

Kevin Riel

The Exuberances

— *for Hillary Gravendyk*

Our guts' botany textbook opened to the page of unclassifiable spring leaves cherry-rhubarb pie drifting the evening's asthma. I read the bees are making a comeback. The violinist has to sneeze. The exuberances, Walgreens-berserk prescriptions for the good life in spite of; as if. Give us this daily scone, make it forgive the shower's mold, the wildfires, the exhaust pipes, anything off the menu of viruses alveoli-curious. Never mind the fates served roast duck with broccoli like it was what? 1979; this collaboration. How an article presumes existence: A poetry. A work of body. A because. A blooming onion of encouragements. Beer of wheeze, designer shoes on a poet's budget. If exuberances be ghosts, visit this gemy board's breathless alphabet 10,000 times half an average lifetime. Taker of me out to lunch. *Twice!* The part of us that is me devours each eternal French fry and will give A minuses when called for. Resound dignity's embalmed letters resound wherever darling harm deigns to cough.

