

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.