The Frayed Angels

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by Les Visible

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the frayed angels shed their wings
and descend
into earth's turmoil
burying their sunlight
in a cloth
of sleek
and willing flesh
that...
incomplete forever
wanders the thirsty deserts of unrequited desire
in dreams sometimes we touch
that place of peace
where longing ends
where the long road of countless sleeps
beckons into the cross roads of awakening
the punishment of separation ends
the slaughter of innocence
the ravaged hearts
and faces of those
who lost their love
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there is nothing in this life so sweet as the touch the embrace of one who has come across all the vastness of lifetimes

to lie tranquil in your arms

it is as close to paradise as we are permitted to come here...

the casual couplings the lust of power to possess are only shadows of this love

ceremonies of torment and loss

for the more one desires the greater the effort to have and discard

the greater the distance from ones own heart

every living thing
struggles
to hold
to that one memory of themselves
in which the candle of love
burned
however briefly...
so brightly

All doubt and hate are merely faith and love suppressed And the inability to love worse than any death

Death being only the boat that sails

us through and into the fields of eternal peace

not even the worst of us can avoid this forever

it for this mercy alone
that forever exists

there is nothing that you can do for which he will not forgive you

I wish only that I might linger all of my days in love

Forging that bond that spans
all time
and change
and washes away for all time
The weakness and stupidities of my fear

Fear,
which is all that has ever stood
between me
and the ones I loved

Fear
that has made a lie so many times
Of the living truth
I AM

Like all of you

An embodiment of god

all possibilities
at birth were delivered
into our hands
yet we give ourselves into
subjugation to our servants
for ridicule and confinement

Cast out from the castles from where
we
as kings and queens
ruled all things from within the temple of the heart

cast out into the trackless wastes of our own confusions amnesia driven hungry and alone while those created to serve us spill our wine eat our food and laugh at the ignorance that has closed our eyes to the beauty of ourselves

never again will I let myself be tormented by fear

the love killer

the life killer

Death of a sort comes to us all no matter who we are we cannot escape that

we can only accept
and wonder
to whom did it happen?

let go all chains that hold the image down

Earth does not speak unless the spirit flames

these times in which we live dance like some drunken jester on the edge of the abyss great things are within our reach even as we wait we can see...

the first glimmer of that dawn for which so long we have waited to see

It has nearly broken me...

but nothing is beyond repair

truly let this moment be
your last moment
of regret

let your heart see
that you
have not touched the best times yet

take back your wings no longer frayed and fallen

let us rise and soar as if no one had ever gone before.