

Yes, and

– *For Margo*

Cosmos flowers
in friendly shades of pink, cloud-white,
bright yellow centers like tiny suns.
Even in breezeless air they seem to dance,
swaying to an internal music.

You wore pink too, that day
we took the pedicab.
You smiled up at the sky,
joked with the driver, including him
in our improv play. *Yes, and*

the world
is still good after all—
the quiet joys, winking stars,
lentil soup on a gray day, apple pie
to share with friends.