

Gaia speaks to the cherub she sent
to guard the tree of knowledge

your short wings my angel!
dull as a parrot's
mother wants to stroke them down
lie still

oh yes now sleep
you chubby child
looking immovable
as handcream
you youngest bringer of light
to minds and breath
angel of the storm

oh little one watch out
for snakes!
be wary of the other mothers there!
take care of strangers!
my little one so negligently beautiful
in the morning

CHRIS MANSELL