

Angels Dream

Stephen Mead

These mountains are passed-out giants,
they think, under down sheets of fog,
& certainly continents are museums of time.

All the music & all the books for all the dwellings
that ever were,
are & will be, lift as sheer spirit to return in the art
of moments.

Here they come now, a dervish under the fingertip,
frankincense oil dipped to swirl around the
forehead's gem
anointing the third eye.

It opens round with ticking hands trailing after the
tail feathers
of dream catchers that the sky tries to net stars in.

Their travels are a chorus of wings over slumbering
breastplates,
& hands beating with every sea-scoured hour glass
& polished clock face.

No wonder their watch is so startlingly clear
even if unable to change a thing.