Where Have All the Angels Flown?

Dean Friedman

by Dean FriedmanSprawling spired skylines, sparkle in the night
Sprinkling angel dust on everything in sight.
In the shadows far below, nestled deep within,
Lies a cardboard shanty town shaking in the wind.
Huddled in the darkness, strays outside the fold
Citizens of nowhere seeking shelter from the coldWhere have all the angels flown?
To their father's golden throne?
Leaving we of merely flesh and blood and bone
Stranded on the surface of this our fragile home.Kings in crystal castles, feast on fortune's fare
While surly subjects seem to vanish in thin air
Red ripe rivers rise on falsely fertile fields.
While we all watch in wonder at the weapons wisemen wield.
Friends all but forgotten; memories grow dim
Prayers no more than whispers; sing a silent hymmWhere have all the angels flown?
To their father's golden throne?
Leaving we of merely flesh and blood and bone
Stranded on the surface of this our fragile home.Somewhere in some city sprawled on some factory floor.
Tiny fingers spinning silken patterns for
Princes and Princesses, debutantes and heirs
Under some illusion that what they have is theirs
Whiled tethered to their stations lesser souls do yearn
Perchance to buy their freedom with the pennies that they earn.Where have all the angels flown?
To their father's golden throne?
Leaving we of merely flesh and blood and bone
Stranded on the surface of this our fragile home.

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