

ALESSANDRA LYNCH

“The way to keep . . .”

The way to keep what we caught was through transformation:
wound to window, gash to star, fox-tail to glisten of rain.

The way to make things stay was in goodbye:
farewell, dirging bell, go to flower! Farewell, oriole,
go to orange dust!

Your consolation was to pull a fiery horse
from his cold human sheet—his face
dissolving until there was only
thought, that blank.