

pre deviant bones... the pure ones.
bone white
jutting out of the darkness
structured for flight.
structured from the firmament of devotion.
the humorless angels
post leatheriness.
celestially membraned hoverers.
they are queued up messengers armed
with divine words
sacred encounters
short ceremonial parade daggers
and the swift swords of rebalancing
the misplaced
the misspent
the misdirected
the stumblers
the proud
forms below their shadows.
and they were created to bring in the big stuff.
they are among the elect.
they have little regard for the less than perfect
when the less than perfect do not listen up.
sitting in the prison yard like turf guarding cornermen
with shining predatory eyes
watching for gang hand signs
needing retribution

for the unnatural in the naturalness of nature
while patiently pointing up with their index fingertips.
surrogates lighting up the timeless room containing
the faith based destiny for those who do not heed the call.
they will not tolerate the science that plucks their feathers or clips their wings
with reasoned empiricism or projectionalistic theories.
they can cosmetically alter their countenance with their closets
of profound terror and radiant banners
with spiritual stars
and other cosmological pressures
out of the mist.
down from the highest of the high
accompanied by righteous manifestations.
trumpeting blasts of the coming.
they are prepared to drag you off to perdition
or deliver you to salvation after you spend yourself on the quest.
the mystic inebriants
unfolding their wings.
sentinels.
informers.
dogma guards checking for violators in the inviolate.
they never come as guests.
they are repossessors and smiters.
they collect the dues.
they are severe compassionists.
dispensers of
the if you do not threats.
dispensers of
the if you do threats.

there is nothing that is understated about their intentions.
no vague oracles.
they are the
to the point last chance announcers.
well groomed suited to
define what is suitable for the occasion.
they do not offer choices.
they specify the outcome mysteries
in the gowns and ornaments of revelations.
they can bestow gifts from the great beyond
an everlasting
paradisical
salvation
that is the resting place of the sublime.

satanists
or other maleficent creatures
or manifestations of despairing souls and spirits
beyond reason think this is outlandish.
that evil or the absence of good may be garish.
their sycophants and adherents want to be friends.
their lair may smell of the collective decay
but they are a repository of failed choices
flawed strategies
the just did not work out as expected thing
and they protect their own nest feeding their young
with what they have fed on forever
while pretending you are allowed to figure out things on your own.
a little discomfort
a little annoyance

small irritations
may be involved but you can settle into your complete being
historical and imagined
and do not have to reject the cellular explosions
of unconscious and conscious integrations and the forces they unleash.
no plea bargaining.
just the total unshared experience of self centering self.
the unification of the moral consequences
with their inconsequential impacts
on pleasure
its objects
its costs
its others.
what is at odds in this arena
when the spectators in the stands realize they are not spectators.
they are not in the stands.
the arena is the entire interior of the coliseum of being human.
and being human is being on fire
in the vast darkness and the brilliant light
coming out of the nothingness creating the sudden need for answers.

how do we distinguish between nothingness and allness
the offer of good and evil
and our offerings
and how we are offered
in our location
given the local situation...
two things having a go at us at the same time.

the pure ones.
wf.h.
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