

Geometry

There is no one on the side of the angels
But angels don't care about sides,
An angel is beyond the pale choices
A mortal faces between wrong and right,
Which also means nothing to angels
Who know nothing of the pain
Of decision, of how it is to step out
Over the abyss or climb the rock face
Or of the force that flattens the mind
Without bending a blade of grass.

Angels always do the right thing
Because an angel IS the right thing.
An angel cannot doubt its sense of being.

There is no one in the heart of an angel
That cold, hollow bell with potential
Always to ring, but never ringing,
A silent song almost sung, but never singing,
Crossing from past to future
With rich gifts, but no present,
Too pure and elemental, predictable
As gravity with nothing of the grave for flavor,
As fixed as geometry, pinned in place
Like a planet upon the moving sky.

There is no one on the side of the angels,
Angels have no sides, any more than air
Or justice or failure or soap bubbles as they pop.