

My Angel Poem

My angel is made from...
the delicate petals of the first snowdrop
the exquisite summer breeze
the unique sparkle of a snowflake
and puffs of candyfloss clouds.

I discovered my angel...
caught in a moons reflection
crouching amid the celestial constellations
trapped in a soft footprint on the shifting sands of time
where I walk alone.

My angel can...
guide me through the darkness
dry a dewdrop of sadness on my cheek
comforts me in my hour of need

If my angel left...
I would be lost.
I would perish.
I would be without.

By 3C