

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

J. M. Wilcox

The Beauty of Waka

Her glowing face appears through colored veils
as objects of infinite shapes recede
in violet and red and blue and green.
How conversive! Polka-dot battalions!
Metatropic! What a spectral frenzy!
Seraphs shimmer everywhere, iridesce,
Cherubs charge, softly crash through the still sky,
Thrones spiral, crystal warp of outer space,
Dominations brighten the universe,
Virtues drill through extraneous matter,
Powers spike through the crazy-quilt of time,
Principalities light up the threshold,
Archangels sling on their painted quivers,
Angels see her walk away, slowly bright.