Killing Angels

P. R. Dyjak

University at Albany

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Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.
William Blake, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, Plate 11

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've heard them worry:
What are we to do with Pat?
She's so quiet; people think she's angelic.
I sprayed Raid on that bunch.

Truly, these angels exasperate me.
They float down to Earth
with their "good" intentions
their divine interventions
and prescriptive plans
as if we were bad
as if
we
were
bad!

I didn't plan to be this way.
It's been a long journey
to find my earthly powerful side.
I wasn't always able
to see angels
and the evil
that their devotion belies.

I tried it their way:

I was so good
I couldn't believe myself
and began to fade away.
I still
could be a "good" girl
and not complain:
not point out
that the Christian right
is very male and very white —
the angels would prefer me to be quiet —
but I'm no angel.
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.