

Angel Office

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The cry of a mother is a rumbling so mighty it could knock angels out of the sky. Yet I remain in my office chair, watching her yell to the heavens. At the angel office, I clock in when the world spins and I'll clock out when the world burns. I am paid in gratitude, and I feed on good deeds. I am the aspiration of a human.

Retching. It's so retching. A scream so ragged, rough, and raw. The scream chases a presence. It searches for something to bounce off of, it only finds space to fill. It is in need of guidance, tangible saving grace. It's yearning is alluring as the Angel gets lost in the display of sorrow. In the end, life flashes before your eyes. Have you ever wondered who made the film? Near death visions are angel disks, seraphim hard drives. Stored files of lecture videos assigned by God.

Angel resigns herself to the idea of pain. It is something she lacks the ability to feel in the land absent of sin, of sacrifice, or punishment. She wonders if pain really feels like death, and how enormous it must be to die from pain alone. If pain is death, how curious it is that a mother cries in pain in the presence of new life. In the presence of new life, the Angel only observes.