

Cornish Sonnet:

Angelic Getaway

If angels can fly without wings,
being an ephemeral, vaporous sort,
who knows what an angel brings?
Delivering godly messages unseen,
changing density for transport.
would an angel intervene?
How do they deal with this dimension?
We are dense, heavy stuff,
stardusted without full comprehension
of how to navigate in 3-D.
They can leave when things get tough.
Wing-less we face our reality.
If angels can fly without wings,
how do they deal with this dimension?

Cornish Sonnet:

1. 14 lines.
2. One stanza.
3. Repeat lines A and D. Four triplets and a couplet.
4. Rhyme scheme: A-b-a-c-b-c-D-e-d-f-e-f-A-D