

ÉIREANN LORSUNG

One last time in her antechamber

With their frames the panels seem
to be a window, so we look

in through a window to a window,
beyond it to a square we know

from CNN or Al-Jazeera; anyway,
the news. No one's here. The angel's

gone. The girl has walked away, to ponder
things and keep them in her heart.

Anything could happen. The future
isn't *yet*. Outside, a siren passes,

then again: an ambulance. A cord
of oily smoke in a far-off neighborhood.

She's left her book. What does it say.
The page is creased and rubbed

and old. *What does [smudge smudge]
require of you. Do not turn away.*