

No Fallen Angel

Whoosh! Crash! Splash! Plop!

There she stood, shocked all alone up to her ankles in mud, dazed head spinning.
She rubbed her face, now looking through the leafy green wet wood above.
Her halo on a branch above her head much too high to reach, hair no doubt in a mess.
Patting her sides, exclaiming "Where oh! Where have my wings gone,
Whatever will Grandma think?

Her feet now stuck as if in jelly, you know like Birthday Parties, when the spoon goes,
Suck, uck, uck, uck, forever until at last it is by some magic finally released.
Just like now her size now feet, one last heave, but no for certain stuck, icy and wet.
I've lost my glitter and she weeps my glow, my sequined dancing shoes toooooo!
Now sinking to her knees her whole body shaking, tears running down her face.
Forming puddles on the ground, her fragmented selves stared back declaring,
WHAT A MUCK MESS JUST LOOK AT THAT DRESS!

Mucky mess! , mucky mess, just look at that dress the one you felt so grand in!
Flowers all gone, pom-poms too, you are all faded, what a muck, muck mess!
Haha! Haha! Haha!,,and who has stolen your bright, glittering golden star!!!

What good now is your wand without its star, where oh! Where has Your Magic gone?
Now in a freezing frenzy she searches through the leaves beating her breasts,
Tearing her ragged dress, lifting her hands to the sky crying I did my best,
Don't put me to the test, then her anguish took her breath almost to death.
Inwardly, silently she called to her maker, the one who always stood at her side,
Since creation she had known he was thereyes He was, and is.
Hand held high she called set me free , lift me up above this mad worldly din,,,
Put me to the test, the one that serves you the best, fit me for better things.
A smile now flickered across her tear stained face, this was meant to be, I see.
It all makes sense at last, the muck, the mess the dirty faded battered old dress.
Humility descended like a blanket it did not smother her, now warm and safe
So raising her forefinger to the sky like some lightening conductor she prayed.
Feet now unstuck, her D.N.A the spiral of life came into view, pictures, visions new.
She was connected soaring upwards through the trees shaking with electricity.
Now no longer a muck mess, golden strands of hair floated freely around her head.
Flying upwards she spotted her star, collected her halo, smiling now feeling energy.
Birds flew around lacing her iridescent wings where they always belonged, to her.

Looking to the ground she called to her old self " Look up come with me, take my hand"

We have a calling to be bigger, brighter, faster, never give up for you are your star.

Caroline Berry

not a Fallen Angel.