

Fallen Angel

Homeless Henry in Kilmashogue or that lonely man in Swords,

Do you ever really listen ? and hear his Human words !

Do you daily perceive? the sound of natures birds,

Has God ever answered and not have you you perturbed ?

Because as you live your life each and every day,

Have you forgotten how to listen and maybe even pray ?

Would your friends want to hear you , and sometimes even stay,

Or are they always in a hurry ? ... I've got to go away !

Is there a strange kind of rumbling ? a question I hear You ask ?

When you just go on living and , and tackle every task !

But who is that person, underneath the Human mask ?

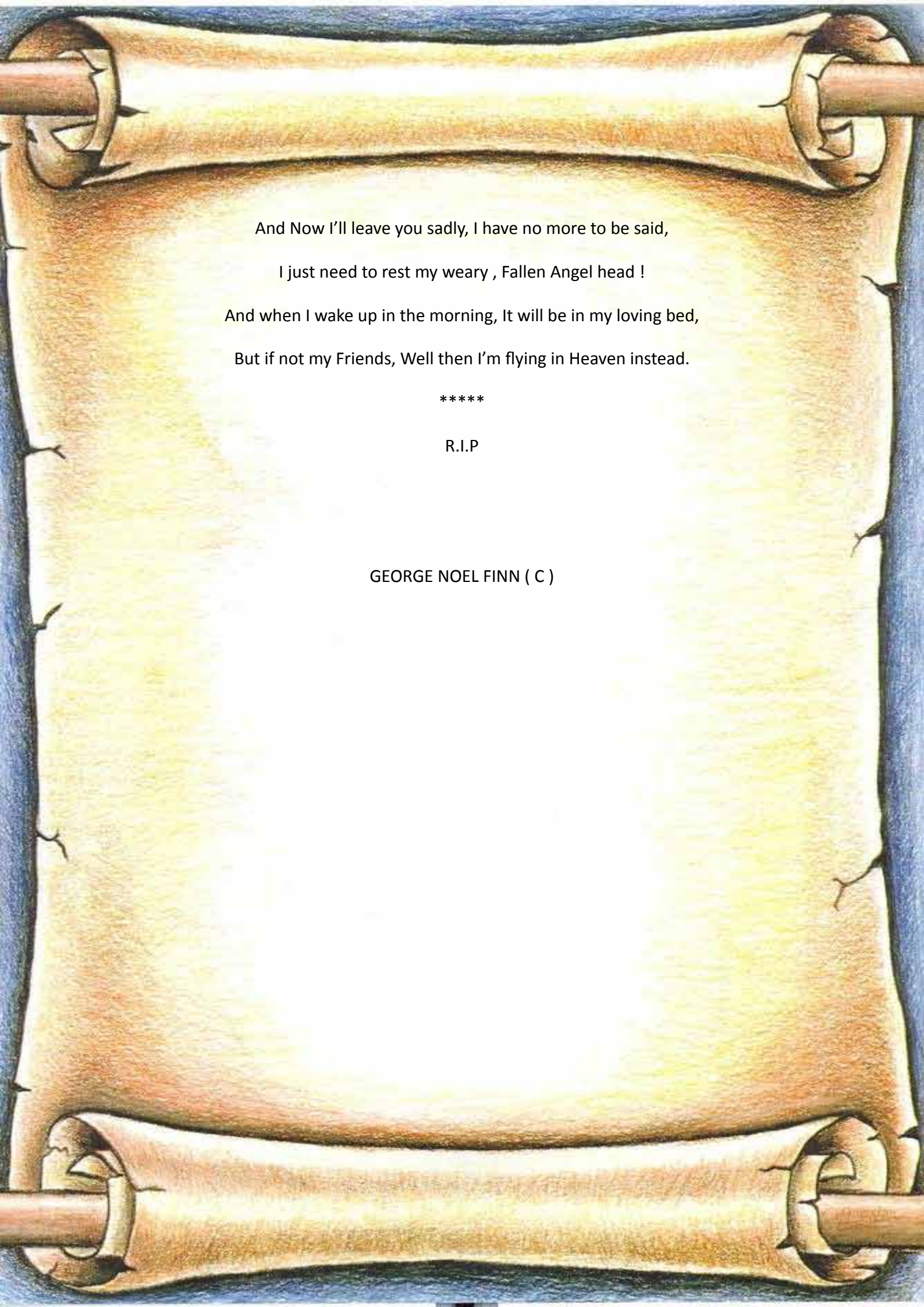
And you are now just thinking, funny George should ask ?

Because each and every Human , Is just a Fallen angel now it seems !

And when the Dream is over , God is always He who just redeems,

But why should one who's Human? shout and then in dread He screams !

That depends on where he's going. He'll know nightly in his dreams!

A scroll of parchment is unrolled, showing text. The scroll is held by wooden rods at the top and bottom, with metal clasps. The parchment is yellowed and has some cracks. The text is centered and reads:

And Now I'll leave you sadly, I have no more to be said,
I just need to rest my weary , Fallen Angel head !
And when I wake up in the morning, It will be in my loving bed,
But if not my Friends, Well then I'm flying in Heaven instead.

R.I.P

GEORGE NOEL FINN (C)