

# Lonely Angel Dust

Laura Veirs

The rose is not afraid to blossom  
Though it knows its pedals must fall  
And with its pedals fall seeds into soil  
Why toil to contain it all?  
Why toil at all?

Ice crystals form from flakes of heaven  
Fall down weightless to the earth  
To them it's worth the falling  
Through atmospheres a-dawning  
And open arms a-calling  
To collect and protect all the raining  
Insane from above  
The lonely angel dust  
The only angel does...