

## The Fallen Angel's Ace of Wands

(a rondeau redoublé)

My consort principality, do you  
Recall the card you dealt that day I vowed,  
Divining under Father's verdant yew,  
To journey far beyond His Gates? How proud

I'd been, despite your reprimands, to shroud  
In wool my six celestial wings! In lieu  
Of grace, I brandished will and disavowed  
My consort. Principality, do you

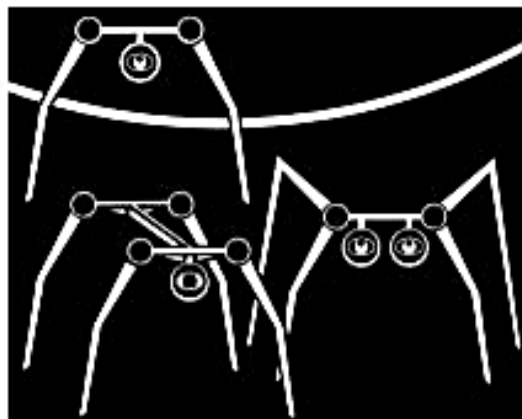
Still wish to tend a fallen seraph who  
Now walks this isle's remote terrain endowed  
With serpent's fiery breath and sins to rue?  
Recall the card you dealt that day I vowed

To flee, embracing all He disallowed—  
And deal once more. This Ace of Wands you drew  
Reminds me I was once a rod, head bowed  
Divining under Father's verdant yew.

But this depicted rod embodies true  
Lucidity. The way it splits that cloud  
In two assures me I was simply due  
To journey far beyond His Gates. How proud

He'd been to craft the burnished bars that cowed  
Us into servitude. Let's rendezvous,  
My faithful fiend. We'll bid the wingèd crowd  
Break free. We'll forge for them a new worldview,  
My consort principality.

—Mindy Watson



Low Rounders  
by Denny E. Marshall