

## SIGNS OF SALVATION

There needs to be a first sign.  
But the third, the fortieth,  
become a career for the god.  
And then some saint quails  
at another seeker's sign.

Crow tracks, the bellymark of a gull  
in frozen sand—take them  
as fully sacred. Yet the white brother  
thinks black gospel singers  
are faking it, those four signs

doing four-part  
and eight others in the band.  
The individuality of signs  
may be like ventral markings  
on same-species sparrows

in a museum drawer, sleeping  
on their backs, variant as art.  
Most pilgrims would only open that drawer once.  
But dozens of signs at once—  
how could they not believe?

When singers and birds  
go into full motion,  
when my spirit and my brother's spirit  
are believed to be in spin,  
in perpetuity,

how can we not all abet  
all careers of all gods?  
How can we help but dizzy each other  
with more and more  
premières of wonders?