

## The Angel

One night in a busy Beijing bar street,  
A friend was shouting in despair,  
He'd not long lost his wife,  
The Angel appeared from nowhere  
and put her arms around him.  
Quietened, we stepped into another bar  
And ordered a round of beer.  
He sat, his head hopeless in his hands,  
While her's drew pictures showing us,  
She was deaf, Korean, called Jie Jie

It could have been hard to be friends,  
But abroad, we're all equally dumb.  
Through her miming, signing and a notepad  
Writing Chinese, that barrier she'd overcome;  
More able to communicate than me.  
We danced, but she couldn't hear the beat.  
Ate sticks of food in the night air of the street.  
I took her friend's number to keep in touch  
And plan the next time we could meet,  
But her friend never replied.

A few years later, on another night out,  
By bad luck I had nowhere to stay.  
I crawled the bars towards dawn, but asleep  
And drunk I was found in the same alleyway,  
Slumped in a chair by The Angel.  
She told me it was dangerous, I checked my wallet,  
There was no money my bank card was gone.  
I thought they'd been stolen, but later on  
Suspected they were just spent and or lost.  
I lost a lot in those young years.

Somehow, she got me to her home,  
A ground floor box of one room.  
I remember the bugs and a framed snapshot,  
Of a piano being played by a boy.  
From her face as she gestured her womb,  
I guessed he'd been taken away, or had died.  
And I wondered had she seen, on that first night,  
Herself in my friend's face as he'd cried.  
I wish I could find The Angel again,  
And repay her for all of her kindness.