

# What the angel said

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [June 1, 2010](#) issue

*For Fra Angelico*

He spoke to you in blue, in the long call  
of light from the top of a Tuscan hill.  
Your hand answered, the quick sketch of a girl  
taking shape before you knew she was you,  
head uplifted, her angelful eyes  
sure of what they see: being bodied true  
as the stilled wings, the beatified sky.  
What words might have passed have passed as air  
sighed by the soul in the act of rapture.  
Now there is only ochre and thin-skinned cream,  
struck gold against the garden's sudden green,  
forever as present as it once seemed,  
her hands crossed soft against her hidden fear  
and angel's breath still warm within your ear.