

The Angel

When I first saw you, I knew who you were.
There was no doubt in my mind.
I stood before you, waiting for your command.
Or for some kind of sign.

In my vision you were made up of triangles.
Arrayed like a carefully constructed pole.
Each one trimmed in a wide black strip,
Making an impression on my soul.

Fancy scroll etched in each triangle,
In a dark blue, is what I saw.
Is this the condition of my soul?
Have I not followed God's law?

Silent and still you stood,
No words spoken, but understood.
It would have been so easy to go with you.
But I want to change the blue, its true.

No, I said as I turned my back and walked away,
Expecting a hand upon my shoulder.
But a hand I did not feel, as I went on my way,
Giving me a chance to change the color?

I said a Hail Mary, as I took each step,

Not knowing what to expect.

Came back to a place, I'm sure I had departed;

To be given a chance, from where I had started.

Is or was it the dark blue, within your robe,

That made me reject going with you?

If I can change the color to a softer lighter glow,

Will it be the difference, that will make me want to go?

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