

Angels Wrestling

My, my-----
horns of two kinds, from brows
& against lips, with swords,
with scythes, those flashes,
the folds between, each of each,
a series of wings, of shadows
fluttering, the whoops,
the slicing sighs
of light
now brighter where darkness
hurries
in this glorious, this sussurrus
cavalcade
whose midway I ride
in the gravel-lie screech,
& also the sweet arias
so feverishly clean as,
divided, slides wrestle
& split, spin on pins,
refusing to let one
or the other win
for a time,
song blessed, song damned,
as respite, as reckoning