

My Angel In Heaven

My Angel In Heaven

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Guard her Heaven



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My Angel In Heaven

My Angel In Heaven
I am tired and want to die,
I am not Atlas, but still
try to hold up the sky.

But it is not your sky I hold up,
it is her heaven, over violent sea.
she needs my help--I need help,
sunset-- I am down to knee.

If my arms weaken--
I loose faith,
my young angel,
will disappear into ocean--
without trace.

Every morn I stand,
somedays refreshed;
when ocean is quiet,
and clouds resemble
sunday dress.

My angel in heaven,
sea spray can lash my face,
wind can howl in my ears--
I will still hold your heaven in place,
from falling in the ocean of tears.

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