

"My Angel"

While I was sleeping one night I had a Dream, I dreamed I saw an Angel, and she wasn't looking well, her body was bruised and battered, Her wings ripped and torn, I saw that she could barely walk, she was exhausted and overworked, I walked over to her and said, "Angel how could this be?" As she looked back at me and tried to smile she said these words to me, "I'm your Guardian Angel Quite a job as you can see, you've lived a hard life and with that you must agree, you've broken laws and hearts, What you see you've done to me, the bruises are from shielding you each and everyday as you can see, I do my best, the Drugs you've used so recklessly, I've paid the price, My wings are ripped and torn a noble bandage I bear, So many times they've shield you, though you were unaware, True every mark has its story of pain and danger I've destroyed, you've made me wish more than once that I was unemployed, if you would've only embraced life and chose to do good on your own, it would've ended all this pain and suffering that goes with being your chaperone, I will always be here to watch you, until my strength finally fails, as for when will that be? I really don't know, all I can say is "I'm getting old and frail", When I awoke I thought about my Dream, and how much she seemed to care, Then I looked around my prison cell and my heart sank with despair, As I sat here all alone, I thought and wondered "Why should I even try"? Then air rushed at me, I thought of her battered wings, That was the first time I heard an Angel cry for me,