



# Vitreous Humor

Michael Dylan Welch





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# Who Knows?

*“Some writers confuse authenticity, which they ought always to aim at, with originality, which they should never bother about.”*

*—W. H. Auden*

Welcome to the third installment of these “hydrogen jukebox” poems, hot on the heels of *Eyeball Kick* and *Retina Splash*. I don’t believe you’ll find any overriding theme here that’s any different from the previous two collections, but if you do, please tell me about it. More quiddities, more whatnots, more highs and lows, more heres and theres, outs and abouts, shouts and echoes, whispers and dreams, more touches of daily living combined with the peculiarities of whatever a hydrogen jukebox is. Even Allen Ginsberg didn’t know.

*Michael Dylan Welch*

*Sammamish, Washington*







hydrogen jukebox  
the frequency  
of our lovemaking



hydrogen jukebox  
for sale  
to the highest bidder

hydrogen jukebox  
rain wets  
the autographed football

hydrogen jukebox  
my toothbrush  
lying on the floor

hydrogen jukebox  
breakfast served  
any time all day

hydrogen jukebox  
he installs the oven  
for Sylvia Plath







hydrogen jukebox  
the forgotten geology  
of coffee stains



hydrogen jukebox  
the lap dancer  
unable to read

hydrogen jukebox  
the bestseller list  
with his enemy's book

hydrogen jukebox  
the Braille machine  
prints my poem

hydrogen jukebox  
the oil stain in the middle  
of my parking spot

hydrogen jukebox  
my mismatched socks  
the same as yesterday







hydrogen jukebox  
the childhood graffiti  
of school desks

hydrogen jukebox  
the limbo  
of friendship

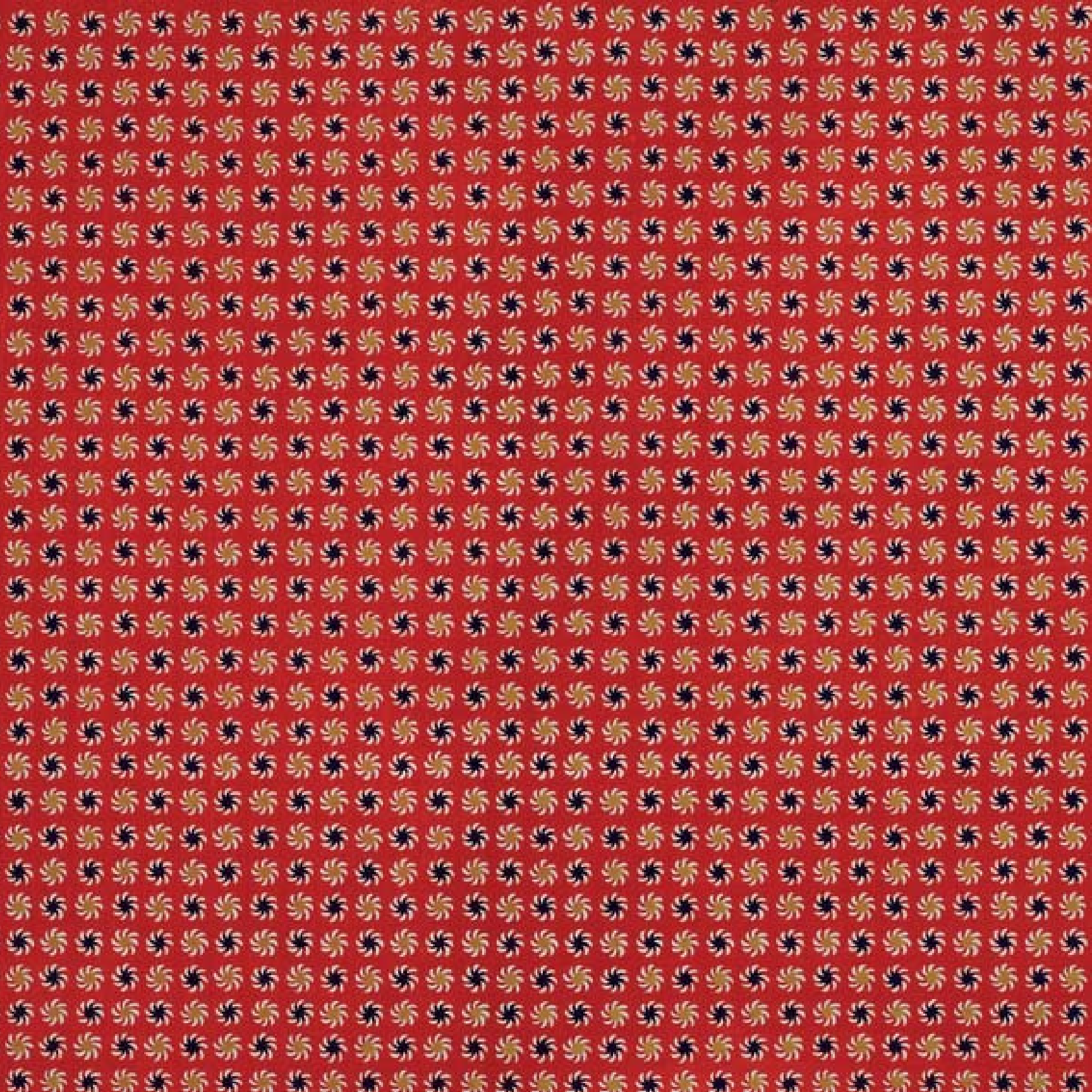
hydrogen jukebox  
the chumminess  
of idiom



hydrogen jukebox  
the shabby gentility  
of magnolias

hydrogen jukebox  
the Yankees and Indians  
in the World Series

hydrogen jukebox  
the tenure  
of undertakers



hydrogen jukebox  
the academics  
of glaciation



hydrogen jukebox  
no, I'm not forgetting  
the forget-me-nots

hydrogen jukebox  
the fragrance of paper  
from the copy machine

hydrogen jukebox  
pleasure and pain  
in the papercut

hydrogen jukebox  
life after death  
death after life

hydrogen jukebox  
midnight on the range  
and on the countertop





hydrogen jukebox  
anchors of desire  
chain me to you

hydrogen jukebox  
the catechism  
of happiness

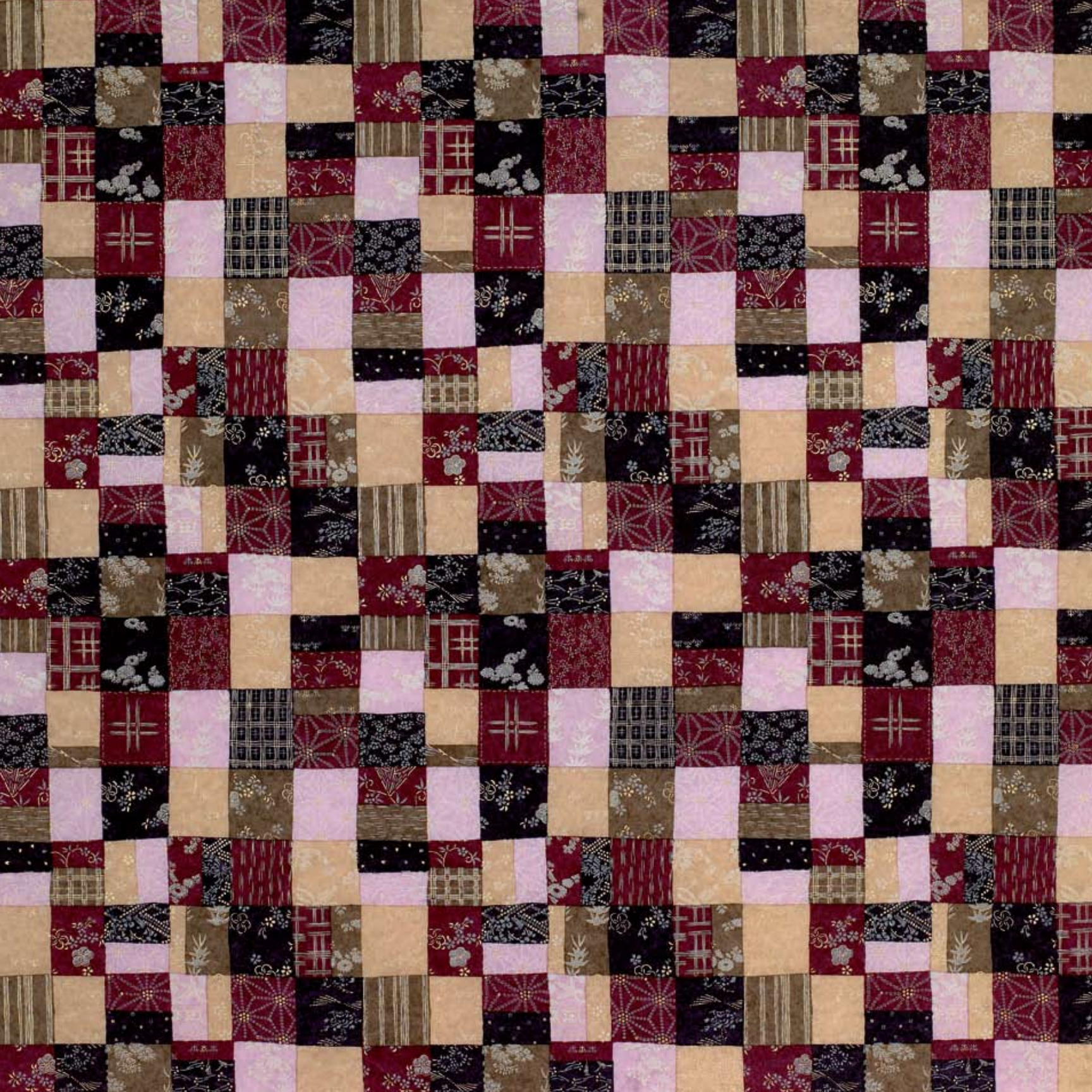
hydrogen jukebox  
the cross-country trip  
to clarity

hydrogen jukebox  
the infidelity  
of worms

hydrogen jukebox  
the Atkins diet  
strikes again

hydrogen jukebox  
friendships come  
in all the wrong sizes







hydrogen jukebox

the binoculars of freedom

left in the taxi

hydrogen jukebox  
the roadside bee hives  
all knocked over

hydrogen jukebox  
Methuselah asks me  
what day it is

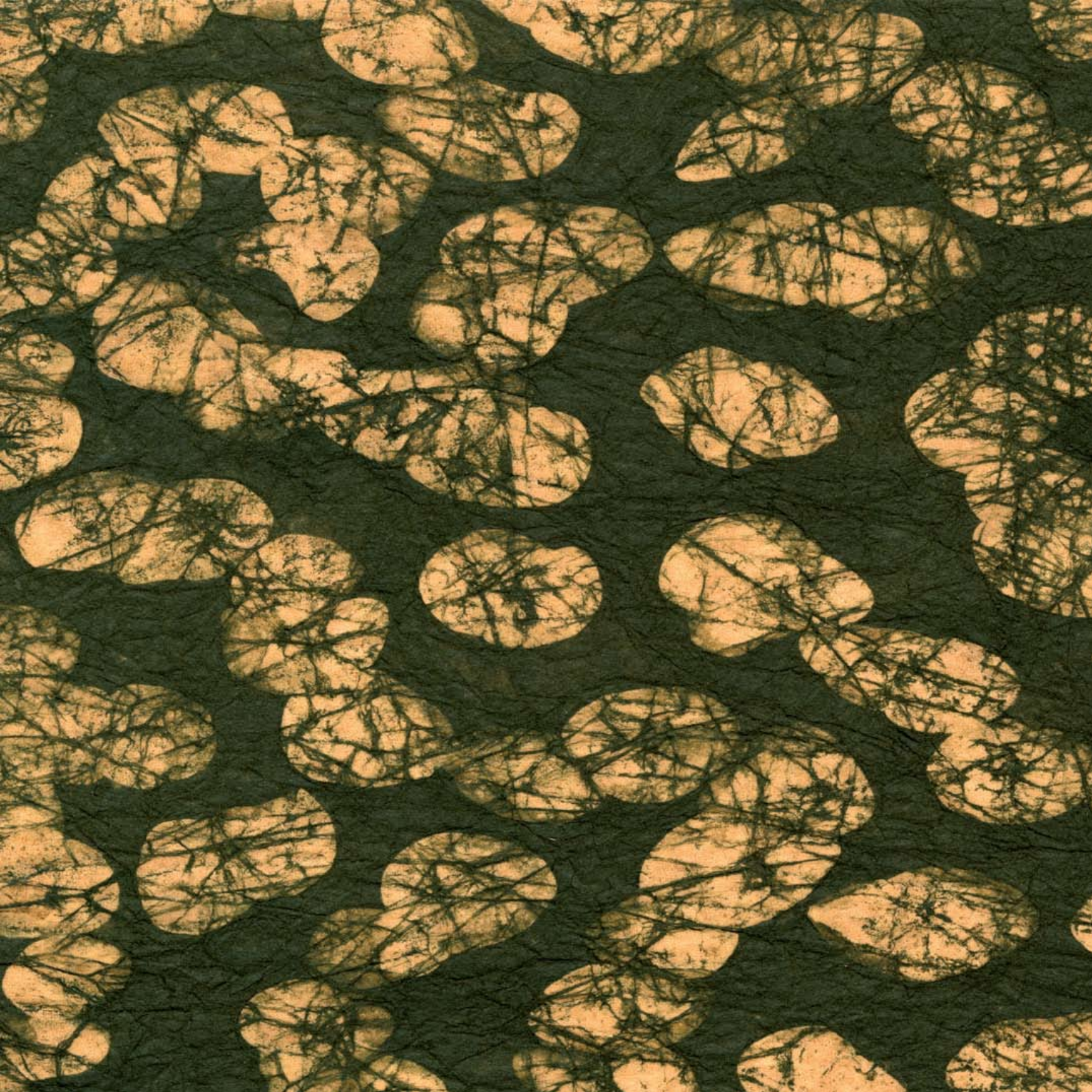


hydrogen jukebox  
the moss of ignorance  
on the loudest mouth

hydrogen jukebox  
each throne has a new roll  
of toilet paper

hydrogen jukebox  
the contamination  
of paperclips







hydrogen jukebox  
the mythology  
of sports



hydrogen jukebox  
we celebrate  
celebrity celibacy

hydrogen jukebox  
the otherness  
of me

hydrogen jukebox  
my spinster aunt  
wins the lottery

hydrogen jukebox  
the cookie cutters  
drying by the sink

hydrogen jukebox  
shaving cream  
on my earlobe







Michael Dylan Welch lives with his wife and two children in Sammamish, Washington, near Seattle. He perpetuates National Haiku Writing Month ([www.nahaiwrimo.com](http://www.nahaiwrimo.com)) and his personal website is Graceguts ([www.graceguts.com](http://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 would like to acknowledge the usefulness of bookmarks.







hydrogen jukebox  
for all the words  
in China





