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Fuel

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MARGARET GIBSON

Fuel

I am, said the voice in the oil spill of rainbow radiance,
the angel of El, from the deserts and gulfs of El.

I looked for a face, flesh and blood I might hold
accountable, a name. It saw right through me. *Uriel*,

Eliel, Emmanuel, Fuel, said the angel. *Fuel?* I replied,
and a human form stood before me, a merchant

who turned to measuring my life as if I were cloth,
judging length and price by the distance between his elbow

and the tip of his middle finger. The arm wore camouflage
the shade of sand and bone. *You do what suits me*,

Fuel smiled. He tossed the dead man's arm aside. *Grenade*,
he said. Arched his eyebrows, shrugged.