

GREG WRENN

Ascension

Walking through the withered
garden, I was snatched up
to the fourth heaven? By a fireball
with talons? Up a shaft of molten light
breaking through the clouds?
How to tell
of being watched, prodded,
watched on a cold table?
Were those wings or
your three-fingered hands, webbed,
brushing against each of my vertebrae?
“Don’t ask questions,” you said.
Lemon scent.
Terror—
then *then* and *and* . . .
Then the orgasm: for once,
a plateau stretching
for hours, not my usual spike
and descent into drowsy shame. Your wet almond-eyes,
were they goggles? Your forehead to mine,
my eyelids were gone?
You told me—what was me?—
“Many have come in my name
saying, *I’ll take you Home.*”

Your body, the mantis of it,
wasn't a gloryland.
Still, I said, "Save us."

And I found myself back in the garden,
the soil cracked and burned
around me, the old fig tree
gone. From the water pump,
two lizards were watching me?
I pinched my nose
to stop the bleeding.