

Josh Ritter "Wings"

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at night we crossed the border following a Black robe
to the edge of the reservation "to Cataldo Mission
where the saints and all the martyrs look down on
dying converts
what makes the water holy she says is that that it's the
closest thing to rain
I stole a mule from Anthony "I helped Anne up
upon it
and we rode to Coeur d'Alene "through Harrison
and Wallace
they were blasting out the tunnels "making way for
the light of learning
when Jesus comes a'calling she said he's coming
round the mountain on a train
it's my home "last night I dreamt that I grew wings
I found a place where they could hear me when I sing
we floated on to Hanford on a lumber boat up river
past the fisheries and the milltowns like a stretch of
future graveyards
she was driven to distraction "said I wonder what
will happen
when they find out they're mistaken and the land is too
changed to ever change
we waded through the marketplace "someone's
ship had come in
there was silver and begonias "dynamite and
cattle

there were hearts as big as apples and apples in the
shape of Mary's heart
I said inside this gilded cage a songbird always looks
so plain
it's my home "last night I dreamt that I grew wings
I found a place where they could hear me when I sing.
and so they came with cameras "breaking through
the morning mist
press and businessmen "tycoons "Episcopal
philanthropists
lost in their appraisal of the body of a woman
but all we saw were lowlands "clouds clung to
mountains without strings
and at last we saw some people huddled up against

the rain that was descending like railroad spikes and
hammers
they were headed for the border "walking and
then running
then they were gone into the fog but Anne said
underneath their jackets she saw wings

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