

Sometimes you have to go through the bowling alley
to get to paradise. It's easy to forget, to see
everything as just more of the bowling alley, tired
of the same old walls, from either side,
the numbing thunder and stupid individuality of the pins,
oh god, you may even think when the angels start
to parade through, their gold wings heavy with joy,
dimming the neon, oh god, you say when they
take out their harps and begin to sing,
what next?