

## Wall of Heaven

There are no handholds on the wall of heaven  
nothing to grasp, nothing but my own descent

and I ask

the gossamer cord, anchored like a tendon  
to the muscles of my reaching,  
as it slides through the hands  
before they know to close  
and I realize, suddenly, how motionless I am  
beneath the sky

I ask if

standing still drenched in communal sweat  
and the sweet smell of your saliva,  
my mouth smiling your smile, remembering  
the feel of it beneath me

This union, I ask if you know it too?

and the chill of wind cuts through my clothing  
waiting for a reply, waiting, as  
density replaces being  
in each repeated silence

from the spasms of no reply  
I'm pushed, like a newborn,  
into a world I cannot envision  
past the dream of it

and I ask

beneath the single light of the lamp  
dull and humming in the pre-morn  
grey as pavement and twice as lifeless  
I ask myself instead to fly

beyond answers  
here, with nothing to grasp,  
with no map to lead me back  
within the wall of you