

POETRY/FICTION

Poems

As if I were an angel

It's as if I were an angel
flying through the clouds.
As if that could be.
Me.
An angel.
As if there could be a future
I could not know.
A future without death
being the end,
but a beginning.
As if that could be.
Me.
An angel.
A lapsed Jewish angel
with wings to fly.
As if I would transcend
what I ever could have imagined.
Me.
As if that could possibly be
Me,
An angel.
Not alone.
But with other angels.
Angels like me
who never imagined
love beyond limits

—William Breitbart, M.D.