

## Angels Falling

Pox: some legion of lesions,  
that manifestation from agents:  
these crystalline tubes, cells...

It's intimate, this passage,  
intimate as talking on the phone  
& wanting to climb past that contraption.  
It's personal, this connection, personal  
as planting some part of the self  
& being amazed how things flourish.

An accident? Was fun,  
desperation, dependency involved?  
Thanks so much for asking.  
None are reasons to judge, exile  
the dying, the sick of living  
*quite fine*-----alright?-----  
though marked down as viral.

Try another approach.  
Trace back tracks, the insidious system  
bogging down spirits who'll pay,  
take chance, tune out if only  
to hold hope, feel its breastplate,  
a smooth feathery engine  
pulsing pulsing flight.

Turbulence ahead.  
Were you lied to, kept under,  
in the dark, uninformed?  
My god-----"Ma'am, Mister;  
I love my child, my man, my woman.  
Don't you know?"-----or-----  
"Listen, I was bad off, OK.  
Hey, ain't that enough?"

Enough already. Let up.  
See, realize faces, earth-inmates,  
all the real or invisible cages  
& chains of angels negotiating  
a way through, in & out.

Make an offer, a deal...  
Still these arrangements, clandestine,

rooted in life, tuck, cover, fold wings  
over from shoulders to chests-----  
yes, especially when descent,  
a sort of sleep, may, to those going,  
be the most gentle thing.

(not in print, sound collage only)