

Divine Love

By Kyle Dungy

“Oh you down in the sorry world bitten by wind
Celestials away from warming touch to the skin
Where down below lord of dreams reign, a dear friend
Who in the coming of night grants us momentary grasp
Roaming the fields of dream together in gentle agony
For we know the dream will end and I join the heavens
Once more, where my wings grow divine and true
While you awaken perfectly mortal, unaware it was more
Then a passing dream, where loneliness is a farce.”

The gates of heaven move slow, with generous Paul
Guiding the lovers and poets to eternity—yet
For I a great angel, who knows nothing of the mortal
Land cannot see anything but the grays and shades
Yet again when I enter the dreams of her, I, reborn
Not as angel but equally divine, where sunset
Is brushing with pinks and reds, oranges and yellows
Where the green gets greener and blue brighter.

Here heaven aches and crashes, I with great thrashes
Cling at my own immortal heart, for there is no heaven,
No divinity, no smile with the blooming of lilies without
You near my weeping soul. As immortal as I am,
You are but my mortal companion. When sleep takes you
I will be there in the rolling hills of Rome, seas of Asia,
But when the greater sleep takes you, and you find yourself
In a land of eternal beauty, our parting will be nigh.

The angels of heaven cannot feel the warmth of its city
For we are the sentinels meant to guard eternal