We want to know
What is on
The other side.

We light a candle,
Slide a twenty into the tithing envelope
And a five in the Salvation Army.

Even the curmudgeon agnostic
Sneaks a peak at his horoscope
When the wife’s not looking.

And ghost hunters crime stoppers fortune tellers
Priests and psychics
Always make the rent.

We peer, we want to pierce
The veil
With the corners of our eyes,
The sharp, gilded tissue of the book of revelations,
Or the mercy stroke
Of the laying on of hands

So that, on late frozen afternoons,
We squint into snowbeams
Seeking a flutter of wings
In the sparkling fog.