## Gratitude

## SHOLEH WOLPÉ

Listen,
nothing's too small
for gratitude,
a midnight touch, a healthy kick
inside the womb,
teeth in your mouth,
this bowl of steaming rice.

A woman at the village café
watches her daughter sip tea
from a cup round and smooth as her head,
chemo-bald,

radiant under the morning sun.

A man discards a piece of bread into the public bin. Another fishes it out. The woman will take her daughter home, will kiss her cheeks, still warm.

Say it, gratitude.

The cotton sheets, roof, your breath—
crinkled paper napkin on which I write,
and this cheap pen on its last stretch of ink.