

“Angel”

by Rosacea Azura

Upon the hills of brush and gold
Two sisters lived, one young, one old
Where sunset shone on summer's land
The sisters two walked hand in hand
When nightfall clasped its icy palm
The sisters two would keep their calm
They found their safety from the shade
And sheltered in the tales they made

One night, as winter turned to spring
The youngest fled from darkness' sting
Beneath the thunder's blackened roar
To seek the sister she adored
The oldest told her “Sister dear
When all the world seems full of fear
There is no reason you should cry
An Angel watches you on high”

From that night on, when dusk arrived
The child was not terrified
For each day in the fields fair
She knelt and said a special prayer
The days marched on, the sisters grew
The fledgling flourished, for she knew
Through all of life's great boons and trials
An Angel watched her all the while

When morning rose on one spring day
The child kneeled down to pray
And as she spoke, her sister came
To halt her reverent refrain
“My sister dear, your hope is bright
But you have outgrown fearing night
You must find strength in other love
There is no Angel up above”

The months went on, so cold and bleak
In golden fields, the two grew weak
The land they tilled had been for nought
The crop had wilted with the rot
And one night, that same starving child
Again found a reason to smile
Outside the window, wings of light
An Angel found her in the night