



The Messenger

Red burnished Angel winged imprisoned
Fragmented colours in crumbling view
Peeling robes through age and darkness
Seen a former Christian glory

You were there before the dawn of time
Soulful singing through creation
Divine instrument of God heralding forth revelation
And miracle births

Seeking out old women and men
Invading dreams in flight
Searching for the blind, startling poor shepherds
In suffocating down and glaring light

And a young Jewish girl whose naïve yes brought forth
The Word made flesh
Demands met and accounted for
The pain realised later

And you were there at the Resurrection
Guiding the rocky path to God
Repeating the message of a return to love
To bring us home

Susan Newland