

ALESSANDRA LYNCH

“First, air and light suffuse us—daylily, oriole, dust—”

First, air and light suffuse us—daylily, oriole, dust—
then love, that airborne thing.
We become forgetful, leave doors and windows
open—the rooms adrift
with pollen-druff, beetle-husk, skullock motes—
the world’s quick dispatch signifying
the end, and more gorgeous telegrams await—pin-oak leaf,
darkening canal, little horses fenced
by highway, clouds, your face. (Goodbye, goodbye.)
The dead bits fighting in the wind—come drifting in.
I hold this paper. The slight texture ink makes—
a pen pressed so not to rip what gives it purpose.
There are delicate moments like this to stir
or jostle hope—.
What more to wrestle? What else to woo?
Close, door. Close, petal. Human eye, you close too.