

## Guardian Angels

This one friend of mine , the light of my life  
Lit the candle in my room blaring against my eternity reservation  
hotels are meant to be a temporary fix to live in a fantasy of a one night wonder  
where we could be anyone  
Perhaps they can prescribe me my life again, this temporary fix is giving me  
withdrawal symptoms  
Bird's-eye view, how I wish guest service would drag me from my anxiety  
So I could at least cook fish fingers in my oven again, wishes of simplicity  
Promised a concierge in life, left with a suitcase of fire escapes  
Painted an eviction notice and told my brain to stick it up so I can dig my own  
grave and sit in reception waiting for the wake  
Now the one thing housekeeping my thoughts is the fact that only my friends  
can save me from swallowing a key card  
Anyways, this friend of mine she dragged me out my depression under her  
pyramids of jokes  
Almost as if I were a Pharaoh waiting to be buried with my possessions  
What possessions do I have now but memory?  
Jewels laced with pathos released from my heart that was trapped in a safe  
box, locked and bolted  
She stopped me from eating the devil's apple and killed the serpent strangling  
my neck  
Brought me closer to God  
My whole new world, you understand me and you've got enough love to cover  
beyond Euphrates river  
My hanging garden of Babylon drawing me from temptation

This other friend of mine, the passage of my life  
Helped me travel through adventures from South America to the Middle East  
Guided me to the right path  
Made school life easier  
Left in shades of emptiness  
Revived to freedom  
Your love could cover all of Asia  
The trust within you shines like a flashlight  
Focused on me, the shaking torch in a moonlit campsite  
Begging for the flame  
Your beauty seeps into my skin like henna  
What a beautiful heaven you represent  
And you told me you're always there  
With your endless obsession for romance making me laugh  
My fighter tiger  
My untouched melody  
That made the broken notes of my life start beating again  
Filling up the atrium with music

My heart longs for the encore

And you my best friend,  
No troubles between us  
An island of miracles harboured at bay  
Resurrected on the day of the dead  
My Dublin princess  
Pale blue eyes like royalty, got me in my royal blues  
Saved me from ending up as a dead Stargirl  
At the hands of a father  
Anyone can have a child, doesn't make you a dad  
Seven years is enough time to get high on Monroe glamour  
Under the cutting edge of a husband's knife  
Crushed.  
But you have always been there  
For thirteen years since that music club  
Sipping J20  
I honour my life to you  
You know me best  
Distance couldn't separate us  
An hour away  
Southwestern trains at its finest  
can't even use an Oyster to get there but your name means sea  
I tried to drown  
But your lifeboats were covered in roses  
Labelled and decorated  
all for me

By Michelle Thorne