

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.