

## Winged Shepherdess

still she is  
up there  
her pulsating wings  
the warm breeze  
I feel it

days are long  
gone  
when I could  
tip my head back  
to see her

used to kneel  
between my parents  
a hyper little girl  
long ponytail dusting  
the pew behind me

cathedral ceiling adorned  
with Roman Catholic art  
beautiful but  
two-dimensional  
my shepherdess was different

one wink from her  
at just the right moment  
hypnotic  
settled me right down  
into my family's pew

strangers sit here now  
irritated by my choice  
of parking space  
right next to *their* pew  
my irritating wheelchair

angelic fingertips  
on my forehead  
now I'm being  
backed up  
service must be over

don't know anymore  
what my body does  
nor what's done to it  
no such thing  
as privacy anymore

must be close  
to what it feels like  
to be pure spirit  
to be like her  
my winged shepherdess

—*Rosa Maria DelVecchio*