



For Ayla (and all Wounded Healers)

by Rev. Margo Ross Sears, an observant devotee of earthly angels

She knows herself to be a harbinger of light & dark,
Porting tears of crystalline diamonds
polished smooth by abrasive angst and self-condemnation.

Living from her sacred & filigreed Heart,
an injured Heart that weeps its own tears of amethyst blood
Drooling, curling and shimmering down the side of her bent bones
Pooling like an upturned indigo umbrella...waiting to catch more.

An angel's heart...wracked with screaming soul.
Deep, vulnerable, ineffable soul...the kind the Church warns you about.
Profound in her views of Self, Life, Others...she turns it all in on herself
And carries that cache on her delicate shoulders,
The same ones girded with wings of gossamer steel...very real.

She has no shoes on her gentle feet.
She treads lightly and feels every inch of earth, stone, carpet and pavement
To her core. Shoes have no place here.
Separation from her divinity is not tolerable,
Though ceaselessly she dangles diamonds for the separation she does feel.

She connects with everything and everyone around her gently and wholly...
and holy.
Touching some of them is grabbing a searing blade...
creating a ballad of bittersweetness which does not leave her easily.
She holds it--holds them--
Until they too transmute into angels & proprietors of their own paths
Wondering at the light she heralds.
Wondering why she too does not partake of it.

But she feels it...it razes a her mind, shreds her resolve,
And holds her hands behind her spine,
Cradling her in an uneasy familiarity that walks beside her
more often than she wishes for.
A familiarity forfeited for family, for friends, for faults & forgiveness...
At least to jade-colored her.

The Light is her bane and her glory.

Angel of sweet Mercy, gently release your own prisoner.
Painfully open your door, rusty with salt, tight as an old jar.
We are here to be your messengers of light and not so much dark.
Come be here now in this safe space of genuine adoration, little Big One.
It may not be familiar and comfortable here for you at first.



But,
When you see us
You will know us
By the beautiful mirrors we hold up,
near and dear,
given to us
by You.