

## Thank You

If you find yourself half naked  
and barefoot in the frosty grass, hearing,  
again, the earth's great sonorous moan that says  
you are the air of the now and gone, that says  
all you love will turn to dust,  
and will meet you there, do not  
raise your fist. Do not raise  
your small voice against it. And do not  
take cover. Instead, curl your toes  
into the grass, watch the cloud  
ascending from your lips. Walk  
through the garden's dormant splendor.  
Say only, thank you.  
Thank you.

Ross Gay

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