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## Note from an Ascendant Sect

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*Note from an Ascendant Sect*

We were told to plant nothing on the cliffs,  
though no angel landed there ever.  
When we went for water, some heard bleeding  
behind the wall. Some saw the fluid coil  
of the ram's horn repeated in the field's snakes,  
and buried their vision in furrows—later, flowers  
ensnared the corn. But we couldn't hide  
our nakedness from ourselves, or stop feeling  
our flesh as a curtain draping the eyes  
of our children. We couldn't stop hearing wings  
of skin descending like trickles of light  
and bright rays of water. Our corner of earth  
was at the end of a prophet's trail of keys,  
though he left suddenly, finding no  
locked chests to open. Often, two of us  
were met coming back from the cliffs  
with an upwelling secret.