

RAY AMOROSI

About Angels

Downsized for a second chance even angels
get hardened.

Sitting on houses after deep snows who
can comfort them, we who owe so much?

Let's come out at night with no hands
just our arms and scream they're so

beautiful in the grey filters of dawn.
Let them come through our woods through windows

right and left into us.
About angels, I know only their pale silence,

flat eyes and sorrow.
Watch for them, Ray. Look inward, already the curved

keepsake is growing.