Paper Wings

Elizabeth Pinchman
And now the household is silent.

Daily inner quarrels caressed

By the tips of the crescent moon,

Before tucked into treetop beds

The wind rocking them side to side,

Back and forth in the moon’s cradle.

Its arms around the bed of leaves,

Creating a nook for quiet rest

Inside the household people lay

Like angels in stolen bodies

With paper-thin, invisible wings

Stroking their shoulders and backs

Minds numb to the day’s commotions;

The only thoughts are subconscious.

Restless souls drifting upwards

As bodies lay anchored in place

Much different from the course of day,

When no one thought peace could be real
In a world with hate and despair
Cashing in fear for infamy

The suns sets as a reminder
That there is always a future
Where people find their angel wings and
Push each other up like birds in flight.

And now the household is silent.
With the dark sky summoned to hush
The place outside, where quarrels are sent,
To be laid to rest for the night.