

Ascension Day

by [Rick Heiman](#) in the [August 16, 2017](#) issue

(after Salvador Dali's The Ascension of Christ, 1958)

When he levitated toward the sunflower sun
Christ's toes were perfect. Not a hint of hallux
varus or valgus, not a speck of fungus. His soles
were filthy, of course, like ours. He'd been out
strolling for miles. And we stood stupid. Waved
like he was going on safari or an Aegean cruise.
Still wearing the little loincloth. Nothing else
to weigh him down. No ballast. Hands clutching
everyone, everything, invisible zero G baggage.

Later, when burning seeds rained down and pigeon
feathers bleated fugues, we remembered. All of it.