

The Blue Angel

You are purposely posing there
untouchable, refined, divine Blue Angel.
Priceless treasure, stunning object from Heaven.
Goddess-Angel, Awesome-Mother.

How long can I look at you?
How long can you lord it over my mind?

Untouchable Angel I am drawn to you
but you cower and your flesh suddenly melts.
Unexpectedly old age folds your cheeks into your
eyes as easily as fire melts wax.

There is milk on my lips I am a child
as poisonous as a lactating woman.
You would die in my embrace so I
relinquish my desire to touch your face.
To touch you to touch you to touch you
to kiss the splendid Blue Angel.

You are there for me to see but not know
if there is warmth or blood to be had; you are there
for me to gaze upon like the night sky,
the glint in you eyes are stars I will never own.

Can I really be blamed for your discomfort?
Can an Angel feel discomfort?

Your blue robe flows like water to my feet.
I stand in the puddle of your image.
I stand below your throne in awe in
expectation that the Blue Angel will speak.
But you are too fine for words or sentiment.
Your porcelain breasts too cruel for laughter.

Divine Mother-Torment stake in my dreams!

Laurie Suzanne Lessen