueflower, you say,  
is your favourite flower—  
in the next meadow  
filled with lupine  
you say lupine

rain falls  
at the 60th high school reunion—  
old friends apologize  
for forgetting  
each other's birthdays

the mother orca  
still carrying the dead calf  
on her snout—  
news of a distant ice shelf  
cracking free

rain waning  
outside the window  
the moon  
I'll remember  
over Santa Fe