

## ETHEL WEBB

### LAST ANGEL

I dance upon a pinnacle of Time.  
(there are no other angels)  
until the glass shoe shatters.

The world is full of pumpkins,  
Heaven of mice,           and all  
the angels fallen.

Hurled from cliff to chasm,  
anguished,     seeking light;  
darkness,     only darkness,  
and I fall.     Again I fall.

Again.

Hands entwine my garments,  
fingers my hair,   and all  
stained with blood of beasts.

Bonds of earth encompass me  
too tightly.     I find solace  
in the solitude of space  
within the dreaming eye  
that bides behind the bone.

Is there no death for angels?

I stir inside the dark cocoon,  
peacocks screaming aeons into night.  
The wings I never had are broken.  
I close my lidless eye and dream,  
whirling           turning,  
                  in everlasting light.