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Ocean Angels

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Ocean Angels

Elizabeth Harbaugh

For Sean 4

Gulls screech above the
Crystal waters, sail through
The sea of clouds above
The jade ocean waves.

Silent sand still lies,
Lapped by dancing waves
And scattered with shells-
The tiles of an ancient palace.

A golden-haired girl and
A boy with chestnut locks
Meander along the sunny shore,
Their toes turning shells.

Out of a dream, or perhaps
Sent straight from a
Cloud, appeared a man,
Or perhaps he was an angel.

His attire was light as a bubble-
Silken pants of a cloudy hue,
A silver tunic graced his golden
Chest, and his feet were bare.

Both girl and boy were entranced
And approached the gentle stranger.
His ethereal smile swept over them,
And they settled their arms around him.

He knelt between them and
Clasped their hands, and as one
They drew towards the sea.
The salt water licked their feet.

The angel shed his tunic and
Turned, faced the children.
He walked backwards without
Faltering and soon began to swim.

As the children gasped, the
Angel's face changed color
And shape and it formed the face
Of the old, the young, the eternal.

And as the clouds surrounded
The angel, the silver tunic
Glowed with heavenly light,
Enfolded in the fingers of the youth.

In an instant, he had disappeared
And the sky was clear. The children
Stared at the tunic in their hands,
And at the sky and the crashing waves.

And they understood.
He was ever gone

Yet always there.
Yet always free.