

eosphorus undone

they don't tell you that lucifer had a fear of heights
that heaven was his hell
and his heaven was the fall
that falling was safety,
to be underground was to be grounded, grinding
teeth and grinding bone dust to
dust to dust to dust
ashes to ashes
all fall down, but
falling is falling even from grace

did they tell you that he had a fear
of small spaces?
trembling hands and stuttering hearts make for
shaky shuddering handwritten vows
heart too large for the cavity of his chest
no room for more love
spaces between molting feathers not
enough to tether him
and a wingspan too stretched not to be claustrophobic
stretched far too thin to be able
to carry him safely down

but did you know that the devil is afraid of the dark?
there's paranoia in not knowing
where you're going or where you've been
a hole in the ground is a hole
is a hole is a hole
but there's a lightness in those avian bones
there's a light inside, so
avert your pained gaze
away from the bright morning star
too bright not to sink below the horizon
too bright not to burn out