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

Deb Talan