

ANGELS OF FLAME AND ICE

To Ana Lara

Angel of Darkness

Imperious, glacial, like a bare blade of cold steel
He suddenly appears, dark in the place of shadows,
On the edge of silence, unrelenting, unvanquished,
Terrible messenger of an existence that has not been reached.

He is a wind born of the void to gnaw at the body
(Body itself) to leave it in a instant, intact.
Prisoner perhaps of an excessive bliss,
There is no passion in the angel: He is the stranger.

An acrid air precedes him, a limitless fog,
A being without limits, coalesced shadow, breath of the breath.
Being of silence, angel so sad, do you grieve for us?

Do you take for yourself what you need, or get back what is yours?
Will this flesh be of use when death
Finally breathes under your incomprehensible light?

Angel of Dawn

Is there no place for the angels to spread their wings?
In the loose breeze of the first light
He sparkles, indelible, a face
Kneaded from water and fire and air and salt.

He hovers over time, like a flowing sky,
Wing and skin undulating at the edge of bright water.
With very gentle hands, a sketch of gold in each finger,
He reaches towards light that fulfills its promise.

Angel, sacred vessel of being, incandescent condensation of the cosmos,
Prescient space, in your grace everything is about to be born.
Would you accept a prayer addressed to you?

The world is like rain that does not sustain you.
The angel has no roots: he moves among us
Detached from the earthly heart, like a hostage.

Angel of Light

Angels, birds of the abyss, are they so different from us?
A breath of crystals coming from afar,
A superior command, shining and hidden,
Pure love unlimited within the boundaries of the spirit?

Maybe your diaphanous nature is not inaccessible to us.
In the exact center of the heart,
Beyond pleasure and grief,
You exist alongside of anguish, like an act of love.

And if we shouted, would you hear us?
If you descended upon us, could we keep silent?
We can only guess at your strength, at your pitiless mediation.

The song of the earth is the trace of his passing;
The white light of noon, his shadow.
He is stillness.

He does not last.

Angel of Dusk

Like a window opened on an untended garden,
Like a wasteland beneath the open sky,
They are beings that see with their eyes closed,
Shadows of a body in search of its form.

They wander among us, sleepwalkers,
Extravagant, like the blind without a face,
Fire greedy for light, impenetrable fire surrounded by water.
Where they alight, dancing ceases.

Angels of dusk, messengers
Of who knows what vacant and higher kingdom,
They turn into night with each one of us.

In the boundaries of time, in the crack between life and death,
They stalk in the crevices of consciousness, formless,
While a dove flutters in a frightfully severed sky...