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 weltschmerz 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 hair down

Now my nails and follicles grow non-stop
They just keep on growing as the cambions escape
and the angel Siriel is nowhere to be found

*It's not that I miss the highs* (or NE thing celestial)
and the demons touch me while I look into the smooth faces of strangers

*It was just the comfort*  
*That knot*

*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 climax

what it means to be handsome wear the halo
and the crown

{JD SCOTT}