

## Angels: Constable Warren Clarifies

Those twins that woman whelped in Polish town--  
I'd pulled their drunken half-froze father from a drift  
some years before, and shook him into life again.  
Thought I was an angel standing over him, he did,  
my dark coat white with snow, the buttons gleaming  
gold, like the gilding on a statue at his church.

Those children changed that fella, as children will.  
They taught him what the snow is for; in later winters  
there'd be statues of another kind outside his shack, those  
that melt in springtime, and angels scalloped in the drifts,  
a big one and two--cherubs, I suppose you'd call 'em.  
When I'd be limping out my rounds in Polish town, out  
he'd bound to thank me for his life. "Twan't much," I'd say,  
and give a nod to the sturdy woman at the window, and the  
two small round faces poised above the sill, eyes wide.

That was long ago, of course. Those Polish twins grew up,  
or didn't; turned out well, or not. Before those children  
started school, I was brought up to this hill,  
with the stars and the wind and, in April, the lilac.  
Gettin' clarified, I am. But it goes slow. Sometimes I  
find myself in town again, checking doors and stopping  
floods, saving drunks and keeping boys from trouble.  
I forget that other players now strut and fret and  
have their fits in the cluttered mind of God, before  
they, too, come up here, and wait. For whatever's next.

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