

red angels

slither in the cantilevers of frank lloyd
they walk streets in chicago
dance on lake michigan
sleep on old sauk-trails
and hide in machinery.

they haunt bogs and warm fens
sit in bars
peer in windows
whisper to lovers

they love the heartlands
and i write with them in my veins

to men in dark shoes
before revolving brass doors
to women in linen
cradling purses
to lovers at stop signs
under blind architecture

take any path through a dune
to a long beach
this side of u.s. steel
when clouds dark
in a squall line break open
with filaments
of gold lightning
and the lake is frothing green and azure

where lovers
spread blankets for each other
wait for red angels to haul in a net of rain and blue wind

until the man in dark shoes turns to the woman in linen
and offers a child in green rain

then red angels flew to the wood
and they shook trees
they shook them suave
they shook them slow
until they danced!

-William K. Buckley