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Signs

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J. Truer

Signs

Blake spotted an angel in a tree
and a firebird dropped a flaming feather
on the path of some poor Irish fool.
There will be trouble if he picks it up;
there will be trouble if he does not.

I once hollered at God from a hilltop
after reading all the scripture I could hold,
"Show me who you are! Please, a sign!"
Well, friends, that was thirty years ago.
I should have been more specific,

And the wrong demand got made. For
I have been naked ever since. And this
life of mine with its misleading signs
purchased at the rag and bone shop:
trouble if I live it, trouble if I do not.