



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.



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