



ILYA KAMINSKY

A Toast

*To your voice, a mysterious virtue,
to the 53 bones of one foot, the four dimensions of breathing,*

*to pine, redwood, sworn-fern, peppermint,
to hyacinth and bluebell lily,*

*to the train conductor's donkey on a rope,
to smells of lemons, a boy pissing splendidly against the trees.*

*Bless each thing on earth until it sickens,
until each ungovernable heart admits: "I confused myself*

*and yet I loved—and what I loved
I forgot, what I forgot brought glory to my travels,*

to you I traveled as close as I dared, Lord."

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