



5-1-2018

Reflections Upon Returning From Heaven

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Recommended Citation

Shields, Chain (2018) "Reflections Upon Returning From Heaven," *Calliope*: Vol. 49 , Article 32.

Available at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol49/iss1/32>

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Reflections Upon Returning From Heaven

Chain Shields

The day I wanted my baseball bat again
I was already bruised.

I had climbed the stairway to heaven in
the isles of paradise, I had
Clawed up
3,922 metal steps into the fog like I was
someone who could do things go places,
asc
end.

But heaven was not there, purgatory was.
And it was beautiful.
But I went back down.

By the time death came I was back on
earthly paradise bruised and breathless

And the guard drove me back to the city
And I hurt
And let them put needles in me anyway
And hurt
And went home
And hurt
And hurt.

I don't know that I believe in Hell but
Tartarus maybe is here, not here
as in Stockton, California but just
me, this bodily cage.
Everything is ashen
And distant
And slow.

And I have lost touch with everything that

used to be alive and beautiful,
do you think that's why people don't see
me anymore?
I'm not really there.

Perhaps the bruises are sigils to keep me
from finding out that there is no flesh left
of me to hit,
that I am already
thin air
and thinner bones.