

**1**

Uriel, you are in the attic again, sewing shadows to yourself,  
the peaked roof and dawn doing justice to your struggles  
while you knit a semblance of humanity to your edges,  
muss your hair into fine triangles, and cast prisms to the walls.  
Little sleep is needed; when I wake I pretend not to notice you  
blowing hills and rivers into my ears. I pretend that you  
do not check for a rattle in my chest when you press your head there,  
that you look so human when you light your cigarettes, that you  
are ravenous because of hunger. Uriel, you forgot that the doorway  
in the back of the attic is a dropoff and walked out,  
stood there flutterless, your naive wings barely stirring the air.

**2**

Uriel, as fall lisps into winter,  
the crows' beaks seem to be disappearing.  
Tell me that this is an act of the Lord, that like Gerard,  
I must find faith in words after seeing so many blackshod bodies  
lose their place in this world. Tell me that it is the Lord's hand  
that marks the trees with charcoal sketches and the sky with ashy  
aftermath, so that we can read there the presence of the unified  
heart, the  
dismissed pure matter, the stringy selfmark we hide for shame  
of similarity. Uriel, you have been cast down from the place  
where the crows now go. Uriel, our divinity is uncertain.  
Walk with me while the crows still sit beside the near fallen leaves,  
while their black bodies still fissure the gray-blue plait of sky,  
walk with me and watch for the certain cool burn of their heavenly  
retreat—  
then take me back to the attic, to your white arms, and do not  
speak of God.

3

Uriel, as a child I would wake to walk from the deceptive houses.  
Each day would take me from the placard rows, the neat sickness,  
each day would take me through the forest to the horses, whose  
barn smelled  
of hay, whose hooves smelled of dirt, whose sides gleamed solid  
and forgiving.  
It was holy to lie in the tangle of those wounding limbs, to breathe  
in the eaves of the  
astounding ribcage. It was holy to beat the ground behind us as  
morning rose on  
the still unjust world. Uriel, I sleep in the city and the city stretches  
its eaves for the sleeping.  
I sleep in the city and wake to walk. I walk in the city and the city  
is entranced in growling slumber.  
I go to the islands, the city ferries me there in its palm, the city  
says, you cannot leave the people.  
The people build furnaces and the city burns. The people build pipes  
and the city floods.  
The people sleep in the city, and I dream of crawling into the belly  
of a horse, of breathing in  
the pink light cast between the slatted bones. Uriel, the Lord told  
the Israelites not to multiply horses  
unto themselves, lest they return to Egypt wrathful. I have not  
multiplied horses unto myself,  
though I know their limbs to be consecration. I have not left the  
city, though the city never wakes.