

## **Hugh Blumenfeld "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 its 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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