

## **molding**

honeysuckle cherubim wings  
were shaped from the petals crushed  
in between god's hands. they still bleed  
when they hear his voice.

seraphim wings were torn into  
crow feathers, were carved from thorns  
and the edges of leaves. they bent and  
cut and survived and god's hands still  
wear the scars.

god didn't make the archangel's wings.  
they made themselves from the chaos  
left behind. they stole the dark, the before,  
and broke the law. god smiles when he looks  
at them and the wings shiver back.

**we are different parts of the same thing**

god pulls out his herbivore teeth one molar at a time,  
leaves nothing left but ripped flesh and blood and us.  
he carves angels out of the bone and makes them into  
the carnivore he couldn't bring himself to be.  
he twists demons from nerves and they are nothing  
but pain, eating the leftover bone shards in  
a surgical endeavor to try and not feel anymore.  
god smiles, sunken mouth and gums and all,  
holes where we're supposed to be, and says  
"eat. think of me in the hunger and know that  
to be hollowed is to be hallowed, that there is beauty  
in the emptiness and that you are empty with ache."

**lost cause**

i felt too much                      and saw too much

in a world that would not look back. in a god who would not answer.

i was created without wings,    only a force of fury;

beautiful                              and beastly,

a dragon                              inside of a snake,

and i wonder                      if it was because

he knew i was to fall.

### **short observations by angels**

- i. that ringing in my ears when the sky takes us sings like ecstasy cradled in their throats  
- i am bound by the vibrations in my bones - by the angels digging into my skin - by  
the altar i'm being pried open into.
- ii. absolution tastes like finishing silence, clementine and salt - it's pinned by the wings  
on god's bed - spilling hallelujahs to the sheets and feeling the light leave marks  
bruised onto its thighs.
- iii. god belongs to the devil in the way you moan his name - the way you carve desire  
into a halo - and how you then break it into horns - god and desire are hidden claws  
that drag down your back and into your hair - mouthing prayers and verses down to  
the skeleton beneath your flesh.
- iv. when god said kneel - lucifer was the first to say "kinky" and was the first to say "no"  
- all glowing hoard before a dragon - and then he was the first to take power while on  
his knees and make a crown out of bowing - make dragon wings out of gold.
- v. saints lick constellations onto your lips and novas in your mouths until you are  
bursting - they have no wings - just names they make you scream until they feel like  
they can fly

i learned how to pray through a mouthful of words  
caught in my throat by spitting onto the paper  
and turning the shards into lines that spoke  
to me better than any other god ever could.  
yes, i worship. yes, i ache. but isn't that just faith?  
that i'm still coughing up slivers and loose thoughts,  
that i'm not letting my blood drown me from the inside,  
is just faith in a day where i won't have to hurt to write.  
dandelion seeds and sun stretched rays will  
be all i need to grow a confessional instead of being one.