
POETRY | SPRING 2018

RELAPSE

By Carolyn Welch

Of course we knew it could happen.
Yet, summer plodded on with heat and harvest—
a steady supply of peppers and tomatoes;
basil and those ever-chipper cosmos; the reliable

russian sage. Over the phone, you sob
bring me home mom, please
and I know the meds are off. I want to
bring you home, a nagging failure of want.

Instead, I stand in the kitchen talking
to your doctor on the phone and watch
a hummingbird outside veer close
then away, then back again.

Carolyn Welch worked for many years as a pediatric intensive care nurse and currently works as a family nurse practitioner. She has an MFA from the Bennington Writing Seminars. Carolyn's poetry and fiction have appeared in Gulf Coast, Poet Lore, Sundog, Tar River Poetry, Conduit, Connecticut River Review, High Desert Journal, The Southeast Review, Zone 3, The Minnesota Review, American Journal of Nursing and other literary journals. Her poetry collection, The Garden of Fragile Being, is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press.

Bio here in Times New Roman 10 pt

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