

An Angel's Demise

She was a peculiar sort. The one you would see climbing along the bathroom shelves in the middle of day. Like the edges of glass she shattered the image of a girl I once knew... all about liquor and pills, she made love to the bottle faster than I could fair. She would latently pull in and say, come make love with me to these sweet things. Then one day my eyes bled her blood, as I realized her body turning to ash. I sat in her flames for so long and wept "why God... why", is this not the Devil's work, the hellfire of his spawn. I saw the blood dripping down her face as her love subtly subsided, as her heart pushed against mine. I yearning that each beat had could be one stolen from my chest. God so naively did I trust you... could you not see my soul in her. There were no words that described the depth of your solitude. Or maybe I was mistaken, and God would have much rather seen a flower die than slowly rot away.

I had fallen prey to her hands and I felt the warmth of her sentiment
Running along the cracks and lines of my broken self.
She was truly the beauty that defined my delight
And the course of the sea that gently drifted me back to her.
She became the notion of light that scored the key swirling in her ecstasy.
She came to me with all her blessings and I was the devil
That pretended to be her god. I thought I had the essence of her underneath
The ashes of my garden and the darkness had freed from her soul to die fair
Amongst my flames. I never discerned that I would be the one to fall
When the darkness was freed from my eyes.

She became a beauty that danced so elegantly on the shimmers
Of my shadow. Even when she frolicked in the shade she was so
Alluring that when the light flooded my eyes it only made her that
Much more beautiful. She continued to dress in black and dance
Every day as if the day she left; it would be my own funeral.

Like an angel she was my light and like the devil she was my night.
And I had sewn our breath so we understood everything we said to one other
Until the alcohol in my tongue drunk her into a misspoken stupor
Of love. She blissed right past the truth that these weary eyes showed and
Merely counted her blessings on nine lives until she found out she had only
one. I always said the most knowledgeable of people saw the simplest of
things,
And in this instance all I saw was her soul while she saw everything of
herself.

The way she crawled among my skin and touched me,
She bled all the essence from the ghost of my hollow self
And scared the tissue from my veins as she poured all of herself
Into me. I saw the way she drew herself to a spirit that shined
Slightly brighter than her torn past. Her eyes were adjusted to the dark
And the darkness solicited solely her, and so even a glisten was
Enough to make her smile. Enough to make her hold my soul
Gently as her hair took the wind.

Love is always she needed from me and anger is what heated her soul
To mesh the light of our scattered pieces. She always hugged me at
Every moment and every time I held her shoulders so loosely
Fearing if I hugged her to tight she would disappear. She kissed me gently
and

Wrapped her feet around mine until we connected from head to toe.
And If I gave her my hand she held onto it naught as if I was a child,
But as she if was my lover, our fingers intertwined in the separation of our
bliss.

She I knew then was everything beyond me and I that it deemed only fair to
lay
Down my life for her; a million times over until she realized she
Was everything that defined me.

I had her by the wing awaiting her flight until my hands had
Stripped her wing of every blessing and every bone until the only
Thing she saw was her shadow underneath. She stared at me and searched
For an answer she only knew. I had held her so low to the cement that her
feathers Sunk into the earth and I let her lie to the redden nest of my
madness until I was so mad at her I gave her the rest of me. I am so sorry
To not have drowned in her tears.

I witnessed the serenity of a flower lying once afore, her petals resting on
the soil. The virginity of nature's affect and man's harsh fondle of the stem
eventually had torn her apart. And here now I lay in this same flower
bed yearning how to liberate the beauties of our land. Night will solely
bring further darkness, so Sun perhaps. Yet what is light to those who seek
solely darkness. And rainfall shall not fair, for already they have felt
profusion of tears. Guide me God, for surely you have witnessed the
wastelands of our daughters. Show me how to help them fly, yet not so high to
heaven or so low to the earth. Just enough to let their feet rise from the
soil; enough to help me before I reach it.

I realize now at times I made love to her only because it
Was easier than loving.