

ROAD

By Maria Waldoch

An angel hands me a piece of clementine
and smiles at fresh license plates in
his seraphic way

I write on my shoe with plastic pen while
he talks love and longevity and
lilies and those new license plates
that twinkle with starlight and bugsplatter
Love and time
you know they go together like
worship and the word fuck

I tell him we're not long from home
and I don't tell him with
our hands in our hands nobody is closer to
home than me
(I still crave every minute
I can squeeze from a hand or
an evening)

(Creator can you spare him for just
One more?)

So my angel talks kind
He sings a song like a saint or some god
and he says

Eventually there will simply be time.