

HEAD OF AN ANGEL

I've given up trying to decide
what Dürer intended and accept myself
for what I am—androgynous, sublime.

Staminate and pistillate, my flower's
immortal, and maybe that's the point
of the artist's invitation to look

at the stem of my sinuous neck,
the grey ink and white heightening
he brushed on my imperishable curls.

What I'm listening for, Venetian blue,
you infer from my upturned eyes, my mind
through which the mind of God is passing.