

# BETWEEN ANGELS

BILL HOWELL

The desire to forget knowing  
makes sure we only see  
afterwards what it is we've done.  
I'm just another thirsty camel  
basking in a dusty ampersand,  
while you're a dormant cathedral  
waiting for an organ donor.

But sometimes we can't hide  
behind metaphors or beards.  
Why not just go ahead,  
say it & wear it? The way  
April breezes weave through  
bare lilac, maple & oak branches  
making space for each  
until their tips tap; like us  
touching in sleep,  
the extension of parting no more  
than arm next to pillow  
underneath & between  
neck & shoulder with legs strived  
over each other afterwards,  
lasting at least until morning.

This, the moment we leave sweet dreams  
to themselves. Taking  
old liberties, imagination remains  
breathless when it comes to us,  
forever without invention.  
Our hands would be lying if

they pretended to remember why.  
Beyond the latest reach of  
speculative adulation,  
nothing of now can teach us  
how to meet the day.