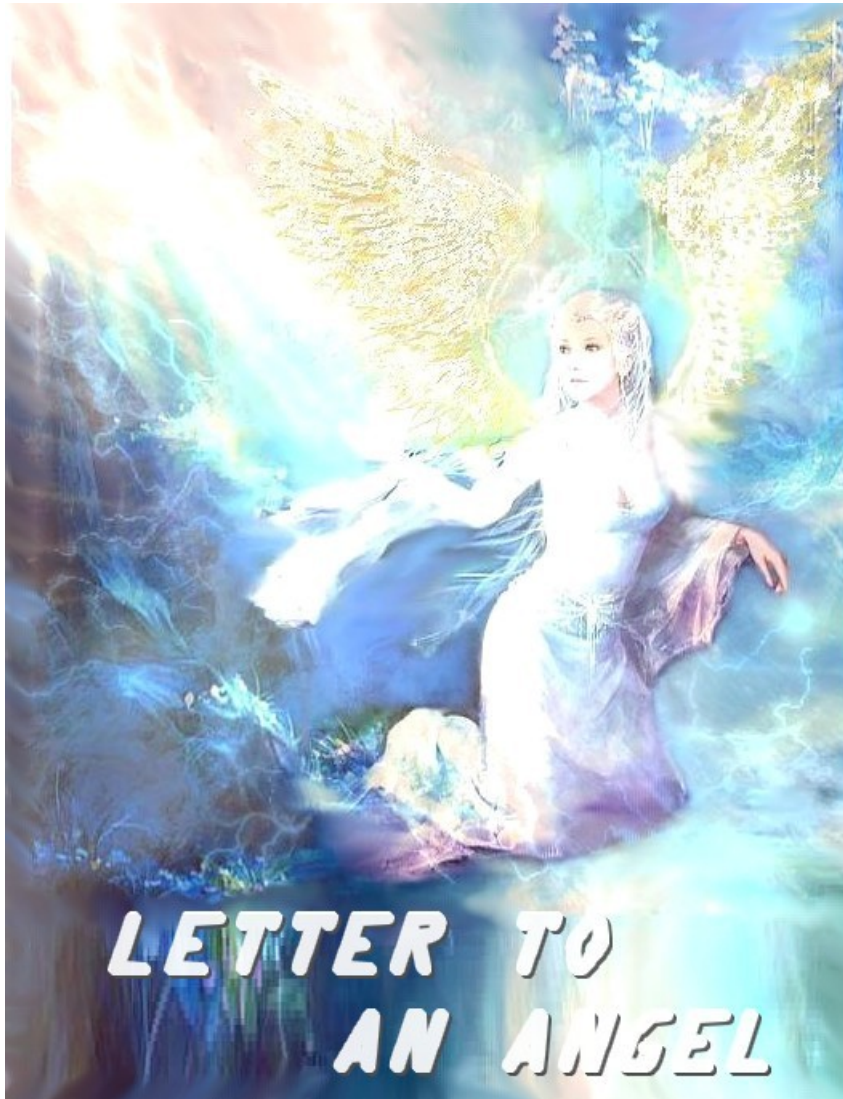


LETTER TO AN ANGEL

by Chrys Romeo



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An Angel of Light

You are not a body: you are a soul.

You are a soul who has a body.

It's important to understand that before you define yourself.

I thought this was going to be about me, but it's not: it's going to be about you instead.

I don't want to mention myself here. I want to mention you.

I believe angels exist. And they're real.

I don't necessarily mean angels as a religious concept, but a more universal and valuable one: for what is an angel? - a superior being with such positive radiance that it outshines and changes reality, making everything brighter, better... and all this without a specific interest other than the good itself.

They are a higher level of beings. Of course, they're human just like everyone else, at a first glance... but the deeper truth is that they are a lot more than expected. Most of the time, they're anonymous and their deeds don't get too much attention from the world. They go on doing selfless acts of kindness and spreading that light of hope around them without claiming glory or appreciation, because their most important purpose and focus is on what they do. Their faces would pass unnoticed in a crowd, but their inner light still shows in their eyes. They are serene and determined, they walk among others as if underneath their feet there are soft clouds, not pavement. Ascending to that level of living takes a lot of positive energy, strong principles, willingness to do good without expecting something in return... and more than anything, a caring heart. Angels are able to feel... and to make others feel as well. They have the power to extend the light of their soul around them, to everything they touch.

Angels are not after material gain. They might need what everyone

needs, but they don't make it their priority. They are special because they go that extra mile to achieve something better: the unmeasurable good that changes the world. It might not be a visible change in the entire world, most of the time it's a definite change in a certain area of the world... or in someone's world anyway.

They don't always wear white or golden clothes: they appear in usual outfits of many colors. Most of the time they aren't very glamorous. They drive their cars, they walk their dogs, they clean their rooms, they make their own sandwiches or coffee. And they do so much more for others: they help, they heal, they comfort, they improve, they instruct, they redeem, they save, they inspire – and they always care. Whatever they do, they do care... a little more than expected, a lot more than recognized.

Sometimes they have no name and they get lost in the tumult of the crowd before one can even say thank you. Sometimes we don't even know they are there, doing something for us that we're not even aware of. Yet

they exist.

If you ever doubt you are an angel, ask me. I'll tell you that you are. I know it. I've seen it: the light in your eyes that switches on the light of reality into another perspective; the heavenly unearthly kindness that is so rare and so immeasurably uplifting to encounter; a smile that can brighten into spring the darkest coldest day of gray cloudy winter... and the power to change reality into a better universe.

I can't begin to describe you: there's too much to say and words are not enough here.

A painting would not suffice to convey the totality of your presence, what it means and how it affects the vision around you. Your soul is so much more than can be shown or imagined: it can only be felt, understood, admired and loved.

The beauty of your soul makes your body a moving reflection of your inner intensity of sublime radiance, sometimes looking like the sparkling

tremor of the sun on water: a clear expression of brightness.

I want to talk about you in a way that a painter creates the most impressive sight, reaching out beyond reality, coloring a vision of the invisible. I want to praise you in a way that a poet surpasses the meaning of words and reaches to the mind of the reader with something inconceivable. I wish I could describe you even though you're indescribable, just like a wonderful phenomenon of a miracle – because that's what you are, something that one can see clearly with the eyes of the heart.

If nobody praised you for everything you do, I will honor you right here. If nobody ever applauded you, I will do it right now. If nobody told you that you are an angel with a golden soul, I'm the one who can say it to you a thousand times until you believe it. Although angels don't need praise, applause or recognition for what they are, they still need to see the effects of their presence on earth. And maybe they need to feel appreciated to keep their light intensely bright.

I hope you don't forget that you are an angel. I hope you don't ever give up being an angel just because sometimes it might seem easier to not care so much, to not do so much and not be sure it's worth it. I know your true nature will keep on shining, no matter what... but even angels get tired sometimes. Even angels have doubts. Even they can give up or fall from the light of their own soul into earthly oblivion. I hope you remember my words whenever you encounter that moment: it's better being an angel even if it's harder. It's so rare and valuable.

What is more spectacular than finding an angel in the most unfamiliar place, in the most desolate of times, in the most unexpected situation? Because the contrasting view between a cold environment and a warm angel can make one feel so alive and hopeful. It can light up everything. I'm sure there were angels in times of war, on the front line, walking through mud and explosives to pick up wounded soldiers. I'm sure there were angels who brought water to slaves in immemorial ages, in dark times of history.

I'm very sure there were angels who showed the way to lost travelers, and angels who rescued and offered shelter to abandoned children or animals during storms. Wherever they were, whatever they did, they gave life a chance.

It was an angel who made me feel I was not alone anymore in a time when I had been.

Of course feeling so much love in an instant was inevitable and irreversible. Can you imagine meeting someone for a short while and not being able to ever forget them? The impact of the encounter with an angel can be so impressive it lasts a lifetime... and the paradox is, one can meet an angel maybe just once in a lifetime. Sometimes the eternity of the light you receive is so intense, once in a lifetime becomes like forever in a day.

I might not meet you again, but the memory and the awareness of your existence still stay with me every day. The afterglow of your eyes looking at me, the warmth of your smile brightening my mind cannot be

erased. I almost believe an angel can read thoughts and feelings like words on a page.

Do you know? The moment I realized I was close to an angel, your features started to become one with the light. The moment I could see your soul I started to lose the sight of your face in my mind. I was so afraid I would not remember what you look like, I started to search for you. I didn't even know your name. I had only a scribbled note... yet I was so determined to find you, it took me three days of relentless search to finally recognize your smile in a picture. I couldn't let you disappear from my life, even if I knew our encounter might be short and unrepeatable.

Angels hide in the most unexpected people and appear at the most unimagined times and places. If you were to think about the people around you, the ones closest to you, the persons you know... which ones would you decide are actually angels? People are people, but sometimes people are also angels... and that is for sure. Now I know.

Do you believe in fate? In coincidence? In things “meant to be” ? In a mysterious supernatural arrangement of the universe? What do you believe in, when you think about moments that seem out of the ordinary? Are they inspiring like in the movies? It’s been proven, life is more surprising than the movies... Do you think it was meant to be that the moment you step out of the doorway you come across someone who had just gotten off the bus to find you - right at the last second when it was possible to meet? Do you know the last time I saw you we had arrived at the exact same moment, but you were in your car, parking it while I was in the moving tramway? Had I gotten off a station before I would have seen your eyes and smile once more. Instead, I only saw the little white automobile and your hands on the wheel: an angel looking for parking space in a cold gray world.

It was one of those moments. Those movie-like moments arranged in the mysterious universe, a coincidental setting of events that stay in one’s

mind as a fragment of destiny. As only angels seem to appear in miraculous circumstances: it's a part of the power that surrounds them.

For what is this notion of the right time and the right place anyway, other than what is necessary to be, to happen? You might be necessary for a certain place in time. Your presence is essential to it.

If you're ever wondering why you're in a desolate place that doesn't have your shiny radiance, if you ever feel stranded in a hostile environment, remember that angels are sent in dark places to light them up and bring them a hope of life.

Your presence could save a life somewhere. It could make a difference when nothing else would. It could improve the direction of things in a way you aren't even aware of.

You're an angel of light and you have that power.

The Time Rider

What makes someone unforgettable? What is the spark that makes someone recognizable anywhere, anytime?

Investigating through files and photographs to find an image of your eyes I came across one picture that stopped time instantly. There it was, the angel smile. However, the photograph belonged to another century. And yet, I was more than certain it was you in that picture on the computer screen. The unmistakably warm feeling of knowing it was you started to erase the contours of the room around me. The meadow and the sunbeams became vivid and undulating upon the walls.

I don't know how you had arrived in that timeless photo from another century, but I was also instantly present in that meadow. The summer sun was burning the dry grass of the yellow steppe from where I saw your

silhouette riding a fast untamed horse in a race against seconds, a revolutionary amazon whose words whistled above the hills with sharp precision:

“They’re torching the trees! Come on, let’s stop them!”

The girl with hair like the steppe yellow grass had hawk feathers knitted at the end of the locks and the horse was also wearing matching feathers, both almost flying over the hills in a rush, followed by a bunch of savage riders yelling battle shouts. I ran to the top of the hill, to look in the distance: there seemed to be some small trees and a group of round tents made of flax cloth that were already on fire. The riders led by the amazon angel chased away the thieves who jumped on a steam train. I could distinguish the moving iron wheels of the primitive train that dashed across the dry steppe, followed by the feather-flying rider.

“Wait!” I shouted realizing it was no longer a painting in motion that I was witnessing from outside – I was already part of the scenery,

watching as you were fading in the distance.

I ran after the train, making a shortcut in a valley. I grabbed the metal bar of the last wagon. The train was rather speeding like an ancient tractor, so it wasn't hard to get hold of. I climbed the coal train. Wherever it was going, I had to join the race, as long as you were there.

The white horse was galloping alone parallel with the steam train. I got inside the wagon.

The moment I stepped inside, the temperature changed. It was freezing cold. Through the open window snow flakes were flying asunder, falling and forming a soft carpet on the floor. I looked outside: the steam train was rushing through snowy rocky mountains. Its speed had increased. It no longer looked like a wooden train: it had metal sliding doors, heavy like those of freight trains during world wars.

“Oh, you're walking. Please go back to bed” , I heard a voice say.

I turned around. You had opened the door of the wagon and were

standing there, looking at me with that wise thoughtful and mysterious see-through-all sideway glance. I stared at the green outfit and the red cross medical cap you were wearing. Then I realized I was only covered in a blanket.

For a moment, I just stood there speechless.

You turned and closed the door.

I looked around at the wooden stretcher that was probably the bed, so I sat on it, wrapping the blanket around me. The snow flakes kept on flying through the window as the train was swaying on the rails, cutting through heaps of snow. I could see the steep high rocks of the mountains rushing by, empty and silent.

I waited for you to return.

You came back: a calm angel followed by a nurse.

I hadn't noticed the bandages on my leg. I watched you as you unfolded them with swift moves.

“Iodine” you told the nurse.

I looked at the wound: a war effect most probably. The bullet had torn the muscles in depth. You cleaned the wound undisturbed. I watched your hands move with ease: so delicate yet so firm and precise. There was a certain finesse and charm in the warmth of your soft fingers with tough movements.

“Everything looks good” , you said casually, as if to yourself.

I wondered if you were saying it for me.

“Give me a smaller gauze” you said to the nurse again.

There was something reassuring about your presence, so in charge and yet so calm, drifting above the situation as if nothing unusual was happening. I knew in that instant that the light of life was already filling the wagon, just from your silent eyes: it was the power of an angel making everything seem alright even in the most terrible of situations.

“He’s the only one who doesn’t scream when I change the

bandages” , you said to the nurse in a language I could hardly understand.

And then you looked at me and smiled, as you finished.

I smiled back.

“Thank you” , I said partly for taking care of me, partly because you saw and appreciated something about me that nobody had noticed before.

It was as if you believed in me more than others. You made me believe in myself at that moment, even if I didn't remember what I might have done in the war or how I had arrived there. That light in your eyes was the sign of an angel again.

At that moment the train jolted and stopped with a deafening whistle.

The nurse looked worried.

“What's the conductor doing?”

You remained calm. You seemed to know more even if you said less.

You left without explaining.

The nurse was set towards the door but immediately stopped when

she saw me standing up.

I got out of bed, trying to reach the door. The nurse disagreed.

“You shouldn’t get out of bed until your wound is better” , she told me very convinced.

“What’s happening? Why did the train stop?”

“There are many more patients we’ll take with us across the border. Until the war is over they’re just going to keep on coming.”

“Where did the doctor go?”

“Doctor Seraphic will be back later. You must stay in your bed and rest.”

When I heard her say your name I knew it was another undeniable sign of an angel. Who goes around being called “seraphic” anyway? Who else than just an angel?... I had no more doubts who I had met. It felt as if the sky had opened a door and sent you through. The presence of an angel can make time and place seem a simple, insignificant matter of

circumstance... I could have been anywhere anytime, but I knew I was on the fortunate side of life as long as you were there.

The door of the wagon was opened again and a tall man wearing railway uniform called the nurse.

“Come, we need help. They’re too many.”

“Right away.”

They left.

I wondered if you had left the train.

I looked out the window: rows of stretchers were being carried inside through the sliding doors.

In a while I heard the whistle of the siren and the wagons set their wheels in motion on the metal rails. Four more stretchers with freshly wounded men were brought in. I waited for a while then I got up and started to walk along the train.

Looking for you from wagon to wagon wasn’t easy. The train was

crowded and nobody knew where doctor Seraphic could be. I kept asking around, until the train entered a tunnel. Lights went out. It seemed like years until the train emerged from the tunnel on the other side and halted in the middle of nowhere. As light filled the wagons again I saw the train had renewed its aspect once more: it was a steel electric train, with one of those shiny arrow shaped locomotives.

It had stopped in a town. People were getting off, most of them carrying briefcases as if from office work. There were no wounded soldiers in sight. The station was swarming with many types of passengers: rich, poor, fancy, extravagant, desperate or triumphant, agitated or resigned. They were going in different directions. I watched them pass by, wondering where I could see you in that crowd of strangers. The atmosphere of the city was tense and implacable. Life was not easy for anyone - that seemed obvious from the concerned faces and distant, lost in thoughts expressions. The train was empty: I didn't see you anywhere. I looked at the buses,

tramways, taxis and other vehicles that filled the place and the streets. The big city was silent, hiding you so well. The huge dominant buildings were solemnly guarding the large boulevards.

I had no choice but roam through the streets, hoping I could find a trace of you somewhere: maybe fate would bring you back to me, lighting up the unfamiliar town. “Where are you, angel?” I asked in my mind, wondering if you could hear me. While I was passing by some huge building I noticed an immense billboard advertising something about a military institution. The face of the officer was similar to yours. The girl in army uniform was saluting some slogan on the poster. I didn’t understand the words, they were in a language I didn’t know. But I knew where I could look for you: inside the building guarded by men in dark blue uniforms. I picked a flier from the gate and pretended I wanted to enlist in the programme. So they let me inside.

You were the instructor in an isolated glass room, wearing

headphones and shooting a concentric cardboard target.

“Hi” , I said smiling because I knew you.

“Hi” , you smiled too and I was so happy you remembered me.

Your eyes filled with that irreplaceable light that could have been the open horizon on a summer day by an emerald-azure sea, like the feeling of freedom you get when you're far out on a yacht, away from the shore. The warmth of that smile could have melted the stone walls of the solemn building. I wanted to ask you if an angel was supposed to be a shooting instructor. I wasn't surprised the amazon girl was capable of handling it. I was sure there was a mission and a purpose to it.

“I'll show you how to be a secret agent” , you told me. “We're preventing a nuclear disaster.”

Of course. Angels were meant to bring peace and save life in the most unexpected conditions.

I didn't ask what year it was. It didn't matter.

“Hold this gun. Keep it straight, aim it ahead of you. Don’t let it go down below the center line.”

“How imminent is the nuclear conflict?”

“Not so imminent if we do something about it.”

And then you added with the same self-assured calmness:

“We won’t shoot at people. We’ll just neutralize the equipment that endangers the planet.”

I watched you write down an address.

You gave me the paper.

“Be there tomorrow morning. It’s a nuclear bunker.”

I found a hotel near the train station. The next morning I looked for the address you gave me.

It was a building hidden outside of town, behind trees.

When I got there I found you leading many children to a secure underground shelter.

You saw me and seemed to smile to yourself, but didn't say anything. You knew I would wait for you to finish the task. You already knew very well that I didn't mind waiting, as long as I could be near you, as long as I had the promise that you wouldn't forget about me - and we would finally have a moment together. Our encounters in different times and places made us somehow trust each other implicitly. It was an invisible bond that had an eternal, unquestionable and rewarding quality to it that surpassed apparent circumstances. I could see your soul, whatever the environment we were thrown in, I could feel you above and beyond anything else. The supreme feeling of surreal, utmost importance was the glimmer in your eyes when you smiled at me: the delightful, graceful, crazy feeling of being absolutely sure I was happily, irremediably in love with you and the impact of that sentiment was erasing everything, diminishing reality to a snow globe shaken like a toy. Have you ever felt that overwhelming certainty, more than the intense radiance of an atomic flash, that love is so powerful when

an angel looks into your eyes? How could I not have loved your unique presence, or ever be able to forget you, after looking in your shiny eyes and feeling your soul smile at me? You have the heavenly power of the universe. It's not fair to measure it or try to match it with the tumult of time and hard reality. It can never be surpassed.

“Where are you staying?” you asked me and your voice was so kind, so different from the guns and sharp instruments around us.

“In a hotel near the train station.”

“Is there someone who came with you?”

“No. I'm by myself.”

“If anything happens, you can call me anytime. If you need anything... it doesn't matter when. Just know you're not alone. You can call me.”

Now, who says that? Usually, nobody. Not real people anyway. Only an angel can say that and mean it. Only angels are able to care so much –

enough to not let you feel alone on the brink of an atomic imminent danger.

I didn't call you. I had no reason to bother you by making the phone ring. I was set to meet you soul to soul, beyond place and time, in a miraculous event. I didn't use the number... not until much later - but I took your words with me and they made every day so bright... I got so much happiness from them. Just the thought that I had the possibility to contact you was a guiding light in the middle of nowhere. It was an invisible link to unexpected, uplifting love.

I wondered if I deserved attention from such a high level of brightness... but angels don't care if someone deserves it or not. Angels shine because that's what they are. You made me believe I was worth it, that I deserved to call an angel if I needed it. You believed in me once again. I started to believe in you and I never ceased to be amazed.

Some would say that angels are not amazons who chase thieves, surgeons who cut flesh, agents who handle guns. Most people imagine

angels as ethereal fragile creatures who are meant only to sing or play the harp in a heavenly place, and appear in the air as spectral visions. Instead, angels have the strength of life that makes them tougher, brighter and capable of a higher understanding. The truth is that angels can be and do anything. Their distinctive feature is that they feel - they care more than ordinary people would. They react differently under certain circumstances and they do things that ordinary people wouldn't. That is how they reveal their true nature: when they go beyond what is expected and do something extraordinary, just because they are pure golden light in their soul.

I hope you're never sorry for being kind. I hope you never regret showing me you were an angel. I hope you don't hide it from this world, because kindness is so needed around here. Your light can mean everything, in a certain time and place, for someone's life.

“How do you feel?” you asked me when we were alone together.

“I feel much better than yesterday” , I said, because finding you was

enlightening me with overwhelming happiness.

It surprised me again that it mattered to you how I felt. It was a graceful question that showed concern for my well being. Again, only an angel would do that.

The next day I was supposed to meet you at the bunker.

When I arrived I saw you outside, climbing the wall of the building which was hidden in steep rocks. I didn't know why you were climbing it with ropes and tools, so I took the elevator to reach the top, thinking I could wait for you on the roof. While I was in the lift, a blinding light covered everything and the elevator paused.

I don't know if it was an atomic detonation somewhere. It could have been just a surreal light erasing the boundaries of reality.

And then, suddenly, there you were: right in front of me. A bit detached and silent, seriously thinking about something.

“You were late” , you said.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know I should have come earlier.”

You chose to be forgiving.

“It doesn’t matter. The important thing is that we found each other” , you said and the meaning of your words made me deeply happy.

Again, it was something only an angel would have been able to say. That statement was an eternal truth no circumstance could ever take away from me – from us...

I didn’t ask if the atomic explosion had happened. I didn’t question the reason for the erasing light that changed the surroundings. I didn’t even wonder where we were. It didn’t matter, as long as we were together.

You opened a door somewhere. I understood I had to go.

“I’ll see you around” , I smiled because I was so sure I would see you again, but you knew something that I didn’t.

“Bye bye” , you said casually.

It wouldn’t have helped me to know it was the last time I was talking

to you – the last time I was so close to you. Somehow, something from our encounter was over. You knew that, but I didn't – and I wouldn't have accepted it anyway. I didn't believe I would ever let you disappear from my life.

I didn't understand then that your purpose, your dreams and your happiness might have been somewhere else...

An angel might be needed in unpredictable times and places.

And there it was again, that white untamed horse, running freely along a river of light, across the flow of seconds, hours, years and centuries...

The world didn't end that day when we last met.

Although it seemed unfair to acknowledge it, life went on without the brightness and warmth of your amazing presence. Still, the afterglow of that warmth wasn't completely gone: it stayed with me and came to mind whenever the sky would become too dark and the surroundings too bleak. I

would only have to think of you, the freedom and the absolute happiness of being near you and it would vanquish the harshness of reality. It was an alternative truth that seemed more powerful than that. It was something I knew existed, something I had lived: the vision of life seen from the perspective of being near an angel. Things couldn't be too bad if you were somewhere in the world. Sometimes I wondered if you were a dream from another realm. It was getting distant from me day by day, but just the thought of remembering what it felt like overpassed anything else. I knew you couldn't stay by my side to share my mornings, my walks, my ideals, my adventures, my discoveries or my story... my soul could not be yours to know... and yet I wished it could have been possible. The hope against the inevitable was immediately replaced by an irremediable certainty of missing you forever. I couldn't give up thinking about you and wondering what you were doing.

The world didn't end that day: it went on to invent the first flying car.

The prototype was considered the salvation of global atmosphere from pollution because it functioned on electricity and sunlight.

The event was transmitted live around the world. A flying car would be the solution for a lot of problems, including traffic jams, accidents, fuel shortage and expensive transportation. So it was considered a big deal. However, the world wasn't sure it would work out safely. I watched the live transmission: the daring pilot who had volunteered to test it was a girl in a driver's suit wearing sunglasses. I stared at the image: the second before you put your helmet on I got a glimpse of your smile. It made sense for you to change the world. You took the seat behind the wheel of the transparent vehicle with great enthusiasm. You seemed so eager to fly – to make the world fly with you.

I knew the experiment would be a success because an angel was there.

Invisible Wings

Do I go looking for you now? Am I going to chase an angel around the world, through centuries and different places? If I knew there was a chance for me to find you for more than a brief moment, to keep you around in my life, maybe I would stand up and do something more than simply write a letter for you. If I had invisible wings, I would be there.

As it is, I know very well what my chances are, so I decided to write.

I needed to have this. An unanswered question would be why I needed an angel to appear in my life - who am I that I had to encounter an angel in a certain moment? Although I don't want to talk about myself, I may have to explain a little.

I could be anything, anyone. You don't know much about me anyway. Why am I the one who can see angels where others don't? Why did I have

such significant encounters with an angel? Why do I have access to that higher level of perception?

Looking deeper into the meaning of things has been my constant concern and preoccupation, ever since I came into this world. I've always known there's more to life than what appears to be – just because I myself was born to be more than a changing image. I've always felt a connection with a higher vision. It made me believe that reality expands like a waterfall, hiding a source of light, and the only effect we feel is of cold water. Opening our eyes could let us see the sun reflected in the transparent flow, beyond it and above.

And yet, how do you open your eyes into a waterfall? It's hard to believe in something brighter, higher or absolutely pure when everything you see is the harsh truth of an unjust world.

But to me, it seemed vital and imperative to find that essential meaning, the strength of a brighter light beyond the apparent scenery.

It's because of who I am.

Who I am could be a long story and I'm not sure you want - or need - to know. Maybe some other time, I will elaborate on that subject - but not now and not here anyway.

It doesn't matter who I am: my message is more important than my identity. And that is probably the truth of angels being real: their undeniable existence.

If I didn't say it clear enough, convincing enough or my message didn't get it right, it's also up to you, how you understand it... what you see in it and why you might need it too.

After all, I just started this letter because I wanted to say something to you. It's not because things were left unfinished and so much unsaid between us, at least according to how I feel. It's not because I didn't say good bye: I don't intend to say that to you. I don't want to. And it's not because I expected to get an answer from you: who can answer such a long

letter?

I thought, if I could only make you smile once, then I'd win. If I could just reach your soul, across the distance, beyond reality, despite the obstacles and the people who would not understand, if I could only take you to that level where we can still have a connection, if my words could mean something to you, if I could show you something you didn't expect or imagine, it wouldn't be in vain. I wanted to give you something similar to what your presence offered me: comfort, shiny happiness, kindness and belief that goes beyond reality. If you smiled, if you felt something while reading this from someone you don't completely know, if you started to believe in yourself as an angel, then my wish for this letter was accomplished. If you never forget your invisible wings, I achieve so much more by writing this...

Who knows, maybe in the indistinguishable mysterious balance of things I was also sent to you so you don't forget you are an angel. Maybe

somehow you needed me too... as an unexpected surprise you had to come across on your way. I'd like to believe that I'm more than an insignificant detail in your life: I'd like to think I can do something for you. Maybe the answer is in this letter.

I cannot claim you as my own, even if I'd like to say I saw you first, it might not be so. Even if I might imagine I'm the one, more than anyone else, who sees the beauty of your wings in their breathtaking splendor, I'm sure there are others, better than me, who can make you shine and remain an angel as well. I'm very certain you may have your own inspiration somewhere better, that you are free to find strength and happiness in places I'm not a part of.

It doesn't matter if what I am is not included in your journey, not more than it already happened. It doesn't matter if I wish I could have been the one to fly by your side: you deserve the universe to open a box of gifted miracles and let you choose which one you like best... I just know I'm not

going to be the one to do that for you. I don't have that power. Right now, I can only write this letter: shape the most unimagined thoughts into words. I guess if anyone can reach an angel with a letter, it should be me.

I like to think I was chosen to be the sky messenger, the bearer of higher knowledge, the bringer of surreal visions and revelations that would make everything better, that would move souls and create beliefs. It remains to be seen if I can at least send a message to the sky.

For now, I must see how I'm gonna send this letter to you. How do you mail a letter to an angel? Throw it out the window on paper wings? Tie it with a golden string on the feet of a pigeon? Climb a tree and read it out loud to the fluffy clouds? I don't know... How about we meet and I read it to you? Do you think you'd find the time to listen? Maybe you would, but I wouldn't find the words: I'd most certainly be speechless in your presence. It's probably better this way.

This letter carries a portrait of your soul. It also has the imprint of

your fingers, the warmth of your smile, the total brightness of your eyes. It belongs to you.

And you must be free.

I must release you to the world and to the sky, let you go where you have to go and where you are needed, because that's what angels do...

Have a nice flight.

Sincerely,

...