HELLO

from the past, when the present
was still the future—still a present

for a birthday you'd never had, from
history itself, from when you had a name

and a face but not voice or breath,
from a world as young as you once were:

age counted in good days when the sun
made the lettuce grow big and green

and we were grateful, so grateful,
for the world and the sun and the lettuce

in our bellies and the babies in our bellies
and all their good good days to come