

What the angel said

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [June 1, 2010](#) issue

For Fra Angelico

He spoke to you in blue, in the long call
of light from the top of a Tuscan hill.
Your hand answered, the quick sketch of a girl
taking shape before you knew she was you,
head uplifted, her angelful eyes
sure of what they see: being bodied true
as the stilled wings, the beatified sky.
What words might have passed have passed as air
sighed by the soul in the act of rapture.
Now there is only ochre and thin-skinned cream,
struck gold against the garden's sudden green,
forever as present as it once seemed,
her hands crossed soft against her hidden fear
and angel's breath still warm within your ear.