

POETRY

David Starkey

THE ASSUMPTION

When Jesus has gone to Heaven,
there is nothing left for his mother
but to follow.

 A whirlpool of angels
spins her into the sky
like a rose petal being sucked
down the drain.

A throne awaits—an indigo robe,
a golden light:

 a white dove plops
a crown on her head,
 and huzzahs erupt
from the babies of Bethlehem, slaughtered
by Herod, the saints and the sanctified,
the near and the dear.

 In Hell, demons
stretch the damned on their racks,
settle them into the Judas Chairs.

Yet the choir above sings with such fervor,
one would think its lovely music
would banish any remorse
from the sacred hearts of gods.

Jesus, however, is lost
in thought, as he gazes down
on the unchanging universe.

Forever and ever.

 Amen.