

## lower than the angels

all things being equal...

in that first season  
outside of eden  
did summer breezes  
adam and eve felt  
turn newfound freedom  
frigid? warm skin was  
wakened to winter

now some new beast must  
offer a piece of  
itself to give them  
cover, to shield and  
keep out the winds of  
this climate breathing  
down their necks in the  
cold light of winter's  
reality and

perhaps out of necessity

his hands found hers  
and without words  
cold skin soon burned  
continents converged  
their sadness (his and hers)  
sublimated, submerged  
flesh and bone learned  
how to breathe, how to burn  
igniting each breath  
into new flesh

we learn so little  
but glean so much  
from the barren soil  
soaked in snow  
yet thirsty for more  
for water and warmth  
for slumberless seed  
to push, to penetrate  
to impregnate  
the belly, the well we  
dug together  
out of which now flows  
a fountain of life  
(the truth we can hide  
only for so long)

when will we learn  
how to give birth  
to better things  
and not to worse?

but truth be told...

just how much blood must be spilt  
before the cry from the ground  
catches the ear of our guilt  
and brings new tears to old eyes?

truth be told

the cracks in a glacier  
keep us awake at night  
while crack in dead babies  
leaves us complacent, light  
hearted

truth be told

we savor the fruit  
that melts in our mouths  
enjoy the tree's juice  
while tasting stale blood  
that flows from the roots  
of graves grimly dug  
back when telling truth  
got lesser men hung  
or left black (and blue)  
dangled from above  
from limbs we could prove  
were three-fifths human

a little lower than the angels

truth be told

we do not care  
because...  
we do not know  
because...  
we do not ask  
because...  
we do not hope  
because...  
we do not care  
because...

and so it goes

with a click we  
change the channel  
turn the dial

in our cliques we  
turn our backs on  
those outside

does a cliché  
say enough to  
turn the tide?

lips unclean say  
next to nothing  
amplified

amplified  
by generation  
after generation  
of silent serenity  
dressed up in duplicity  
still unmoved by anything  
in life's long lucidly dreamed  
escape from reality

truth be told

we will not be moved  
by the scream we hear  
until we discover  
the scream is  
our own

until then  
these screams that go unheard  
match groans that cannot be uttered  
by breaking bones that burn  
as creation moans and mutters  
deep down our souls soon learn  
to shoulder the darkest matter  
the weight of wages earned  
by seeds unsown but scattered  
so if (by chance)  
our hearts happen  
to be moved  
it is only by grace  
and even then

our pace is glacial  
(surely but slowly)  
at best

our place is saved here  
(lower than angels)  
no less

but are we safe here?

truth be told

we are tethered to this earth  
but longing for the heavens  
to swallow us up  
in the oceans above

for the waters below  
are defiled, are corrupt  
by our own hands, we know  
it is we who become  
the pollutants that flow  
through the veins, in the blood  
of this planet, this home  
that is less than it was  
when it burst forth and flowed  
from the mouth of a god  
some say died long ago

in his honor (or for ours)  
we give lip service (for hours)  
these days we feign outrage well  
casting aspersions and spells

we choke on the very same words  
a god once spat into our eyes  
we clutch at the very same pearls  
that we once cast to dogs and swine

having these treasures  
in earthen vessels  
we drink the dregs of  
what our god left us

though our mouths open wide  
still our hearts close too tight  
for the water of life  
to first bubble then rise

truth be told

we should know  
we are the bottom feeders  
blinded by specks and beams (some  
wooden, some light-- but neither  
illuminate the evil  
in eyes that see only  
faults in the earth  
not in ourselves)

snow falls out of season  
just until hell freezes  
over us all

heaven lies beneath us  
all things being equal  
... no, we are not

truth be told

hope is fleeting  
so are we since  
no one sees the  
oceans creeping  
forward  
t'ward our  
sand-still castles  
made with playthings  
lent from heaven

creation grieves (and  
*we* should)

well... all things being  
equal