

# Heaven revised

by [Jason Santalucia](#) in the [February 10, 2004](#) issue

The boy was thrown against the ground, his arms  
flung wide so I could see  
under the bent grille of the farmer's truck  
his narrow chest rise and fall—so I could hear  
between the swish of passing cars  
that click of breath and bone.

Even now I watch the rain—but there was no rain—  
spark against the road. I see his hair—  
but from where I stood his face was turned—  
soaked against the ripe  
fruit of his cheek.

Listen,

the bus had stopped for gas.  
I left my seat and walked across the empty lot  
hoping for a sink to rinse my mouth.  
I remember the black field  
beyond the road, the moonless sky and how  
I strained to tell heaven from earth.

Truth is, that morning no one was saved.  
No one lit a cigarette and proclaimed *Never again*  
to anything. Strange. How I can see  
each orange fall from the bed of the truck,  
thump onto the pavement and roll  
gently to a stop.