

Mien Angst / Notes to the Scribe Angel Siriel

Isn't he zenith

I say in passing to the angel inside my smartphone

It's a note to remember

The angel takes it down

There's a long history of

No 1 understands my dazzle or

I m sorry 4 my evil and my stupefy

I conduct rituals deep into the dial tone I put my phone in airplane mode

and drip goat blood into the microphone with a teeny syringe

The angel Siriel looks discontent

Cambions push their infant hands up against the underside of the smartphone glass

They don't scare me I have been to the other side

Nothing spiritual

can punish me worse than mankind has punished me

2b angsty n the Sweet Teen Room

Feelin that weltshmerz I say to the angel

but the angel is gone

because angels are not happy

when you use your smartphone to summon demon toddlers
 I am always at odds even with the non-corporeal entities in my life
 There is a smartphone in my hand Was it always there Scrying
 a deathportal into the beautiful faces of men
 Was this voice always a violence
 Were my annotations ammunition

My 1 injustice is continuing 2 exist

My head is so iron-deficient and fogcrag

I'm sry I let the hands on me

and that I was so domineering and wretched

The parts of me a Rap[unzel]ist...

♪ Unz unz unz ♪

the techno beats

like those palms

against my

smartphone as it bings and beeps with promises of a soft fingers

And the cambions are cracking the smartphone open

And I slip a biotin capsule under my tongue and suck

And all they want is 4 me 2 let my bair down

Now my nails and follicles grow non-stop

They just keep on growing

and the angel Sirel

It's not that I miss the highs

and the demons touch me while I look into the smooth faces of strangers

It was just the comfort

and I'll never let my hair ↓

and I'll never let my hair ↓

and I'll never let my hair ↓

and I think about apex

what it means to be handsome

as the cambions escape

is nowhere to be found

(or N E thing celestial)

That knot

climax

wear the halo

and the crown