

Innumerabilities

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [January 12, 2022](#) issue

Morning. I watch the windows come to light—  
each according to ability or need or willingness—

in my east-facing living room. I wait.

Too soon this time will pass. Minutes from now

today arrives, I'll have to be one man  
to my wife and children, everyone I meet.

But now the windows' musics no one hears  
but the angels passing for their moments

across these panes. Let me count them.

How many can I number Heaven as it transpires

I say to the third angel, the one I pull down now,  
the one who blesses and is blessed

with fire dancing on the page, invisible,  
the heat I've taken into my fingers, tongue—

tongue, fingers, angel-light, blue windows turning gold—  
how else might I go out against the world?