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## For BonBon

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### **Keywords**

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### **Author Bio**

Rachel Martinelli is a Junior working towards her Theatre Arts Major and Writing minor. This was her first year of involvement in The Mercury and she has greatly enjoyed being the Public Relations Chair. She is excited to see her work published in the magazine and would like to commend all who submitted their writing/art. She continues to be in awe of the sheer talent among her peers.

# For BonBon

Rachel Martinelli

I may not believe in God,  
but I do believe in Angels.

For as you lay dying  
with tubes and artificial air,  
your voice expressed through only  
the gentle squeezing of your fist  
as it enfolded the hand of the man  
who loved you  
in health and in sickness—  
your hands hold no sorrow,  
just a shared understanding  
of certainty,

that love will keep  
past its tangibility.

When your lungs creased  
and your breastbone folded,  
like origami paper  
your frail form took from itself  
to fashion a pair of wings,  
to carry you away from  
your broken body.  
To transcend pain  
endured for far too long,  
and find peace.

You are at rest  
yet you soar.

A spirit, a soul,  
I do not know which,  
or that any word  
can define the part of

you that remains  
in the air that I breathe,  
filling my lungs and  
granting life so that  
memory survives  
what you could not.

Dwell not in God's heaven, Oh Angel,  
but in me.