

after all these years
the oxalis still blooms
and someone still seems
though she's gone
to be tending the orchard

news on the phone
of his daughter's death—
she cries too
because her new husband
is crying

something dried up
on my uncle's old fishing net—
is this how it is to die,
forgotten, shriveled
but not quite useless?

six days
since the last snow
on the day she died—
footprints up and back
to my neighbour's front door

just a few
cherry blossoms
starting to fall
it's as if
you're not here

a wisp of snow
curls in from the door—
the bookstore cat
settles at last
in the poetry section

I am often melancholy
when I close its last page
at the end of a good book—
you, though, a book I long to read,
have no ending

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Writing Like a Woman

Michael Dylan Welch

where you live
the maple leaves
must now be turning—
oh that I could write
like a woman

my bones ache
as I put away clean dishes
this bottle of wine
. . . the hour candle
still unlit

if I wrote a poem for you
would you keep it
or toss it aside
like you have
my heart

passing hikers leash their dogs
on opposite sides of the path—
at this moment
 far from home
 I think of you

sleeping in this single bed
on my visit home
at Christmas—
so much like balancing
on a sharp pinnacle

the cherry blossoms
rise and ebb,
the moon flutters to my feet—
this is how I've been
since you left me smitten

she comes into the room
where I am dozing
on Sunday afternoon—
a moment later
her breeze reaches me

since we split apart
the memory that keeps recurring
is how she lost
the book I lent her
on relationships



getting away
from her dead-end job . . .
a ragged monarch
pinned to the noticeboard
at the trailhead

for this moment
no creek burble
no wind sound
no bird calls
no beating heart

the grass outside
in need of a mow . . .
after his sickness,
it's good to see my son
fighting with his sister

the hour candle
burned to a stub—
sycamore leaves
swirl through your porch
in an endless circle