

On Cherubim and a Flaming Sword

by J. Kirk Richards

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Like moths summoned by the gravity of light,
figures lean beneath sinuous white robes, their
point of communion is clear: hands in line with
the flame—its blade toward the earth's unhealed
wound, toward the fissure through Eve's flesh—
they warm themselves before the Tree, transients
clinging to the stories God told them before
giving them charge of the far end of Paradise.

Seared to seer stones and stillness by the flame's
quartered eye, wings tuned to Eurus sighing matins,
hair flaming out like a moth's mad fireside benediction,
they watch for wanderers to part the distant trees
as the earth rolls toward the sun like a lover turning
to spoon with the promise of verdure and apocalypse.