

Joan of Dark

by Bill Yarrow

What happens in heaven stays in heaven.
“That's not true,” she said to me. “You know
it's not true.” Yes, the acts of paradise,
slippery like syrup, slide down the clouds
and drip onto the tops of the trees where
birds and squirrels reveal them to man.
“What color are the birds?” she asked. Pink.
The pink birds and checkerboard squirrels
reveal the sly doings of the chubby cherubs.
“What's sly doings?” I meant “sky” doings.
Reveal the sky doings of half-pint angels.
“I love heaven, don't you?” I'm not allowed to
tell. They will burn me at the stake if I tell.
“Like Joan of Dark?” Just like Joan of Dark.

