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Lucky

My guardian angel died
When I was a freshman in high school.
And sometimes I wonder,
How much I've lost,
Without his embrace.

I've been trudging onward without him,
For a while now, and
I've forgotten what it felt like
When the world is a much smaller place,
When pain is mostly a physical thing,
And love,
Is just an indication
Of a much better future ahead.

His name was formed with the notion,
That his chances of becoming
A part of my family were initially slim.
That he should have counted his blessings,
That Lady Luck decided to brightly shine
Upon his sleek black fur,
His green eyes,
Understanding,
His stance,
Sympathetic.
He was everything a guardian angel should have been, and
He was Lucky.

At night, he roamed the land,
Protecting us from the demons,
Who lurked beneath the fallen
Pine trees plastered with mounds
Of amber sap, the kind with
Bits of bark stuck within,
Stuck on his nose when he returned.

And at dawn, he cleared the pond

(No Stanza Break)

Of the bellowing geese,
Swatting them from our premises
And only rewarding himself with
A quick drink from the still water,
And the chaotic environment,
As he watched us prepare to leave,
Him for the day.

Quietly, attentively,
He would sit upon the table,
His green eyes staring
Lovingly at those he sought to protect.
And, at night, his huddled being,
Rested against my own,
Prioritizing duty over sleep.
We took for granted
How lucky we were.

And I remember clearly,
When he had finally received
The mortal wound, there
Were no tears, no anger,
No isolation. I only knew when
He crawled onto my lap, as if to say,
“This is my only chance to tell you how much you mean to me”.

And that’s how my guardian angel fell,
Enduring his assignment to the end.
And, now, I am here.
Unable to remember,
What the world was like when he existed.
But, I’m sure others have also had,
And lost, their own angels,
And perhaps they too,
Cannot remember what it felt like
When your universe was merely family and friends,
Your troubles were always negligible,
And your happiness was taken for granted.
But, perhaps they too,
Are lucky enough,
To at least remember,
That those feelings
Existed.