

Kingdom Come

After the Idowa Crown (Late-nineteenth/mid-twentieth century)

At first glance, you may imagine comets,
stardust raining down in streams of colored
beams—a spectrum—in every color that
exists. He's king, and why shouldn't he have
everything: the seen and unseen world. But
if you could ask, if you could know the truth
about what lies behind his youthful eyes—
you would learn that all he wants is to rise
and lose his tether to this world. To rise
and float, to take flight, to go away like
a beam of light lost in the night. Look here,
lean in and see the birds have already
arrived—they have come to his rescue. They
have come to show him his rightful place in
the sky with them. Where they fly at peace through
space and in time to the songs of the dead
composed in their heads. See their wings flutter,
flutter upon his head. And when we turn
away, will he vanish into the sea
of sky like our lost dreams? This boy, the king,
will find himself where he wishes to be.