

**Lonely, Lonely**  
Stephen Mead

Maybe angels know of the soul,  
that frozen throat-cry & how wide it cracks in eyes,  
in lines for the bus, at the store, their timeless geography  
pushing history through to the most biographical detail  
alive in any no one.

Was that your story, the stain amid the faith?  
The rocks of these travails for each Sisyphus in every  
quarry  
may eventually provide flight into new flesh, lands,  
oceans,  
& then we'll be at it again: dice flung from rattling cups  
that keep us tied in the delight & the agony.