

Angels

They are the beatific boys
as happy as the heavens are high.

They are the galleons of God
that sail the deeps of his desire.

They are the universe's spire
that pierces all of time and space.

They are the hyacinths of heaven
whose fragrance fuels the fires of love.

They are the ancestors of time
who turn the ages into hours.

They are the dancers of the dawn
whose jubilation wakes the sky.

They are the nightingales of noon
whose passion soars above the sun.

They are the standing stones of dusk
that sing the savage world to rest.

They are the panthers of the night
who pace the earth to keep it safe.

They are the midnight messengers
whose wings are wild with songs of peace.

They are the carollers of Christ
who making music, mirth and merry
merry make this holy day.