

Misguided Angel

My misguided angel has a face of displeased cheer
A life of voyeurism and filled with fear
As I see Mother Teresa's judgemental leer
My heart just trembles as I just hope she would disappear

Busying herself cooking, cleaning with constant chatter
Giving wrong advice in amongst all of the clatter
Oh I just wish she would listen
To the cry of the human condition

With beauty, charm and charisma in spades
Though it appears in various shades
All wrapped in a cloak of danger
Could the angel be a stranger

Controlling and insecure
The life of the angel can seem so immature
Self indulgent arrogant and proud
Mother Teresa can at times be so loud

Greatly loved and adored
How can this angel be ignored
Clamouring for centre stage
This misguided angel needs to be on the same page

Glenys Ward Mackay
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