

REAL THING

My angel is the real thing:
No white feathers drifting
On glossy pages between
“Find your soul-mate” or
“Messages from my dead grandma”,
The editor of *High Spirit*
Betrays celestial emissaries
Monthly on supermarket shelves.

My angel is beyond the palette:
No fragile pre-Raphaelite
Draped with ethereal pleats,
Not a curl or a sweet pout.
Burne-Jones and Rossetti
Signed contracts with the status quo,
No clause allows a shaft
Of magisterial light to
Burn the canvas.

My angel is a night thief:
Steals sleep, slips invisible
Between thoughts in twilight hours
Stirring my curiosity,
Giving no answers.
Brushes my bones.
My sinews sing
In the darkness.

My angel, dangerous liaison,
Summons me to uncharted lands,
Through echoing
Cloisters of dusty history,
Where shining flagstones
Lead to heavens
Paved with glittering possibilities.
He is my route master.

My angel possesses me:
Intangible fire, he and I
Wrestle nightly, until,
Pivoting on a pin-head,
I claim my blessing,
I see his face: the real thing.