

BETWEEN ANGELS

BILL HOWELL

The desire to forget knowing
makes sure we only see
afterwards what it is we've done.
I'm just another thirsty camel
basking in a dusty ampersand,
while you're a dormant cathedral
waiting for an organ donor.

But sometimes we can't hide
behind metaphors or beards.
Why not just go ahead,
say it & wear it? The way
April breezes weave through
bare lilac, maple & oak branches
making space for each
until their tips tap; like us
touching in sleep,
the extension of parting no more
than arm next to pillow
underneath & between
neck & shoulder with legs strived
over each other afterwards,
lasting at least until morning.

This, the moment we leave sweet dreams
to themselves. Taking
old liberties, imagination remains
breathless when it comes to us,
forever without invention.
Our hands would be lying if

they pretended to remember why.
Beyond the latest reach of
speculative adulation,
nothing of now can teach us
how to meet the day.