

An Angel Brushed My Shoulder

An angel at my shoulder heard
The whisper of goodbye
Offering eternity as life slipped silent by
So peacefully it seemed in sleep
You yielded to the love
That reached across my shoulder
To lift you high above
But still you are beside me
And with certainty I know
The hands I can no longer hold
Will guide me as I go
For in that fleeting moment
At the touch of Heaven's embrace
As one angel brushed my shoulder
Another took its place.

by Catherine Turner