Poetry 143

Collect for a Family Friend Killed in a Sabbath Morning House Fire

Tyler Chadwick

O, preening angels, voyeurs of bright and burning things,

of underbuilding flare-ups and flaming caved-in tinder, whose

breathing—plumed, infernal, unforgiving—sweltered her last

daybreak with unholy invocation— Please, if mercy be, if prayers

hurled—frenzied—Godward in the heat of grieving

grace what's passed, please have taken her before she fell

from sleep, please, while fever-dreams beatified

her mind's cathedral, dousing it with overtonal eager aching psalms,

best-known language of her flesh billowing one last time from her congregation choir, their notes astray and breaking and, yet,

soaring beyond her organ, her awe, please, that her leaving might have been

more requiem than torment— For you are delirium and ecstasy,

the scald of endorphins praising rapture and release—

Amen

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