

Angels everywhere

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [December 2, 2020](#) issue

Some days I notice angels everywhere—
light glancing through windows, flying
through stained glass as if through air.

A human ear shaped like a wing,
curiously curving to admit a flare
of sound, tells me of angels listening
to my listening, even as I sing.

What is that vagrant cloud, that glistening?
Often in the blue of heaven a trail
of light from a plane to me appears
as a heavenly body playing there
beyond my grasping. Or, at night, the tail-
light of a truck sends a red spark
like some twinkly being in the dark
trailing her glory robe in sight
of stationary sightseers. Yesterday, morning light
and over the marsh a winged flight,
another view—Gabriel, or a Great Blue?

But often, nightly, through the skylight
stars multiply like silver sand. And near to far
I link myself again with, Oh—there!
One bright, angelic, particular star.