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I Think of Time

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I THINK OF TIME

Which way do you take up the thread?
The air itself seems to burn:
an old angel on a stick.
I have a memory of light from
another room—a candle?
Survive, says the light.
This is the kind of thing light
always says. The old angel
sniffs, names her right wing
tatters. It hangs useless,
its chronology broken.

Show me the candle, breathes
the angel. I hold it close
to her, try to set her wing
on fire. *Asbestos*, she shrugs,
a standard convention among angels.
She's as voluntary as a light wave.

Why are you shaped like a woman?
I ask her.

Why are you made of words?
she snaps.

The old angel isn't happy. I've
taken up the thread on the wrong
day. There is no journey here—
no forward, no back.

The angel's stick is nailed to
the floor. I listen to the static
from her broken wing.