Vitreous Humor

Michael Dylan Welch

bones
“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.

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*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
dead 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) 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 would like to acknowledge the usefulness of bookmarks.
hydrogen jukebox
for all the words
in China