

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/3

Elizabeth Blair

Heaven

In heaven
I'm the dairy farmer.
Up every morning at 5:30
I usher cows in and
out of pens,
quiet doors slam shut and ease open.
At nine I have coffee
with the angels.
They fold their wings
around a breakfast table
and we talk about transcendence,
listen to the farm report:
Salvation up 2 cents
Love Futures down a quarter.
Stirring our mugs
the heavy cream
in a tin jug
turns thick coffee brown
in swirls.

We welcome farm girls when
they enter through a
heavy door.
The angels spread a map
over our familiar table
and I lean forward to draw on it,
give them directions.
Here is where to go
to find your plot.
A tractor fit for flow,
rest from farmhands
with above average height and upper body strength.
Nothing is too tall
or too heavy,
nothing too rough
for their bodies.
The pitchforks, bales of hay,
fields in winter,
all soft as white cotton.