

## Happiness

—with a line by Thomas Centollela

I found Thomas Centollela's book  
in a thrift store, his poem about happiness  
made me, briefly, and without having to  
look over my shoulder, happy. It is 19 degrees  
out but it's okay, there's a breeze. A ragged  
couple next to the Savers in the cold rifle  
through a shopping cart of cast-off dirty clothes.  
A young girl in ICE custody dies of dehydration.  
Her temperature was 106 degrees. It is

warm on the border for December signifying  
nothing. The desert belongs as much to the  
supernal as it does its own tracks seeking water,  
as a polar bear loping across vanishing sea  
ice belongs to aurora borealis. She didn't  
need happiness to be millefleur or even  
contagious, she didn't need happiness to

reinvigorate her sense of being, she needed the  
smile of a clean glass of water and a meal.  
She needed to belong to us, was made of us,  
we wear the same uninhibited cast-offs in the cold,  
yes, she belongs to us and the ground is bitter and  
replete with those we've cast-off and we'll never  
touch such spirit within such easy reach again.  
What little happiness was left in her clenched  
fist was released to become a

*red-tailed hawk turning resistance into ecstasy.*

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