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The Crucifixion

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THE CRUCIFIXION

Angels never wept, but rose
quickly back to their places, afraid of being damned,
and feeling too guilty to say much about it.
I was with them then, starting a prayer,
but they were tired of being beautiful at the time
and hung still like so many stars. The earth
repeated our quiet to itself a few times,
then suddenly went on dancing, like a speck in the eye.
There was no pity, and no doubt,
and when the dying came to us, in thousands, we turned them back.

I have never spoken of how the angels
dropped their gowns and disappeared like snow,
sick of their mourning. Breathing, holding their breaths,
they went down by themselves this time, looking for a man,
came back alone and would not speak.
I knew them well enough, but never asked
if the stories were all true. They left soon, acting sorrowful.
I know anyway that that day nothing shook:
only a few leaves, as usual, left the branch.