

Le Nid des Anges

by [Barbara Crooker](#) in the [September 19, 2012](#) issue

But the store is closed, so we don't know what it sells.
And we can't imagine where it is the angels go at night;
do they settle in trees? Or do they really make nests,
and if so, what kind of bedclothes would they use,
gossamer or tulle? Thin wisps, mysteries and sighs?
Or this mist, the *brouillard*, rising from the green Garonne?
Perhaps something tangible and insubstantial
at the same time, like the host that melts on the tongue
while remaining body and blood, bread and wine.
Vive les mystères. Meanwhile, the angels
are amusing themselves with games like whisper
down the alley and ghost in the graveyard,
as they sip just the bubbles from their flutes
of champagne, and nibble delicate kisses made
of meringue in the faint ethereal light of the stars.