**Ascension**

Fiona Perry

The sickroom is a thin place, miracles

have always happen here, windows

must be opened, unexpected shifts in light

paid attention to, the dying speak

in symbols like prophets.

Drifting off, I carried my father

effortlessly, as dreams allow

in accordance with a dream’s strange

geography, down a rocky outcrop

towards the ocean and lowered him

into a dugout canoe.

I swam alongside, in the shadow

of the boat, over the slate abyss

my father’s face inscrutable

my father’s body oak encased.

He disappeared into the depths

reappeared on the surface.

Disappeared into the depths

reappeared on the surface.

Day and night.

Night and day.

Seraphim know we are firmly

anchored to our bodily vessels.

They forgive our feet of clay

pull us upward out of ourselves

into forgetfulness until

at last, we shatter.