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Periphery

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PERIPHERY

Not how many angels fit on this pin;
what they do there. Shyest of seraphim,
she taps her foot, waits alone at head's rim,
while the fearless hosts dance wildly, spin
holy selves in a blur of feathers, hair,
sweat. The wings, you know, are iridescent—
the dancers turn all colors; white sails glint
purple, orange, green. Day and night they flare
in this frenzied waltz, never pause to sleep.
Scowling with exertion: servants, lovers,
God's anointed. She however hovers
between devotion and the sudden creep
of claustrophobia. The dark rushes
up the crown, her robes. She even blushes.