

## Carter Revard

### UNZIPPING ANGELS

*[Words are the Daughters of Men; Things are the Sons of Heaven.—Samuel Johnson]*

*[When Adam asked Raphael about it, he answered*

*. . . with a smile that glowed*

*Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,*

*"Let it suffice thee that thou know'st*

*Us happy, and without love no happiness.*

*Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,*

*Total they mix, union of pure with pure*

*Desiring; nor restrained conveyance need*

*As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul."*

*—Paradise Lost 8.618-29]*

Angels don't look  
through human eyes—  
they see  
us all at once, voyaging timeless and  
capsuled in dream they taste  
on the baby's lips the  
dying President's blood;  
their Möbius strip of synæsthesia pulls  
up sticky from the tomb of THERE  
the phoenix-nest of HERE, and from their gummy  
fragments recongregates those glorious  
sunsets of 1883 into the surf-  
fringed mountain peak of Krakatoa even  
while watching this universe start up and  
end like a beating heart. And yet—  
and yet—  
CAN they know people,  
know TIME as we do, bear  
our mortal awareness,

our carnal knowledge? When,  
for instance, the Sons of God looked  
upon the Daughters of Men  
and found them fair,  
how far into such deep  
blue eyes could they  
descend? Was it  
at first like  
leaving behind the curving arms  
of a galaxy for  
one blue star expanding heartwise into  
the white-marbled swirl of weather,  
then down, down into bronze, into  
bluegreen ocean and desert, only  
to land in a  
parking lot, empty, with  
shopping carts  
winging in gusts of wind  
on a closed Sabbath?  
Or was it deep-illusioning,  
like moth-wings touching  
her eyelids, the irised curtains open and  
they taste  
their mintlike minds,  
papaya senses,  
feelings like milk and  
honey, hot wholewheat  
*caritas?* What being burns through both as  
star-myriads enter turning  
the skin of space away in  
flares of shining  
ungraves, her hips  
rising weightless poised as  
in 3-D sliding above  
white crinkle of Everest,  
deep  
blue

shimmer of being in  
time growing small,  
blue point in darkness dropping  
on a dark cry into  
unself where they move,  
on starry rapids riding down  
deep swells like dolphins through  
white foam and all  
of time a graceful curving as  
of dolphins in the deep  
surges of dancing gently upon  
the pointless point of  
their heavenly joy.

## A SUN DANCE STORY

For Indians, Water Boy's  
a good and honored job, being chosen  
to serve the singers and the dancers  
at any powwow means this person  
is someone learning, being taught  
by bringing water how we are—mostly  
it's younger people who do this, that's  
why Cousin Buck's story means  
even more to us, the man  
who gave him water wasn't young.  
He was hitchhiking there in Kansas—going up  
from Oklahoma to South Dakota,  
his car broke down, less  
than halfway from White Eagle  
to the Sun Dance at Crow Dog's Paradise he  
was out there in a parched July day on  
a Kansas back road where  
the meadowlarks were panting more  
than singing where they perched  
on the humming