

Wing Prayer

Click. Click. We wake
up in heaven
and have to learn it all the right way
before we get any wings this time, learn
to *clipclap snipsnap*
snap our bony fingers to the helicopter
beat beat beneath us
where the birds fly
low and the skinny
tin-voiced angels
tap their toes,
toe their taps,
snap their fingers and finger their snaps and
whiiine...
tunes of the righteous and ja-aaded
sin (*sin is in yeah sin is in*).
And that's not all
we noticed—cracked
ceramic
tiles in the bathrooms—greasy
streaks sliding
down the win-
dows and
collidingwith
thefloor—petroleum glued
against a locked front door—
it's all too *much*
to see as we
grow up go up show up, *pushed*
into faith
with coveted feathers
and the last things
we remember are
gravity
rush of wings
(wings of fruit bats
of starved white vultures
of giant houseflies)
and falling, *falling*,
and grace
turns out to
be nothing
more amazing
than some over-rated hotel with seventy-

two floors, glass elevator, revolving restaurant
on top. *Click.*
Click.

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