

The Angel

*I found the angel who
Had died in my back yard.
Not knowing what to do
Nor what I should not do,
I stood a long while staring
At his fragmented wings,
Like sea-foam lying ruined
On the stiff, still ground.*

*I saw his torn hair
And the crown of blood he wore
Sealing with its fire
The silence of his death,
Then knelt to kiss his robe
Whiter than a bone
I found once in the sand;
So white, I had to turn
In fear of what was not,
And dared not try again
Or even think of white.*

*I looked another way
Toward familiar things:
The bush and trees, the house
Patiently guarding
All that I held as mine*

*It was of little use;
I had to look again
Before his wings might fold
Into the earth like rain
Or rise up with the mist
Into the hovering air;
I turned back half-resisting....
Nothing was there
Save one thin bone
Shaped like a wing in flight,
Holding my back yard
In the terror of its white.*

-- Myron Levoy

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