

Deb Talan, Angels Marching

i hear the angels coming
but they are taking their time
they all decided to walk here
instead of flying on little white feet
that our eyes cannot see traveling
inside a snail shell along the boundary
and maybe that's why i cried
last night when i walked through the dark
i felt the crush of a pearl beneath
my shoe and i bent down
to see my own heart shatter
it is the moon that draws
then out from underneath decaying
leaves the spring insinuating
rebirth turning so they walk
the angels do at a molluskan
pace the way our love grew until
and angel's tender soul pressed down
and released the truth
a flower up from under ground
maybe that's why i cried last night
when i walked through the dark
i felt the crush of a pearl
beneath my shoe and i bent down
to see my own heart shatter
i feel the angels coming
but they are taking their time
they all decided to walk
here instead of flying