

My Angel

Michael Harmon

The first time that I saw him, he sat in the pew before me
Could you hear my heart over the pipe organ?
Ba-bump, ba-bump
And as Father preached about sins,
What would make me burn and what wouldn't,
I saw the boy in front of me and knew that he was an angel
He was my angel

The second time I saw him, he was in my class
Religious education, no less
The teacher talked about God's eye on us,
All while mine was on him
When I next looked at my book, I saw that I had written his name next to mine
A heart in between that I quickly erased

The third time I saw him, he was in my dream
I like to say it was a dream, rather than what it really was
It could've been, if I only turned my eyes away from all that lay around me
And just looked at him
He smiled
I felt his touch, and heard each breath that left his lips
I told him go on, and I told Him that I was no longer a servant
His touch turned to burning embers, and heat was all that was left

This is not the heaven I learned of, nor the one I was told I wanted
But perhaps it is a heaven of my own