

November

by [John Poch](#) in the [November 2022](#) issue

Once it was afternoon, and the winter
was beginning, as was rain outside
the window, cold as politics,
the chosen world tired of its election.

The lamp beside me was warm,
but I left it to rise and go
to the kitchen doorway where
an angel stood watching me.

I put my hands up to her face
and held it while she drew back
her sword, knowing who I am.
But then I let my faith vanish.

I walked right through her
to the other room to pick up
my pen, my own harmless sword.
She told me write this down.

I know what you are thinking:
you don't believe in my angel.
You there, always just skirting
your own imminent death.