Note from an Ascendant Sect

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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.