

# Joan of Dark

*by* Bill Yarrow

What happens in heaven stays in heaven.  
"That's not true," she said to me. "You know  
it's not true." Yes, the acts of paradise,  
slippery like syrup, slide down the clouds  
and drip onto the tops of the trees where  
birds and squirrels reveal them to man.  
"What color are the birds?" she asked. Pink.  
The pink birds and checkerboard squirrels  
reveal the sly doings of the chubby cherubs.  
"What's sly doings?" I meant "sky" doings.  
Reveal the sky doings of half-pint angels.  
"I love heaven, don't you?" I'm not allowed to  
tell. They will burn me at the stake if I tell.  
"Like Joan of Dark?" Just like Joan of Dark.

