

JENNIFER K. SWEENEY

Angels Walking Through the Earth

Between blind layers of strata and sea fossil—
they walk in a procession of resonance
but leave no footprints.

To hold us up from our daily hungers
requires the baritone hum of the underdark.

Meanwhile, the birds fly west.
If they had a religion it would be
the agreement of flight.

Meanwhile, the fish swim east in great silver wheels
through a horizon of slow-blooming sound.

But you don't need to be religious to know
grief is a difficult gravity.
Even children moan from their bone-depths.
Every time you have been starkly alone,

how naturally your body lay down
and surrendered the heavy work

of the heart to the earth.
They carry it in their sleeves of light
and do not judge the offering.
Their meditation is the indefinite.

Silence has sharpened their senses
into kindness, not the human sort

which is a daily choice,
but an abiding presence floating under
the roots of your small and brave life.
Your seeing eyes.



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