JESSE LEE KERCHEVAL

Archangel

she comes across
the perpetual the never dying
after even your pocket money is long gone

& steps into the peculiar inattention
that is sleep in this world but no other

know this—in the hollow of your throat
sits a shadow—
& she is waiting there

small bird who watches
warbles makes the sound we call humming

when the time comes
she will take your body in her long arms
& under your left shoulder—

what your mother called your wing bone—

you will feel a gentle itching
as if something improbable
were at long last

growing there

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