Caeli caederent

If the world held angels
There would be no heaven for the righteous
Nothing for the pure and sepulchral -
Divinity would be needed elsewhere.
Where hunger and loss, like an ugly bruise,
Tarnish existence. Stained
Continuously. Angeli.
They would be perched on the crooked shoulders
Of girls whose tears leave black tracks on their faces,
A layer of grime worn in by pain.
You would find them in smoky backrooms
Where those with nothing
Lay claim to everything,
something - anything -
In frantic attempts to gouge out their place in the world.
An angel on the street would not be clad in white,
Would not be an emblem of purist pride
In the haze of insecurity,
Angelic decisiveness would push
Trigger forward, hammer back
And greet those who convention
decrees instructs demands insists
Are unworthy of intervention.
Heaven would be empty
If angels were to be.
SINGULARITIES

So this is the here, the now, Not the to be –

Or the what has been –
But here and now and fire and blood
Are pounding through
Silent shells. Intricacies of Nature
Your hands used to touch

Me in passion or kindness,
In distant days gone by.
Into here and now and you and she
Are breaths that pass in purple night
And I am wanting you.

So if we believe what scientists say
And my body
Are the same and not the same.
If you and I and guns and clocks are made
Of the memories of fragmented
Galaxies a thousand
Unkissed lips away,
Then I am watching a star kiss a knife,
Running fingers through follicles
That were once icicles
- Omnīs cellula e cellula –
I am back in our blushing night-time
And I am needing you.

So now I can examine the whys, and wherefores,
I see your smile creasing
Into the furlings of a rose,
Life begets life – our parts live on –
As ships and sex and smoke and snow –
But a star could not form a thing
More beautiful than
The hesitance in your voice

As we become nebulous, almost forgetting
That we are flesh and leaves and
Pain. But all of that has passed.
We had the world, that shaped our time –
And I am part of you.