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Angel: For Shane

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Angel: For Shane

— Sara Stookey

An angel walks across my chest.

Peering at me as I rest.

I dare my eyes to shudder shut,

To focus on anything, anything but...

Guilted into a sense of serene,
Mine eyes, a deep red with green,
Hide my thoughts from impending night
To focus on the angel's brilliant light.

Just beyond the angel sweeps,
Like water flow from caverns deep,
Some kind and distant memories.
They touch like waves stroke the seas.

No more will I see his sad young face, So full of beauty, so full of grace. His world of clear and stunning light Vanished when his soul left in flight.

One angel walks across my mind, The rest? They stop and fall behind. I am saddened by his muddy eyes, They whisper taunting lullabies.

