**The Angel of the North**

There was an Angel. Of the North, I could tell,

by his vowels, flattened, and the pattern of words,

‘Is yon fed by beck?’ A beautiful dark-haired

seraph, striding across the Heath. I found him;

while to south and east beneath us, the City

trembled in a haze of simmering heat. He was

not moved. By Hampstead Ponds, he dreamed

of Skiddaw’s climb, Pen-y-Ghent and Keswick’s lake,

Heaven, his perfect Heaven. And he was mine.

What a love. What a lover, my earth-bound muse.

His touch halo-light, a biblical journey this soft

feathered flight North to South. Neither choir

nor harp; he was colliery brass, mining bass note

rhythms from hot-blown breath. I was lamp-lit

firefly, spiralling up through the pit-dark. Come

the winter, he yearned for frost-glazed moors,

York’s great Minster shrouded in snow, the tors

ghosts under icy stars. His heart froze,

the end came quickly. Islington’s Angel cried

his name, St. Pancras summoned; through Belsize Park

and Golders Green, a rapid ascension.

Ecstatic disciple, his soul reclaimed by the Northern

Line. Then, shaking out those canopied wings,

he flew the length of England’s spine.