

Tales of Heartache and the Loss of God

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The Angel David

Chapter One My Sweet Angel

An angel flies high through the sky with tears streaming across his cheeks. Racing through the heavens. Wind whipping back his long, luscious hair. Darting in and out of clouds like a needle pulling thread. Looking down at the landscape passing by on the blue and green sphere pumping with life. The flowing bodies of water. The oceans and seas. The rivers and streams. The blood of the mother earth.

Blacks, browns, reds, tans, and yellows. Myriad of color. The soil her flesh. The fault lines her aging wrinkles. The mountains her breasts and the valleys her vagina. The plains her smooth stomach and the small of her back. The deserts are the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands. The crystal poles her ever watchful eyes. The hot, red molten core is her beating heart. The winds are her whispering voices.

And this angel coming down from heaven lets more tears cry and whimpers to the world, "Mother," looking down at the roads and highways, the telephone poles with their black stretching wires, bridges, and cities like blemishes, smog and coughing, staining, "what have they done to you? Poor souls. Poor souls have chained their mother."

This angel descends upon a city. Any city. He doesn't care which. They all look the same to him.

He stands at the crossroad. In the center of two streets extending in four directions. There are dark yellow stop lights directing the traffic and pedestrians. No one is able to perceive the invisible, winged angel David standing in their midst. There was a time when at least a handful would have sensed his presence. A very few of that handful would have seen him as flesh and bone.

An early morning rain has wet the streets. The people go about their business like worker ants diligently collecting food and materials for the collective community. Busy, busy, busy, rush, rush, rush on.

Along the curb a stream of dirty water carries litter to the gutters like tiny sail boats pulled into a whirl pool. On the asphalt street water beads roll off a glossy rainbow of dark violets and blacks made by oil spots.

A car screeches to an abrupt halt, splashing water on a strolling elderly man's pant leg and just missing a fender bender with another car. The elderly man's expression is one of shock and David picks up his thoughts, "Why me God? Why?"

The driver of the car which avoided the minor collision has an expression of rage. His face blushing red as he shouts curses from behind the windshield. The hate coming from the road rage pierces David like needle between the eyes. His finger tips touch his temples. A voice rings in his head, "Fly on, my sweet angel, fly on."

The massive and muscular white wings stretch to their full span and beat against the air. One of the immaculately sculpted wings intangibly passes through the elderly man's body.

The elderly man, Leonard Stephen Drake, suddenly feels the hairs on the back of his neck stiffen. Goose bumps rise across all his skin. He looks around in shock. Tears well in his old eyes. The flat of his palm rests upon his chest, where the wing passed through him.

"Jesus Christ," a younger man in a black tie shakes his head, "It's just a little water." He

shakes his head, looking the old man up and down with a look of annoyance, and swiftly walks on.

Leonard looks down at his soaked pant legs. The new angle of his head lets the tears drop on to the sidewalk and he whispers, "Linda, I miss you so much."

Flying up and up into the air, arms wide, David always feels filthy from landing in the cities of humans, "Where am I going, Lord?"

There is the sound of thunder. Long rolling thunder. A jet flies straight toward flying angel. A jet leaving toxic fumes hovering in it's wake, like grey wounds against the blue sky. A machine of war. Industrial heavy metal. Loaded with missiles and machine guns. The pilot looking like some

kind of robotic pig-daimon with his face hidden behind a helmet and mask. The pilot's voice distorted by the electronic filter of a radio. David feels the radio waves pass through him.

The angel grits his teeth and flexes his chiseled muscles. A flaming sword appears in his hand. A golden halo blazes to life, crowning his head. He flies straight at the on coming jet, meeting it head on, full speed, full force, picking up the thoughts of the pilot as he charges.

"I wonder if Jessica will call me tonight. Maybe I should call her. No, no, no, Greg, don't be stupid."

The illuminating body of the angel David grows as the jet passes through him and he swings the sword in a downward arc, taking the wing of the jet clean off. As the pilot, Greg, passes his entire body through the invisible David, he feels a moment of serenity. A moment of thoughtlessness. A moment of nothingness. Followed by an overloading vision of his life passing through his mind, from his birth to the present moment of his coming death, as he realizes a metal wing of his aircraft has suddenly been ripped away and is spinning away from the jet.

David's body returns to normal human size as he gazes down at the jet, spiraling out of Greg's control. He taps into the vibrations of Greg's mind and feels an equilibrium of panic and acceptance, "This is it. This is it. I'm about to die. This is real. This is for real. I'm dying. I'm dying now. It's over. Everything is over. I'm dying. Is this really happening? Wait, am I dreaming? Watching T.V.? It feels like I'm watching a movie. Wait. No. It's real. I'm dying."

David appears next to the falling jet. Next to the cockpit, peering in at Greg. He passes through the thick glass dome and into Greg's body.

A few minutes later Greg awakens on a sandy beach. His first thought is, "I'm dead. What happened. Heaven?"

A calm ocean wave soaks his boots and pant legs. Sitting up, feeling dizzy, he looks around, noticing a black cone of smoke rising from the jet wreckage a few hundred feet away. The beach is empty. No one around. David walks barefoot in the sand and sits next to the dazed pilot, who is still unaware of the angel's presence.

Greg continues to think, "I can't believe this. I'm alive. It's a miracle. Did this happen?" He takes a long, steady, deep breath while taking in the vision of the ocean's horizon in front of him. All is silent save the water rhythmically rushing and descending the surface of the beach. A few sea gulls flying overhead. A gentle breeze whispering.

"Oh God," Greg's hands cup his mouth and his shoulders bounce as he hiccups and cries like he hasn't cried since he was a small child.

David give a warm smile, wrapping an unseen arm around Greg. Greg catches his breath and simply sits in the sand, staring at the sea until the Air Force officials arrive to clean up the wreckage.

As Greg lays quietly in a moving ambulance David is still at his side. He brushes a hand through the pilot's hair and leans in close, whispering gently in his ear.

Greg lays in the ambulance just enjoying the feeling of being alive. Light bulbs begin to go off in his head and David continues listening to Greg's thought, "I'm going to call Jessica. I'm going to ask her out again. I'm in love with her. I'm getting out of the Air Force. I'm going to get a different job. Maybe I should start going to church." He let's out a sigh of relief, "I'm going to call, Dad, and tell him I love him and miss him and we should spend more time together."

"Hello?" The old man answers.

The house is stuffy and stale smelling. The shades are shut, forbidding the sun light's entrance. The dishes are beginning to stack. The garbage needs to be taken out. Dirty clothes are over flowing from a laundry basket. The old television is flickering. An old black and white episode

of *the Andy Griffith Show*. Barney is begging to have his bullet back from Andy. The kitchen table is covered in tabloid newspapers and books about UFOs. The dark brown shag carpet is matted flat with age. A fly buzzes around a glowing light bulb hanging from the kitchen ceiling. Cobwebs desperately cling from a ticking clock and the faded wallpaper.

Leonard sits at the table with a telephone receiver in one hand and half a burned cigarette in the other. The ashtray is gushing with scrunched and bent butts. His white hair is a matted, oily mess.

David sits on the couch watching Andy Griffith.

"Okay," David thinks, "this show is okay. I like Barney. How can't one like Barney?"

A familiar voice on the telephone, "Dad? Hi, Dad. It's me, Greg."

"Greg?" Leonard stutters, "Greg. It's good to hear from you. God, what's it been, three years?"

"Has it been that long, Dad?" Greg hesitates, "Jesus, Dad, I'm sorry."

"Oh, no," Leonard shakes his head nervously and takes a drag of his cigarette, "Don't be. You're young and busy. You've a lot to do. I know how it is. Ha. What do you wanna hang around a cranky old fool like me for," he chuckles.

"No, Dad," Greg's voice cracks, "I do. I'm sorry. I've been a selfish piece of shit. I'm sorry."

"Now," Leonard's voice raises, "don't be calling your self names like that. What's done is done. I'm glad to hear from you now."

There is a whimper from Greg's end of the phone.

"Son," Leonard asks in a quieter tone, "Are you alright?"

"I'm in town Dad. Can I come over in see you?"

"You're in town? Uh. Of course you can come over. When will you be here?"

"I'm on my cell, parked about a block away. I can see the house from here."

"Jesus, Greg, what's going on? Get over here."

"Alright, see you in a few minutes."

Five years ago the angel David stands in a hospital room of an intensive care unit. He doesn't like hospitals. Stale, sterile, and emotionless. The entity of the hospital itself is nothing but a massive money generating machine. It's so sad that humans are now so removed from death. They used to watch their elders grow old and die before their eyes. The family and friends would take care of the sick and the dying themselves. Those were the good old days, the angel smiles. Now the dying and the elderly are locked away and hidden, out of sight, out of mind, in nursing homes and hospitals. People becoming false numbers.

A steady electronic beep begins to slow. A frail looking woman lies in a sterile hospital bed, unconscious. She is thin and withered. David remembers when she was born. So tiny and fresh from God. Smelling sweet and innocent. He watched her play as a child. Fall and scrape her knees. Learn to ride her bike. Learn to swim and read and write. He stood near when she graduated from high school. When she lost her virginity. When she met and married Leonard, the old man snoring in a chair next to her bed. David reaches out and nudges him.

The old man starts from sleep, looks around the room, and inhales hard, stretching his old bones. He looks at his beautiful wife in the bed next to his chair. Plastic wires and tubes sticking in her veins and mouth. David catches a memory in Leonard's mind as it flashes by. It's Linda's laugh and smile as she lay next to him farting in bed. A tired smile graces Leonard's wrinkled face. And is stripped away when he realizes the beeping is slowing. Her breathing more shallow. The heart beat is slowing. Nurses rush into the room.

"What's the matter?" Leonard's voice cracks.

The beeping becomes a long, single, dreadful tone.

Linda's soul rises from her body and David is there to greet her, smiling, "Hello, Linda."

Her spirit has taking the shape of a young Linda in her early twenties. Her memory of herself.

"Who?" She looks around and begins to rise from the bed, gasping downward at the sight of here deceased body. She cries out, "Leonard!"

"It's okay, Linda, Leonard is still going to live for a few more years," the angel David's voice serene,

"He's crying. Why can't I touch him?" Her hands pass through her husband.

Greg rushes into the room, tears staining his cheeks.

"Just wait a few moments. You are perceiving time differently now. There," David smiles. "Leonard is at home sleeping now. You can say goodbye if you'd like."

"Asleep?"

"It may take time for you to adjust to time as a dimension instead of a line," the angel nods, "It's night time. You died this morning. He is asleep in your bed. It took him hours to fall asleep without you."

The young looking Linda approaches her sleeping husband. It's a fitful sleep.

"Leonard?" She whispers, "Can you hear me? Can you see me?"

"Linda?" Leonard's dreaming self rises from his body. "Hi, honey. I'm just making sandwiches for the picnic. I let Greg invite a friend along for the trip today. Mac, from next door."

Linda's jaw drops. She is standing in their kitchen the way it looked years ago when their son Greg was still in grade school.

David gives her a cherubic smile, "He's dreaming. We're in his dream."

“Oh,” Linda nods. She walks over and puts her hand on Leonard’s hand, stopping him from spreading the jam across the bread.

“Honey, I’m making sandwiches.”

“I know, Leonard.”

“Am I forgetting something?” He smiles at her.

“Listen to me Leonard,” she puts her hands on his cheeks and looks into his familiar eyes, “Please listen to me, honey. This is very important.”

“Okay,” Leonard chuckles with an expression of confusion.

“I love you, Leonard.”

“I love you too,” he answers without thinking, picking a sandwich back up. He suddenly stops, dropping the sandwich on the kitchen counter. He looks at his wife. An intense expression spreads across his young face.

Their eyes lock for a finite eternity.

“Leonard. Leonard, my Leonard,” she stands close to him, “I love you so much and I always will. I don’t regret a minute we spent together. I want you to know I’ll be watching over you. I’ll always be in your heart. I’ll be waiting for you.”

“Linda?” Tears grow in his young blue eyes.

“Yes, honey, it’s me.”

“Oh, God, Linda.” Tears fall off his face.

“I love you Leonard, remember that. Take care of Greg.”

“I will. Oh Linda. Don’t go. I don’t want to wake up.”

“You have to, my husband. It’s morning.”

Leonard never tells a soul about his dream that night, but he recorded in his diary. Greg will read it years later, after Leonard passes away, and he’ll share it with his wife. They’ll cry together, a good cry, a happy and sad cry. A cry that makes them both feel better in the end.

Chapter Two

My Sweet Pea

Two flies buzz around a long fluorescent light tube. A ceiling fan hums behind the murmur of voices, the buzzing of needles, and a radio is faintly playing, "Sympathy For the Devil" by *the Rolling Stones*.

A bald man covered in tattooed hieroglyphics and piercings is hunched over Greg. Greg stares out the window of the shop daydreaming, trying to ignore the pain of the needle rapidly sliding in and out of the skin over his right shoulder blade. Jessica is sitting across from him in a barber chair, getting the same tattoo by a young woman with a shaved head and braless in a white tank top. The tattoos are white doves to mark their two year wedding anniversary.

"Man, did you go to the show last night?" a man with a pink mohawk and studded leather jacket asks a young woman who is browsing through tattoo flash of angels. The pink mohawk man is wearing ragged blue jeans and black leather, graffiti tattered combat boots. There are safety pins in each of his ears.

The girl leisurely looks up at him from the pages of angel art work. Her head seems to move in slow motion. Two curling strands of deep brown hair hide her left eye. A slender nose. Intense and hidden green eyes. She smiles showing off perfect white teeth. "What show was that?" Her voice a quiet melody.

The punk rocker with the pink mohawk seems to get excited, his hands become fists, and he unconsciously rocks on his feet, "The fucking man! Curt Wild!"

She smiles again and says in an unsure tone, "I thought he died?"

"What? No way, man. I just saw him last night. Fucking flowing!" His fists rise up in the air over his head as he talks. He's hyper and can't seem to stand still.

She giggles. An infectious laugh. David smiles at the spectacle of these two.

"Wanna go out back and smoke?" The punk takes on a serious and macho tone.

She flirts and looks around at everyone. Greg and Jessica are at the counter, just finishing up and paying for their fresh tattoos. Jessica laughs as she pats the dove on Greg's arm and he flinches and pokes her stomach with his index finger.

The voyeuristic angel David picks up the girl's thoughts on accident, "Yuppies." She says with a flirting smile to the punk rocker, "Yeah sure."

"Alright," he claps his hands together.

David is perched on the roof of the tattoo shop peering down at the girl and the hyper punk. They are sitting in a beat up, rusty car covered in bumper stickers, smoking a joint and giggling.

David shakes his head and swoops backward through the air, flying to the front of the tattoo shop.

Jessica and Greg are just pulling away in his silver blue SUV. David drops through the roof of the vehicle and sits comfortably in the back seat.

Greg puts his arm around Jessica as he drives, "I love you, baby."

"I love you too," she folds down a sun flap with a mirror, turning side ways to inspect her new dove tattoo, "I can't believe we actually did it." She grins like a giddy school girl.

Greg shrugs and smiles and pouts, "I don't know, why not?"

Jessica laughs. She reaches down and flips the car stereo on. The interior of the SUV is blasted with a song in mid-play, *“When a man named Al Capone, tried to make that town his own, and he called his gang to war with the forces of the law...”*

“AH!” Greg moans, “Turn the station! Quick!”

Jessica laughs as she pushes a button on the stereo, “Hey, I don’t mind that song.”

“That’s because you have no musical taste,” Greg teases.

“I just a more sophisticated and diverse taste, dear. More refined.”

Greg and Jessica both laugh.

“What is it with you and the oldies?” Greg raises an eye brow and continues with his broad grin.

From the radio Buddy Holly sings, *“Everyday it’s a getting closer, going faster than a roller coaster...”*

David sighs with a lazy smile and his eyes wander to the window. In the car next to them is the punk rocker and the girl with the long curly hair. Her hair reaches down passed her shoulders. It seems so wild and alive. They are stopped at a red light. The punk rocker says something outrageous and the curly haired girl rolls her eyes. She gets out of the car and slams the door, yelling obscenities at the pink mohawk punk who is laughing crudely.

And Buddy Holly sings from the radio, *“Come what may, do you ever long for true love from me...”*

The girl’s top lip curls up like Elvis Presley as she yells obscenities at the punk in the car. Her hair waves like fire as she hollers.

Greg and Jessica have stopped talking to watch the dramatic scene.

The girl kicks the door with defiant heat glinting in her green eyes and the punk flinches, yelling, “Hey, don’t kick my fucking car, bitch!”

She kicks the car door again, leaving a small dent and a shower of flaking rust.

The hyper punk jumps out of his car, “You fucking cunt! One more time and I’m gonna kick your ass! I don’t care if you are a chick!”

“Fuck off,” she snarls in a high pitched roar and devilish grin. Her foot kicks the door again.

“Why you, fucking,” the punk slams his fist on the hood of the car and spits at her.

Jessica’s mouth drops open and her hand covers it, “Greg, do something. Don’t let him hit her!”

“What? Me? Like what? What am I supposed to do?”

David’s intangible body passes through the car door and stands in the street next to the angry punk.

The red light has changed to green. Impatient cars are honking behind Greg and the punk rocker’s idling vehicles.

The pink mohawk punk runs around his old car after the girl.

The long haired girl runs the opposite direction around the car. They switch directions several times.

The light changes yellow and red again.

“You fucking cunt,” the punk climbs on top of his car, racing and slipping straight at her. She looks from side to side and takes a step back.

“Greg!” Jessica yells and rolls her window down, screaming at the mad punk rocker, “You leave her alone! You think you’re a touch guy? Picking on women like that?”

Greg frantically stumbles out of his car door.

Jessica reaches to grab him, missing, her hand swipes the radio, turning the volume all the way up, blaring "*Oh, sweet pea, come and dance with me, come on, come on, come on, and dance with me. Oh, sweet pea, won't you be my girl, won't you, won't you, won't you be my girl...*"

Sitting in the back of Greg's car, the angel David feels drunken butterflies blaze to life in the pit of his stomach. He grabs his hair in both hands and starts to laugh.

Greg runs toward the hyper punk who is reaching for the girl.

The punk grabs the girl by the shirt, stretching the collar, his arm cocks back.

Jessica screams at the boy, "No you don't!"

Another man at the stop light climbs half way out of his car behind them.

More cars are honking.

David's feet begin to sink through the floor of the car and into the black top street beneath it.

The girls panicked eyes meet David's eyes as he suddenly stands before her.

For the angel everything stops. The sand in the hourglass is clogged for a moment. No one is moving. There are only two things in this universe in this instant. The angel David and this spitfire girl before him, with a fist rushing towards her face. Her expression of shock frozen in time.

Followed by a slow smile as time speeds back up. A warm recognition in her big, emerald eyes.

A dull thud from the punk's fist connecting with her forehead snaps David from his awe.

The girl flops backward, landing hard on the street, flat on her back. The back of her head hits the black top hard. She lays on the ground moaning.

David drops to his knees next to her, reaching out.

Greg's fist connects with the side of the punk's head. The impact causes him to bite the tip of his tongue. He swirls around like a hungry, rabid dog, blood slips from his mouth like foaming rabid dog. His eyes are red with rage.

Jessica is out of their SUV.

The man in the car behind them hesitantly approaches the scene. Several other people are get out of their cars.

The light is green again and the line of traffic growing behind them.

The girl just lays on the ground.

The punk takes a boxer's stance and growls at Greg.

Like a tight hammer, Greg's right fist hits the punk twice in the face punk realizes what's happening.

The punk stumbles back, his nose broken and bleeding.

Greg left foot impacts the punk's right kidney.

The punk's mouth hangs open, face scrunched in pain.

Greg's right fist clips the punk under the jaw. The blow causes his teeth to clatter together.

Jessica helps the girl up off the street and into the back of their SUV.

Greg climbs into the driver's seat, catching his breath. His hands tremble as he tightly grips the steering wheel.

Jessica is in the back seat with the girl.

As they drive off, the angel David is waste deep in the street. His arms slump at his side and he whispers, "Oh, Sweet Pea...", and sinks for sight beneath the street.

Standing in a sewer tunnel under, he lays in the muck over come with a sinking feeling in his chest.

"Why did we bring her here?" Jessica stands on Leonard's porch tapping her foot.

"I honestly don't know," Greg shakes his head and glances through a window in the front door. The girl they saved from the rabid punk rocker is sitting at Leonard's kitchen table drinking coffee and studying UFO books and paper clippings. The old man and young girl are engrossed in conversation. The girl seems genuinely interested in the UFO phenomenon. A hobby Leonard picked up shortly after Linda died. Greg does not approve. "I guess because it was the closest place to the tattoo shop."

"She's kind of a snot," Jessica sighs, "Immature. Annoying and cute."

"Yeah," Greg nods while massaging his sore knuckles, "we better get rid of her. Take her home or something."

The girl flips through a sketch book of Leonard's filled drawings aliens and flying saucers. People being abducted. Men in black. Moth men. Black helicopters. Strange hieroglyphics. Her expression is absorbed, "This stuff is really cool. You're good at drawing."

Her tone is respectful.

"Thank you," Leonard smiles, "More coffee?"

"Sure," she sets the sketch book on the table next to stacks of books and folders filled with newspaper clippings, "I usually drink gourmet."

"Well," Leonard's forehead creases, "I hope my Folgers suffices."

"Yeah, it's not so bad."

Leonard refills her cup of coffee.

The girl, now sifting through more articles, "This is so bizarre. Do you really believe this stuff?"

"Do you?"

"Mm," she shrugs, "maybe. I would like it to be real."

"Why is that?"

She sets the articles down and looks him in the eyes before taking another sip of coffee, "Because it would mean something. It would mean there is something else besides us. Besides the boring, cold, uncaring scientific world. It would change the world."

Leonard raises an eye brow and nods his approval, "You still haven't told me your name?"

"Abigail."

"A good name," Leonard lights a cigarette, "It means father's joy."

"Hm," she shrugs, "Thanks, Leo. Can I have one of those?"

He hands her a cigarette and lights it for her.

As he does so he catches a glimpse of himself in a small mirror hanging on the wall on the other side of the room. He is reminded by the image of the old man he has become. He is old enough to be her grandfather.

"I used to believe in the aliens. Now I just believe in the UFOs."

Abigail gives him a curious expression.

“They are unidentified flying objects, nothing more. Advanced technology. But not aliens. They are from Earth. From here.”

“How do you know that?”

“My investigations have led me to that conclusion. Nazi’s first developed the technology. There was something called *Project Paperclip*. It was very much entangled with the founding of the CIA. This *Project Paperclip* secretly relocated many Nazi scientists and such. Many Nazi’s very much survived the war. Any how, to make a long story short, the UFOs are government vehicles. The alien abductions are government officials. Black Ops. Black Operations. Genetics testing and such. Very much up the Nazi’s alley.”

Abigail looks shocked, “That’s nuts, man. Far the fuck out,” she laughs.

Leonard shrugs, “Maybe I’m just a crazy old man. How’s you’re head?”

“It’s fine.”

The front door opens and closes.

Abigail continues, “Crazy is the way to be.”

“Well,” Jessica walks in the room with her husband, “Can we give you a ride to your house?”

“Yeah,” Abigail nods and looks to Leonard, “Thanks for the coffee and chat.”

“Thank you,” Leonard smiles and shakes her hand.

Chapter Three

My Sweet Sam

David sits up in the muck of the dark sewer tunnel. The water is cold and chills him to the bone, if he had bones. He rubs his hands together to warm them, wondering why he feels cold.

“Because, brother, you are fallen,” a deep, hypnotic voice announces.

David looks up in the direction of the voice with his eyes wide. The tunnel is illuminated in a pale blue. Before him stands a handsome figure robed in shimmering white. An ebony haired angel with folded wings, full lips, and golden eyes hovers in the sewer tunnel.

“Samael?” David whispers.

“Hello, David,” the dark angel grins.

“What are you doing here?” David stands and draws his flaming sword, “I am not fallen, lying fiend!”

“Tsk, tsk,” Samael scowls, wagging a graceful index finger, “Sheath your sword. You are only a few aeons old. I have existed much longer. I do not wish to fight you, brother. If we do clash, we both know what the outcome will be.”

The flames of David’s holy sword flicker out. His strong shoulders slacken.

“Don’t be glum,” Samael sighs, “You now know freedom. Like a human.”

“How did this happen,” David says with the desperation of a lost child in his eyes.

“You know the answer to that question in your heart,” Samael answers.

“I’ve been human before.”

Samael gives a sly nod, “Shall we take flight?”

David gives a resigned nod.

Both angelic beings flex their wings and with in a single beat they swiftly rise together, invisibly up through the street, streaking far above the city. They rise together, through clouds and blue sky, through the atmosphere, higher and higher, without words.

David looks down at the world below with an expression of longing.

Samael lightly touches David’s shoulder to get his attention and he points in a direction.

The opposite side of the world. David nods and follows the elder fallen angel.

They land on the moon. David shuffles the dusty ground with a barefoot, “Why are we here?” He gazes at the blue and green globe above them. Too look out at the spheres of the planets, to cross the universe, David thinks, maybe it’s time. It’s been a long time.

Samael looks at the fiery sun, “You know the moon loves the sun.”

“So I’ve heard. It doesn’t tell me why I’m here with you.”

“You always have been.”

“I don’t like humans.”

Samael laughs, “Yes you do. So do I.”

“I seem to be losing some of my consciousness.”

“It’s just focusing. It’s all still there. It’s just becoming more like a human consciousness.”

“Why would I do this?”

“Love.”

“Love?”

Samael pats him on the back like a wise father talking to his son about the birds and the bees, “I love. I love Lilith.”

David nods, a look of guilt escaping his stoic expression.

“Do you know what happen the last time an angels fell in love with humans?”
“The rebellion,” David whispers.
Samael gives a solemn nod.
David frowns, “I’m not leading a rebellion.”
“I know.”
“I didn’t mean to fall in love.”
“Neither did they.”
“I don’t even know if I am in love. What are we talking about? You’re tempting me.
You’re an of lies.”
“Am I?”
David doesn’t reply.
Samael continues, speaking in a confident tone, “Soon others will be coming to you. You
have to know what you will do.”
“What do you expect me to do? Join you? Where do you stand if this is true?”
“I don’t care what you do. It’s all a part of the game. I just enjoy playing.”
“Then why are you warning me?”
“No one warned me. If you do what you’ve decided to do, the world will change. The
Heavens will change. Hell will change. Everything will change.”
“Everything changes.”
“Yes,” Samael smiles at that, giving a mock bow.
“I haven’t chosen anything,” David voice seethes with anger, “This is blasphemous. I
know my station. I am the Holy Guardian Angel of Leonard Stephen Drake.”
“That means you are Leonard. David and Leonard are one.”
David shrugs and curls his nose.
“Do I disappoint you?”
“Maybe I was expecting more dramatics. More fireworks. A little poetry.”
Samael bursts out laughing like a heretical hyena. He gives David a devilish grin and
says, “Remember tonight...for it is the beginning of always.”
Samael’s wings rise like vipers over his head and he silently flaps away. Disappearing
against the black canvas of space.
David sits crossed legged on the ground and sighs, staring out at the planet Earth. His
vision focuses. Zooming in.
After an infinite moment he sighs again, “Beauty awakens the soul to act.”
He rises like an art form and is lifted toward the earth by almighty feathered wings and
thinks, “She saw me.”

“Le, Le, Le, Le,” a long haired teen whistles at a teen Greg walking along train tracks.
Greg and his friend are walking home from school. Greg and his friend, Ace, are long haired too.
It’s the 1980s. Behind them four older boys walk, hop, and taunt. All six boys look like they
could be friends, wearing blue jeans, high top sneakers, and black heavy metal band t-shirts.

Greg’s shirt shows the logo of *Iron Maiden*. A picture of the zombielike mascot Eddie
holding an ax dripping with blood. Ace is wearing a *Slayer* t-shirt with an inverted pentagram on
the chest.

The boy leading the hecklers and the loudest among them has greasy blond hair and
orange freckles, “LeGregor,” he chants in a high pitched imitation of a female voice, which is
not too hard a task since the boy is barely entered puberty himself.

“What are they talking about,” Ace’s hair cups the sides of his face. His ears stick out from between strands of brown velvety hair. He whispers in a nervous tone, not looking back at their stalkers.

Greg growls, “Henry is in my gym class. Mr. Buchanan told the class my real name. LeGregor.”

“LeGregor,” Ace giggles.

“Shut up.”

“What a gay name. Are you a fag, LeGregor? Is that yer boyfriend?”

“God damn it,” Greg grunts and turns around.

“What,” Ace squeaks and says with a hush, “No, Greg, no, no, no, God, no.”

The four hecklers stop dead in their tracks.

Ace slowly turns, trembling, to stand at Greg’s side.

The angel David appears between the two groups of boys. He holds his hands out, one at the four and one at Greg and Ace.

“What are you gonna do, faggot?”

“What do you want me to do?” Greg hisses at the freckled boy.

“Why don’t you stick your pecker in Ace’s ass hole?”

David puts his hands down and raises an eye brow, looking around.

“How about I shove my foot up your ass instead?” Greg gives a venomous grin.

Ace takes two cautious steps back.

The angel David takes flight, “Sorry, Greg. You’re on your own. Something else is not right.”

The lead heckler with the greasy hair steps up to Greg and pushes him, his hands hitting Greg’s shoulders.

Greg stumbles back.

“I hate hospitals,” David moans as he passes a helicopter landing on the roof of a hospital. His ethereal body gracefully descends through the roof and into a delivery room.

Greg drops to one knee and suddenly launches forward and up like a practiced football player tackling an opponent. The lead heckler grunts as he hits the ground. He and Greg roll into a ditch next to the rail road track.

The other three start yelling, “Kick his ass, Phil! Yeah! Kill the gay boy!”

Ace takes a few more steps back and whimpers, “Greg?”

Greg is feral, punching and kicking, flailing wild, pulling hair, biting, growling and grunting. The other boy tries to get up but is taken back down by Greg’s unleashed fury.

In the hospital room a woman lays in a bed with her legs spread and propped up under a white sheet. There are doctors and nurses gathered around, “Come on, one more push,” the doctor coaches.

“Jack!” The laboring woman screams with sweat beaded upon her brow, tears stain her cheeks, “God damn it, Jack!” Her face is exhausted, flushed red with strain, her breathing a struggle, panting.

David catches one of the nurses shaking her head at another nurse. The other nurse purses her lips and squeezes the soon to be mother’s hand, “Come on, Mary, Jack’s not here, but you’re doing just fine. It’s almost done.”

David’s head tilts and turns to face the east. His angelic eyes penetrate through the wall and into next room where many babies lay in clear plastic cribs. Beyond all the hospital walls.

Through the city until his vision rests on a curly red haired man standing in a bar, a bottle of beer in one hand, a plastic dart in the other. He's laughing as he throws it at an electronic dart board.

Greg stands, his hands shaking and scuffed, panting, his shirt torn, hair wet with sweat.

On the ground the heckler lays curled in the fetal position sobbing like a hysterical child.

The other three boys stand in wide eyed silence.

Ace gently takes Greg by the hand, "Come on, it's over. Let's go home."

In the labor room the birthing woman gives out a blood curdling final scream as the baby peers out of her mother's body for the first time. Blood stains the white sheets.

At that same moment in the bar David is watching, the red haired Jack slaps a large breasted woman in tight jeans on the ass. She jumps an inch and let's out an obnoxious laugh.

David clenches his jaw.

"Let me hold my baby," the mother says through tears of exhaustion, elation, and relief.

David looks away from the bar as the buxom woman sits in Jack's lap.

The three boys help their whimpering friend, Phil, up as Greg and Ace walk away on the train tracks.

The mother holds the baby close, smiling, face wet with tears and sweat, "Oh, my god, look at you. Look at you! So beautiful. So, so beautiful, my little angel. Oh, my baby, Abigail."

The baby Abigail is crying with her tiny new voice in her mother's arms. David leans in and kisses her gently on the forehead. She stops crying and her eyes follow the angel.

"There," the mother smiles, "I'm you're mama. Yes, I am. I'm your mama."

The baby snuggles up to her mother's breast.

"It's beautiful, isn't it," a calm voice says.

David turns to see another angel at the mother and babies side. His halo is lightly glowing. Wings Scientist actor John Travolta. He gives David a tight smile, "What are you doing here, David?"

"What are you doing here, Michael?"

"Guarding the birth of Abigail, my duty, my station, not yours."

"You're right," David flushes, "I...I don't know why I came here. I just felt a sudden urging."

The doctors are taking the infant Abigail to be washed up while the mother, Mary, falls into a deep sleep as the angels talk.

Michael looks at David with his head slightly bowed, a suspicion gaze, "An urging? I felt nothing, other than the miracle of birth. I was directing the soul into the vessel when you arrived."

"Is it a peculiar soul?" David inquires.

"Peculiar?"

"One in the human history books already, maybe?"

"A queer question, my brethren."

"I'm sorry," David shakes his head as if shaking away his thoughts, "This is irresponsible. I must get back to Leonard and his family."

"Yes, David, leaving your station is forbidden."

David drops to a knee and bows his head, "Forgive me, archangel Mikhael Hodaël, One Who Is Like God. I return to my station and leave this matter in your perfect hands."

Michael gives him the approving nod of a teacher who has just scolded a pupil, "There will be no more of this. You will forget Abigail."

“Yes, perfection,” David bows again and flies through the ceiling like a sudden flash of lightning.

Chapter Four
My Sweet Seventy-three

“What was it like, Leonard? I just don’t understand,” David is sitting on Leonard’s couch staring at the television with the old man. Leonard is chain smoking cigarettes. A pair of black rimmed glasses hanging at the edge of his nose. His socks are bunched up at his ankle because the elastic is worn out. He is covered in a black bath robe and his skinny legs hang over the recliner like white bones. The television is a documentary on UFO sightings. David shakes his head, “You should have lung cancer, you know.” Leonard can’t hear David.

Leonard starts to pick his nose a bit. He flicks a small white booger on to the carpet. “I just don’t understand,” David sighs, “When you met Linda, how did you know it was love?”

David stands up from the couch. The moon light reflects on the sidewalk outside the kitchen window, which is visible from the living room. On the television a woman’s excited electronic voice hollers, “My God and Holy Mary, did you see that? I can’t believe this! Did you get that? Did you get that? Jesus this can’t be real!”

David’s hand slowly reaches toward Leonard’s forehead.

Leonard is chewing his fingernails now.

The angels immaculate hand pauses an inch from touching Leonard’s forehead. An expression of shame appears on David’s face, “I have to know.”

He lays his hand Leonard’s forehead.

The fingers sink into the skull. Into the grey spongy brain matter. Into the memories. The data within.

Leonard stops chewing his finger nails. Stops watching the television. The old man’s eyes glaze over. His finger rests on his lower lip. His left hand squeezes the cushion arm of the recliner.

Leonard is sitting in his friends basement, years ago. It’s Bill’s place. He is twenty-two years old again. They are laughing and drinking beer. It’s 1973 again.

Bill is dancing with Rita. Stevie Wonder’s ‘Superstition’ is on the record player. It’s a party. Donna, with her afro, and Richie, with his bushy sideburns, are dancing too. Jim and Pam are making out on the pool table. Bill’s house is the greatest place to throw a party and he knows it and they throw a party here every other night.

It’s Leonard’s last year of college, majoring in History. He has no idea what to do when he graduates and decides his best option is to take another swig of his *Pabst Blue Ribbon*. The room is hazy with cigarette and marijuana smoke. The speakers are vibrating. Everyone is alive and doing alright. Time to celebrate. Leonard laughs and stands up, joining his friends on their imaginary dance floor. He shakes his hips like he knows how to.

“Hey, man,” Bill yells over the music from a round face, “You gonna buy that sweet ride.”

“I don’t know,” Leonard shrugs as he dances, “It’s a lot of cash. And I barely have any of that.”

“I know what you mean, man.”

Someone changes the music. Almost as if on cue, a young girl stumbles down the stairs and mouths “Ouch,” rubbing her shoulder. She looks around the room with a crooked smile and pink lips. She looks a bit drunk.

The stereo says, *"We get it almost every night, and when that moon gets big and bright, it's a supernatural delight, everybody was dancing in the moonlight, everybody here is out of sight..."*

Leonard realizes he is no longer dancing and he's staring at the new comer. Bill laughs and punches his shoulder, "Pretty fucking nice, huh?"

Leonard nods without taking his eyes off of her. She looks around the room, flattens her skirt a bit, picks up on the groove, and starts to swing her hips to the music, a beer in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Behind her two more girls Leonard doesn't recognize file into the room.

"They're freshmen," Bill explains with the glint of a wolf in his eye.

Rita grabs Bill by the shirt, "Come on, superman, dance with me."

Bill looks back at Leonard, smiling, he shrugs, and dances close and hot with Rita.

Leonard surveys the room. All three of the new girls are dancing now. The room is filling with more people coming down from upstairs. He clears his throat and makes his way to her.

Looking at her out of the corner of his eye, he jiggles and wiggles his way next to her.

"Hi," he shouts over the music at her.

She looks him up and down, keeps dancing, and giggles something to one of her girlfriends.

Suddenly, Sonny and Cher's 'I've Got You Babe' begins to play on the stereo.

Leonard blushes with embarrassment. Butterflies dance to the music in his stomach.

"Oh," the girl cheers, "I love this song!"

She turns and freezes for only a second when she sees Leonard standing uncomfortably before her. She retains her cool, draping her arms up onto his shoulders.

He gives her a nervous laugh and moves with the music.

Her hips move in time with the music.

His hips move in time with hers.

She sings at the top of her lungs into his face, "They say our love won't pay the rent! Before it's earned our money's all been spent!"

A blushing Leonard mumbles Sonny's lines back at her.

She gives him a big smile. The biggest, purist, happiest, most beautiful smile he's ever seen.

He almost feels light headed staring into her bright eyes. He feels like his knees are going to start knocking together.

And she sings to him, "And when I'm sad, you're a clown, and if I get scared, you're always around, don't let them say your hair's too long, because with you I can't go wrong!"

Leonard surprises himself, shouting Sonny's line, "I got you and I won't let go!"

And she sings, "I got you to love me so!"

One of the girl's friends nudges her friend and points at Leonard. Both girls whisper and giggle.

Without thinking, just as the music stops, Leonard blurts out, "I want to kiss you!"

Everyone in the room pauses, looking at Leonard, who's eyes are wide with embarrassment.

Every one in the basement bellows in laughter.

"Kiss me!" Bill yells throwing his arms around Leonard from behind, giving him a bear hug.

Rita pokes his stomach, laughing, "No, I wanna kiss!"

Sideburn Richie joins in shouting, "No, kiss me, Leonard!"

Voices and laughter all around, "Kiss me!"

The girl backs away laughing with her hand over her mouth as the next songs starts to play and Bill and Richie start planting wet kisses on Leonard's cheeks. She slips away and Leonard can't stop smiling or take his eyes off her as she goes. Her eyes don't leave his as she walks out of the room, still smiling she goes back upstairs.

When she reaches the stairs, Leonard turns, grabs Bill by both sides of his head and kisses him hard on the lips. He falls back into Rita's arms and everyone laughs harder.

"I got the song!" Donna shouts with hysteria as Leonard jogs up the stairs.

Upstairs the freshmen girl is standing in front of the kitchen sink having a glass of water.

Another guy, a thick necked junior at the same college is talking with her, leaning in close. She doesn't seem to notice.

The words from the stereo echo up the stairs, "*Well he walked up to me and he asked me if I wanted to dance. He looks kind of nice, so I said I might take a chance. When he danced he held me tight...*"

"What are you doing after this lame party," thick necked jock asks her in a syrup oozing tone.

"I don't know," she answers in a bored tone, turning to see Leonard approaching. She flips her hair out of her face and holds her chin at an upward angle.

"Well, me and my friends are having another after-party-party, if you can dig that," thick neck continues.

Leonard stands near her.

Thick neck jock says, "Hey, buddy."

The stereo echoes upstairs, "*All the stars were shining bright and then he kissed me...*"

Leonard and her eyes are lock. He barely hears the thick neck talking.

He steps right up to her, drawing a deep breath, his hand takes her waist and pulls her close to him.

She looks up at him, her lips just a breath apart.

Leonard closes his eyes as their lips touch. Soft and wet from the glass of water she was drinking. They kiss and twirl a bit. He lifts her off her feet.

Thick neck grumbles, "Ah, shit, man," and pouts out of the kitchen.

Her hands holding his face.

Leonard sucks on her bottom lip for the briefest moment, prolonging the end of their first kiss.

Their eyes remain locked as he pulls away.

"Hi," she says in awe, eye lashes batting.

"Hi," Leonard says, his hands resting on her waist. Her hands resting on his.

"You're Leonard," she says into his eyes.

He nods, lost her eyes.

"I'm Linda."

"Hi, Linda."

"Hi," she smiles.

"I think you stepped out of my dreams," he says in a soft voice.

"Smooth," she says, looking down for a moment with a tiny smile.

"No," Leonard shakes his head, "I mean it."

"For real?" She raises an eye brows smiling, her hands now on his forearms. His hands still on her hips.

“For real,” he nods.

“Okay,” she shrugs, “What do you want to do now?”

“Be with you.”

She laughs, “What else?”

He shrugs, “We can go dance some more.”

She shakes her head, let’s go outside and talk.

“Okay,” Leonard answers, his heart leaping.

David flinches, withdrawing his hand from Leonard’s forehead.

Leonard is smiling with tears in his eyes, staring at the documentary.

David falls back on to the couch. He lays staring at the ceiling. A ceiling fans spins hypnotically.

Old man Leonard stands and flips the television off. His slippers make a soft flapping sound as he walks to his bed room.

David sits up to see his reflection on the glass of the television screen. It’s oblong, distorted, and discolored. “You’re not that old, Leonard,” David whispers.

Outside rain falls in heavy rapid sheets like hysteric sobs from god. Rain falling like a sea collapsing down from the heavens above. David stands on the rooftop of a tan brick building. It’s a drugstore with blinking, crimson neon sign in the window. Cars drive by with raging windshield wipers and black tires splashing through puddles. His wings are wet. His hair matted with water, it runs down his face and chest. The rain drops patter like static. White sound.

Below a car is parked with the motor still humming. It’s a black Honda, several years old. A window is cracked an inch, smoke occasionally puffing out and disappearing in the showering rain. Faint music flows from the car. *The Beatles*, “You’ve Got to Hide Your Love Away”.

David steps forward off the roof of the drugstore. Like a single feather he descends to the sidewalk. Closer.

In the car, Abigail sits smoking a cigarette. She’s oblivious to the rain water lightly sprinkling her face from the open window. She takes a final drag off her cigarette and tosses it out the window. Her hair is back in a loose pony tail. She’s wearing a scarlet tank top and a flowing, flowery ankle length skirt. Her feet are bare except for leather sandals. Mascara is smeared below her eyes. Eyes as wet and glossy as the street. She watches rain droplets bead and stream across the windshield. She lip synchs the words to the song, “*Gather ‘round all you clowns, let me here you say, hey, you got to hide your love away...*”

Her head sinks into her hands. David’s hand touched the window of the passenger side. Knees bent. A perplexed look upon his face.

She screams. Punches the dash of the car. She yells, “FUCK! Fuck, fuck, fuck!” She whispers and cries, “Fuck.”

The driver’s side door opens and she steps out into the rain, ignoring the traffic, a car honks as it passes her. She flips it off and marches off along the sidewalk, ignoring the drenching rain.

David reaches in the car and turns the key, shutting the engine off.

Abigail walks and walks and huffs. A curious and anxious David hovers beside her.

They come to a bridge. The rain pours on, ignorant of her pain. Standing in the center of the bridge, her eyes stare down at the river below. The surface in a constant shatter from the assaulting rain drops. She leans over the railing, on her tip toes. Her face an odd expression of contentment. Her stomach pressing against the cold, hard, and slick railing. Hair soaked.

David's mouth opens. His right hand instinctively rises toward her.

Across the bridge David notices the silhouette of a man, distorted by the pouring water and the busy traffic. The figure stands still, silent, facing them.

When David looks back, Abigail's body teeters forward. Her feet rising off the wet sidewalk. Her body limply dipping forward. A soft smile on her lips.

"No," David says in a determined tone. His hands grab her forearms. He tugs her back and she crumbles to the sidewalk, sobbing. He drops to his knees with her. Unaware that she rests in the lap of this angel. He holds her close to his chest and wallows, he feels her heart beating against his chest, he feels her aching, he swallows it all in, feeling drunk on sorrow.

Her body trembles against his. He squeezes her tight, pressing his wet cheek against hers.

She doesn't feel him or know he's there. David rocks and rocks until she is calm. When it is over she stands.

The rain let's up. She wipes her face with both hands, pushes hair back out of her eyes and off her forehead. Sniffles and wanders back toward her car.

David sits silently on the bridge, arms resting on his knees, watching her walk away. The elegant grace of her walking. The natural sway of her hips. The smooth angles of her shoulders.

"You are the fool, David."

David startles. The voice belongs to the silhouette, which now stands next to him, watching Abigail wander off.

Wings with a tint of green, folded tightly against his back. Eye brows raised in anger, an accusing scowl.

"Michael," David says in a sheepish voice, standing.

"You are sin, David, a betrayer, lustful," Michael growls, "You have changed her fate. She was meant to die here. It's written in the celestial record! So it is written, so it shall be done!"

"I," David stammers, reaching his hands to Michael in a pleading gesture, "I'm sorry."

"What have you done?" Michael preaches.

"I don't know," tears form in David's eyes.

"Is that all you can do?" Michael mocks, eyes glinting holy rage, "You should be titled the Angel of Sobs."

"No, Michael, please," David reaches for Michael's hands.

Michael steps back, "Do not touch me, defiler."

"Michael," David chokes, holding out empty hands.

"You shall be cast out of Heaven. When the Word is spoken, it shall be my sword which rips through you heart, daimon."

"No," David screams, "Please, it was a mistake! I beg to be forgiven."

"Will you drag others with you' like your predecessor, Lucifer?" Michael seethes.

David, shakes his head, "Of course, not. I do not wish to fall. The Word will forgive me. The Word will understand. It must." David wipes his eyes.

"It must?" Michael asks with a look of shock. He draws a flaming sword.

"No, Michael, not this," David draws his flaming sword, just in time to parry a sweeping strike from Michael's hot blade.

A suddenly inferno blazes to life above the river, "Stay your hand," a booming voice utters.

"Metatron," Michael gasps looking out at the raging pillar of flame over the river.

David sheaths his sword.

“Michael, the Word has spoken. The Kerub David is fallen. He shall wander. He is cast out of Heaven.”

“No,” David screams, dropping to his knees, “Metatron, I plead forgiveness!”

“Your request is denied,” Metatron roars like a thunderous lion, “you are locked out of Heaven. Beyond that, do what thou wilt. Michael, you have fulfilled your duty. Abigail is no longer your concern. She is cast out along with the angel David.”

“No!” David shrieks, looking up at the fiery Metatron, “She did nothing! It’s my fault!”

Michael looks at David with pity on his face as he ascends to the clouds. The fire of Metatron dissipates.

David grabs a hold of the railing to steady his shaking hands. He stares down at the flowing, black river and glances back to Abigail. She and her car are gone.

Later that night Leonard sleeps soundly in his bed. David sits slumped in a chair next to his bed, staring at the floor through the darkness. David’s imagination is filled with memories of Abigail. Dancing at the bar the other night, a bright and goofy smile, infectious laugh, energetic innocence. She doesn’t drink much, but she tends to smoke a lot of pot. She was with her friends, laughing, talking, yelling over the music.

On the dance floor Abigail closes her eyes, let’s her head tilt back, and sways, lost in the music, lost in the moment.

That’s it, David, leans back in the chair, she gets lost in the moment. Lost in moments. She knows how to live. The ecstasy of life. Beyond good or evil. Pure expressions of joy. The elusive moments. The rare moments when the human mind is poetic and extended, the chains are broken, the lock is opened, the filter flowing, unclogged and massive.

The angels don’t feel this because they always feel this. The consciousness is euphoric at moments of growth. Abigail has tasted it and David has tasted it through her.

‘Or have I?’ He wonders. Have I experienced it or simply witnessed her experience of it? How could I experience it? Should I experience it? Why not? I cast out of Heaven, what do I have to lose?

“Is it love?” David whispers, “Do I even know what love is?” And returns to his internal dialogue, ‘I thought love was what I felt for the Word and Heaven and my brethren. Maybe it’s something else. Something I haven’t experienced. There have been stories of angels jealous of humans because humans have the potential to become gods. Maybe the angels can’t experience love like a human. How could they, they’re not human.’

David’s contemplation is interrupted by lights outside of the house. Something disturbing the night. A deep, low humming. Light invading from all windows, on all sides of the house. Seems like there is a strong wind now blowing outside.

The fallen angel David stands.

The front door of the house opens, the back door opens. Light crashes in from outside, bright, blinding lights, blinking lights, white lights.

David reaches out to touch the slumbering Leonard. His hand passes through his chest, but suffices. Leonard moans and stirs. His eyes blink, he yawns, and stretches. Noticing the light he sits upright in the bed.

Leonard’s mouth drops as he turns to face the night’s intruders. They seem to be moving in slow motion. Very skinny, slender, delicate looking individuals. Large heads. Gray skin. Large black oval eyes. Three fingers on each hand. Tiny double holes for nostrils, no noses. No ears, just tiny holes. Their mouths expressionless slits in the flesh.

“Oh, my God in heaven,” Leonard says in a shocked tone. He backs up in his bed, an alien approaching for each side.

“Stop,” David orders, grabbing one of the gray aliens by its amphibious smooth, fragile arm. The alien looks at David with an expressionless, impassive face. In his eyes, David sees a reflection of himself. It raises a hand, palm out at the angel.

“You see me,” David remarks.

The creature gives one nod.

“No, no, don’t touch me,” Leonard screams. Two of the aliens have him in their grasp.

Leonard seems to halfway lose consciousness. Mumbles incoherently, no longer resisting as they pull him from the bed.

“Leave the man in his bed,” David inhales, “Or face the fire of Kerubim,” he exhales.

“You must let this be,” an insect like voice buzzes into David’s head, “Do not interfere. This one knows too much. He knows things not meant for human minds and seeks knowledge not meant for humans.”

“I am his guardian angel,” David draws his sword, which immediately flames to life.

Two aliens walk off with Leonard floating between them. The third alien, who had been touched by David, faces the angel. His mouth does not move.

“Nothing can be destroyed,” the emotionless alien voice thinks into David’s mind.

“What are you,” David asks.

“A vehicle. An extension of consciousness. A part of the collective. A part of the ALL.”

“What will you do with Leonard?”

“Deletion. A matter of galactic security.”

David stares at the small, thin being. His eyes alive with defiance.

The emotionless voice echoes in his mind, “You are going to kill me.”

“Yes,” David answers as he raises his sword. In a single stroke he brings the fiery blade down on the alien hitting it between the left shoulder and neck, splitting the entity into two pieces.

David looks down at the alien. The legs continue to twitch. The mouth silently gasps, like a dying fish. Outside the lights disappear.

David flies up, passing intangibly through the ceiling and passed the roof of the house. Into the night sky. The moon is full and partially blotted by clouds. Three moving lights zig zag and flee at inhuman speeds.

David’s white wings flap and he soars toward the flying saucer in the center of the formation, matching its velocity.

Inside the center star ship, Leonard is once again unconscious and now naked, flat on his back atop a solid black metallic surface. Several of the thin grays gather round him, all sharing the same blank stare in their eyes. A thin sheet of transparent plastic is stretched over his body. A needle inserted into his belly button, extracting something. They work methodically, emotionless. Indifferent. David steps through the metallic wall like an avenging ghost. Sword drawn. The aliens ignore his approach. The room is dimly lit. He takes aim and swings the burning sword with a natural grace. His attack freezes before striking the first slender alien.

The fallen angel David’s eyes fill with horror.

Muscles do not react to his thoughts. Panic engulfs his heart. Paralysis. The familiar insectoid voice drones in his mind, “We assumed he was one of us. He is the appropriate line, but unproductively, his disposition is opposed to our true will. He is too old to convert. Verification is complete. Termination will proceed. You are instructed to witness his

dismemberment in order to understand the futility in opposition. We fear his soul has infected you.”

One of the aliens, lethargically turns its head to gaze into David’s angelic eyes, “Or are you the virus which infected his soul?”

One of the other gray entities reaches an elongated hand out to rest a hair’s width in front of Leonard’s sleeping face.

“No!” David screams at the gray aliens, “If you do this I will avenge his death! I will hunt down all of you! I will become the Exterminating Angel! I will wipe out your entire species!”

The voice sounds in his mind, “Very well, you shall be dispersed as well.”

Leonard begins to gasp and convulse. Drool sputters from his mouth.

In the flash of an instant David sees the faces of Linda and Greg like a reserve of power, his holy sword slashes through the nearest alien. All the other aliens immediately scatter in confusion.

In the blink of an eye David has Leonard up and slumped over his shoulder. He slashes a triangle in the floor of the star ship, which flutters off like a dead metal autumn leaf, downward into the blackness of night.

“What does Leonard know?” David screams at the aliens.

The thin creatures have regrouped and circle like predators, creeping around the angel.

“That you are Nazis?” David raises an eye brow.

“In ideology. In technology,” the voice buzzes in the angels mind, “Not in actuality. He is correct.”

“How do I not know this?” David wonders.

“You chose not to.”

“You work with angels!” David gasps.

“Much more than that,” the voice hisses.

A pain shoots through David’s heart and left arm, he groans, losing his grip on Leonard, the old man falls, hitting his head on the metallic floor and tumbling out the triangular hole into the abyss of the night sky.

“That is what humans feel when they have a massive stroke,” the voice buzzes.

David grits his teeth, letting spittle drip from his mouth. He grunts against the throbbing pain and plunges the flaming blade into the chest of another alien. The creature let’s out a high pitched screech and bursts in flames as it’s chest collapses.

Another mental assault knocks David to the floor. Lying on the ground he swings his sword again, slicing both feet off a third alien.

“This is becoming unproductive,” the voice drones, “You will be dealt with from a higher state of being.”

The pain increases until David goes blind from pain. In a blinding flash of light the pain disappears. He feels vertigo. He feels gravity tugging him downward.

“Wake up,” a beautiful voice rings out.

David’s eyes flutter open against the wind rushing up at him. He is falling to the Earth below.

His wings reflexively beat out and slow his fall.

“Who?” David asks, a globe a light moving toward him from above. As the globe approaches the light dims.

It is the most beautiful angel David has ever seen. Handsome with immaculately chiseled features. Sensual. He mind struggles for the word. "The morning star."

"Yes," the angel Lucifer smiles with blunt, utter confidence. In his arms rests the naked and feeble Leonard. Resting like a child in the arms of a protective father.

"You saved him, thank you," David sighs.

"Samael, myself, and others have chosen to act on your behalf."

"How come? I don't understand what's happening?"

"Your fall is not complete. It is a part of what is to be. You will one day pierce the side of the Ouroboros serpent. After your death."

"My death? I can't die," shock shakes David's expression, "to pierce the serpent? What would that do? Destroy the universe? The multiverse? Destroy creation?"

"Some, like myself and Samael believe the blood of Ouroboros will create an infant universe. One that we can guide more closely, without the intervention of the Word."

"No," David shakes his head in disbelief, "Wouldn't the guiding hand of that universe become the Word? Become..." He stops speaking as he realizes the meaning, the potentials and possibilities.

"Calm yourself, little David," Lucifer smiles, "take this mortal home and put him to bed. There is much to do and this story has not been written yet. You are the author."

"When will this happen?"

"I've already said," Lucifer gently hands Leonard over to David, "It will happen in the place the humans call the end of time."

"What were those aliens? I didn't recognize them. Nazis? I felt that."

"As absurd as it sounds, yes. You needn't worry of them. Samael and a small group of my fallen angels have diverted their attention. They were in the process of summoning an elder one to consume you. They have been defeated. There are certain humans in league with certain entities that fight against the ascension of humankind. They are led astray by the promise of their own ascension, their own immortality hence their experiments in DNA under the cover of alien abductions. The UFO phenomenon is actually just their advanced technology. Originally started with the Nazi scientists and occultists. The others in the world, out of power lust and greed, could not let these experiments die with the Nazis."

"They wanted to kill Leonard," David glances at the old man in his arms, "because he realized what they are."

"Yes," Lucifer nods, now sitting cross legged, hovering in place, "There are humans who work with these entities against the Grey Nazis and their kind."

"Leonard is one of them," David looks out at the vast array of stars over head and the fast moving clouds, "but he doesn't know it."

"No," Lucifer smiles, "he does it unconsciously. He comes from a long line of individuals who have fought themselves, working to push humanity onward. His time is almost up on this Earth. He has one very significant task left. He has already done much good by publishing his findings."

"They were to kill him to prevent further leaks," David nods.

"Yes, but whether he lives or dies all his works will be published."

"I can't thank you enough, Lucifer," David bows, careful not to drop Leonard.

Lucifer smiles wide, "Take him home. You will be safe now. You have many things to think about, decisions to make."

David looks into the majestic, endless eyes of the morning star one last time.

“Don’t look too deeply,” Lucifer grins, “You may see that the sun is truly black.”
David nods again, “My many thanks, brethren.”

The angel Samael and the archangel Lucifer stand together aboard a flying saucer, surrounded by greys mechanically going about their business. The two angels could be twins although Lucifer is much more aesthetically appealing, and Samael is far from unattractive.

The two angels share a knowing look. Samael speaks first, in a clam and superior tone, “He has done it again. Preventing a death that was meant to be.”

“Yes,” Lucifer almost whispers, observing the ant like work of the thin, oblong aliens, “I do not know what will happen. A feeling I haven’t observed in a long time.”

“Things go according to plan,” Samael replies.

“They do,” Lucifer nods.

“Both entities exist outside of the celestial record now,” Samael mumbles.

“In a way,” Lucifer replies, “I do believe are work with this group has come to an end.”

“Very well,” Samael smiles, “See you in Hell.”

“See you in Hell,” Lucifer says in a bored tone as Samael’s mighty wings extend and carry him out of the vehicle and into the night.

Chapter Four

The Longest Kiss

There she is on the dance floor. Lights shimmer and flash, disorientating, surreal. Everyone seems to move in slow motion through a haze of misty cigarette smoke. Most people have a drink in hand. Her eyes are closed and she seems lost in the music. Dark, heavy dance music. The room is filled with youth and decadence. Bodies in motion. Sweat glistening in the dark reflections of the disco lights.

Sitting at the bar overlooking the dance floor, Leonard takes a final drag of his cigarette. He's dressed in black leather pants and black leather boots. He wears a loose, white, long sleeved shirt. Clean shaven, a fresh hair cut, he takes a sip of his imported beer before strolling out to the dance floor, never letting her out of his sight.

Abigail tilts her head forward, swaying back and forth, eyes lazy slide open like a charmed serpent. When she sees old man Leonard walking toward her in his uncharacteristic outfit her eyes widen and she smiles, almost laughing out loud.

He stands before her, a sober expression. Nerves twist in his stomach, but listening to the music he begins to dance, hands out at his sides, palms up, shoulders and hips swaying in opposite directions. His old body moves with an unnatural grace.

Abigail gives him a surprised look, and thinks that he is handsome in a rugged way, like an old Han Solo. She playfully points at him dancing, shakes her head, and joins his dance.

They dance and dance. It's a competition. No words spoken. They dance. Abigail and Leonard forget about the other dancers, they forget they are in a bar. For them the spinning lights of the disco become cosmic rays of divinity and music ethereal moans of ancient pagan rites.

In his mind, Leonard sees Abigail dancing in a forest, full moon, sky clad at midnight.

Abigail sees Leonard dressed in pale blue, gold, and white, a Pharaoh dancing in the hot desert sun with a harem gathered around him.

How many songs they dance to is lost to both. As the night goes on their bodies seem to be drawn closer together. Abigail doesn't think about Leonard's age. Leonard forgets that her body is thirty years younger than his.

Soon his hands rest on her hips. Excited by his skin touching hers, her pants are low at the waist. His thumbs touch the flesh of her hip bones.

Abigail raises her hands above her head, tugged her shirt up higher, revealing her belly button, capturing Leonard's aged, gray eyes. His breathing is hard.

She steps in closer and her hands drape up over his shoulders. Their faces only six inches apart. He catches the scent of her. Her pleasant perfume, her sweat, her exhaling breath.

Leonard dances with the confidence of a younger man. In moments their bodies are pressed together. No longer separate dancers, their bodies move to the music as one. Stomach against stomach, chest against chest, thighs rubbing against thighs, their hips gyrate together.

Abigail feels Leonard's erection pressing through his pants against her pelvis. Their cheeks press together, slowing, searching, their lips want, a slight brush of their lips set off an atomic reaction.

Leonard and Abigail press their lips together in a hungry fury. And they kiss. And they kiss. And they kiss. And the song stops playing.

In a moment of briefest silence, shocked back to reality, Abigail pulls away from Leonard. "I'm sorry," she says and walks off the dance floor.

The next song creeps out and across the dance floor. Leonard stands for a moment, looking down at his empty hands as she disappears in the crowd.

“Wait,” Leonard yells over the crowd, pushing the crowd out of his way as he follows Abigail toward the exit. Her back is turned to him, all he can see is her trailing silk hair, between the delicate curves of her shoulders.

She doesn't stop or look back, instead she walks out the door.

As Leonard passes the bathroom, a beautifully sculpted man comes out, rubbing his hands together and smiling in a sleek black and gray suit, “People look beautiful as they walk away, don't they, David.”

“Lucifer,” Leonard gasps.

“You're mortal now, David,” he cackles, “you should have picked a younger body.”

“Shut up,” Leonard answers, continuing his walk in the direction of the exit.

“Oh, don't fret,” Lucifer gives him an angelic smile as they exit the bar, “She's waiting for you.”

Outside the night is lit by the street lights, the traffic, and the neon signs. People roam the streets looking for adventure, good times, and forgetfulness.

Leonard quickly scans the sidewalk in both directions. There she is. Like an angel. Lazily resting against a street light. She's trying to look relaxed, cool, and indifferent, but Leonard can see her insecurity like the scars of childhood. He jogs to her side, “Abigail, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.”

Her eyes look him up and down like a fox sniffing a chicken coop, “You got a light,” she asks as she puts a cigarette between her lips.

Leonard's zippo lighter clicks open. Abigail puffs until her cigarette is lit. She takes a long drag, looking around at people walking by, most college age, a few younger and a few older, “What are you doing here, Leonard? I was really surprised to see you. I just about pissed my pants.”

“It's hard to explain,” Leonard shakes his head.

Abigail nods. “It's weird.”

“I just,” he starts and then starts again, “it's just that I care about you a lot. I have feelings for you. I mean, what do you think of me?”

“I don't know,” she looks around and off into the distance, refusing to look him in the eyes, “I feel something. I don't know what it is. Maybe I do.”

Leonard nods and steps closer, “I love you, Abigail.”

“Oh, Leonard,” Abigail whispers, looking down at his feet.

His hands take hers, “I love you, I do, and I want to kiss you. I want to kiss you again.”

At the same time, without looking at him Abigail says, “Leonard, no, no, don't.”

“Why not,” he whispers, holding her hands in his, “You don't want me to?”

“No, you'll never talk to me again. I'll never see you again. You'll hate me,” tears form in her eyes.

“No, never, never that, I'd never do that,” Leonard says in a soft voice, “Abigail I love you, I love you, with all my heart I love you. I can't stop. I've always loved you.”

“I think I love you,” she whispers, bringing her lips to his.

They simply stand together under the street light, Leonard holding Abigail in his arms. Her head resting on his chest, his chin on her head, arms wrapped around each other.

“This is crazy,” Leonard says.

"I know," she answers, "but it's not our fault. We didn't decide to fall in love. It just happened."

"I know," Leonard sighs, "and I'm happy. I love you and the only thing I care about is you here in my arms. I'll give up everything to be with you. I love you, I can't say it enough. We were born for this."

"I called a taxi," Abigail asks, "Do you want to come over to my apartment and hang out for a while?"

"Yes," Leonard nods.

Abigail's apartment is the basement level of an old house at least one hundred years old.

David, inside Leonard's body, feels the age of the house when he enters it. There are memories of former tenants haunting and alive in the air. The house has a dignified personality. The basement is dimly lit. Abigail moves about lighting candles. Blinking Christmas lights hang on the walls and reproductions of old masterpiece paintings as framed posters. It's not Christmas time. The posters are '*Starry Night*' by Vincent van Gogh, '*The Lady of Shallot*' by Waterhouse, '*Garden of Earthly Delights*' by Hieronymus Bosch, and '*The Ancient of Days*' by William Blake.

The angel David is not possessing Leonard and they do not share the body. Leonard has become David. Leonard was always apart of David.

Leonard sits quietly on a futon as Abigail gracefully flutters about the room. She disappears through a door for a moment, returning with two bottles of dark beer. "I hope you like this kind," she says with out really looking at him and walks over to her small stereo, "What do you want to listen to?"

The room is snug and warm. A deck of classic of tarot cards lay scattered on the carpet, next to a Ouija board, a book on numerology, and a small plastic, clear, water bong.

Abigail shuffles through a shoe box full of old CDs and tapes, none of them in their cases.

Leonard says, "I don't care what we listen to. Something mellow, I guess."

She shuffles for a moment longer and selects a CD.

As the music starts, she sits down next to Leonard on the black futon. She places an ashtray between them, taking out a cigarette. Leonard doesn't recognize the music. The singer's voice is almost nasally and quaky, very emotional. He sounds young and full of angst.

"Strange night," Abigail murmurs.

"More than you know," Leonard replies.

"What do you want to talk about? UFOs?" She asks.

Leonard shakes his head, "No, I don't care what we talk about."

She hands Leonard a lit cigarette. He takes it. She lights another. They sit in silence.

Abigail blows a trinity of smoke rings.

After some minutes of uncomfortable silence, avoiding eye contact, concentrating on their cigarettes and beer, listening to the music, Abigail finally breaks the silence.

"The world is fucked up, don't you think?"

"Hm," Leonard starts at her question, recovers, and gives a genuine smile, "What do you mean?"

"All anyone cares about is money. I was at work the other day and I started asking people what they thought the meaning of life is," she shakes her head and moves her hands in animated, exaggerated gestures as she talks, "You know what they said?"

Smiling from ear to ear, enjoying her sudden rant, Leonard shakes his head.

“They all had answers like, the meaning of life is to pay you bills. Or the meaning of life is to make money. Or the meaning of life is to work. That was it. I left work so sad. So disappointed.”

“People need money to eat.”

“No, they need food to eat.”

“True,” Leonard says in a surrendering tone.

She shakes her head in disgust, her hair waving, “I mean really, people pay to be born and pay to die. You have to pay a bill for everything. It's all people care about. It's says *In God We Trust* on the dollar bill. To me that means that the dollar bill is the god we trust.”

Leonard nods, “The root of all that is evil.”

“People today are so lost.”

“Are they lost anymore today than in the past?”

“I don't know,” Abigail answers in a quiet voice. She turns to look at his face as they talk. They are sitting next to each other. About two feet of emptiness separating them on the futon. Feeling more comfortable he looks into her eyes as well.

The CD in the small stereo skips and a new disc begins to play. It starts with a barely audible guitar solo. Leonard instantly recognizes it as 'Wish You Were Here' by *Pink Floyd*.

Abigail continues, “Yesterday night I was bored, so I went for a walk. It was nice out. No wind. No clouds. The stars were bright. I walked to the park. There was no one else there.”

Leonard finds himself imagining it perfectly as she describes her experience.

She talks on, “I laid down in the grass. It was cool. I just laid there for a long time. I couldn't think of a reason to get up. I stared up at the stars and I was just overcome by the vastness of it all. I just stared at the stars and I was so amazed. I mean billions of them. Like tiny sparkling diamonds. Each one with planets around it, I think. I thought there has to be life on other planets besides earth. I mean I was really just blown away. I wondered how was the universe created? Where did it all come from? I mean it's just such an amazing thing, just existing, but we get so used to it we don't notice. In that moment I knew it wasn't an accident.”

Leonard just watches her.

“Do you ever feel like that?” Abigail asks.

“Yes,” Leonard nods, “It's a beautiful feeling.”

Abigail edges closer to him as she crunches her cigarette stub into a red glass ashtray.

“I've been in love with you for a long time, Abigail,” Leonard whispers.

She puts her hand on his, “People will think we are crazy.”

“Because I am so old,” Leonard gives her a weak smile.

“But who cares? It's not our fault. Why shouldn't we be in love just because other people won't like it?”

As they talk their bodies move closer. Leonard's fingers intertwine with hers. She thinks his skin is soft as tissue paper.

“I ...,” Leonard says, their lips so close. She is smiling, her eyes batting, an expression of pure happiness on her face, “...don't know what I'm doing.”

“It's okay,” she whispers as their lips barely touch.

Leonard puts a hand against her stomach, feeling her warm, smooth skin. He continues to kiss her. Their lips play. Pecking, exploring. His hands gently run over her body. One on her cheek, tracing her jaw line, the other around to the small of her bare back.

She pulls him toward her, turning him to completely face her as they continue to kiss.

His hands begin to tremble. He pulls them away, “I'm sorry. I can't stop shaking.”

"It's okay," she smiles, "It's kind of flattering." Her hands cup his, stroking and calming them. She kisses his hands. Looking into his eyes with a confident expression, she places one of his hands on her breast. He can feel the soft mound beneath her thin shirt. A wave of excitement shoots through his body like electricity.

They begin to kiss again. Leonard closes his eyes. Building courage he lets his hand move. It slightly squeezes her breast. Within a matter of seconds he is vigorously rubbing it.

Abigail's hand presses against his chest, her hand finds its way under his shirt. Her fingers are slightly cooler than his chest. Another wave of excitement passes through Leonard.

His hand quickly drops to her waist line and moves up her shirt. Pressing against her bra covered breast.

Abigail pushes him back a bit and pulls her shirt off over her head. He kisses her neck, her cheeks, her ear, her forehead. He worships her more than the Word.

Her hand reaches down his pants and blindly feels his cock. It's hard and her slender fingers wrap around it, slowly stroking back and forth.

Leonard's never felt anything like this. He's a virgin. Leonard's not a virgin, David thinks, but I am.

He pulls her bra up revealing her small breasts with tiny pink nipples. He cups her breasts in his hands and feels the nipples lightly pressing on his palms.

She unbuttons and unzips his pants. Tugging them down. He kicks off his shoes. She quickly pulls hers down and off.

And Leonard is in her. His only thought at the time is, "My God, I'm in her. I'm in her vagina. This is her pussy and my cock is in it!"

The feeling is like nothing he can truly describe in words. Wet, slippery, soft, warm, inviting. It feels perfect, like he is home for the first time, like his cock was molded specifically for Abigail.

He instinctively pumps his hips. Abigail lets out a tiny gasp.

He finds it hard to go slow, but does so at her request. Each time his cock goes in and out of her pussy feels like a slice of heaven. They continue to kiss and fondle each other's bodies. Leonard sucks on her nipples a bit, squeezing them between his lips. Rubbing them against his tongue.

Their bodies find a natural rhythm. They fuck. Sweat beads on their bodies. Their chests press together. His arms around her. One grasping an ass cheek as he pumps hard, the other bent up and squeezing her small breast.

Her legs are wrapped tight around his waste. Her thighs squeezing him. Both her hands gripping his hips, moving with the motion.

She begins to pant loud. Leonard lets it take him.

He feels his cock explode in a searing hot rush of semen, warming her vagina further. She orgasms at the same time, moaning with his groan of ecstasy. He feels like his body is melting against her.

When it's over, he lays on her like dead weight. They simply breathe deep, letting their sweat cool, letting his cock grow soft inside of her.

"I love you," he whispers.

"I know," she whispers back and hugging him, "don't go, stay there. I love you too."

Leonard lays with her on the black futon, thinking happy thoughts, he drifts to sleep next to her, holding her next to him. She watches him sleep and puts a blanket over the both of them.

Staring at him, the features of his sleeping face, she remembers what she saw when the came together. As she came she saw a beautiful man. Handsome, looking like Adonis come to life. It wasn't Leonard. She shakes her head.

Abigail sighs, a happy sigh, absentmindedly petting his back as he sleep. She kisses his forehead and snuggles up next to his warm body beneath the blankets, letting herself fall asleep.

Chapter Five

The Day Before

Leonard rests on his couch, feet elevated on the arm. The material is worn with age and two decades out of style. His socks are mismatched and one has a hole in it exposing his heel. His reading glasses hang on the tip off his nose as he reads a tattered copy of a book titled, *Behold a Pale Horse*. A half burned down cigarette hangs from his mouth as he silently mouths the words as he reads.

David sits in a chair across the room from Leonard. The angel can't help but feeling happy seeing Leonard so relaxed and comfortable in his living room on this cloudy afternoon.

There is a knock on the door.

Leonard looks up from his book, clears his throat, sits up, marks his page with a small piece of paper, and removes his reading glasses.

The door opens, "Dad," Greg's voice sounds from the kitchen door.

"Yeah," Leonard stretches his arms, "I'm in here."

Greg walks into the living room, his cheeks red from the cold outside, "I think it's going to snow. It's really cold out." He sits in the chair on top of the intangible David. Annoyed David passes through Greg and sits on the couch next to Leonard.

"Oh, I don't think so. It'll be nice out tomorrow," Leonard smiles at his son, "What are you doing over so early? Shouldn't you be at work?"

Greg shrugs, "I decided to take the afternoon off and hang out with my old man."

Leonard chuckles.

"What have you been up too," Greg continues, kicking his shoes off on to the carpet.

"Just reading a conspiracy theory book," Leonard takes out another cigarette.

"Jesus, dad, if the cigarettes don't kill you, the conspiracy theories are going to drive crazy with paranoia."

"Maybe," Leonard smiles as he lights another cigarette, "I did have a dream I was abducted by aliens."

"See."

"As to the smoking, I figure I don't care anymore. I want to be with your mother."

"Don't talk like that dad. I'm here and my family needs you. No rush."

"I know. I'm sorry I said that. What should we do today?"

"I don't know, I thought we could go out for lunch. There's a new pizza buffet open. All you can eat for 3.99."

"Nothing too cheap for your old man."

"Hey, I thought you love pizza?"

"I do, I'm just giving you hell."

"Well let's go then," Greg says while slipping his shoes back on.

They spend the entire afternoon together. After the buffet they go to an afternoon matinee at the cheap theater. It always plays older movies. They watch a showing of Dario Argento's *Demons*.

Afterward they play a few games of poker back at Leonard's house. Greg calls his wife when she gets off work. She picks their child up at daycare and comes over. Leonard makes them vegetarian spaghetti with wheat noodles and garlic bread for dinner. After sunset Leonard's grandson falls asleep in his arms as Greg and Leonard's daughter-in-law wash the dishes.

Leonard hugs them all before they go home.

During the ride Greg kisses his wife and says, "God, I had a really nice time today."

"That's good. I can tell," she pats his hand. They had decided to ride home together and pick up Greg's car in the morning.

"Very spontaneous," Greg smiles, staring out at headlights drumming by on the free way.

After saying goodbye to his son and family, Leonard sits back down on the couch and kicks his shoes off again, immediately lighting a cigarette. The elderly man stretches out on the couch with his book and says to himself, "Ah, now where was I?"

Leonard hangs his reading glasses back across his nose and scrunches his forehead as he becomes immersed in the book's text. The angel David sits next to him, always invisible, reading over Leonard's shoulder.

Hours pass. Leonard occasionally shifts into a more comfortable position. David paces around the house. Bored. Thinking of Abigail.

Abigail.

A miniature grandfather clock dings twelve times. Leonard bought the clock at a rummage sale a few years ago. David sits in the chair, ever observant as Leonard gets ready for bed. He goes through the same routine every night. Brush the teeth. Change into thermal underwear. Set the alarm clock. Pick out the clothes for the next day. Make a journal entry.

Lay in bed and silently pray.

When the light flips off he always says, "Goodnight, Linda. I love you."

David sits on the front porch as Leonard sleeps. He wonders if the flying saucers will ever return for Leonard. If they do he will be there to defend the man. The angel pets the end of one of his white feathered wings with an absent mind. He thinks about the rustling wind blowing through the leaves outside like an ancient arcane language. A language only faeries, gnomes, and such creatures comprehend. The earth spirits.

"Hello," a gentle female voice surprises the angel.

David jumps up, his wings instinctively spread and retract. He sees a young woman approaching out on the front lawn, "You surprised me. I'm not used to that."

"I apologize," she answers as she steps up on to the porch.

"Linda," David acknowledges.

"Yes," she gives him a sad smile, "and you are my husband's guardian angel, David."

"I am."

"I remember you. I thank you for caring for him."

"It is my duty and honor."

"Even now?" She asks with a tone of concern.

David looks down at the wood floor of Leonard's porch, his angelic vision enables him to make out every strand of the dead wood. In David's mind these planks they stand on are dry corpses, "Even now that I've fallen you mean?"

Linda nods, her eyes glossy and empathetic.

"Fallen does not mean evil or irresponsible," he says in a melancholic tone, "It means disagreement. Leonard and my duty are still important to me."

"My guardian sends his sympathies," Linda attempts to cheer him.

"Tell Lailah she has my gratitude. She endangers her standing even sending the message."

Linda nods, "She is an angel of the night and fought for Abraham. She knows what she does."

"Of course."

A moment of silence is shared and enjoyed by the angel and visiting spirit. David ends it prematurely, "You have come for Leonard."

"I have, David. You broke the law when you saved his life from the aliens. You broke the law for a second time when you used my husband's body to fornicate with Abigail. Lailah and Michael await at the perimeter in case you choose to intercede again. Their swords are drawn."

"You would stop me?"

"No, Leonard longs to be reunited with you. Let us not keep him waiting."

With a look of hesitation and the ghost of Linda follows the angel into the house. Rather than stepping through the door, they pass ethereally through the solid wall.

The interior of the house is almost silent. The mini-grandfather clock repetitively ticks. The hush, rhythmic breath of the sleeping Leonard, curled in his blankets.

"He is to die in his sleep now," Linda says as she approaches the bed without moving.

"Leonard," David whispers.

Linda places her wispy hand on his chest over the blankets. As she draw her hand back, a Semitransparent Leonard sits up, his body still lays in the bed. He looks around the room, blinking, a look of fear, "What is this? The aliens are back?"

"Sh," Linda lightly presses her index finger to Leonard's intangible lips.

"Linda," he squints, "is that you? It's so dark. I'm having trouble seeing."

"It's alright now, love. It's almost over."

"I'm dead," he says with a rush of panic.

"Leonard," David commands, "Go with your wife to Heaven. Go no."

Linda takes Leonard's hand. He follows her, but pauses to inspect David, "Do I know you? I think I do."

David looks at the spirit of Leonard without speaking, a warm glint in his eye.

"I do," Leonard smiles, "Linda, I know this man. Oh my god, Linda," he utters in a moment of realization, "You're here!"

"Yes, Leonard," she smiles and leads him away by the hand.

"Goodbye, Leonard," David smiles.

David sits on the bed, next to the body of Leonard. "It's finally over," he sighs. The angel reaches out and pets the old man's dead hand and jerks back in shock.

It's still warm.

The body is not dead.

David stands and paces around the bed, staring down at the living corpse of Leonard.

Still warm.

Still breathing.

His angelic ears hear the faint beating of what was formerly Leonard's heart.

Still alive. A soulless body still alive. This should not be.

"But it is," an icy voice sounds from a shadowy corner.

David's eyes widen, looking back and forth between the dark figure in the corner of the room and the still living body of Leonard.

"This is," David starts. He stands with his mouth open, staring at Leonard's resting body.

"This is opportunity," the dark voice hisses.

"I know who you are," David give the shadowy figure a look of defiance, "This is temptation."

"It is desire," the voice commands.

"Very well, it is desire," David growls.

“It is the rose of Venus,” the voice says in a calmer tone, shrugging.

“I can't do it,” David shakes his head.

“For what other reason do the gods fall, my David, but to create. To live and create the heroes of the ages.”

“Nephilim,” David whispers.

“A third of all angels took this path before you.”

“To love,” David whispers, tears now wetting his handsome face.

“To love,” the dark voice agrees, “I have loved, David, I have loved without regret. Even after we were cast out, I did not regret. Instead I brought fire and light.”

David lets out a long sigh.

“We are shielded from the Word in this hour,” the dark voice informs.

“The eleventh hour,” David's voice cracks as he chokes the sentence out.

The dark figure in the corner does respond.

David solemnly walks to the edge of the bed. He sits next to the body of Leonard.

David looks to the blackened corner of the room.

“Let go,” the voice announces.

David lays back onto the body of Leonard, into the body of Leonard, the angel David disappears.

The shadowy presence speaks again, “Abigail awaits.”

Chapter Six

The Aftermath of Love

“Dad this is ridiculous,” Greg slams his fist onto Leonard's kitchen table. Everything on the surface shakes.

“Greg,” Leonard says in a soothing tone, “I'm in love with her. Can't you understand that. I was alone before. Now I'm happy again.”

“What are you talking about,” Greg huffs, “You are old enough to be her father. It's just not right. Jessica's upset. I'm upset. What about mom? What would she say?”

“She understands,” Leonard whispers.

Greg stares across the table at his father with anger in his eyes. His jaw clenched, teeth grinding, “It's sick. What do her parents think? Do they know?”

“She doesn't talk with her parents. They had a falling out a few years ago. She has been on her own since she was seventeen. She's 22 years old. She's an adult.”

Greg lets out a long sigh and runs a frustrated hand through his hair, “I don't know, Dad. It's just crazy. I don't think I could get used to it.”

“You're going to have to, son,” Leonard reaches across the table and takes Greg's hand, looking him square in the eye, “She pregnant.”

“Jesus fucking Christ on a crutch!” Greg shouts, jerking his hand away, “Oh, my God,” he stands up, gripping his hair with both hands, “Holy Mary Mother of fucking God! You can't be serious! Please tell me you're kidding!” He frantically paces back and forth across the kitchen.

“It's true,” Leonard's eye brows almost angle into a V shape, “and we're happy about it. Abigail's very happy. She wants to get married and you're going to have a little brother or sister.”

Greg stands in place, arms hanging limply at his sides, staring at his father, dumbfounded.

“The child is going to need you to. I want you to be it's brother.”

“Dad,” Greg whispers and plops back into the kitchen chair, “You' ll be like seventy when the kid graduates high school.”

“I know,” Leonard answers.

Leonard ritualistically takes out a cigarette, rolls it between his index finger and thumb a few times before slipping it between his lips and lighting it.

Greg puts his head down on the table, resting it on crossed arms.

“She's moving in this weekend,” Leonard talks with a calm voice, “I understand this is hard. What's done is done. I have no regrets, nor do I have to ask your permission.”

“I know,” Greg moans with his head still down.

“We are getting married Friday. I want you and Jessica to be there. Nothing big. Just a justice of the peace at the courthouse. It would mean a lot to me if you were there.”

Greg sits up and sighs again. His eyes wander around the familiar kitchen room, memories of his mother cooking dinner flutter about in the back of his mind.

“Well,” Greg stands and pushes his chair in, “I have to get going.”

Leonard nods and walks his son to the door.

Greg stops with his hand on the doorknob and looks back at his father, “I'll be there Dad.”

“Thank you,” Leonard hugs him.

"I've never been so happy," Abigail laughs, "Who would have thought that first day Greg and Jessica brought me over here from the tattoo shop we would have fallen in love."

Leonard lays next to her in their bed. The blankets pulled up to their waists. He can't help but admiring her form.

She pokes him and laughs again, "What are you looking at?"

"Sorry," he replies, "I can't help it. I don't think I've ever seen anything so beautiful as you."

"You were a ladies man when you were young, weren't you," she rolls on top of him, "I can just about imagine it. All young, mister cool."

"Not quite," Leonard smiles, his gaze caught by her big eyes.

She rolls off him, onto the opposite side of the bed she started from, the blankets twisted around her waist and legs and completely pulled off of Leonard.

Abigail's hand caresses her stomach, "It's going to be a boy."

"How do you know," his hand rests next to hers on her slightly bulging stomach. Just barely showing her pregnancy.

"Mother's intuition," she smiles, "You know what happens this week?"

"No."

"Our two month wedding anniversary."

"Ah, do people celebrate two month anniversaries?"

"Who cares, we will."

"Alright."

"Two months and many years to go," she kisses his cheek and cuddles up next to his warm body, "Good night, honey."

"Good night, Abbie," He pets her long hair as they drift to sleep.

"Wake up David," a voice sounds, "Wake up. It's time to go."

"Hm," Leonard groans in bed next to a sleeping Abigail.

"David," a playful voice rings, "Oh, David. It's time to dance and fly."

"Who?" Leonard sits up in bed, rubbing his eyes, trying to let them to adjust to the darkness, "Who's there?"

Abigail does not stir.

"You've broken the laws," the voice no longer playful but familiar.

"Michael?" Leonard inquires.

Before the bed a figure illuminates from the darkness, an angel, muscular, handsome, chiseled features, six great white wings spread out from his back, the light blinding, searing.

Leonard puts a hand up to shield the light, "What are you doing here?"

"Leonard?" Abigail mutters from her sleep.

"I'm here to kill you, rebel angel," he states with a stoic expression. His eyes burning red.

"No," Leonard says in a louder voice. He leaps from bed, completely naked.

Michael draws his sword, it flashes to life like a bolt of lightning, the flames ignites and trickles up the long razor edge.

"Leonard," Abigail sits up in bed, also naked, the blankets fall to her waist, "What are you doing? Who are you talking to?"

"Let's take this outside, Michael," Leonard utters with anger.

“Really,” Michael smiles, showing dimples and an air of arrogance, “You are stuck in a mortal shell. The flesh is weak. How do you plan to stop me?”

“With my will,” Leonard growls, “Outside. Now.”

“You're scaring me,” Abigail says to her husband, “Who are you talking to?”

“Don't worry,” Leonard kisses her. She wraps her arms around him in a tight hug, trying to hold him in bed.

Leonard gently pulls away from his new wife.

“Come back to bed, honey, please,” she whispers.

“I will in a little bit,” he whispers.

The radiant archangel Michael walks out of the bedroom, toward the front door.

“No,” Abigail says, “Just go back to sleep. This is freaking me out.”

“I can't,” Leonard says as he stands.

“You can't go out like that,” she says after him as he walks out of the bed room nude.

Leonard steps out on to the porch. The wood floor is cold against his naked feet. The archangel Michael stands in the front yard with his flaming sword gripped by both hands.

Leonard steps off the porch, toward Michael.

“Leonard,” Abigail says from the doorway on the porch, a black robe wrapped around her, “You can't be out here like this. The neighbors are going to call the police if they see us. At least come inside and put some clothes on.”

“Come for me then!” Leonard challenges Michael in a low voice.

The archangel swoops forward, legs running along the ground and wings beating at the same time.

The blazing sword swing up and over, coming down at Leonard's head.

Leonard side steps, using his right hand to slam Michael's sword down further than the archangel had intended. His left hand darts up and in, connecting with the Michael's nose. Blood spurts from it.

Michael moans in pain and surprise as he staggers back, holding his bloody nose in one hand and the sword in his other, “How did you do that,” he asks through a nasally voice. He looks at the blood on his hand and stutters, “I'm bleeding?”

“Come on,” Leonard shouts, “You're not taking me away from her!”

“Leonard?” Abigail steps off the porch onto the grassy lawn, “is it the aliens? Honey, please answer me, I can't see anything.”

“Stay back, Abbie,” Leonard stalks around the archangel assassin.

Michael and Leonard's eyes lock. Leonard/David can feel his angelic senses returning, growing stronger.

The archangel charges in for a second attack. His sword lunges down at Leonard's chest, but the old man side steps again.

Not quick enough this time, the sword catches his left arm, jerking it down hard, Leonard drops to one knee. He looks back at his wife, holding his left forearm tightly with his right hand.

“Leonard!” Abigail screams and rushes toward him.

Michael steps back forward, sword spearing straight forward.

Leonard can't make his human body to react in time. The flaming sword impales deep into his chest, directly through his heart.

Leonard let's out a hisses gasp, like a swimmer coming up from air. His right hand let's go of his left wrist and clutches his chest above his heart.

“Leonard,” Abigail holds him as he drops to both knees, “What’s happening?” She cries out.

Michael places a foot on Leonard's chest and uses it as leverage to withdraw the burning sword.

Leonard's body goes heavy and limp in Abigail's arms.

“Abigail,” he chokes as blood spurts from his mouth, wetting his lips.

“Oh, honey,” she cries and holds him, “don't try to talk. I think you're having a stroke. I'm going to go in and call for help.”

“Mm,” Leonard shakes his head vigorously, “No.”

Michael frowns, watching the couple as he sheaths his sword.

“Let me go, Leonard,” she cries, his grip tight around her wrist, “I have to call an ambulance.”

Michael watches as the body of Leonard separates from the angel David. He sees two men overlapped. The old man's breathing becoming forced and harsh. The angel David is bleeding profusely from chest, arm, and mouth. The wings of David flutter nervously, slowing.

“Ab,” Leonard whispers in a hoarse voice, “Abigail, it's too late.”

“No, no, no, no,” she cries and shakes her head.

“Listen to me,” he strains to raise his voice.

She nods, wiping tears and snot away with the palm of her free hand.

“You have to know will I love you, always, forever.”

“Leonard,” she sobs, dropping to her knees next to him, holding him fully in both arms.

“My name is David,” he whispers, more blood spurting, “I'm an angel.”

“Sh,” Abigail hushes him and nods, “You're an angel, I know, baby, I know.” She screams high and shrill, “Help us, God, somebody help us!”

“Abigail,” a tear drifts down his cheek.

“My, my, my,” Michael shakes his head. “You're damned son will be like the ancient heroes, Abigail. The giants.”

She doesn't hear him.

A light turns on in an upstairs window across the street.

“Just remember that I love you,” Leonard whispers and gasps.

“Oh no,” Abigail mumbles as she cradles his head now in her lap. She feels as though she is falling into a deep black hole.

Leonard lies perfectly still.

Michael's eyes squint as he watches the incorporeal form of the angel David disintegrate. The flowing blood becomes bleeding light, his body disappearing the more he bleeds. In moments David is gone, only a few twinkles like fireflies remain hovering around the dead body of Leonard and then nothing.

Michael stretches his feathery wings and lifts into the air. He looks back to see a married couple from across the street in pajamas jogging across toward Abigail and her dead husband. A few more neighbor's lights have blinked on. A few blocks off he sees the tiny red of ambulance lights approaching.

Chapter Seven

Epilogue

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...” The rambling voice of the priest's eulogy and prayer is lost in daydreams to Abigail. She thinks, he didn't even know him, it doesn't seem right. Her hand unconsciously holds her stomach.

It's a small gathering in a large cemetery. Everyone is dressed in blacks, grays, and whites. She doesn't know most of the somber faces. Very few bother introducing themselves, let alone converse with her.

She feels the eyes of Greg on her from across the casket. He looks at her with red swollen eyes. A little boy stands still next to him, bravely holding his father's hand. Jessica holds Greg's other hand. She pats her eyes with a handkerchief.

Abigail tightens her lips in an attempt to provide a supportive smile. Her cheeks are as wet with tears as his.

When the funeral is over and people are leaving, Abigail stands alone staring down at the open grave and the casket hovering above it on to silver poles. Flowers adorn the top of the black casket. She pays no mind to the others that are leaving. It's been a scandal, their age difference and brief romance and marriage. She decides not to go to the dinner following the funeral.

“Hi,” a quiet voice announces.

Surprised, Abigail gives Greg another smile, more genuine this time, “Hi, you snuck up on me there.”

“Sorry,” he comments in a sober tone. His eyes stare down at the casket while he talks.

“It's okay. I'm just glad to have someone talk to me.” That statement forces more warm tears from her eyes.

“I'm sorry,” Greg says, he shuffles a foot, scraping the grass with it. “I just wanted to let you know that you are family. Jessica and I talked about it last night, and, well, we talked more than just last night, and I know we haven't had a chance to really get to know each other. We'd like to. You're family now and my father loved you. That's all that matters. I want to be a part of my new brother's life. I hope it's okay with you. I mean, I understand if you're too mad at me.”

Abigail nods, fighting back more tears, “No, it's wonderful. I would like that very much.”

Their eyes meet, seeing the same pain, feeling the same glossy pain.

Greg throws his arms around her, “I'm sorry. I'm going to miss my dad so much.”

“I love him,” Abigail cries, hugging her stepson back.

He lets her go and wipes his face, “Sit with us at the dinner. Please.”

Abigail nods and takes his hand, “Let's go,” her voice whispers.

A nonlinear moment later, and infinite breath later, the angel David son stands at the edge of the universe having lived many lives, many deaths and resurrections. The long journey is over and just beginning. He thinks back and forward to Abigail and his love for her, his short time with her, like an artistic masterpiece of memory. He holds memories of her close to his heart like an old lover's locket.

“This time things may turn out different,” he whispers to the black wall before him.

On one side a canopy of stars stretches infinitely across the universe, on the other the edge of the universe, a smooth, endless black wall of nothingness.

His slender hand reaches out and caresses the nothing. His angelic skin goes numb where it comes into contact with the wall of nothingness marking the end of the universe.

He draws his sword which flames to life as it leaves it's decorated sheath.

“For love and Abigail,” David whispers. His hands tremble and tremor.

The blazing blade dives into the wall, searing and cutting a long, jagged hole, like cutting through thick flesh.

David let's out a silent scream as he is sucked through the universes wound.

A infinitely gigantic serpent sucks it's own tail, nibbling at it, it's teeth clinging to the scaly skin. It's skin, toward it's middle, bursts open in a straight line. A tiny slice. The snake Ouroboros opens it's eyes as energies pour out of it's smooth, scaly skin.

Through the tiny hole a tiny angel pours out with the diverse and unknown cosmic energies.

The wound heals itself in less than a moment. The gargantuan snake closes it's eyes.

Beyond Ein Sof, the angel David utters the first Word, “Abigail.”

Adventures in the Abyss

So I went searching for the meaning of life and now I stand staring into the abyss. An endless ocean of soundless swirling blackness. Standing at the edge of life, staring down the dark and endless pit. I feel guilt for not coming alone. I should have been brave and selfless.

Instead she stands at my side holding my hand in hers, fingers interlocked. A silent wind blows her blonde hair about like gold wisps of a lion's mane. She is the queen of the jungle in a past life. Whatever that means. Her beauty consumes me, often I am driven to distraction. She is my love, my all.

Now I see terror in her wide watering eyes. Fear I placed there. She followed me with love. She has all of my love and I have hers. Therefore, I regret not leaving her behind.

What scares us? Nietzsche's words: God is dead.

Humans became aware. In some primitive time they became aware of death. Their own death. They realized that they would one day cease to exist. Each and everyone of them. No matter how hard they tried death could not be outrun or beat into submission. Immortality could not be reached. They felt hopeless and longed to be rescued from this terrible thing, the end.

Slowly the answer was born of the grey matter in the skull. God was born in the mind of humankind. We had been saved from death. The afterlife was given to us by our creation. God gave us meaning and alleviated the fear of death.

In my youth I was seduced by death. I thought she was a beautiful pale skinned woman with black eyes. I was lustful of her and we flirted often. I wanted to embrace her, love her, and fuck her. I wrote many forlorn poems declaring my loyalty to her.

Now with my true love at my side, my soul mate, I stand staring in her black swirling eyes. I stand staring into the abyss knowing the truth, knowing I've been played the fool.

My lover whispers in my ear, "Galabram, I can feel the loneliness in the air, in each breath."

Without breaking my gaze with the abyss I reply, "I don't want it to be true, Pisces. I don't want to be an atheist."

"Then don't be," her lips tickle my ear.

I'm not sure how much time passes before I answer, "It's reality."

"Don't leave me for her," Pisces screams. Pointing her finger toward the nothingness below. The image of a slender chalk white skinned woman in a black flowing cloak floats somewhere in the abyss enchanting me to leap into her, promising an infinite orgasm.

I stand torn between two women. Death and Pisces. Death is eternal. Pisces is now.

"I feel hopeless."

Pisces throws her arms around me, "We can find another way."

"There may not be another way. I don't want to waste the short time we have if there isn't another way."

"We'll never know if we don't look," she growls.

I nod and we back away from the bottomless pit.

Galabram finds himself on the slope of a flowery hill, pastels, with a tiny white chapel at the top. The sun is shining bright and strong. Must be a spring day. Lots of sunshine but not too much heat.

He walks into the chapel. Red carpet, dark gloss wood pews, cream painted walls, and long stained glass windows.

In the last pew on the left side sits a man in all black. He wears a hat that shades his face. He sits like a statue. There seems to be an aura of shadow surrounding this figure.

Standing at the altar with a bright smile is God. All dressed in a flowing white silk robe. He reaches his arms out as if to hug, to welcome Galabram to the little church. He has a long white hair and beard, pale blue eyes, and skin that appears fragile and soft, lined with wrinkles.

“I love you and I always have,” God says. The words are heard but not spoken.

Galabram places his hands on his hips, nods for a moment, then lets out a sigh.

“I love you and I forgive you,” God continues.

“Yeah,” Galabram raises his hands to hush Him, “We’ve been through this before.”

God nods once and smiles softly. A single tear quickly streams down his right cheek.

“This time I’m here for something different.”

God stops smiling.

“I’ve come to tell you that I’m still alive.”

God raises an eye brow.

“I said, I’M STILL ALIVE,” Galabram screams, then in a whisper, “and I don’t even know if you’re real. I’m going out of here today to find you. I’m going to find out if you exist. Or if I’m thrown into the fucking abyss. I’m going to find meaning.”

God’s eyes are wide, he reaches out to Galabram and opens His mouth to speak, only to be interrupted by Galabram.

“I’m alive,” Galabram scowls, “that is my power. I am now. I exist.” He shouts with arms out stretched, “give me life, give me death. That’s right, Lord. I’ve challenged you before and now I’m doing it again.”

(A tiny image of a teenage Galabram appears in a stained glass window. Teen Galabram is driving very fast in a big old red car down a highway. He’s shouting and crying. Punching the dash board and ceiling. He slams on the brakes and the car spins into the ditch. Teen Galabram jumps out of the car and screams while shaking his fist at the sky, “COME ON YOU MOTHER FUCKER, COME ON GOD, COME DOWN HERE AND FACE ME. FACE ME NOW, I’LL KICK YOUR FUCKING ASS FOR THE LIFE YOU’VE GIVEN ME. COME ON AND FACE ME YOU PIECE OF SHIT!”)

God slightly shakes his head while watching the Teen Galabram in the window.

The present Galabram turns and marches toward the chapel door, as he passes the dark man in the back pew, the dark man stands and applauds Galabram.

Galabram stops his march and glares at the dark man, knowing it’s Satan, and says, “I’ll be back.”

Galabram walks out of the chapel.

Satan stares silently at God.

God nods.

Satan walks out of the chapel.

Outside the chapel Galabram is greeted by Pisces.

“Are we going?” Pisces asks.

“We’re going,” Galabram flatly states.

“When?” Pisces asks.

“Now,” Galabram huffs.

Pisces smiles and quietly claps her hands together.

They stare down at the abyss. Galabram can't see the other side. He looks at Pisces and shouts over the wind, blinking as his hair blows in his blue eyes, "Have you ever seen people shattered against a rock?"

Pisces squints her brown eyes down into the infinite black abyss. "No," she answers in a loud voice, barely heard over the wind, "Nor do I want to. I think the abyss is stupid. It threatens to take you from me."

Galabram puts on his backpack. He ties a hemp rope to a rock pillar and smiles at Pisces and shouts, "Just like *Dungeons and Dragons*." He drops the rope into the abyss, testing it's strength, preparing to go down.

"I'm coming with you," Pisces yells and kisses him.

Galabram shrugs, "Okay."

"Have you ever seen the movie *Poltergeist*?" Pisces asks as they begin to climb down the side of the abyss.

Galabram nods, "And *Evil Dead Part Two*. You know Aleister Crowley was a mountain climber."

"And Ozzy Osbourne an idiot," Pisces fires back.

"Well I wouldn't go that far. I mean he's okay. Especially the *Black Sabbath* years. What do you think of Jimmy Page?"

Pisces almost loses her grip on the rope but quickly regains her balance, "I don't know what to think of Page. At least he knew what he was talking about to an extent when it came to Crowley."

"One time when I was in high school I tried magick for the first time. It was the night before Halloween and I was burning candles and incense. I had *Led Zeppelin* playing on the stereo. I had *the Song Remains the Same* playing in the VCR. The volume was muted on the television. I used different things to invoke something. I even used my blood. I focused for a long time. Hot candle wax on my fingers. An owl came to my bedroom window. I began to sweat and passed out. I'm not sure what happened. I think I threw up in the toilet when I woke up."

Pisces nods, "Cool."

"Look at that," Galabram points at an apparition of three men. One appears to be sodomizing the other. The third man sits next to them writing on a pad of paper and talking to them.

Pisces laughs, "It appears to be the ghosts of Frederick Nietzsche, Charles Darwin, and Sigmund Freud." Nietzsche is playing psychoanalyst while Freud rides Darwin, "What the hell does that mean?"

Galabram shouts down at the trio, "Fred! You said God is dead. So is the Devil."

"So are they," Pisces whispers.

Pisces and Galabram reach the end of the line, the end of their ropes. Their legs dangling, Pisces takes a flashlight out of Galabram's back pack. She points the light downward and the beam extends until it fades into the black nothingness of the abyss.

"I still can't see the bottom," Pisces says.

"That's because it's bottomless," Galabram replies. His hands are becoming sore, the skin a tad raw from hanging onto this hemp rope.

"Well fuck it," Pisces hollers, "Let's go back, it...it was fun while it lasted." She throws the flashlight down into the abyss. It spins end over end, the light beam flashing around until it disappears beyond sight.

Galabram and Pisces, hanging on the rope, both watch the light disappear in silence.

“Let’s go home,” Pisces says and begins climbing back up the rope.

Galabram shrugs and starts climbing up, “I’m a bit disappointed. At least we saw some lost souls.”

“If we hurry we can still get home in time to watch a movie before we go to bed.” Pisces absently says as she concentrates on climbing up the rope.

Galabram replies as he continues to climb, “Climbing rope was the only thing I was good at in gym class back in grade school.”

“You’ve told me that before,” Pisces answers.

“Well, what movie do you wanna watch?” Galabram asks.

“I don’t care.”

Galabram nods and says, “Okay. Um. How about *the Thing*. John Carpenter.”

“No horror movies tonight,” Pisces laughs.

“Okay. *Moulin Rouge*,” Galabram smiles.

“You’re so sweet,” Pisces smiles.

They climb and climb and almost reach the top. They come to a point where they can actually see the top. There is a figure there looking down at them. The figure has long brown hair, a beard, and a moustache. A soft, friendly face. A gentle smile as he looks down and waves. This man wears a long robe like an old shephard.

“My god,” Pisces whispers.

The man takes out a knife and begins cutting the rope. Still smiling at them. A loving smile.

“Jesus!” Pisces yells as she tries to climb faster.

The rope is cut all the way through.

“JESUS CHRIST!” Galabram screams as Pisces, the rope, and he all fall back into the abyss. His arms swing and flail wildly. Hands grasping at thin air. Legs kick out hopelessly at nothing.

Jesus looks down at the falling couple, still smiling. He waves gently, eyes filled with tears. He mouths, “I love you,” as they disappear into the abyss.

After falling and screaming for a long time, Galabram and Pisces grow tired of the screaming. Their voices a bit hoarse, they rest their vocal chords and watch each other fall. Air, or something like it, rushing up against their bodies and through their hair.

Galabram looks to Pisces, “Remember the other night at the grocery store, we ran into Lisa and she said she’d been born again? Saved by Christ.”

Pisces nods.

Galabram continues, “I feel as though I’ve been saved from Christ.”

“There’s someone else,” Pisces points down to the left.

A thin, almost gaunt man is walking on nothing. He wears a stoic, haunted expression. On his shoulder sits a tiny, mighty creature. It has dull, pale greenish skin, eyes with no pupils, tentacles in place of a mouth, an exaggerated muscular build. Vaguely the shape of a miniature man. It is perched on his shoulder like a pirate’s parrot.

Galabram smiles as they fall past the man and his pet, “It’s Lovecraft and Cthulhu, I think.”

Pisces shrugs, “What do we do now? Fall forever?”

Galabram shrugs, "At least until we starve. I have a canteen of water in my backpack that I'll share with you. We'll conserve it. Make it last as long as we can."

"Okay," Pisces looks at Galabram, her brown eyes filled with caring.

They fall in silence for a long time more. Actually becoming quite bored of the falling.

Galabram sighs, "I think maybe death is not a bad thing. Maybe the abyss is not death."

Galabram stretches his arms out. As he does so their descent slows. They come to a complete stop. Floating in the abyss. He announces, "A will to power. Do what thou wilt. Cause change."

Pisces gives him a little smile, "Nothing is true. Everything, anything is possible."

Below them a tiny white speck of something approaches from deep in the abyss.

As it comes closer, appearing bigger, they can make out the form of this UFO. It is a beautiful woman of the palest milk white skin. Her hair thick and deep oil black. From somewhere unseen tiny skulls reflect in her glossy black eyes. She wears a dark cloak like the Grim Reaper. Like clothe made of shadow. The delicate features of her face, expressionless.

She rises to a point and hovers in front of the two, making eye contact with Galabram. Staring. Hypnotic. Galabram feels himself drawn in.

Pisces gives the pale woman a jealous snarl, forehead scrunched, lip curled a bit.

"I know her," Galabram says in a voice of awe, "I've flirted with her. Or she's flirted with me. Since high school. I've always thought she was Death. That she wants to fuck me. That I want to fuck her. That it would be the pinnacle. The greatest climax. The most almighty orgasm. The universe rippling."

Pisces takes Galabram's hand. He is startled by the touch, ripping his eyes away from the stare of Death and looks into the natural brown of Pisces' eyes.

Pisces feels uncertainty when she sees the fear and wetness in Galabram's blue eyes. The subtle tremble in his lips. She opens her mouth to speak, but can think of nothing to say.

"I'm not sure who she is now," Galabram utters.

The pale woman called Death holds her hand out to Galabram.

"No," Pisces orders.

"This is my journey," Galabram says as he takes Death's hand.

"Wrong," Pisces snaps, "I love you. This is our journey." Pisces takes Death's other hand, "Don't ever say that to me again."

Galabram nods, "Sorry."

The touch of the pale woman is ice.

"Where do we go from here?" Galabram asks.

Pisces raises her eye brow, "Across the abyss?"

Galabram and Pisces fly silently while each holds on to one of Death's cold hands. They take in the scenery of the abyss. Grey clouds. Swirls of grey. The occasional angel. The occasional beast squawks by. Egyptian gods and goddesses. The journey is long.

"Can we stop," Galabram asks, "and rest?"

Erotically beautiful, Death gives them a quizzical look and stops moving. She let's their hands go and they soundlessly float in the abyss.

Galabram rubs his eyes and takes a drink of water from his canteen.

Pisces yawns and stretches, sipping the water Galabram shares with her.

"I think I'm starting to understand something," Galabram says to Pisces.

"What?"

“It’s so much easier to escape. To grab onto every pacifier you can reach. Self-medication. Everyone an escape artist. Alcohol and other drugs. Religion. Alcoholics Anonymous. Materialism. Sex. Eating. Shopping. Spending money. Expensive houses and cars. Plastic surgery. Control. Television. Video games. The internet. You get the idea. Mental masturbation.”

Pisces nods and adds, “I feel like having a cigarette.”

Galabram takes his backpack off and lets it drop into the abyss. He begins to take his clothes off. “Everything that is meant to happen, happens, even if it doesn’t happen the way we want it to. Everything happens for a reason. Everything is connected. Everything has meaning and that meaning is meaningless.”

Her eyes wide, Pisces asks, “Why are you taking off your clothes?”

Death eyes the nude Galabram, obviously aroused.

Pisces sends daggers from her eyes at Death.

Death, embarrassed, looks away.

“It feels right,” Galabram answers, “You should do it too.”

Pisces takes her clothes off as well. She watches her last piece of clothing, pink underwear, fall like a feather into the emptiness of the abyss.

Galabram smiles, hugs her, kisses her, their faces close together, “The purpose of life must be self-actualization. Becoming everything you are meant to be. What you are capable of becoming. As Jung said answering your vocation as Nietzsche called *ubermensch*, I think,” he lets her go and spins in pure joy through the nothingness.

“The unconscious,” he continues, “The holy guardian angel. The calling. The true will. Dreams. Death. Art. Sex. Magick. Science. I can taste it all on my tongue.”

“Let me taste,” Pisces pulls him back and kisses him hard on the lips, making sure her tongue touches his. She backs away from Galabram, “You’re starry eyed, Galabram.”

He smiles at her, “What did you taste?”

Pisces licks her lips, “Mm...Reality is subjective. Free will is destiny. Punk rock. Teen angst. The rebellion of youth. Of radical thinkers. It’s all a fight against a common foe. The denier of reality. Who is in fact naive of the broken law. I taste that there are no rules and there is always an exception to rules.”

A woman appears from out of nowhere. Her hair is dyed black. Young and naked with many body piercings and tattoos. Lip rings. Nose rings. Nipple rings. Belly button pierced. Both ears with eleven piercings. Vagina shaved and pierced. Full sleeve tattoos on both arms and legs. Decorative scars on her chest and back. Survivor of the Sun Dance. Bright candy red lipstick. Thick eyeliner like an Egyptian queen. She carries a bottle of black ink and a needle.

Pisces rolls her eyes, “Does everyone have to be a voluptuous woman in this place?”

Galabram sits with his legs crossed floating in the nothing. He leans his head forward.

Pisces looks at the woman, “He had me draw these.” Several tiny symbols like strange alien mathematical equations and hieroglyphs appear in her Pisces’ eyes. “I don’t know what they mean.”

The tattooed woman nods and goes to work on Galabram’s back. He meditates through it all. When she finishes, she quietly walks away without even speaking a word.

Galabram slowly stands up straight, looking over his shoulder trying to see his back.

Death and Pisces both examine the fresh tattoo. The alien equation that was in the eyes of Pisces now covers Galabram’s entire back.

“She did good work,” Pisces admits as she runs her hand gently over the black skin script.

Galabram turns and looks at Death and Pisces, “Good,” his body twitches and he lets out a primal moan, “Oh god, I just came.”

Pisces raises an eye brow looking at the semen dripping from the phallus of Galabram.

“I don’t know why,” Galabram looks embarrassed and wipes the semen away with his hand, shaking it off into the abyss. He looks at Pisces and says in a deep voice, “The tattoo on my back is powerful, like old lightning.”

“What?” Pisces asks.

Galabram continues, “You’d think with all the time that goes by in dreams,” his breathing is deep, his blue eyes tending to roll back for a moment and then return to normal, “that we wouldn’t need so much sleep.” Galabram stumbles and takes Pisces hand in his. He places his other hand on the shoulder of Death, “I am a cosmic hobby.”

Before Galabram can say another word, Death speaks for the first time, her voice like silence drowning out everything else in the universe, “The Dragon is coming. We must go.”

Galabram and Pisces quietly drift with the eternal white lass, Death. They nervously glance behind them, keeping an eye out for the Dragon.

“Who is the Dragon?” Galabram asks Death.

She looks at him without uttering a word.

“What is the dragon?” Pisces asks her. Death turns her black gaze on Pisces. She feels the magnetic draw of Death’s deep, endless, calling eyes. Pisces quickly looks away.

They pass over what appears to be a mass floating field. Chaotic rows of hands and limbs seem to struggle to dig out of the ground. A field of limbs and human parts.

Insane, intense shrill faces zoom past the trio. They shout whispers which echo in Galabram and Pisces’ ears. “I am. I am. I exist. I am real. I am.”

Galabram lets out a tiny groan, rubbing his face and running his hand through his hair. “I can’t take this anymore. It’s like a living nightmare.”

“I think,” Pisces leaves her sentence unfinished, “the Dragon,” she gasps.

Galabram’s eyes widen. The trio comes to a floating halt.

“No,” Death’s unheard voice vibrates within their skulls.

Before them are two figures. A naked man with a pot belly curled into the fetal position. He whimpers, slobbers, pants, shrieks, sniffs, snotty nose, trembles, urinates, shits, vomits, pulls out his hair, his process just goes on like that eternally repeating.

Before him, standing on nothing, another man with rippled muscles, and a thin layer of fur covering his nude body. An enormous, horned penis. Goat legs and hooves. A horned goat’s head. Pentagram burned into his chest.

“Old Scratch,” Pisces whispers.

Galabram nods.

“Who are you?” Pisces asks the odd couple.

The whimpering man answers through hiccups and a hoarse voice, sweat dripping from his body, “I wanted to know God is real. I prayed and prayed. I just wanted to touch God. I thought if God won’t come down to me. It would be much easier to summon the Devil!” The man cries out, “AND IF THE DEVIL EXISTS SO MUST GOD!” He cries and shivers, “I knew if Lord Satan existed so would God. Then I wouldn’t have to be an atheist.”

Pisces looks at Galabram and shrugs.

Galabram approaches Satan. Satan slowly turns his red yellow gaze to him.

Galabram reaches out and caresses the Devil's cheek with the back of his hand.

They stare into each other's eyes for either a moment or always. Galabram Could not tell for sure. He turns back to Death and Pisces, "There is nothing here. Let's move on."

They take up flight again. As they fly through timelessness, the abyss, Galabram strikes up more conversation, "Death is not evil. She's beautiful. Look at her. So graceful. So natural."

Pisces pulls herself close to Death. She wraps her arms around the pale woman. She closes her eyes with her head pressed against Death's chest, "It's safe here."

Death kissed Pisces on the lips. Pisces runs her hand over the breasts of Death. In an instant they copulate. Limbs tangle. Death fades into Pisces. Pisces stretches, looking like a porn star in the early morning after an all night shoot. Possessed of an anti-hang over. Reborn through Death and pregnant but not showing. Shadows glow from her eyes, mouth, and vagina.

"I'm ready," Pisces smiles at Galabram. For a moment he thinks he sees tiny skulls reflecting in her brown eyes.

Galabram kisses her hand, "I love you."

"The Dragon is come," Pisces chants.

Suddenly the landscape of their mind, the mindscape, the dream world, the abyss, the astral, the ethereal, the material, the all, they are all overcome with a single vision. The universe washes over them, threatening to drown them.

"Remember Saint Timothy Leary," Pisces screams through the hurricane of apocalypses and creations, of Ragnaroks and Big Bangs. "Terance McKenna. Peyote. The mushroom. Bad trips. Kaleidoscope visions. We've tripped so hard we couldn't see our hands in front of our faces in broad day light. We've had our minds blown open before. We can make it through this," Galabram reaches for his love but loses all sense of direction and orientation. Vertigo. His hand seems to stretch on passed Pisces for aeons.

"How can you still love me after this?" Galabram mumbles while drooling. He floats in the abyss, next to Pisces. There is nothing around them but their minds.

Pisces watches Galabram's mind like a television. A broken television. The channels keep changing.

Galabram shouts, "Always be ready to admit everything you know is wrong!" His head bobs and lulls to the side. His body goes limp. They float like sleeping children.

The voice of the Dragon roars, "This is what could be. What is. And what is not."

Pisces sees a lifetime before her. Galabram's entire lives. Who he is to the core. Galabram is facing his unconscious. She sees Galabram killing, raping, stealing, breaking all the commandments, indulging in the seven deadly sins. Unrepentant. She sees him commit every vile act imaginable. It lasts some where between several minutes and centuries.

When it's over they hear the quiet flutter of the Dragon's wings as it flies away.

Sobbing, Pisces looks to Galabram. His arms and legs dangle. He makes no effort to control them as he floats. Blood drips from his ears, from his eyes, from his mouth, and from his lower regions.

Pisces swims to him taking him in her arms.

"I am free of myself," Galabram whispers, "I am myself."

"What just happened?" Pisces asks.

"I'm not sure," Galabram whispers. Blood tears drying on his cheeks, he blinks several times, "I believe in," he begins to fall straight down, straight into the abyss.

"Galabram!" Pisces screams diving after him.

Galabram forces his head up to look at the pursuing Pisces, "I've faced my unconscious mind. My higher self. My Holy Guardian Angel converses with me. All of me is united. Now God pulls me toward Him. To the other side of the abyss."

Galabram feels intense gravity pulling him down. Weighing his body down. Stretching his skin. Like a collapsed star. Everything is drawn in. Not words nor silence, nor light, nor darkness escapes. God is a black hole. God is a supernova. God is the Big Bang. God is the end of time.

Pulled into the vacuum of the Presence, Galabram and Pisces feel their bodies twist into moebius strips. They feel all of their senses shatter. Their minds spread over the universe like a child's glass jar of marbles smashed on a tile kitchen floor in a grandmother's house. For a moment they know completion. Serenity. Calm. Like the flat surface of a windless body of water. They look into the reflections of their souls. Fingertips dip in and tickle their spirits as the ethereal ripples.

All time stops. There is no movement in the universe any where or any time.

God speaks.

Without a voice.

Not what anyone has ever imagined.

With every word spoken Galabram and Pisces are destroyed and created.

The voice of God sends ideas. Pure thought. Pure information.

When Galabram and Pisces think back and remember this experience while in their mortal vehicles they both remember different messages being conveyed.

Galabram remembers,

YOU FEARED DEATH. THOUGHT LIFE MEANINGLESS. THOUGHT IT A COLD UNIVERSE. YOU SAID UNTO YOURSELF, "ALL RELIGIONS HOLD A SPARK OF THE DIVINE. I SEEK THE SOURCE OF THAT SPARK." YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED. YOU HAVE CROSSED THE ABYSS. LOVE. ACTION. MOVEMENT. NOTHING. THE VOICE OF GOD IS YOUR VOICE.

Pisces remembers,

YOU FOLLOWED GALABRAM INTO THE ABYSS OUT OF LOVE. YOU ARE A MOTHER. A TRANSMITTER AND CREATOR OF LIFE. THIS IS HOLY. THIS IS SACRED. YOU ENTERED THE ABYSS AFRAID OF DEATH. NOW YOU BECOME DEATH. DO NOT FEAR THYSELF. THIS IS YOUR VOICE.

And both Galabram and Pisces remember this,

LOOK INTO LIFE AND DEATH. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS PERCEPTION.

Galabram and Pisces are both suddenly surrounded by warm darkness. They see the occasional swirl of red. They feel alone. They feel safe. As if they remember what is happening. They think without language. Words no longer exist to them. Words are magick.

They teleport home and watch *Moulin Rouge* together before going to bed for the night.

Nine months later they are born to mortal women. They live full lives. Meet and marry, like usual. They have four children. A boy. A girl. A hermaphrodite. The fourth child is stillborn. It has no arms or legs. Although did it is conscious and was most often seen floating about their home communicating telepathically with family and close friends. A loving and loyal child.

Then Galabram and Pisces die and return to the abyss to the moment God spoke to them.

"It's time to go home," Pisces whispers to Galabram.

They quietly float back up to the top of the abyss, returning to mundane reality.

They take their time.

Almost to the top of the abyss Galabram says, "I am kind of sad to go home again."

"It will be okay, Galabram. I am the dawn. We will make love. Look at this." She shows him her vagina, softer and more fragrant than a fresh rose.

Galabram smiles at his love.

Upon reaching the top of the abyss, Jesus Christ is still there. He is picking lint from his toe nails. His mouth drops open at the sight of the immortal couple. They rise together like a burning phoenix out of the mouth of the abyss.

Jesus stands and backs away as they land on the solid ground at the rim.

"Jesus," Galabram smiles with a glint in his eye, "Don't worry. I am the sunset."

Jesus gives an expression of perplexity.

"I have a gift for you," Pisces says to Jesus. Pisces parts her rose and a woman gracefully swims out to stand before them.

Speechless, Jesus opens his eyes wide.

Pisces smiles, "Her name is Mary Magdalene."

As Pisces and Galabram walk away, Jesus and Mary stumble together to embrace.

"It really wasn't a well kept secret," Pisces whispers to her eternal husband.

Galabram takes Pisces' hand in his. They look out at the mortal perception. Fingers interlocked. They look out at the stars. Volunteer prisoners once again. All sense save the sixth blocked out.

Galabram says, "I always feel like a deaf, blind, mute."

"Yes," Pisces smiles, "But we're not cosmic infants anymore."

Eclipse of the Abyss

Fully loaded, full bull, superman...

"i've got something to put in you"

...now the sigil must be continued...the dragon is addiction to instant enlightenment...i must tame the dragon...disco shaman groove around that old scaly beast...oh what a night...around the campfire light...spotted sasquatch in the trees...heard rumors *the blair witch* is in town...and loch ness is on vacation in a nearby lake...jason voorhees is in the same lake...and he's dreaming about freddy krueger...and then that goddess came along...dancing in the room...translucent and hip...disco globe in the center of the universe...the universe shutters as it belches...and this goddess, maat, shakes it for me...she says, "get down, shaman, get down and boogie"...and she dances...and she jives...oh the queen...dionysus and pan are always here...pan tapping his hoof and blowing on that flute...dionysus, that cat, his belly shakes and his cheeks are rosey like santa's...he grin's like a cheshire through red wine stained teeth...he holds the bottle up in salute...golden jewel encrusted grails are passed around the room...filled with the blood of christ...

Then comes lucifer to join the party...rumbling in on the thunder of his chopper...painted hell orange and black...big titty woman on the back of the bike...old scratch is dressed in his colors and full leather attire...good looking son of a buck...tall, dark, and handsome...if you don't mind the hooves and tail...or the horns...or the mirror like sun glasses...the goatee and pencil thin moustache...hair slicked back...a pool cue and violin strapped to the back of his chopper...the devil hops down off...he walks in and yells, "we're that frank zappa, mother?"...

"I think he's dead"...someone yells over the music...just then the devil, he snaps his finger and poof...in a puff of unholy smoke...there be frank zappa with a crooked smile to match his nose...

I'm thinking, "wow, deja vu to my childhood, baby"...i stumble down the hall...into my campsite/living room...all there is, is aerosmith putting on a private show in my living room...and there's wayne and garth...i think, "gee, what a wonderful world"...and in walks more ghosts...the sandman, tori amos, neil gaimen, and grant morrison come out of the dark forest arm in arm like dorothy in *the wizard of oz*...instead of toto is a chimpanzee with a superman red cape on...

I realize i cannot escape this party/dream...i concentrate...breath deeper...heavy bass...i get a big smile on my face and fly straight up...wings painlessly sprout from my back... i twirl and smile...the wind in my hair...against my face...doing loop de loops around the earth...i land on the moon just to catch my breath...then next stop mars...the red planet...i stand on it's rusty surface...in what appears to be a red desert...very fine sand...long, narrow, jagged mountains like fingers pointing to the red sky...i wander until i come to the letters WB etched in the sand...i think *warner bros*...william and brion rollover with moans in their graves...i smack my lips and cringe as i realize i don't like the taste of the air here...like dust coating my mouth...i teleport back home...to the reservation....

It's afternoon...the sun is bright...many people kneel and pray up to it...arms raised in V's...the sun god...the pastel blue sky...the sky father...in the night the goddess the moon...and her sister the darkness...the cosmic city lights the dark sky...people name the constellations...alice cooper walks in and sits down at the campfire with me...his face is painted like in his glory days...the cool gaunt face...my ancestors sit around the fire passing the pipe with me..."disco shaman," one of the elders shakes his head...the others shrug...and he nods, passing the pipe to me...they begin to sing...dancers appear...bells jingling on their arms and ankles...the drumbeats

repetitious...they sing and dance and hop...hopping in circles, one knee higher than the other...bopping their heads...it's beautiful...

I'm a child again...watching my family...

I walk away thinking about wisdom...a stray three legged, one eyed shaggy dog follows me...i pet him and feed him...he talks to me about my ancestors...the dog shape shifts into the form of a man...he gives me a crooked smiles and says something under his breath about the trickster...then a tarantula knocks loudly at the door...it sits still and silent...watching all movement...completely aware of it's surroundings...thinking of attacking at any moment...do I talk to it?...fear nothing...of course i talk to it...

"Hello," i says...the creature remains silent for many moments...i can see she is a female spider...the spider gives me a polite reply...and bagpipes start playing...i forget all about her and wander off in the direction of the bag pipes...

I'm in the scottish high lands...i see all my irish friends...including William wallace....and for some reason robinhood is their as well...oh they put on a Masonic ritual and i clap and smile...suddenly I'm surrounded by dc comics super heroes...all campy like batman adam west style...wonder woman looks good...and then a college professor stands up...it's open mic night at this party...he raps about the meaning of life...it's very beatnik...very wise...like a rated g william burroughs...i kinda massage my neck as he chants on...and then i start thinking about my old lovers...long gone...as this mister rogers fucker preaches on...i of course give in and get sad...and moved....like ginsberg's *howl*...the devil takes out that fricking violin...and a cabal of handsome vampire men step up with their own violins joining in...too much wisdom...zen sets in...the tao starts to flow beneath my legs like a river...i scratch my nose at a chipper smiling timothy leary with a towel around his head smiling at me...riding a magic carpet...

I climb away, whispering over my shoulder...

I'll be back...i kick an empty beer can out of the way...pick my nose and flick the bugger on the floor...a cobra sways back and forth...dancing...hissing...i snap my fingers and sway my hips with it...i rub my forehead, "where am i?"...i see my coffee table...in my living room...a sketch book...a pen...ink...paper...pencils...everything i need to create my own world...i pull a magician's robe from the closet...the current squeals in delight...and winks at me...a total chaos babe...dada...

He's a god...a beautiful...italian...mexican...spanish man...plays guitar like a desperado...i see the worm ouroboros...my family will pass on my line...i have children...my scarlet woman smiles at me...she's an artist magician warrior type...

On Crossing the Abyss

The creation of the adept from the crossing of the abyss is a baffling process when witnessed from outside the consciousness of the initiating magician. Only an adept who has passed similar trials may understand the madness and anarchy of the journey.

The annihilation of the old life is most painful and causes the initiate to become a deviant in the eyes of her/his society. It is a most painful process like child birth.

Speaking from experience, once the magician has passed over and is crossing the abyss and taking the black pilgrimage, he/she completely regrets the choice but what is done can not be undone. Absolute endurance and perseverance are required for success. The vision must focus historically rather than in the moment. One single life in the cosmic scheme of things is fleeting.

I will not require or request or suggest the challenge to any one or thing. This is a path that if taken up must be the whole responsibility of the initiate. Because each individual is an individual and survival of the initiation is not guaranteed, mentally, physically, or spiritually.

This is the Oath of the Abyss. This is Master of the Temple and beyond. This is to become more than human.

If this sword is taken up by the initiate, the initiate must realize the difficulty of surviving the day to day tedium of functioning in any society or culture. One must be prepared for an animal loneliness and immaculate heartache.

The success stories are ones such as Aleister Crowley, Helena Blavasky, Nicholas Flamel, Jack Parsons, Cagliostro, Casanova, and such. This path leads even to possible ascension such as the one popularly known as the Jesus the Christ, Enoch, Elijah, Buddha, Christian Rosenkretz, Count Saint Germaine, and such.

The vast and frequent failures are doomed to obscurity and unbearable hell.

I apologize for being Western minded.

An Existential Statement

There will be many who are jealous. They will fight you. Attempt to crush your spirit. When they realize you will not conform, they will attempt to destroy you in any shape, size, or form. Anything to subdue you. Myriad labyrinths. Infinite variety of prison. Endless suffering. If you are strong. If you persevere. When you die they will gather. They will puzzle. Some they set in the east and revere. Some they will set in the west and revile. It matters not which direction you face.

It is to be one with the universes. To know thyself and inflame thyself. It is will to power. To answer vocation. Calling. Reason for being. True will. Chosen destiny. Orchestrated fate.

I let myself go. Hanging on to so much, in fear. A child alone in the storm. Let go. Flow with the universe. Blown in cosmic currents like green leaves in the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The tree of life. The path of synchronicity.

Oh. I stand like a spectacular, nervous, and wet prom queen of drama. Long roads. Scars, aging, and sigils. Traveling so long. I've never been scared, but I'm always scared. The union of saint and sinner. My old life dead and gone. I look back over my shoulder, feeling so much older.

I am a poet and seer. Saint Natas.

I leave you my tales.

Do What You Want

This is for you, the struggling, let's keep the underground down.

My body lay cold across your hard floor, wide blank eyes stare at the ceiling, the blood a ruby pool born fresh from my skull, the last shallow breath from my lips, the last thump of my heart beat as my soul flutters up and out, caught in the breeze, I whisper out, a wisp in the wind.

Just a memory now. Defeated by everything that keeps me down, in a box, doesn't let me be me.

The spirit floats around this little jungle city of industrial clutter and imitated magazine ads, intangible, invisible, weightless, bored with heartache. Just when you get used to being alone, just when you don't want anyone, they come out of the wood work like playful imps and gremlins, giggling and tickling, let's play, let's play, and laugh.

An old wise voice in my gut gives advice, I nod, an eager boy, I never take advice. So many fragrant petals to pick. She loves me, she loves me not.

Oh, lordy, lordy, lord, I'm going straight to hell. So let's go, like Sid and Frank, all the way, I do it my way, the hard way, the wrong way, the strange way, the pain way.

And we left so many stains on the walls, down the halls, in the bathroom stalls.

We tumble through a tunnel, a goofy march, aesthetic soldiers of black, white, and rainbows, painting our own flags, neon glow sticks and purple lip stick, white elbow gloves, mad scientists, queers on fire, urban shaman, thick eyeliner and butterfly kisses. We jolt and shock, the louder the better, knowing nothing is shocking or serious.

I don't censor anything. Whatever is, is, that's just the way it is. That's about the size of it, eh. The size of Peter's pan, let the shit hit the fan, and take a stand.

Art is not the scene or recognition. I really don't wanna be cool, left that back in high school.

Fuck what I say, it don't mean shit, fuck all my words, they don't mean jack.

Now let's cut it up like Burroughs, save all our pennies for a dream machine, and get tribal in the streets because there's a bored angel on your shoulder and triangles around my eyes. Wander out east of Eden and promise more than paradise, crying, "Holy, holy!" Oh, for fear of stagnation keeps me moving like a strange star magick maverick. Chemical gnosis opens the door and takes you so far, but burns, burns out, and spills you like the blood of a saint just outside a city of pyramids while willful gnosis brings you up infinite into hyperspace like every man, woman, and child a superstar on course with the limitless light and more.

The beast in me sings out like a rock god in the shower, "Hey, little girl is yer daddy home? Did he go and leave you all alone, mm, hm..."

And I'm on fire.

It starts out real slow.

Just an ember.

A low, slow burning hum, glowing red beneath black soot and ash. A volcanic aftermath ready to fly like a fiery phoenix with violet eyes.

Just a slow burn.

Like violins sneaking up behind you in a daydream.

Like tired hands becoming fists at your sides.

Like muscles tensing.

Like tightened jaws and gritted teeth.

The trumpets of John's revelation sounding.

I ride in with the four horsemen, smiling, death's got nothing on me.

Can you feel it?

Rise like the night over dawn.

Raise your fists towards Heaven and Hell, toward the governments, convention, and cages.

Aim your guns and aim to win.

Liberate your mind by any means necessary.

The wind catches the embers and they blow like the sound of Apocalypse.

A thousand broken homes and hearts rising like antennae to the sky.

We will not go, we will not go, we will not go quietly into the black iron prison of control.

But explode with our own creation.

Explode like an old angry sun into something new.

Something you.

God's Fire

I'm so unstable...not sure what to do...I want her love so much...do you want or need?...i need...love...oh my love...

I stand here stunned and rejected again...how did I become so broken...a heart easily crumpled...ha ha...I'll do it again...I have to...it's the only way to live...to hang on to life...I 'spose I'll she lay these birds until I find another I like...

But this last one...she caught my eye...such a distraction...we talked...she wasn't digging me...I thought she was the first few days...then she turned so cold...so fuck it, I brush the dust off my shoulder...

I don't understand, why does this mean anything to you?...you don't make any money?...no body knows...it's a waste of time...just get in line...forget that shit...or you'll always be down...

I'll always be down...

I've noticed I sway and rock when I write some times...the magick gave me the gnosis...or I stole the god's fire...

Lucifer Stops By

It was a hard days work and I was exhausted. I went to bed early. Sleeping on the couch to be closer to the window air conditioner. I live alone in a one bedroom apartment in poor part of the city. The apartment is in a large, old house made into several apartments units.

The floors are wood. The walls are old hard plaster. It's haunted and creaks with a loneliness at night. I'm ruggedly content. A man who's been to hell and back more than once. Scarred with regrets and ghosts of my past. Walking the straight and narrow path now. Trying to do the right thing. To build this new life with vague goals in mind. I'm going to do it alone, on my own.

A deep sleep take me under quickly. No tossing and turning. I fall into sleep as soon as I lay down.

A loud noise startles me from slumber. The dream forgotten. I lay there half way between consciousness and unconsciousness. Was it thunder? Is it raining out?

I roll over and drift back to sleep.

Another noise shakes me awake.

I'm annoyed. What the hell is it? Is someone breaking into my house again?

I stumble off the couch and look around the apartment through the darkness. Nothing. No one is here. I lay back down and fall asleep again.

I wonder why things aren't simple? Two people come together for a moment. Both wanting the same thing. But neither say what the mean. They don't say what's inside. What they should say. The words get jumbled or lost in an internal tangle of emotions. The speed of life just gets in the way. Or maybe that's just me. Maybe it doesn't happen to you.

For a third time I'm violently awakened. This time it's firecrackers bursting outside my window. Only a week's passed since the Fourth of July. My drunkard neighbor has been lighting them off in the yard for days now. I am pissed off and storm through the shadows of my apartment out the front door to yell at him for making noise.

When I step outside he is standing there with a friend and a bottle of beer in his hand. I don't hold him in high regard. He's in his mid-twenties and tactless with lower intelligence. Not

all there, I think. Before I have a chance to say anything, he blurts out, “Hey, there’s some girl here who says she knows you!”

I look into his apartment and see her instantly. Shock. Am I dreaming? My eyes focus on her like a familiar friend.

Lucifer.

Lucifer.

Her dark, brown hair is longer than when we dated. I had seen her a few months ago, so that wasn’t a shock. She is as beautiful as ever. Laughing with a bottle of beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other. She’s vibrant, energetic, laughing and smiling, talking with her usual exaggerated and animated voice. Her fuck it all attitude. How many times have I heard her say, “I don’t give a fuck about anything?”

She sees me and screams my name in joy.

She walks to me, “I’ve been pounding on your window trying to wake you up! I walked all the way across town to see you!”

I mumble, “What are you doing here?”

“I came to see you and these guys were drinking and offered me a beer. They’re really cool. God and some guy started talking to me when I was walking over here. He asked me directions and told me his name and said see you later and I said my name is Lucifer, if I ever see you again.”

“Well, come on inside,” I motion to my apartment door.

“Okay,” she follows me in.

The bathroom light dimly bleeds into the living room.

I walk ahead of her to find a shirt.

“Put your shirt on,” she sits on the couch.

I pull on a brown t-shirt and sit next to her.

Smiling, gorgeous, young, she says, “I’m homeless. I’m staying with some people, but I don’t really know them that well. I broke up with my boyfriend on Sunday or Saturday and I just don’t think I want a boyfriend. Besides that he cheated on me while I was locked up,” she laughs, “but I guess I cheated on him first. But he’s just such a pussy.”

I nod.

“I shouldn’t have come over.”

“Why did you come over?”

“I needed to talk to someone who really cares. Someone who knows me, understands me, listens.”

“It’s fine that you came over. I have to work in the morning.”

“Oh, should I leave?”

“No, no. Not at all. I can give you a ride to where ever you want to go later.”

“I think I’m going back to Applegate in the morning.”

She talks and talks and I listen. A part of me want to hold her and ask her to never go away, please just don’t go. Don’t leave me again.

“Why didn’t you call me when you got out,” I ask her.

“I lost your number. My mom took my cell phone away and she erased the numbers.”

“Oh, she doesn’t like me.”

“No, she just didn’t know whose number it was. She erased a bunch of numbers. She didn’t even know it was your number.”

I nod.

We sit close together, like the last time we saw each other. Our thighs pressed together.

She takes a cell phone out of her pocket, “I stole this. I have to put it back before the guy I stole it from notices.”

I nod.

“I have to call someone. My friend is dying.”

“What do you mean?”

“He’s dying of cancer. He only has three months left to live.”

“How did you get that?” I gently caress a small cut on her forehead.

“I got in a car accident.”

“You have to quit drinking and doing drugs and shit or you’re going to end up all scarred up like that.”

“I wasn’t even drinking when that happened. But the weird thing is, when I thought about it, I thought how lucky I am to be alive. I got it easy and my friend is dying of cancer.”

More is said and she makes her phone call.

I sit quietly next to her while she talks on the cell phone, not really listening, just grateful she is here. I reach out my hand and she takes it. While she talks I lay next to her. My hand rubbing her stomach. Just looking at her, smelling her, listening to her voice. Trying to remember it all. To cherish this moment. To have something to remember when she leaves.

As she talks I kiss her neck, her cheek, her ear, her hand. Finally I rest my head against her. Cradled between her chest and chin. She puts her arm around me, running her fingers through my hair as she continues to talk to her friend.

After a moment she hangs up the phone, “This place has really changed since I was here last.”

“I just rearranged the furniture. Would you prefer it if there was still a mountain of drugs and money on the coffee table and marijuana all over the floor?”

“Ha. That was cool. No. You don’t want that.”

Her eyes are hazel. We just sit and look at each other for a moment.

She breaks the silence, “I still love you.”

I nod and whisper, “I love you too.”

“The age difference doesn’t bother me. It didn’t then and it doesn’t now.”

“I guess when I called what’s her name a couple of months ago, I just wanted to talk to you one last time. I just wanted you to know it was all real, that I really loved you.”

“I know. I know it was real.”

“I still have your letters.”

“You do?” she smiles.

“Does your sister still have the ones I wrote?”

“She does, but she says they are packed away. I felt weird asking for them with my boyfriend there so I didn’t read them.”

I tighten my lips in understanding and nod.

“I’m sorry for everything that happened,” her eyes water up.

“I know, it’s okay,” we kiss.

We lie on the couch and kiss. We make love. I won’t describe that because it’s just for me, but making love with her explains *the Songs of Solomon*. A Shakespearean intensity.

She does say things, like, “I know how to ride cock”, “My boobs are bigger, can you tell”, and “I love to play with my pussy.” She shows me all and shares all.

After a while I lose the ferocity of the sex and just want to be tender and hold her.

We lay naked together and talk for a long time.

Finally she says, “I love you but I can’t be with you if you are going to be clean and sober.”

“I love you and can’t be with you if you’re not clean.”

“Why do you love me so much?”

“I don’t know. Maybe I can just see the things you don’t see.”

We decide it’s time for me to give her a ride home. I keep telling myself this will not hurt. It will not hurt. We find a pen and she writes my phone number on her arm.

We drive to the place she is staying.

I pull over and leave the engine running. This will not hurt.

“I’m going to be 19 in a few months.”

My response, “I know.”

“We’ve known each other for a long time.”

“I know. I’ve known you since you were 16. I’m going to be 34 in a few weeks.”

She kisses me, “Don’t be sad. I’m leaving again in the morning. I don’t know when I’ll be back, but I’ll be back. I’ll always come back to you.”

I nod and stare ahead at the empty street.

She kisses me again. A long kiss. She whispers, “Good-bye.” And climbs out of the truck.

I watch her walk up to the house and drive away before she opens the door.

I don't look back.

This will not hurt.

Lucifer loves Natas

bringing down the rain and winds of hell...

the police man says...

the judge and the states attorney says...

“your honor, he was very angry and profane with the arresting officers, calling out vulgarities such as, and i quote, “you're a bunch of fucking nazi pigs...nazis...don't tell me what to do...”...

“he refused to cooperate...refused to give blood and urine samples...refused to answer any questions...continuously pled the fifth amendment...”

too bold...too brash...life like a car crash...

a menace...devious, ruthless, and wicked...

a criminal of the worse sort...

too thugged out...

really just a god gifted nuisance...

nothing more...

a speck on our heel...

public defender...

“back to jail”...

states attorney...

“back to jail”...

the judge slams his mallet down...

“back to jail”...

gotta sit for a minute...

but i fly kites to my love...

she sends secret agents of love...

started writing and i couldn't stop...

i made a promise...

and we spin around the world like flying saucers...

we spin in hazel and blue...

fumbling for answers in life...

where's my love?

where's my love?

fuck it...

pounce...

she's a dream in the morning...

fading...

she's the sun and moon rising...

cascading...

she's the wind fueling my fire...

we run away...

we run to mexico...

run home...

run together...

king and queen of the pride...

we be lions...

sage and muse of the pack...

we be wolves...

killers and callers...

feral...peril...

against the law...

against the odds...

our backs against the wall...

stars burning bright...

make a wish tonight...

we're born to fight...

don't care if it's right...

comets on course...

catching eyes...

chillin' third class...

empty pockets...

no code of approval...

no plan of action...

wild, day dreamy love...

trailer trash romance...

all we do is dance...

Drunk Day I

Most people don't really know why they do what they do beyond the surface.

I'm sick of everyone and everything.

Remember X's tits. Perfect globes. Round, firm, smooth, big, with tiny nipples. Small perky nipples.

So I went next door and fucked the shit out of the neighbor. So what. So I can fuck as long as I want. I can make women cum. Who cares. It's not nothing. She don't love me.

I ain't got a pot to piss in, but I daydream of savior love.

Intellectually I know a woman and her cunt won't save me. Not just her cunt. Her warm body laying with me at night, holding me, whispering about how much she loves me. That won't save a mother fucker. That won't save me.

Fred Nietzsche, Conan the Barbarian, and Kayne West agree, what ever doesn't kill me makes me stronger.

I got rug burn on my knees. I don't give a fuck. It don't mean a damn thing. Playa.

Nobody answers the phone this late.

If you are quiet enough you can hear the voice of the universe.

This morning I saw a little wolf in the astral plane at my feet.

Drunk Day II

I got no money, been up and down, all around. A working class joe. On the chain gang led by bill collectors. I'll sit and study you for a long time before I speak. Wear the eagle's chains with an everlasting smirk and chip on my shoulder.

A beautiful star imploded, sucked in a vortex, in a vacuum, collapsing in on itself, collecting itself, energy bundled and about to burst out, burst forth in a blinding, all consuming super nova of Dionysian delight. I'm coming. See the speck on the horizon riding forward, growing, momentum gaining.

Finding myself again for the first time. Finding a new me. A big me. An uber me.

I like to get drunk alone.

I am a youthful god. A fiery god. A lion god. A sion. A knight. Quiet.

Holding Something

the art of holding something and letting it go

the life of the poet

like a pink and violet autumn sunset

crisp cool air surrounding dead gold and brown leaves raining off the trees like broken hearted tears

she says we're crazy and makes me run with the wind like a spirit of wrath

the aura of winter hiding, misty on the horizon

a blur coming into focus

the brotherhood of the snake's apple just out of my grasp

fingertips almost grace it's smooth skin

always longing to taste the fruit of wisdom

it's sweet, fresh flavor of summer joy

freedom rolling off my tongue

the fragrance and color of honey

blind warrior priest of luminari and illuminatus

living on nothing but invisible, indivisible, invincible faith

hanging on the promise of unforgettable love

lighting the bonfires of spring

the body surrenders to the loud, vibrating drumbeat calling of the mad shaman's chant

naked and feral

the rhythm of a hip hop angel

losing ego and self in the dark oceanic depths of the unconscious

trances leaving the dancer un-human and primordial

the molds and models of god
tweaking the blueprints of creation
i like being born more than dying
but rush to new death like gravity
and i tell you this
every politician's a liar
every cop's a pig
astrology is horse shit
television is programming
the comfort of cock and cunt a mystery
i used to care
now i just sprinkle dreams everywhere

Kick It

I'm here to kick 'cause I'm wicked,
writing to you like a loaded gun in each hand,
safety's off and I'm cocked,
head low down, eyes glare up,
dogs in the street, we dance in fire,
rabid foaming essence burning,
I'm god of guerilla warfare, gimme an amen, yeh,
I'm a rebel so thick and slick, so sick, breaks cliques,
lion's blood roars through my heart,
I'll say anything to shake the world,
anything to offend,
move mountains with my words,
you can't stop me, can't kill me,
spreading like a virus through your brain,
ink stains in the membrane,
raised by wolves in trailer parks and housing projects,
raised in the wild, feral, urban and rural trash,
here to say,
you're all guilty and lame,
I will not settle,
but rebel against it all,
and who's to blame?

You, you, you.

So go eat some tofu, drink a latte or a mocha, listen to the latest indie sensation, watch TV, read poetry in a coffee house, talk politics and religion at the bar, be hip, dress cool, whatever it is you do. Just fuck off already.

I'm a killer ready to de-construct and Bucky Fuller with an army of blue collar warriors, starving rejects, ugly saints, style-less sinners, wisdom whores, confusing losers, and fallen angels.

I'm here to kick it 'cause I'm wicked.

Mad Angst

Oh, I am such a tormented man it's cheesy.

Melodrama.

Drama queen.

Everyone should stand up and recognize my uniqueness.

I shouldn't have to have a job. People should pay me just for being me.

I shouldn't have to work for anything. It should all just be given to me.

My name should be in lights.

I long for a savior to care for me, a savior who is not coming.

The divine cunt warm me and hide me from all woes, like returning to the safety of the womb.

I stroke my self-pity and depression like a hard cock or clit.

Notice me! Notice me!

Such grandiose self-loathing!

I feel like I've failed as a father. As a husband. As writer. As an occultist. In my career. Financially. Existentially. In my calling.

The world's too big for me. I lack the strength of Atlas.

Enough of this. Time to change the music. I'm listening to David Gray and it's depressing me way too much.

Mm. Okay. Eminem.

Feelin' much better now.

Maybe

I can see the sun set in your eyes

Take a moment and feel this

Alright alright alright

it's time to invoke mars

aries god of war

come to me come to me

come in me

i've left 1000 broken hearts in my path

chemical gnosis opens a door but only takes you so far

disciplined gnosis launches all the rockets

illuminati pulling that cup to that wand like electromagnetic animalism,

keep the slaves in line, content and pacified with money like honey,

slow drip and stick,

the energy of control

what was it like

what was what like

a thousand years

eleven lives

i walked in to the smoke shop this afternoon

a voice called out behind me

“Natas! Where’ve you been?”

i turned around and smiled

“i been in rehab.”

“me too!

no time to die

it's all uphill from here...

blue collar blues...

busting hump 55 hours a week...

too tired to write or feel moved...

rent's late...

outta gas...

down to the last cigarette...

going to jail...

to brush up on some spades...

understandin' why rimbaud put down the pen...

characters of regret fly about the past...

loved 'em all...

but i don't believe...

don't believe...

i don't believe any more...

don't believe in love...

or anything sacred...

everything's just everything.. .

it's all what it is...

it is what it is...

this is the page between chapters...

the future's unknown...

waitin' to turn...

waitin' on a bird...

i am the word...

fingers bleeding font...

blueprints adjusting to the flow...

labor pains of rebirth...

an electric hand reaching you...

New Creature

I hurt so god damn long, it don't hurt no more.

Now there is a new creature.

The new creature is a preacher.

Standing between Agartha and Shamballah.

Angels are dancing and dying.

Move slowly with method to madness.

Wear a gold mask and carry a red rose.

Once found, remain hidden.

Smile on the serpent christ for the liberation of the tree of gnosis.

Ego prognatus.

Oh blah

i can't remember, are you still in love me?...that's cool either way, cuz i won't be her man but i'll be everyone's lover...cheers...

a wisp of a lass...she's the soul of a swan...sweet and sexy as satan and natural as gravity...

licking chapped lips, chain smoking, bare foot, writing poems on my arm with a black marker...lost in the little city...bored out of place and time...out of options...the time is right and ripe...the hand of a stranger carress my unkept face...

after a long and lonely winter funeral festival, spring rolls in with flirtatious surprise like a new born fresh from the moving breath of god with the feverish anticipation of innocence to be lost...

new green...little critters...crowded houses, cars busily hissing around with stoic star pilots, families, friends, and fiends...all watched over by sleek pigs with moustaches, crew cuts, and the tangible power of the law...

gasping for water on the shore, i've no control...mixing mornings with midnights...

my body laid out and decorated for consumption...dying and sinking back into the dirt...

i want more and more and more...it's never enough...

communication has broken down...i stand in the center of the universe tapping my fingers half way between stage games of life and a beautiful homebound death...

i've climbed the highest of holy mountains and traveled the deepest, barren scars in reality...

oh blah...i plop down on my ass, sitting indian style on this cracked and tilted sidewalk and sigh at the spinning of angels and dead elder gods coming apart and together at the seams all around with chaotic grace...

light a cigarette and exhale, absently rubbing my belly and watching the smoke dance a ladder to heaven...

the game goes on...

Suicide Fool

i need something to do

social experiments

combination locks

inside insight

for every action there is a reaction

my body cuts threw the air

the air moves

i love you

her legs spread

i love you

my heart bleeds

blood pumps

threw veins

arteries

blood cells

brain cells

oxygen

breath in

deep

threw my nostrils

through my mouth

exhale

inhale

slow heart beat

drumbeat

hair grows

memory fades

saliva dries in my mouth

lids blinks

delicate eye lashes

my heart served on a gold platter

raw with a side of parsley

she eats with the manners of an aristocrat

nonchalantly discussing the purpose of being

i am the jester of her court

queen of hearts

after dinner she entertains

a game of cards

she always wins with karma

i draw the suicide king

she smiles and pulls the fool from another deck

R Queen

tired and out of breath...i'm a stainless steel work horse...swinging a hammer all day like john henry...clank clang clatter...feet sore with callous...rough on the hands...screeching, burning metal and sparks all day...red embers...dirty, dusty, grimy, grungy, crowded mess...ordered chaos...

walking silent, stoic through the crowds...sliding in and out of tribes and circles of friends and foes...ever transforming...liquid character... malleable persona...writing symphonies of sigils...my flesh and act on stage...

birds fly in and out my window so fleeting the scent and sense barely a memory...the human in me aching for love...love...but no...no no...you got to go...

settling for nothing less than all...secrets sway...my barbarous symbols...dream is me...in me...home...

in my pose...my prose...my asana pose...third eye looking out there...in there...up there...down there...around there...through there...and here...

don't trust a gray...the egg heads suck...

i'm rumbling like an avalanche... to make you want to chant, you see...

and my lovers...my lovers...babalon...she just comes up from deep...from slumber...from ages...from under...weight...from under gravity...from under always and never...

she comes bursting forth...a renaissance queen...spreading a smile across my face...her delicate fingers in my hand...her voice the silence of heaven...like a breath of life...i chase the elves

hiding in sylvan forests...photographing faeries...orbs of light and innocence... king of mist and
the green...aged, wise warrior...viking lord...teuton sioux...invoke. ..evoke...ee oh pan...ee oh
pan...ee oh...

Old Letter

I came home...

Hadn't been there in a month...

Hadn't been spending much time there before that month...

But I came home...

Like a soldier returning from war...

Older, stronger, wiser...

A majestic, battle scarred lion...

In love with my body...

Cleaning away the cobwebs and debris of this ghost home...

Settled in quiet...

Found an old letter you'd left me...

Never found it before...

Took a moment to read it...

Smoking a cigarette alone at midnight...

I felt nothing at all...

Tucked it away in a box of memories...

I'm a white trash half breed

White trash half breed and I'm coming for you cunts.

Dollar bills in your eyes.

And I'll rip 'em out.

I'm star blazing, rocking the earth free.

The middle class are the programmed contentment.

Like the hipsters, the hippies, the beats, the mods, emo, punk rock, the hip who always grow into yippies, always.

The rich are the fascist elite. Period.

My true thoughts. Fuck the world. Fuck the system. Fuck all governments. Don't tell me what the fuck to do. Don't tell me to get a job. To go to school. To get married. To buy anything. Don't tell me you own land. You do not own land. No one owns land. It's the Earth. It belongs to us all, no borders, no rules. The state of nature.

I'm angry at the world. I'm angry at God. Where am I? What the fuck. I'm a fucking construction worker and I hate it. I'm broke as fuck. Rent's passed due and I'm broke. All the bills are late and I'm broke. I'm stuck working a job I loathe every day and I'm still in the red. In debt. Slave to money. Drive an old rusted, dented, truck with one door that doesn't open, no power steering and no muffler.

I wish I could stay in my teens, if not then, then my twenties...

Shave that rock...

I spend all my money on pot...

The One I Love

Who is the one I love?

The one I love in ecstasy.

The one I lift up and venerate.

The one I love.

She never leaves.

She never goes away.

She never thinks less of me.

Because she knows within us all, a saint and a sinner.

She cares not for money or materialism.

She cares not for social class, age, or prestige.

She cares of faith, loyalty, and friendship.

She caress and banish my fears.

She creates, and lives, and dies, by my side.

And the one I love.

I give her what little I have, which is all of me.

Make Up

The phone rings and I answer.

She says softly, "How are you?"

"I'm fine."

Tense silence.

I stare at a picture of us on my wall.

She breaks the silence, "I'm a wreck and I'm coming over."

"Okay."

"Okay?" Her voice falters between tears and joy, "Are you sure?"

"If you want to."

"Okay, I'll be there in a little bit."

"Okay."

I hang up.

Looking around I realize my apartment is a mess. I've just been too busy with work, writing, and all my jive to keep it up lately. The thought of cleaning it flutters by like a rolling cloud on a lazy Sunday afternoon.

I don't know why she's coming over. I don't know what to say when she gets here. I light a cigarette, kick off my shoes, and lie back on the couch, close my eyes and wonder if God's divine. I know we're all men and women of this world. This world which made us all what we are.

Knock.

I answer the door.

She stands before me, looking tired and scared. Her eyes reveal the little girl she used to be.

“Hi,” she gives a weak smile.

“Hi,” I bite my lower lip, “Um. You wanna come in.”

“That’s why I came over.”

I nod.

I sit in the living room.

She’s a silhouette in the hall, hiding her eyes beneath brown hair like an elegant weeping willow.

I look at the hardwood floor, head down, elbows rest on my knees, “I’m sorry.”

“You’re sorry,” she says in an angry tone, stepping forward from the hall, tears welling in hazel eyes.

I look up and smile, light a cigarette, “I’m all out of glamour. All out of lust and star dust.”

“What the fuck does that mean? Don’t you think I at least deserve an explanation?” The tears stream down her smooth cheeks, “Why?”

“There is no answer. Things are just the way they are.”

And she cries.

She sits next to me on the couch.

“But I thought we had something extraordinary.”

“I’m too old and beat up. An old dog. Exhausted. Like tired zen.”

“Shut the fuck up!” She screams, her hands balled in fists, tears dripping from her chin, “Quit talking to me like some poet rock star! You’re not! You’re just a fucking drama queen! A lost little boy! Quit hiding and come back to me!”

She drops to the floor and my feet.

Her blurry eyes look up into mine and she sobs, “Kiss me good-bye.”

I can’t look away from the pain in her eyes.

She stands on her knees, her hands on my face, “Your love is like a feather in the wind.”

She kisses me hard. I feel her face, wet with tears and snot, against mine. Her mouth faintly tastes like toothpaste. And I remember these lips and this soft tongue. The familiar movement of her mouth and hands. The scent of the air from her nostrils. We kiss hard and deep. Her hands begin to wander and brush.

“Stop,” I hold her wrists in my hands and turn my head away.

“No,” she growls and tries too push herself into me.

“Please, stop,” I yell.

She crumbles and weeps, arms wrapped around my feet.

“I think you should leave now,” I feel my eyes getting warm and wet, “this was a bad idea.”

“No,” she whimpers.

I stand.

“I don’t understand,” her voice cracks between sobs.

“Neither do I.”

She stands, close to me. Her arms crossed tight over her chest.

“I just,” I shake my head. Tears now running down my face.

“It’s okay,” she whispers, “just tell me. Let it out.”

“I can’t do this again. I can’t be hurt again. I love you so much. Too much. And you’re better than me. So much more beautiful than me,” shaking my head, “You can do so much better than me. I haven’t got anything to offer you. I haven’t got a pot to piss in. I got no money. I’m never gonna be rich. I don’t wanna be cool anymore. I won’t be able to keep up with you. You’ll break my fucking heart. And I won’t be able to handle it.”

I feel the tears dripping of my chin.

“Look at me,” her voice serene and calm.

My lips tighten and our eyes meet again. Her hands take mine and fingers interlock.

“You just need to leave, baby,” I mumble.

Her head shakes slow, “No. I love you and I’m going to fight to be with you. I’m not giving up.”

“I can’t do this. I won’t survive losing you. Please just leave before you hurt me.”

“I’m not going to hurt you. I love you so much. All you can do is take a chance. You won’t know unless you let me show you. I want to be with you every day. I want to marry you and have your babies.”

I give a little laugh and tilt my head back.

She smiles, “We’re Sonny and Cher, ‘I’ve got you, babe’.”

“They didn’t stay together.”

“They should have. It doesn’t matter though. We’re the song, not them.”

“I’m just so fucking scared. You don’t understand. I’d rather be alone than be hurt again. I’d rather be alone than be betrayed again.”

She holds my chin in one hand, “I’m not going to hurt you. I’m not going to betray you. Gee. Did you see me falling a part a minute ago.” She smiles and shakes her head, “You really think I’m going anywhere? I wouldn’t even leave with you telling me to. I love you. I need you. I can’t breath without you.”

“Promise me you’re not going to hurt me.”

“I promise,” she whispers as her body pushes against me.

“Oh, god,” I moan as we fall onto the couch together in a tangle of clothes half off, “Always a Pisces.”

but there’s this girl in my dream,
she’s starlight and space flight,
she’s got the look of my favorite book,
she’s a sad clown and always around,
she won’t say no or let go,
she’s my hand held tight and my kiss good night,
she’s my “my, my, my”,
she dreams like i do
she fits in my strawberries fields forever,

i see the sunset and rise in her eyes,
we're gonna go where people don't go
we're obsidian dreams and danse macabre