



Fallen Angel of the Ditch

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Fallen Angel of the Ditch

She was lying face down in the ditch on Wilson Ford Road, about fifty yards below the Goose Nest. Her base was missing, her right elbow chipped, her wings broken.

From whence had she come? Whose garden had she graced in her halcyon days? Had she dropped from a truckload of refuse destined for an abandoned orchard? Or was she the special object of someone's wrath?

She was taken to the yard. There, for more than a decade, propped up by rocks, she has endured heat, rain, wind, snow, and weeds.

And, for a few weeks around the summer solstice each year, as the setting sun shines through the windows of the house, she regains her angelic glow.









































