

My Friend Painted Angels

saying not only do they come in handy,
they abound—ready
when you are,
to remind you to join in the dance—

You do not have to believe me— but I've seen it
over and over, when people despair,
tell you adversity will spread its prickly, bitter jam
on a fragile crust of a moment,
its thick darkness breaking all hope, sticking
in your throat with the taste of misfortune,

sometimes the littlest thing will call out,
ask you to pay attention—something unexpected—
no warning—
and an equally sturdy apparition spreads its wings,
serves you nectar and ambrosia of the ancient gods
infuses the air with radiance curling up,
like early morning mist,
to hold you in a host of aliveness.
No guarantees, predictions for this—just
a small twist in the way you start to step,
maybe hear the first bird at sunrise breaking
the silence of a long night.

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Poem inspired by the collage below called Apparition by Lynne Feldman



<http://lynnefeldman.com>