

Pentacle

The fourth person in the household,
(but the fifth point to the star)
you break from the bed unable to sleep.

You break
a clump of nightblooming
jasmine in your hand, which has healed a child's bone.

Then lay the flowers down, bony-spurs.
Not sullen,
with a homely radiance,

you find an angel
fallen
on his side in the back of the yard.

Lift him
set the sparrow-bones.
The flight ones.

Brush your palms
rough
thru your feather-cut, then take a good look at him.

Cheerful, laughing. both in pain,
you wash off the dirt with the thin hose of the garden.