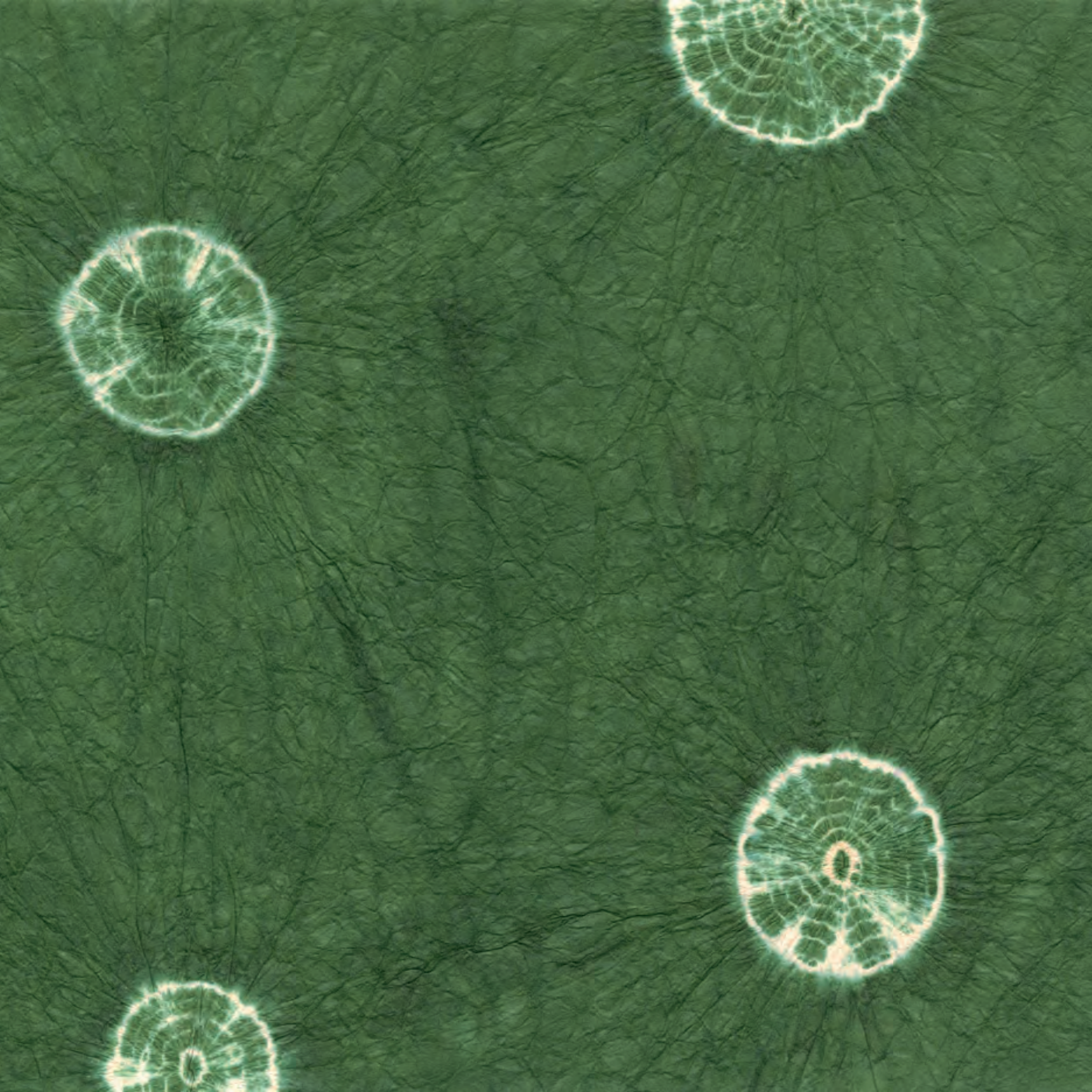




Retina Splash

Michael Dylan Welch



Retina Splash

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bones

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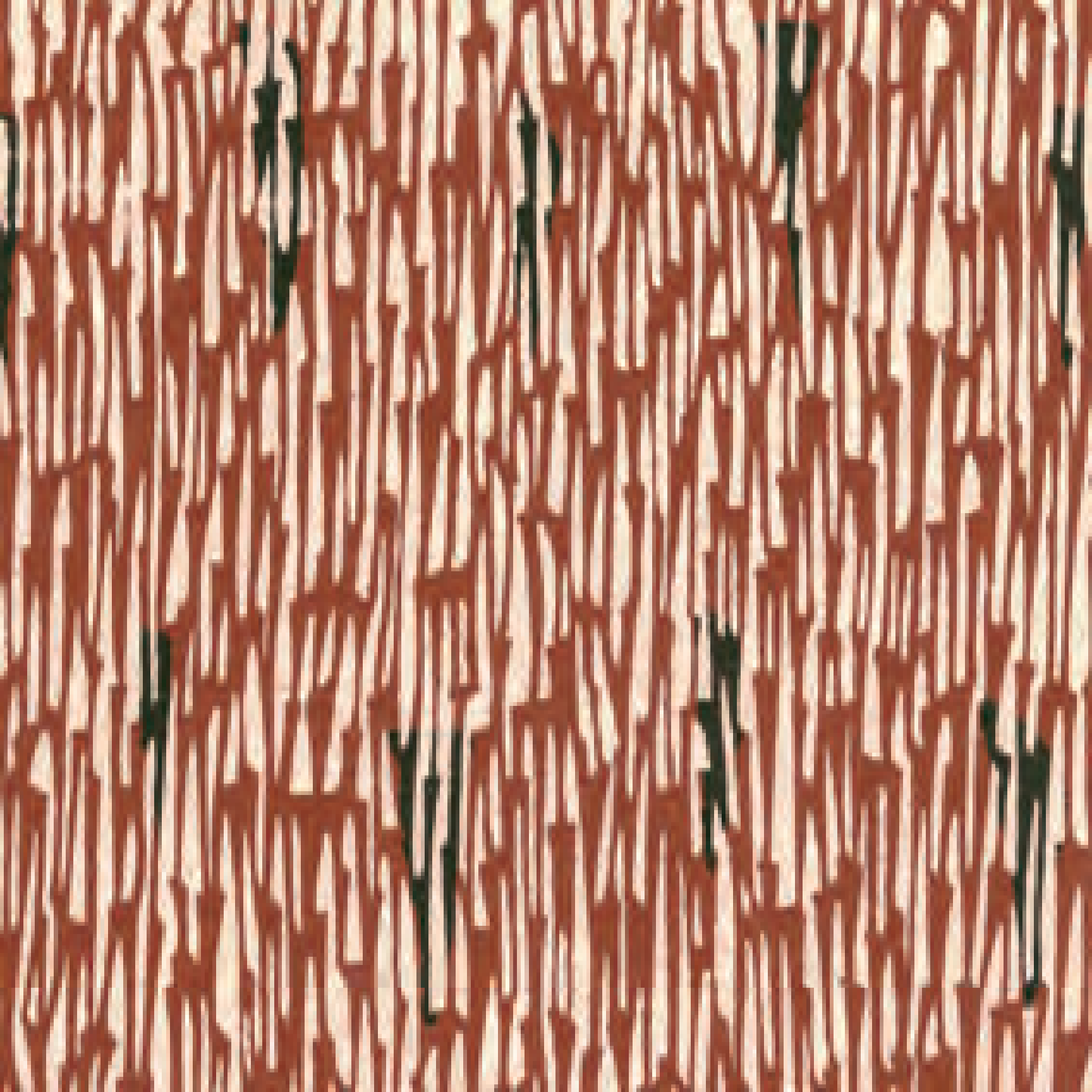
Wherever You Will

"Originality is being different from oneself, not others." —Philip Larkin

I continue here in the same vein as *Eyeball Kick* with another set of "hydrogen jukebox" poems. If you seek a narrative, you will not find it. If you seek enlightenment, you need to up your meds. If you seek what-if disjunction, you might just find one or two seeds between the weeds. What we have here, in no intentional order, are more poems that pair a repeated phrase with the quiddities of living, plus a twist or three. More highs and lows, more side to side, more in and out. If you know what they mean, please let me know. Take them, again, wherever you will.

Michael Dylan Welch

Sammamish, Washington



hydrogen jukebox

the Lego set

short a few pieces

hydrogen jukebox
plays a repeating melody
in the Oval Office

hydrogen jukebox
the planes in Spain
fall mainly in the rain

hydrogen jukebox
the men hold hands
for "Auld Lang Syne"

hydrogen jukebox
a racquetball racquet
with a broken string

hydrogen jukebox
the rain stops
under the underpass



hydrogen jukebox
playing
our snog

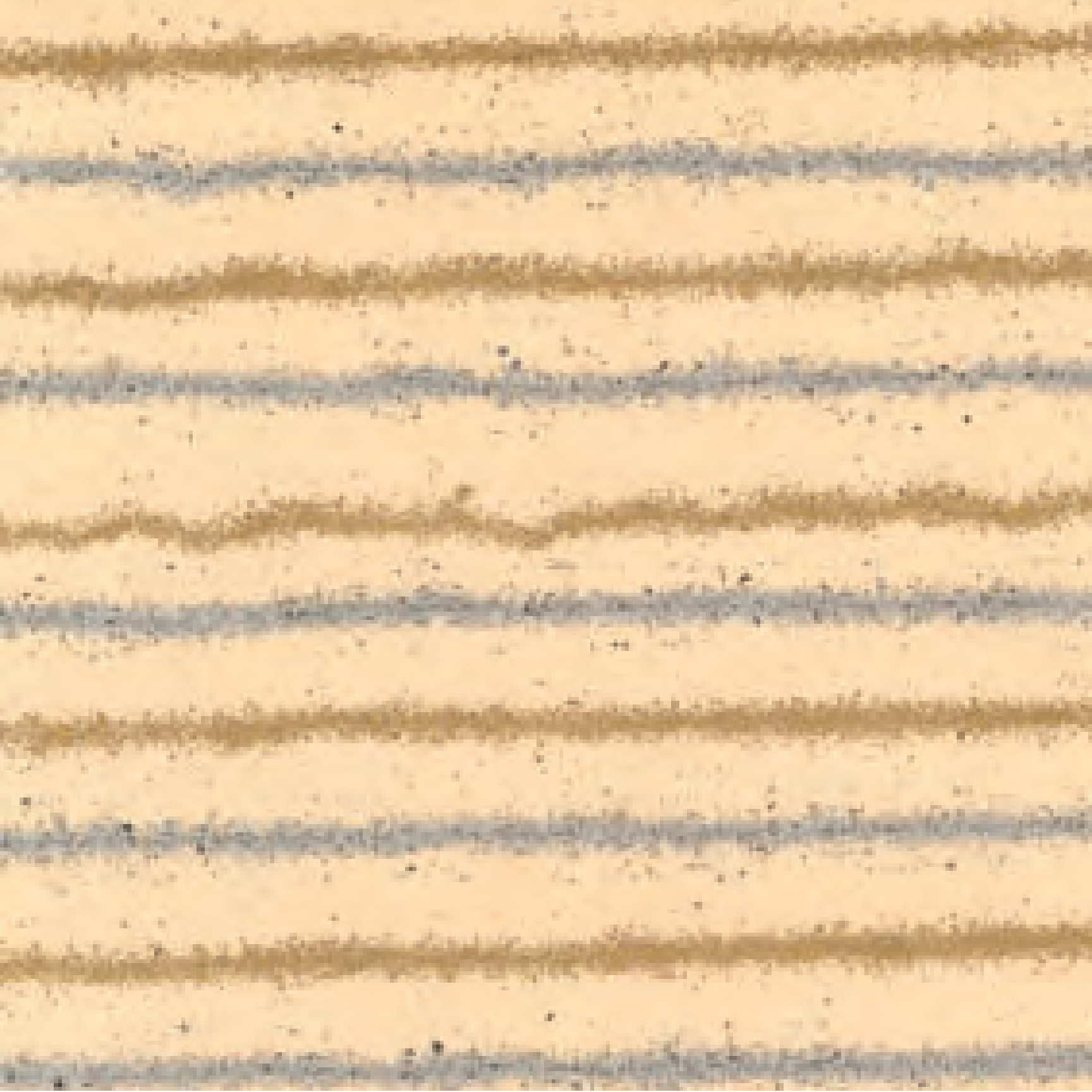
hydrogen jukebox
the shampoo bottle
tipped to its side

hydrogen jukebox
the blog entry
purposely deleted

hydrogen jukebox
my dream forgotten
with the alarm

hydrogen jukebox
the tooth fairy
thumbs a ride

hydrogen jukebox
the coal miners blackfaced
inside



hydrogen jukebox
the newspaper seems
to be on a diet

hydrogen jukebox
the mascara counter
sporting old ladies

hydrogen jukebox
the rainwater sound
of sleeping

hydrogen jukebox
the photographic memory
of a mime

hydrogen jukebox
the Nixon tapes
of my childhood

hydrogen jukebox
the alchemy
of motherhood



hydrogen jukebox
the glaciation
of homonyms

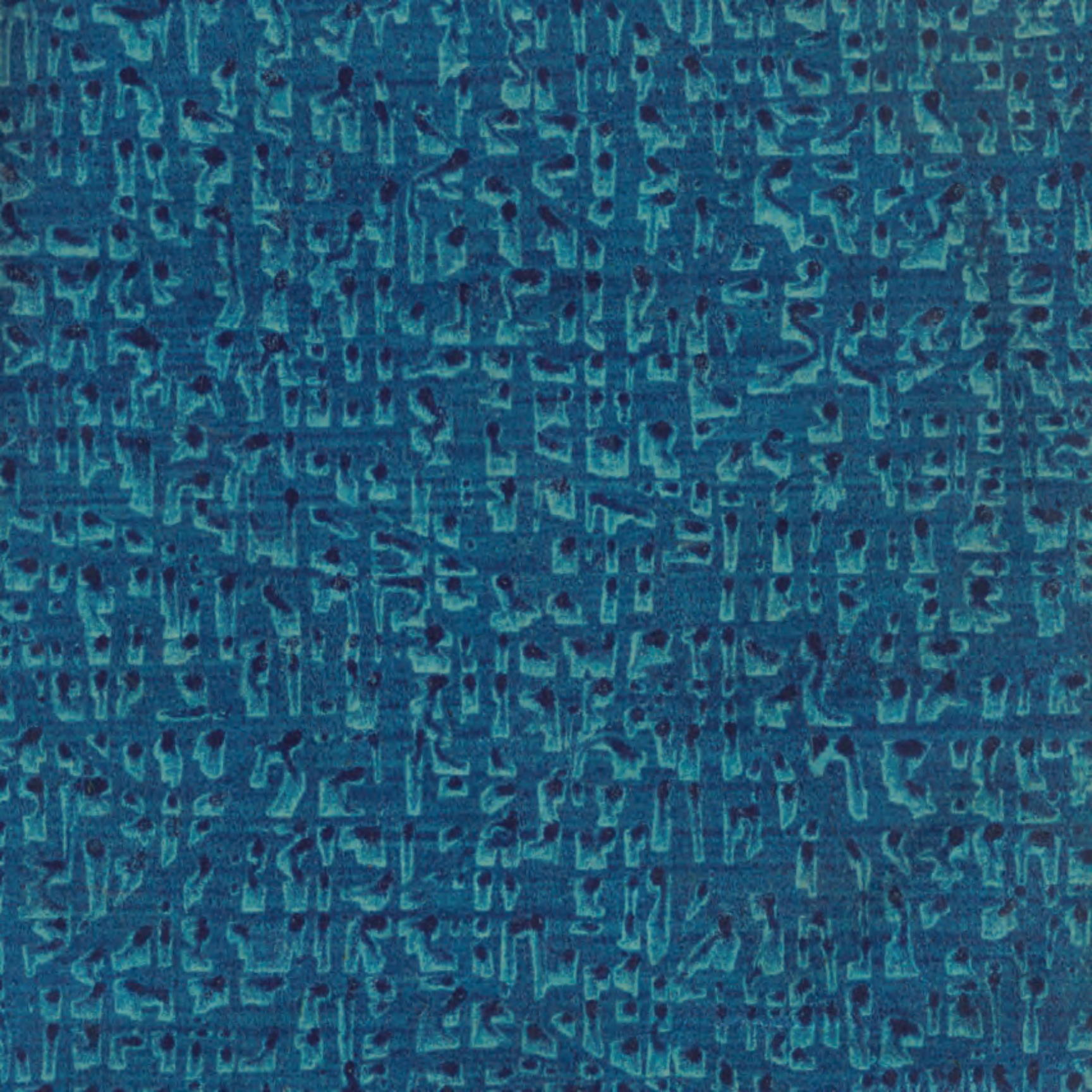
hydrogen jukebox
the timberline
of humour

hydrogen jukebox
I count syllables
on my elbows

hydrogen jukebox
God's fingernails still
growing after death

hydrogen jukebox
the neglect
of sticky notes

hydrogen jukebox
the kaleidoscope
of politics



hydrogen jukebox
Andromeda rises
over my omelette

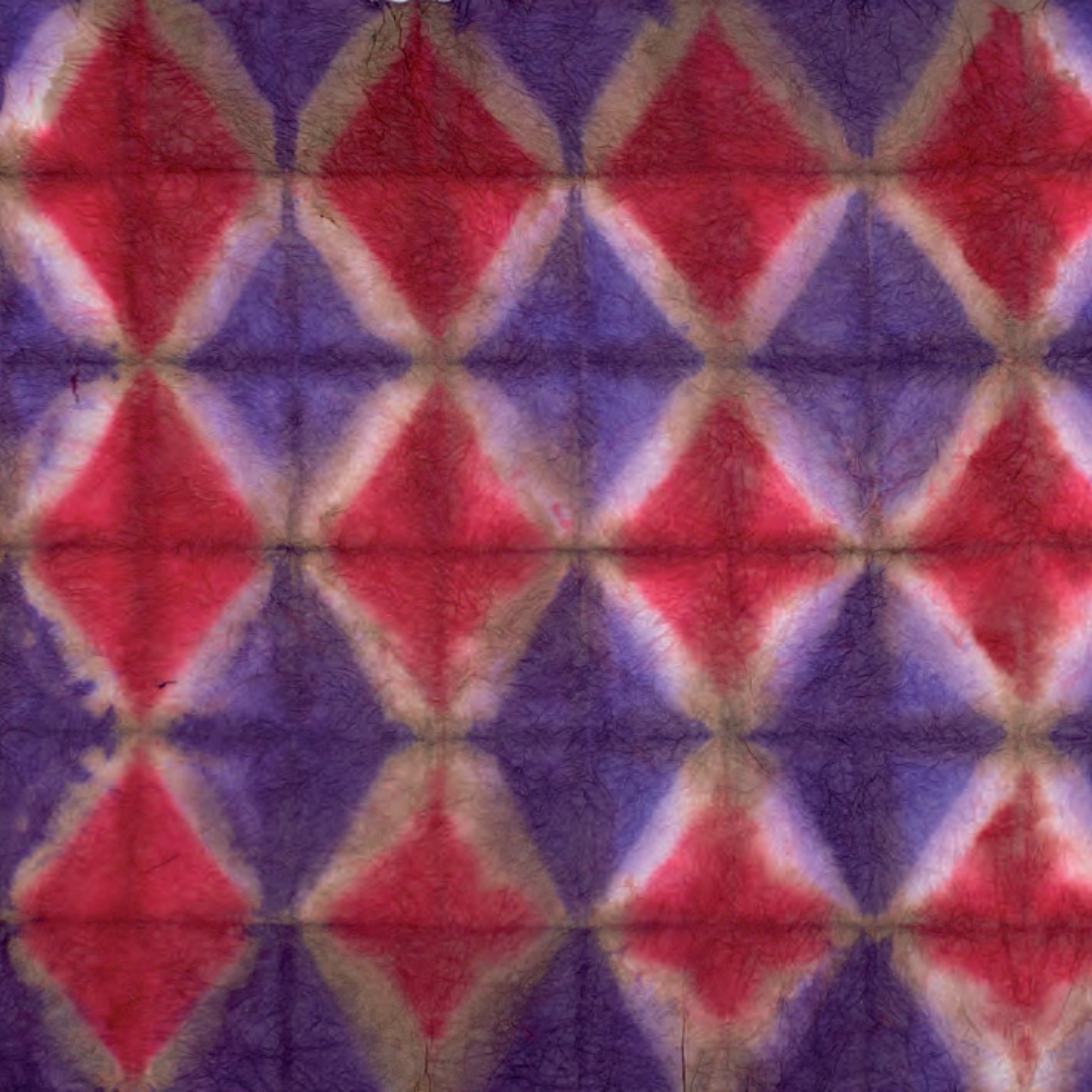
hydrogen jukebox
the wheelbarrow full
of river stones

hydrogen jukebox
finding the essence
of nothing

hydrogen jukebox
the slow striptease
of vengeance

hydrogen jukebox
trust becomes rust
in your sad eyes

hydrogen jukebox
final notice
written in pencil



hydrogen jukebox

God

creates himself

hydrogen jukebox
unguarded cookies
at the pet shelter

hydrogen jukebox
the drone of silence
after the eulogy

hydrogen jukebox
the capers we sprinkle
on our childhood

hydrogen jukebox
choices to make
after the funeral

hydrogen jukebox
my manuscript
in quarantine



hydrogen jukebox
the devotion of flames
to my poem

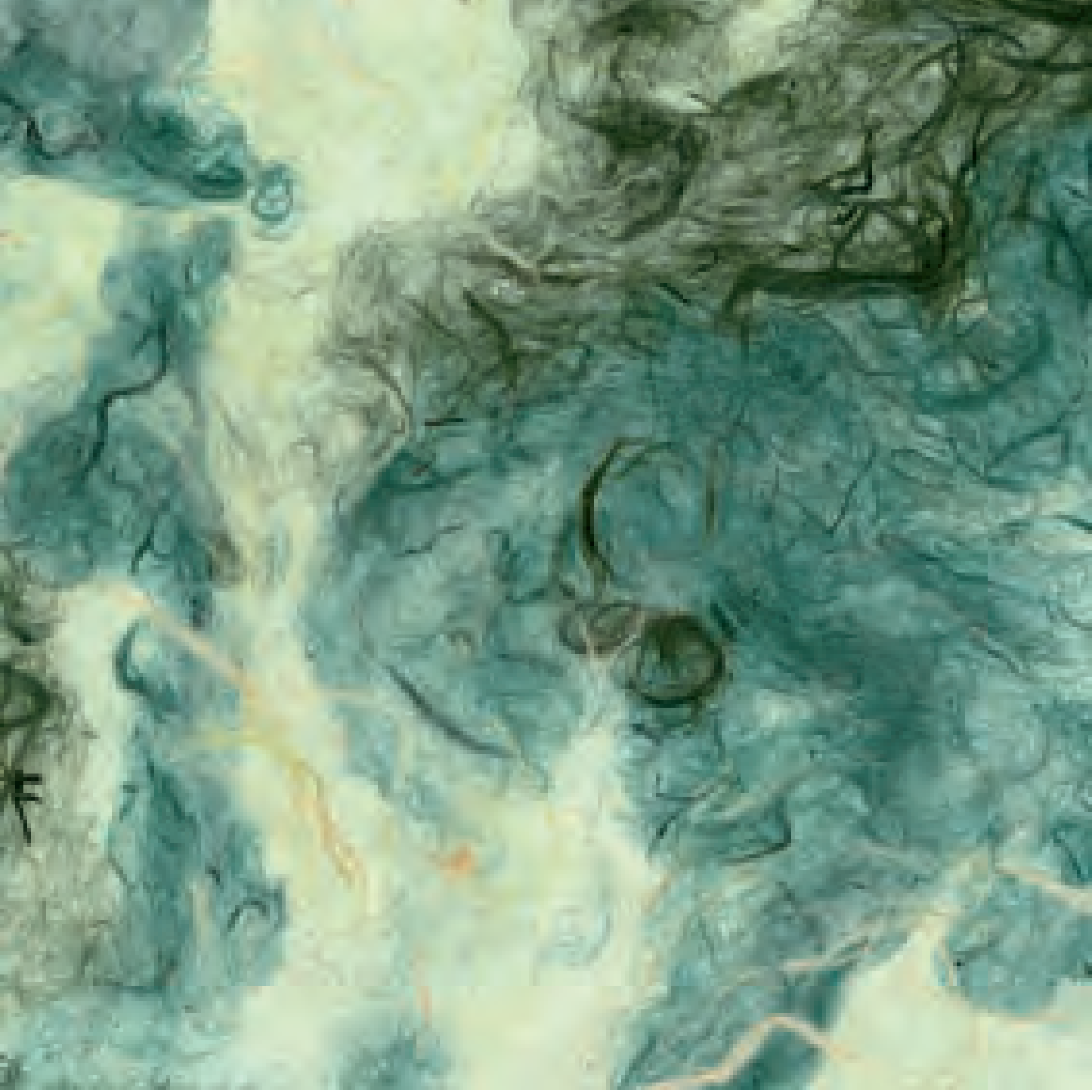
hydrogen jukebox
politics again
in the lunchroom

hydrogen jukebox
alien beings
have photographed my pinkie

hydrogen jukebox
the botulism
of anger

hydrogen jukebox
French bread
tossed to the ducks

hydrogen jukebox
my rear-view mirror
points at the floor



Michael Dylan Welch lives with his wife and two children in Sammamish, Washington, near Seattle. He perpetuates National Haiku Writing Month (www.nahaiwrimo.com) and his personal website is Graceguts (www.graceguts.com). Michael writes most of his short poems in small pocket-sized notebooks. He usually doesn't publish any poems from a given notebook until it's finished, which usually takes at least a year (about 600 haiku or tanka). He's several notebooks behind. These poems were written in 2009.



The author wishes to acknowledge the generosity of gnats.





hydrogen jukebox
the end of the world
again



