

## Beautiful Thing

My first child collects snail shells  
under a sun the color of the shirt  
before the blood, rinsing them  
like a priest washing his hands  
before the miracle.

He raises each white shell  
for me to admire. I wash my face  
with his soft skin. The wetness  
and the glow.

He is a pure guitar string  
echoing in the shell of the hollow body  
where someone lived once,  
then left this beautiful thing.  
Imagine the sound.