

Jacob's Ladder

by [Kim Bridgford](#) in the [January 23, 2007](#) issue

At first, I saw their faces, close together,
And in their distance they were like the weather,
The satisfaction found in abstract thought,
The feeling of the sunlight when it's caught.

Then they moved closer, barefoot on the ladder,
And less transparent as they moved toward matter.
And so it was that they became more human,
Their otherness unfolded to illumine

How I could be. Inside my human body,
I tried to understand, but was not ready.
I slept. I watched the swaying of the rungs,
Heard whispering of nighttime on their tongues—

Then nothing but the planets in their voices.
The space they left was filled with human choices.