**The Angels of Ararat**

Creatures of cumulus and cirrus,

air-feeders, companions of eagles,

we offer only the hospitality of rock.

An Ark appeared from the dark billow,

a cargo of survivors at the rail.

The keel whimpered as it scraped.

Now a shambling troupe disembarks,

a menagerie of suddenly unstifled

appetites, eager, fearful, bold, timid.

Released from horizons, unsteady,

the rain still beating in their pulses,

the people tune themselves to the land.

Even a lichen engages their eyes

 – we tweak the visible,

 intensify light –

until they shrug away to other things.

Our gossip sounds to them like the wind.

Perhaps it is. Often, even we

have doubts of our existence.

Do shreds of on-board fellowship

remain to help them mourn

as the floods recede on the lower slopes

baring the drowned? Are hug

and song enough? The numbers

are terrible. We do not intervene.

We have seen this and worse,

know that some who have voyaged

will want to fence Ararat, others to create Eden.