

## Exuberance

When a dog eats a cookie, he smiles  
Awed by the sensation of the taste which so exceeds  
Matters of instinct, of what's necessary  
What to do with this taste—the species would survive without it

What is this lavishness, the butterfly wings  
The dew on a spider web the trees' symphony  
The beetle's evening prayer the ice cream clouds  
The smell of a long-ago July from beyond the ocean

The joy of the honey-cookie's taste  
That I don't know what to do with today