

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

POETRY

by
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Divinity
abides in the center of my soul,
in that core where,
as Jehovah in the Sinai bush,
She burns
but does not consume.
And when my obsolete, extraneous members,
made of blood and bone and skin
dissolve,
after some final kiss,
then,
like a kestrel,
cage left open,
tether cut,
I soar into a waiting sky,
(Heaven, if you must have one...)
into the inviting embrace
of divine, benevolent grace
where all is joy and still.
Until,
feathers fluffed,
talons, razor sharp for her next kill,
ready
for that moment when,
with a gentle nudge from the Falconer,
she rockets from her forearm-perch
into that new, burning life.