

I believe in Angels

Jiming Lindal

I see angels everywhere,
every shape and form, enchanting;
they are the faces of the children,
they are the fairies in the garden;
they are pebbles on the road,
shining and gleaming;
they are birds in the sky,
flying and gliding;
daisies in the field,
open their faces;
winds in the trees,
whisper in voices;
frogs of the pond,
jumping;
stars in the sky,
blinking;
they are the mornings by the beach,
and evenings by the mountain;
cactus in the desert,
and eagles surf the rocks;
they sing and dance,
they swim and skate;
knocking and running,

fun they have;
quieting and sitting,
tranquility;
beauty chants in volumes,
only they come!