**We Have Heard from Many Sources**

Rupert Fike

That Blake, as a boy, saw angels in a hayfield

floating behind rows of dog-tired gleaners.

The child dazzled, running two miles

back across the river to tell his parents

who gave him a good prompt thrashing—

direct contact with the deity not allowed.

Kids just don't get beat for visions anymore.

Perhaps because we live in an ion barrage,

this sideways rain of mobile calls, microwave

signals, texts, encrypted data—all brain static,

all jamming the angels' holy frequency.

Dear God, what if they're trying to get through?

I spent summers in hay fields as a boy,

"bucking bales" for an uncle ahead of storms.

But I was not inclined to see angels. Too tired.

Or maybe they perceived I was numb to wonder.

There *was* Aunt Lou bringing lemonade,

but she was wingless, a relation, corporeal.

At first communion I did feel something—

not a vision, more a first gulp of death,

that place Rossetti called, *the silent land,*

where the angel's TV station is off the air

the way our Zenith was after midnight,

the world's mind gone to granulated dots.

I have looked for that field in Peckham Rye,

the Blake boy's pasture now long buried

beneath soulless south London car parks.

Could we not jackhammer the whole mess?

Cart off the rubble? Hitch up a team, plow?

Could we not just plant hay and wait?