

TERUKO ANDERSON-JONES

Angels in the Park

It didn't start out that way,
no hint of the magic that was to come.
The flurry at home as you changed,
last-minute into your uniform,
arriving late and near tears, you didn't
want to get out of the car. "Just go," I said,
"and take it from this moment on."
You did,
walking up to receive your graduation wings,
large paper ones that rose above your shoulders
as you turned on the footbridge to wave,
the sun opalescent behind you.
The park was filled with angels for this
Girl Guide "flying up," and had there been
a celestial one amongst you,
no one could have told the difference.
Not the mothers, who hadn't known
their children were this close to heaven.