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Descant

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Erica Dawson

DESCANT

Angels don't speak the language of the body
but, twice, I've dreamed I cornered Gabriel, told
him how, one time, I cored the moon and lived,
for a month of Sundays, warm inside its curve.

He whispers never tell and falls from his
own mouth, saying he loves the words of "Hail Mary."
The Tupac song. When he tells of how revenge
is like the sweetest joy next to getting pussy.

I tell him about evening and morning good.

He tells me of Eve's leaves after the fall's
exposure.

He reminds me of the verse
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Hold it, he says. A few seconds at least.