

## Angels Must Smile Like That

Terry Scott Taylor

Woke up lying in her garden bed  
The sun came up behind her head  
I touched her hair,  
then brushed it back  
Oh, angels must smile like that  
She's a picture of the world  
to come,  
a beautiful and Holy one  
I rest my head against her lap  
Ah, angels must smile like that  
Was she flesh and blood  
breathing in  
the juniper and the jasmine?  
When the night fell  
was that stardust in her eyes  
and moonlight glistening  
on her skin?  
(Skin like porcelain)  
Love and mercy graced the prayer  
she'd said  
that pulled me from the riverbed  
Body heat flowed,  
brought me back  
Oh, angels must smile like that  
Angels must smile like that  
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