

## Pierce the Veil

*Cathy Gileadi Wilson*

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.