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God told me
 on the steps of his altar
 that I was never going to hear him again.

I kept expecting
 something more.

I wanted something to
 drop

or crash,

for a man to scream
 or a woman to burst into flames—

perhaps even,

I expected Moses

to tell me that I was a transgressor
 and break a tablet

over my head

or

for a king to call me to battle,

for my brothers

to send me away.

I expected to be anywhere,
 other than in that room
 and on those steps,
 crowded by the broken mutterings

of wandering children

invested

in the spirit

of hysteria.

Where are the miracle men?

We

need a

prophecy! The earth

is up

and the belfry is hanging

cliffwise

under

incoherent

afternoons.

Smallways, as I had

when I was younger

and

in a choir,

I told

my dearest sister

about

the terror waves

of questioning

a tomorrow-day

beyond the death of me.

and in the tents

of the darkest side

of farthest moon,

call Northways to the face of me.

—Josh Davis

retreat to the

kneeling

place.

these stairs.

I no longer hear you.

(but try as I might,

I cannot

forget

to care.)