Strange and Silent Hands

by Philip F. Clark

(After the film, 'Wings of Desire,' by Wim Wenders)

The angel was quiet, unseen, felt; stood over me as I read my book. The world was filled with an impatient fluttering. He said not a thing, but he spoke to me as I turned pages, rapt in the attention of his unworldly bright language. The books watched us, voices from their pages waiting to be read, 'Please, me; please, me.' It was not a mouth I felt, but a breath and gentle solemnity. He bent to me. I kept reading and the angel watched. Vigilant, touched back by me, he my sentry and I his common man. I shuddered. This is how we are chosen by strange and silent hands.