

A woman figure without fault

Angel Of Light

Down by the lake in a damp shaded grove
by a weave of willow he sits on his own
till she comes within as a shimmer of gold
the day breaking through, warm breath for the cold,

“Don’t hide,” she says, “don’t be alone
but welcome this angel now into your home
come share the light, the sun’s rose glow
and gentle surround of calm water flow.”

This place of healing, its magic unfolds
though where it may lead he cannot know
but his heart is thawed by the love that grows
and the angel of light he will never let go.

Glyn Roberts Swansea