Paper Angels

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A thread runs up her spine
knitting verses of Heaven into her bones.
Braids fall into halos, black onto white.
Angels fall on strings of glory
glowing before the unholy.
This child
has hidden a soul behind
proud and shy eyes.
Her lips turn up in a
knowing smile, her dark skin
shines before walls
of fire and a shadow that
is not her own. Still worldly,
she has turned her back
to the painted streets of Hell,
covered the world in white.
And grace dangles
on the end of her string.

On Mary Whyte’s *Paper Angel*
http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-5DI5piiYm5s/T-yjkk7ngQI/AAAAAAAAARKY/j2MzEeogkL0/s1600/Mary+Whyte++(26).jpg