

# Wedding Poem

By Ross Gay

for Keith and Jen

Friends I am here to modestly report  
seeing in an orchard  
in my town  
a goldfinch kissing  
a sunflower  
again and again  
dangling upside down  
by its tiny claws  
steadying itself by snapping open  
like an old-timey fan  
its wings  
again and again,  
until, swooning, it tumbled off  
and swooped back to the very same perch,  
where the sunflower curled its giant  
swirling of seeds  
around the bird and leaned back  
to admire the soft wind  
nudging the bird's plumage,  
and friends I could see  
the points on the flower's stately crown  
soften and curl inward  
as it almost indiscernibly lifted  
the food of its body  
to the bird's nuzzling mouth  
whose fervor  
I could hear from  
oh 20 or 30 feet away  
and see from the tiny hulls  
that sailed from their  
good racket,  
which good racket, I have to say  
was making me blush,  
and rock up on my tippy-toes,  
and just barely purse my lips  
with what I realize now  
was being, simply, glad,  
which such love,  
if we let it,  
makes us feel.

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