

The Guardian
By Jeff Young

Not far in the distance late in the night
The thunder was rolling, the lightning burned bright
It moved like a monster to pass overhead
I watched as it went, safe in my bed

To the rage of the storm, I closed my eyes
Traveling off to where the dream world lies
I found myself at the edge of a lake
As I gazed in the water, I began to shake

I looked to the eyes of my own reflection
To see in myself a growing infection
I saw in my soul my deadliest sin
Paving the way for my demons to win

My life had become a gauntlet of walls
An endless maze of dark barren halls
In self-pity, I clung to a web of dejection
Blocked off to the world by inner rejection

My denial of life had left me a shell
Dooming myself to my own private hell
I looked to the sky and screamed my despair
Then fell to my knees in a last desperate prayer

“Please save me from this path I have taken
Make me a man no longer forsaken
If I could see in your eyes what you see in me
I could release my grip, and thus be free”

The heavens opened with a golden shine
Releasing a guardian, her nature divine
Her movement was lithe, her body aglow
Radiating as bright as the purest of snow

With the weight of a plume, she touched the ground
Ever so gently and making no sound
With eyes as profound as a perfect kiss
Her elegance defined my sense of bliss

She waved a hand to beckon me near
And I saw in her eyes I had nothing to fear
I lowered my head and I moved to her call
I felt in that moment my insanity fall

With supple wings of the purest white
She engulfed my body in her heavenly light
She pulled me close in a loving embrace
An unyielding hold of benevolent grace

Within her arms I lay and I trembled
In a torrent of cries, I became unraveled
No more a man, but a child of shame
My sorrow a beast I had no means to tame

A gentle finger moved to my cheek
Catching the tears that started to streak
She hushed me with a comforting tone
Assuring me I was no longer alone

In powerful arms, she wrapped me tight
Shielding me like a virtuous Knight
With a soothing stroke of hand through hair
She eased the heartache of my despair

Her breath played on me in a calming breeze
Forcing my anguish down to its knees
With her whispered words my trembles cease
Snug in her arms I have found my peace

My eyes snapped open to where reality waited
The thunder now muted and the dreamland faded
The last of the storm had moved on past
Leaving the night in silence at last

Slowly I turned and discovered her there
Her arm around me, her hand in my hair
My angel was with me, she was all along
In my guardian's arms was where I belong

She is my sentinel sent from above
My mark of serenity, my sacred dove
In her loving eyes, I find my place
My rapture felt in her secure embrace