
ALESSANDRA LYNCH

“Who Mothered You? Silence and Grass.”

Who mothered you? Silence and grass.
Who fathered you? The phoebe's haunt.
What sustains you? The wavery rain, fractured
pond, river-fray—what rushes off
returns as steam. The softness of these things,
the slinking *adios*. The mind that wills you
to disappear, hurtling beyond
fly-speck and seed, to live
as aftersmoke—. What
keeps you here? Barely. By a hair.