

## Hazell Dean

### "Where Have All The Angels Flown?"

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Sprawling spired skylines, sparkle in the night  
Sprinkling angel dust on everything in sight.  
In the shadows far below, nestled deep within,  
Lies a cardboard shanty town shaking in the wind.  
Huddled in the darkness, strays outside the fold  
Citizens of nowhere seeking shelter from the cold

Where have all the angels flown?  
To their father's golden throne?  
Leaving we of merely flesh and blood and bone  
Stranded on the surface of this our fragile home.

Kings in crystal castles, feast on fortune's fare  
While surly subjects seem to vanish in thin air  
Red ripe rivers rise on falsely fertile fields.  
While we all watch in wonder at the weapons wisemen  
wield.  
Friends all but forgotten; memories grow dim  
Prayers no more than whispers; sing a silent hymn

Where have all the angels flown?  
To their father's golden throne?  
Leaving we of merely flesh and blood and bone  
Stranded on the surface of this our fragile home.

Somewhere in some city sprawled on some factory  
floor.  
Tiny fingers spinning silken patterns for  
Princes and princesses, debutantes and heirs  
Under some illusion that what they have is theirs  
Whiled tethered to their stations lesser souls do yearn  
Perchance to buy their freedom with the pennies that  
they earn.

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Leaving we of merely flesh and blood and bone  
Stranded on the surface of this our fragile home.

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