Envy’s Child

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It wasn’t that they didn’t care—
    they were angels, caring
    was their means—just
staying on, weeping and gawking
over a muted reflection
seemed insincere
    like praying he had lived…

They took flight, a glory
    on the wing like his father
    who had descended holding
sunlight in his hair, at his hands and his feet
and her by the trance of him
revealed, like the son
    here in and of the cold earth

He was no Christ, but his coming
    was told in his father’s eye
    on the free-willed vessels
which he watched like scurry mice
unaware of the hunger
    that spreads, swoops, seizes
    and squeezes out life
She bore the first winged human
dying in an empty embrace
of his imagined father
who she waited for, and prayed
that he would return the sun
that came with him, blinding her
with the white holy heat
...

And as the last seraphim lifted
above the broken body
cupped in his own young wings
a serpent heaved heavily forward, eyeing
vacant heaven, and resting at the feet
of the winged Halfling
pausing to remember…

Her kind he had shamed; his
kind shamed him here
to crawl, creep and cry
cradled, now, at the chest of his own
fallen image, his only son
too human for heaven,
too angel for the earth

That sent up its sons against
“The Demon” they called him
and let fly their weapons

proficient at cutting down heaven’s

questionable, misunderstood, half-winged creatures—

To bring them back to earth.