

Sad Eyes
by Judith Ferrara

The baseball game was on
when I passed through the living room
and heard *the Angels must be disappointed*.
Right away, I thought, well, that's probably true.

I've heard it's a one-to-one ratio, mortals to angels
so, there must be enough disappointment
between us to go around.

It is sobering to remember
all I've done to cause my angel's sad eyes
(never mind those pursed lips resembling my mother's).

Angels are themselves
perfect, so don't you think it was
a bad idea to put us together in the first place?

Like the California team
I will commit enough errors
to end up in some record book.
For now, it's crushing enough to be reminded
the angels must be disappointed.