

## Angels Marching

Deb Talan

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