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Angels

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Angels

Angels are no stranger than the whiskered face of a sea otter, eyes large and warm. Or the frost-white face of a walrus, tusks like ice sickles sagging down the eaves of rooflines. Angels are as close as Mt. Everest to cloud. As close to Mt. Fuji as a Sumi-e master's brushstroke. As close as ink on the horsehair bristle of his brush. Closer than windowpane to windowlight--that morning hour's first light looking in on our naked selves with sea otter eyes--with that frost-white walrus face of God up against window glass look! And so how is it that we should arise and go, knowing that our eyes are the windows that angels are looking into and that their gaze is the gaze of love and light.

-Chet Corey
Bloomington, MN