I praise unsalted butter

it is cheap for the price
and pearl buttons which keep
all the secrets, translucent
parings from babies fingernails.
And the danger of color. Dare
to enter delphinium’s cobalt—
I will wait at the gate and hope
for your return. And this is just
here and now. What about
the Assyrians, their white colts
and amber bracelets, the frogs
that rained down on Leicester,
Massachusetts in 1953. What about
nipples and contrails, gold lamé,
branching dendrites you will
never see. What about that bright
planet that does a little jig
when you look at it. Yes, I know
there’s more. There will always be
the thin Vietnamese girl, arms
flung out, running naked down
the end of the world. I am not
strong enough for that, so I must
praise spores and otter dung,
kaleidoscopes and saliva,
Fritz Nielsen, a bearded man
who spends his time in tops of trees
in the Amazonian rain forest.
They all want in—freckles,
the Sangre de Christo mountains,
burnt sugar, the tall Maasi woman
who yelled at me, the pale
honey-colored toes of mice.
If I could spend my life
praising I would choose to die
with rhubarb on my lips—it closes
with a piercing but opens with
the spirit’s breath.

by Sharron Singleton