

Blumenfeld Hugh "Raphael"

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In the cool hour of the evening
The garden gold and breathing
My lover at my hand
Two virgins in the land
And angels on the wing
Descending as they sing,
"Raphael, oh Raphael"
O how it made you warm
To see my lover's form
Who'd think a human touch
Could make an angel blush
And you'd leave grudgingly
As if you envied me,
Raphael.
You'd linger just to talk
For hours as we'd walk
Your feet burned on the hills
You never had your fill
Was it you who brought us fire
On your wings of desire,
Raphael?

And when the earth grew cold
The vision would not hold
Heaven closed it's doors
We never see you anymore
And our voices fill the air
Like a table or a chair,
Raphael.
But I swear there's still an ember
Of paradise remembered
A certain shade of blue
The nakedness we knew
And I wonder if you keep
The feel of grass beneath your feet
And when you seraphim embrace
Now, does the blood rise in your face
Raphael?

Oh, Raphael, Raphael.

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Music

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