



Angel Poem

The Angel of the North

I visited the angel, “Angel of the North”,
He is so impressive, he caused me lots of thought.
Just a heap of rusting iron, someone nearby said.
No! He is our angel, respect him is my plea.
He towered above us with very strange wings,
Something to do with balance and control in the winds.
He is a work of art, steel ribbons from head to toe,
It must have been an honour to engineer him,
With knowledge, patience and skill.
I’m sure he’s here to bless us, the Angel of the North.
He is famous it seems, signatures up to his knees.
Don’t call it graffiti, just sentiment perhaps!
May the winds of the north around him blow
As he guards us all, come sun, rain or snow.

N. Tasseel