

**for my boston fern**  
**by John Nyman**

Counting on an elevator's triggers,  
I got lost on the way to the floor,  
lit up a pattern like the minimal  
voices squeaking through it.

Teach me what I need and what I want  
more badly. Wave to beckon me  
over the top like nothing ever happened,

and prepare me to praise you every sunrise  
upon the look I contort before coffee, before  
I fool myself into believing. Yes,

let's give our thanks to light's resemblance  
and only afterwards enjoy. May we cease  
our expressions like Yosemite landscapes  
basted on negatives. May we float

at the height of the tops of our heads  
and gaze on ourselves like a background.