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## Inside an Angel

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INSIDE AN ANGEL

Angels are clever, and do not exist,  
sitting on branches  
when the birches are bare,

contending an entrance  
that burns in clouds  
has nothing to do with God.

Drawn by a blue thread  
attached to a sleeve  
into cities whose nights are lit,

through false doors of churches and fields  
and out of the paths of runaway taxis,  
they keep walking down into the world.

Did one just pass in a dress?  
Soon others will come to tie its wings,  
and paint its mouth shut with a crooked white X.

I say angel over and over.  
Each time I say it, one more disappears.  
They tell us we live on one side of the veil.

They tell us to dance and throw sparks.  
When we pause, so do the clouds:  
out of the sky each follows another.

A blue and white shawl covers their shoulders.  
They believe we remember,  
and ride down on breezes to keep us

moving from room to room.  
In one, the girl I saw slapped on the bus  
sleeps on a wooden chair.

Inside an angel the walls are grey.  
It seems only those who feel nothing  
say angel.