

Alicia Bayer

DIVINE INTERFERENCE

the gods erred.
they lost count of the bones
they tossed at him;
thirty-two years later saint
bob, the accountant
wised them up.
they owed him either
a small island, he said
or an angel.
the drug dealers had all the islands.
not an angel in sight.
they sent me.
i left my happiness easily . . .
i was tired of smiling.
every night i spread my wings;
he bathes me in oils, pins back my white,
and prays.