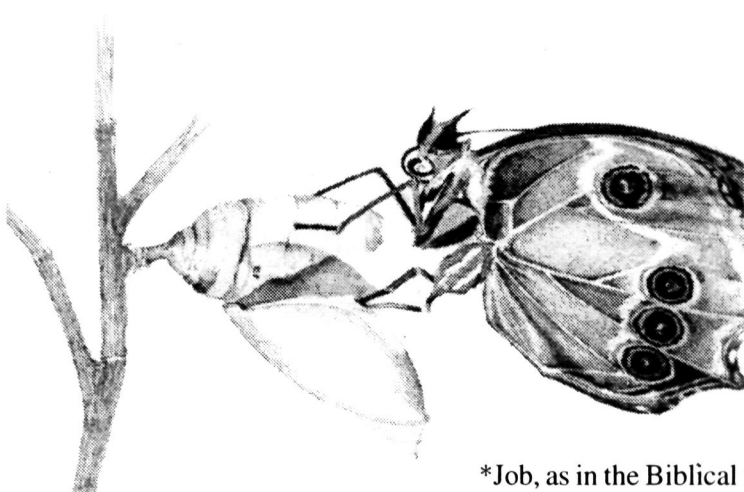


## The Common-Job Dream

I am waiting  
For God to tear open  
The sky, and for angels,  
Fuzzily golden, to come  
Tumbling through the hole.  
I am waiting  
For a Divine Voice  
To intervene, saying,  
*There has been a mistake.*  
*No chaste human*  
*Heart should suffer like this.*  
And then the angels, vaguely glowing,  
Will spackle the blank spots  
Inside me with stars,  
Thyme, holy music, implacable  
Affection. And all my old tears  
They will gather to water  
Banks of tired asphodel.



\*Job, as in the Biblical figure