

Note from an Ascendant Sect

We were told to plant nothing on the cliffs,
though no angel landed there ever.
When we went for water, some heard bleeding
behind the wall. Some saw the fluid coil
of the ram's horn repeated in the field's snakes,
and buried their vision in furrows—later, flowers
ensnared the corn. But we couldn't hide
our nakedness from ourselves, or stop feeling
our flesh as a curtain draping the eyes
of our children. We couldn't stop hearing wings
of skin descending like trickles of light
and bright rays of water. Our corner of earth
was at the end of a prophet's trail of keys,
though he left suddenly, finding no
locked chests to open. Often, two of us
were met coming back from the cliffs
with an upwelling secret.