

Wishes of Worship

the sky is indeed the limit
for even the angels
with their azure eyes and radiant hair
can be bruised and branded
until they are too scared for the heavens

grounded with crushed wings
serving only as a reminder of flight
dirty and bleeding they'll kneel on pavement
to worship behind the stained glass of empty beer bottles
and congregate around the barrel fire singing hymns
they've long last but praises all the same

after chapel they'll squat in the alleys
begging each plunging star for a ride home
and if there are no comets to count
they'll roll up their pants legs
and collect coins from the bottom of the fountain