



February 14, 2008



Angel of the Mist

She stands in the shadows next to the misty
seas and walks like an angel without sin.

I have seen her in my dreams and she has
come to me or so it would seem.

I have cried my troubles upon her brow and
gave laughter in glee as the merriment of
legend was sang from her lips.

I have sought the softness of her kiss but it
has always eluded me like ghosts that slip
away in the night.

I reach for her hand to find the warmth of her
heart, but the touch of air is all I find and it is
like she was never there.

Her voice is always an old memory that I hear
and I've wondered as she drew near if I could
love her.

The greeting always fleeting, yet as I see her
vanish in the mist I know that she will always
come back to me.