

The Angel

by Jessica Estrella

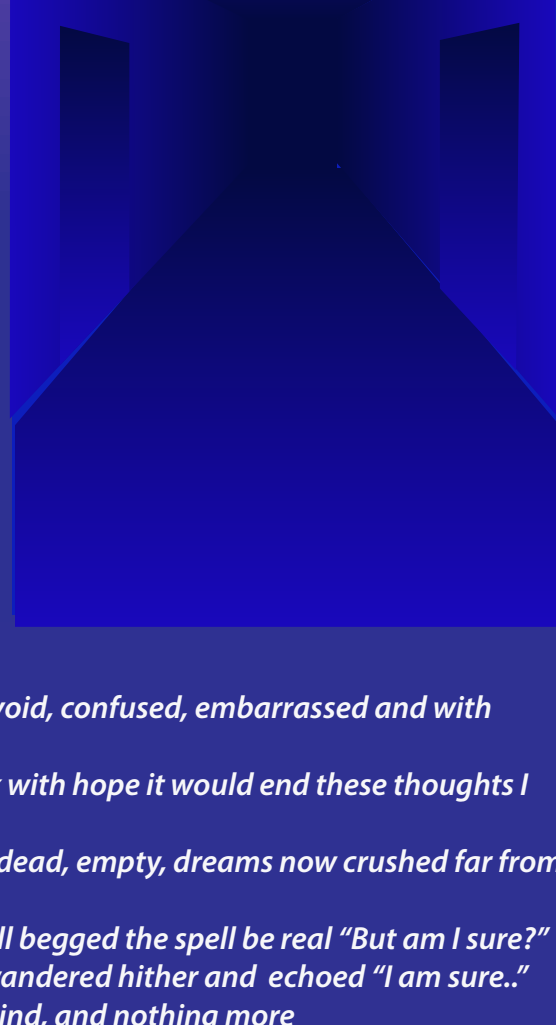
Once upon a cold October, Deep in thought and far from Sober
Eyes trudged timid and tired over tomes of forbidden lore—
Close to dreaming into lurid longing, Came a song gently yawning
As if someone whispered calling, calling at my bedroom door—
“Just a dream” I stuttered, “no one singing at my door—
Just a dream, and nothing more.”

I often go over that chilled wet night of October;
Each unanswered text and tweet a glowing phantom on my floor
So badly did I want the day to end;—Lonely without love or friend
I stayed my tears, ever reading—blocking out my lost before—
I girl once loved and lovely still, was my everything that was before
Now must be forgotten all the more.

Each fragile page turned, lewd fascination building
Stoked me—enflamed me with lusty horrors I could not ignore,
My lips moved, I read the spell, half believing in this craft of hell
“Alone is poison, heal it now with your wanton gift I Implore—
Bring me something, someone to freely want and adore—
My deepest desire, mine, forever more.

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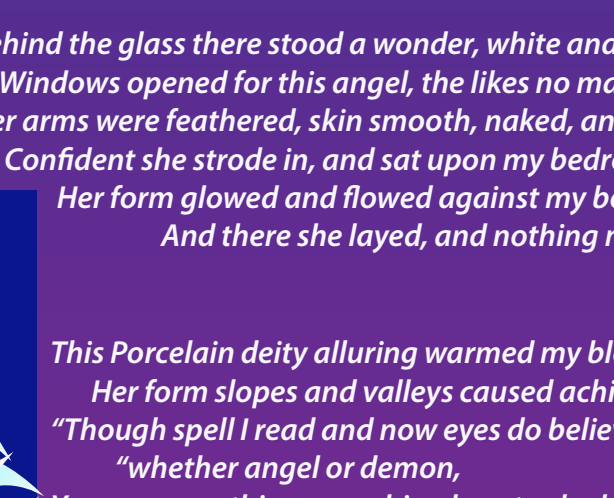
Each word my heart beat stronger, the distant song began to wander,
“Please” I begged “This feels too real for me to scoff and ignore;
Tearful eyes open wider, grows the song that just might guide her,
Notes softly flowing, flowing under my bedroom door,
I-I can really hear you” I said as I opened the door;—
A silent hall and nothing more.



Long I stared into the void, confused, embarrassed and with
myself annoyed
Reading such a hoax with hope it would end these thoughts I
could not ignore
But the hall remained dead, empty, dreams now crushed far from
gently
My quaking voice still begged the spell be real “But am I sure?”
My words a whisper, wandered hither and echoed “I am sure.”
A trick of the mind, and nothing more

I closed the door on my yearning, my self disgust inside me turing
Till that longing voice sang yet louder than it did before.
“Surely,” said I, “Surely I just hear the neighbor through my window;
I will look, then, to be certain, pull the curtain to be sure—
Hold my breath as I tug them open to be so sure;—

“It’s some radio song and nothing more!”



Behind the glass there stood a wonder, white and bright a winged wonder
Windows opened for this angel, the likes no man had seen before;
Her arms were feathered, skin smooth, naked, and unweathered;
Confident she strode in, and sat upon my bedroom floor—
Her form glowed and flowed against my bedroom floor—
And there she layed, and nothing more.

This Porcelain deity alluring warmed my blood slow and assuring
Her form slopes and valleys caused aching to my core,
“Though spell I read and now eyes do believe,” I said
“whether angel or demon,
You are everything my aching heart asked for to be sure—
But what is your name... and are you mine? Answer me.” I Implored

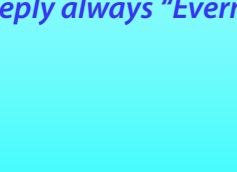
Quoth the Angel “Evermore”

In awe I watched the shapely beauty
who claimed my want was her duty,
Unless she answered for her name and the other question ignored
But spell was read, earnestly shout, now she’s here how could I doubt
My soul was healed by this winged maiden on my bedroom floor,
My Angel named Evermore

But the Angel, with luscious lips
and deep and longing eyes, said only
That one phrase, as it twas a brand
pressed into her being she had always bore.
Nothing else would her sweet lips whisper,
cold and still as the coming winter—
Till I broke the hanging silence, “Other girls have left before—
When dawn comes the spell will break,
will you stay unlike those before?”

Then the Angel said “Evermore.”

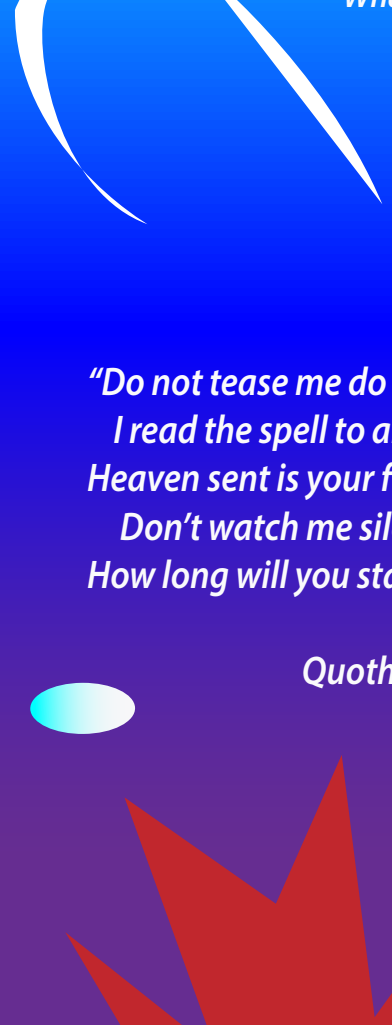
I jumped at the silence broken, in her words a lovely song was spoken,
“Alas,” Said I, “What you speak, if I choose to believe it more
To be mine to love and to lust, forever with me bound in deepest trust
My companion and cure, your song ringing in my mind, eternal allure
I see you now and can never unsee such allure
Mine forever, “Evermore”



But the angel with my trust, turning my loneliness to lust,
I sat upon my bed to take in the eerie goddess upon my floor;
Perched on my bed, carnal thoughts seeping into every corner of my thinking
Ripe nipples to tasty slits to sweetest lips and back again for more—
I asked of this terrifying wonder would she lay with me and then to slumber

Her steady reply always “Evermore”

What I barely understood, I wanted. She climbed into my bed undaunted
Her eyes sank like a flaming sword into my yearning core;
My addled simpering mind was spinning, all resistance slowly thinning
Was she mine or was I hers? I could never be fully sure.
Her eyes devoured my visage to the echoed song of “I am sure”
Possibly hers, Evermore



Then, I felt, the air grew heavy, chill alighting on my hand unsteady
The music now winding from inside my bedroom door
Reaching for her bosom, my fingers sank right though it,
cold and empty nothing to it
“What is this?! My love, my lust, oh craven angel of which I adore!
How long before I can touch the one I’m bound to and adore?!”

Quoth the Angel “Evermore”

“Do not tease me do not lie! Unfed temptation would make me die!—
I read the spell to always have that which I desire, Angel hear me I implore!
Heaven sent is your form, but if I can’t hold it leave me with the morn.
Don’t watch me silent, take me or be gone to be seen Nevermore.
How long will you stay to simply haunt me...”

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“Siren!” I screamed “Evil temptress—Conjured more devil than cherub!
Her gaze and smile darkened as the spell book pages I madly tore
Some unseen powers save me from her, for slowly all things do become her.
Deep in every corner and behind every door
I press my fists into my eyes, lying as dead upon the floor.
She answered my unspoken fears with “Evermore”

“Please, leave me I can not bear this pain” but she lingers in my eyes a stain—
“Get thee back to hell where such tortures as you are concocted, I am assured.
Leave no mark or sign of your entry, may you become less than a foggy memory
My loneliness was less painful when it had no face before.
How long can such a beautiful creature with a horrid lust for pain endure?”

Quoth this... ‘Angel!..

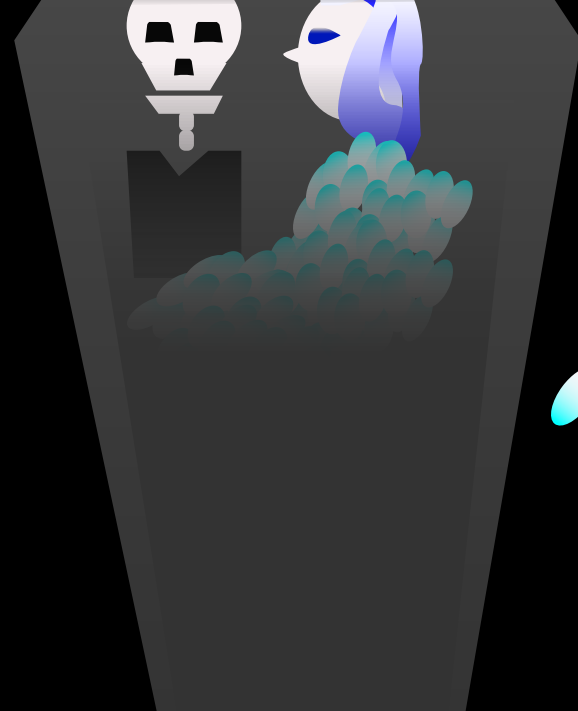
“...Evermore”

And to this very day I see her, in the windows, in the mirror.
Whether in my home or on some distant shore.
Her hungry gaze behind any woman, I try and ignore but her dooms unspoken
Her song has been woven with painful stitches to my spirits core
She’ll never leave till I am no more...

And even then... I fear in the deep and cold of the grave...

She will be with me...

For I am hers...



Evermore...