

ALESSANDRA LYNCH

First Smile*for Oliver*

More beautiful because without intent
and seldom. Little spits of rain we are—
little dazzlers. Ghostherds from cottonwood
speed through the air, gazillions of seeds
in the fluff, the teeming soft of it, mobs
of birds pulsing skyward through their fog,
monogamous to death—as beautiful as this:

your small smile without intent. As everything first
seen and recognized is most beautiful—
sudden hummingbird, without agenda
or wariness. What we bear—the dust,
the dead blown by the dead—briefly lifts
before that bright infinity.