

Strange and Silent Hands

by Philip F. Clark

(After the film, 'Wings of Desire,' by Wim Wenders)

The angel was quiet, unseen, felt; stood
over me as I read my book. The world
was filled with an impatient fluttering.
He said not a thing, but he spoke to me
as I turned pages, rapt in the attention
of his unworldly bright language. The books
watched us, voices from their pages
waiting to be read, 'Please, me; please, me.'
It was not a mouth I felt, but a breath
and gentle solemnity. He bent to me. I kept
reading and the angel watched. Vigilant, touched
back by me, he my sentry and I his common man.
I shuddered. This is how we are chosen
by strange and silent hands.

