

## The Exile Has Visions

This morning's blue moon  
asks audience  
of twelve prophets stationed  
on homeless streetcorners,  
each holding a cardboard chapter  
of some Testament.

The wind's four directions  
provoke these prophets  
in layers of holy rags,  
rattle their cardboard arcana.  
There is a motion on the floor  
and all these legislators of truth  
have come to campaign  
in enemy territory.

White gulls with black eyes  
scrape the morning sky  
like paper blown stray  
by dry winds.  
Closed windows speak  
their disbelief and lock themselves  
from a second or a third coming.

Angels walk in mud and track  
carpets of grass with their  
dirty footsteps, praying  
for a bowl of soup or  
a bottle of old rotgut  
before Hell gets emptied again.

So many have died before  
such wars of broken concrete

could be redeemed  
by avalanches of forgiveness,  
these streets need less preaching  
as they fall silent with  
unwritten poetry.

I hear you, witness each of you.  
Stingy though I seem,  
there are alms in my grief.

*Born in Pennsylvania, David Anthony Sam has written poetry for over forty years. He now lives in Virginia with his wife and life partner, Linda, and serves as president of Germanna Community College. Sam has two collections: Dark Land, White Light (1974, 2014) and Memories in Clay, Dreams of Wolves (2014).*