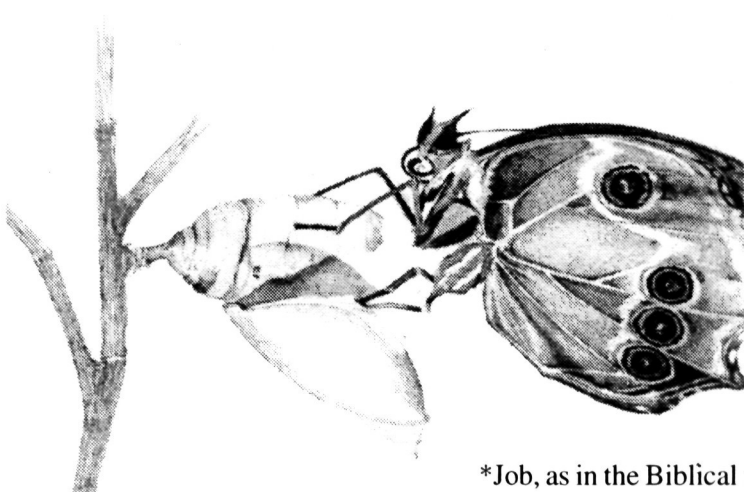


The Common-Job Dream

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