

Michael McGuire

"Angels In The Graveyard"

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ANGELS IN THE GRAVEYARD

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They are waiting there with arms full of heavens junk,
they are preaching
the gospel of treasure, the newly dead with heads full
of useless
memories, confused by this new aching pleasure, they
rise shaky and
uncertain, from the world of sense into the
shadowlands, the angels move
in hoping for a whiff of fresh earth, they come forward
slowly wringing
there hands, and they will trade you caviar for
toothpaste, give you a
thousand dollars just to touch your hair, in a matter of
moments there
your closest friends, they'll tell you all about the world
when they were
there.
Some have been before history began, some used to
know you, all they
want to do is gossip about the earthly paradise, and
what they used to do,
and you are in wonder, as you trade your socks for
Monet's newest work,
you slowly realize your place and a head full of
questions, where is god
and why is this angel such a jerk, am I dead I don't
remember dying, the
angels wana know what was my last meal, what kind of
car did I drive,
and what's the last thing I did feel.
You feel frustrated cause you don't know what to do
next, and these
angels are no help at all, your full of the resurrection,
and they're just
muttering about the fall, and then a newly woken
memory sits up, and the
angels rush over and leave you alone, and as there
reborn through there
vicarious interview, you begin to miss the weight of

flesh and bone, and
you don't want to be just another dead angel, lost in
the loss of some
life, but your attracted to the story line, and walk up
just as the new angel
is telling everyone about his wife.

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