

## Angel Time

Is real time.

Waking, she stretches, bends low, showers.  
Warm water, soap flow over gentle breasts, legs.  
Dry towel, clothes, coffee, yogurt, cereal.  
Early she goes off, mind set, clear, caring,  
touching crystals deep in the mountain,  
invisible to all but a few modest priests.

In the laboratory, she scans gel run overnight,  
measures bands marking DNA, sets the course for  
her staff (diverse like exotic flowers!). At her desk,  
cased by paper stacks, a sunny corner, she reads  
email. Emergency! A young boy has leukemia;  
second case. Gene therapy has stopped. What to do?  
She carries this pain, silent and secret.

A new mission unfolds. Children, born with broken genes,  
immune not even to simple colds, die very young. The new  
treatment, gene therapy, bolsters the system and gives  
these wee souls a new, normal life. Then came leukemia,  
white cells out of control. Two of fifteen, what to do?  
Politicians will cry "Gene therapy must end." Pulpits  
may rage; the French march. Should fifteen have died?

Alive by a slender thread, their fate of early death  
passed over, what will be their future? What is the mark  
of science? Think, check, analyze. Do no harm.  
Children.

Silently she comes home, stirs dinner, guides her  
boys through homework. Dad comes in, a normal day  
casting software. We supper, touch on publishable  
events, negotiate our family agenda. The kids are  
released to games, we settle in bed, under a down  
comforter. I turn and touch the belly of an angel.

"How was your day?" I ask. Only she sleeps, deep in  
her only time.