

Angels Must Smile Like That

Terry Scott Taylor

Woke up lying in her garden bed
The sun came up behind her head
I touched her hair,
then brushed it back
Oh, angels must smile like that
She's a picture of the world
to come,
a beautiful and Holy one
I rest my head against her lap
Ah, angels must smile like that
Was she flesh and blood
breathing in
the juniper and the jasmine?
When the night fell
was that stardust in her eyes
and moonlight glistening
on her skin?
(Skin like porcelain)
Love and mercy graced the prayer
she'd said
that pulled me from the riverbed
Body heat flowed,
brought me back
Oh, angels must smile like that
Angels must smile like that
Angels must smile like that