

Angel of Light

Sharply across the evening sky,
Swift as a salmon,
Leaping up stream,
A flash of blue,
A touch of silver.
What could it be
Invading the silence
Of my garden reverie.

An Angel of Light
Pulsating through the heavens,
Silent, luminous, awesome, mysterious.
Then it was gone,
Over the tree tops,
Moving due North,
As U.F.O.'s do
Translucent vision of a future world.

No Miracles no Predictions,
No simple message
Of Eternal happiness.
The sharp cry of a bird
Pierced the mesmerising silence.
A mother thrush sat
Feeding her plump fledgling
Content in ageless simplicity.

Lasting legacy in all things
True and simple,
Dignity in work unseen.
Red roses and symbols of power
Encircle our World,
Orb of the Angel of Light
What do you see
On your Odyssean flight of ecstasy.

Grace Clarke



Photo: David Clarke