

The Messengers

By Alix Scott-Martin

The messengers hover in dark spaces,
corners of rooms and unlit stoves, flickering their lights.
They drift down side-streets and empty roads,
prostrate, palms pressed in prayer like stone saints
or raised by warm gusts, their blue tunics flapping.
In a closed room, an old woman
mourns missing years and the messengers hear her.
They wait behind fridge hum and white noise,
silent as smoke, rising to the sleepless, to the lost.
For those who are shadows, they whisper
in warehouses and hospital wards, feathered as hope,
airborne, clapping their wings.
Their fingers work quickly and lightly
on the temples of a man who can't breathe.
They know where to kneel - in operating theatres,
on wet tarmac, on bridges and bedrooms left empty.
They move like cool waves over a mother with clenched fists,
soothing her sighs through quiet, moonlit hours.

They have seen other worlds, rich and green
and perfect as clean, tucked sheets,
yet here they are,
slant-lit through storm clouds,
asking nothing of us.