

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.  
2023