

## *Under a Glass Mosaic of Blue Hearts*

Dear Lorca, I am forgetting everything you taught me. I am letting beauty blanch in direct sunlight. The dried flowers are rotten stems fixed to permanent blue. Yesterday I saw a photo of the human nervous system stripped bare on a silver table. Yesterday I saw every stem and twig on every tree lit with snow. I've been reading about the separation between things—it may be illusory. I've been assured: the unity of life is empirical fact. Still, I can't get away with touching the hair of the stranger in the café or his beautiful arms tattooed with clockwork. I can't tie the shoes of the little boy who stares up at his mother's face while she talks to the barista. He's on the verge of tears and old enough that this embarrasses him. Soon, he won't be able to cross the street with easy grace, smiling at nothing. His adult teeth have arrived, too large for his mouth. His mother reaches over and cups his shoulders. She buys him a large glass of milk. I love him on your behalf, you who always knew what to say to children in their grief.