Killing Angels

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I kill angels like ants.
splat
I enjoy it.

They always look so surprised.

Sometimes I catch them kneeling
and I stick a pin in them so they die screaming
forgetting to pray.

I smoosh their bodies against my lips
so I have fresh lipstick.

The long lean ones are useful
as dental floss.

I think they should be relieved:
I've saved them
from the boredom
of eternity.

I am more
tangible than Lucifer,
(and smell better)!
I think that pleasing
me is good.
I always tell men
what to do in bed.

In Heaven, angels have esoteric sex,
something to do with dry ice and feathers.
But when they come down to our World
they abstain. It's religious repression
at work. I tell you: it's a force to be reckoned with!
—as if we were bad!

Angels have always been famous as censors.
They sat on Ed Sullivan's shoulder
during the Elvis shoot.
Through the centuries
they've sat on many shoulders
creating invisible walls of belief.

It took me years of walking into those walls
breaking my bones
before I realized the World
wasn't built for me. I don't fit.

When I finally recognized
that those transparent walls have mass
I decided I didn't want to play
the angels' game.
That's when I named myself:
Angel Killer
Destroyer
of Insipid Loveliness
Master of
Myself.

Before I killed the angels
I asked them, “Why are you here?”

They said they were sent
to maintain the status quo.

They insisted that not having senses
made them perfect models for human beings.
— as if we were bad!

They didn't understand
the good and bad of sex and money,
but were certain
the World should work this way,
“He wills it,” they told me.

They did say that wine
and coffee bars were ok
as long as they weren't open on Sundays.

But I still killed them.

You see, they kept harping at me
about pleasing the Father
and doing just what He wanted.
There's nothing Earth-first
about the Great Chain of Being.

I can't believe
a white man rules Heaven.
I definitely don't want their Heaven
on this Earth,
it's tough enough to live in their World.

So when I killed those angels,
I wasn't really surprised
that underneath those pink and white exteriors,
they were completely hollow.