

Origami Poetry Projects™

A Cabal of Angels  
by Alex Stolis © 2012

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Alex Stolis

## A Cabal of Angels

*Uzziel; Angel of Faith*

Open the door. It's a balcony room;  
its solid sea top to bottom, I never know  
when you'll show up.

Wildwood dreams and parked cars;  
somewhere a bird, what kind I can't tell  
but you're in a hurry.

Don't wait; now, the coffee's boiled over.  
You have a husband, children  
and a dog; the buzz of a room service bell.

Here's the [our] last leg.  
The television is blurred; jai alai on, sound off.  
Two dollar bets and torn tickets.

We're mobile.  
We're Crown Vic'd and convertible.  
I love you.

I love you. Don't forget  
your wrap.  
It's getting cold.

*Charmaine; Angel of Harmony*

Two cars in the lot; one, hood up and doors  
sprawled open; the other shy in its expensiveness,  
trying to hide.

No screens on the lowest rent rooms.  
It's extra for AC; there's a plastic cup on the mantle  
of an unused fireplace.

Our flesh shines from rain and sweat  
and misunderstanding; one thin bath  
towel to share.

I help to take off your grandmother's necklace;  
every strand a link, a reminder  
of the names you've given yourself:

*lonely and forgotten and forlorn.* Outside the heat  
index hits 105; we'll trade our skin for water;  
inch by inch let go.

*Hadraniel; Angel of Love*

We've become the space between words; the period  
that separates thoughts. This is how we make love now;

silent and parenthetically; nothing but the echo of skin  
against skin. We're fragments of color, black & white

scraped of sentence; left to the mercy of unsigned letters,  
misdiagnosed phone calls and e-mail. At the park on 27<sup>th</sup>,

I lean against my car, wait for the clouds to bluish. You'll  
become rain; I'll become the birdsong. I remember you

told me how water will save us; our limbs will dissolve  
into small waves; we'll tumble and roll onto familiar shores.

*Raphael; Angel of Healing*

You imagine blackbirds flying a straight line  
over flat land, wonder aloud how love feels  
when it's new and raw,

before the sharp edge of regret cuts it down.  
Afternoon drifts into evening drifts into dream.  
You sew a scarecrow,

use your father's Sunday coat and pants.  
You say a straw man holds on to loneliness  
like a falisman; put your hand on my heart.

Later, in a narrow bed; one thin sheet,  
an uncased pillow, I make the sign  
of the cross

on the skin between your ribs.  
You listen for the distant sound  
of beating wings.

*Colopation; Angel of Liberation*

We talk about ghosts while the moon  
possums in the sky. It is still;  
the kind of stillness before a thunderstorm  
or a car crash.

We're sitting on the swings; the playground  
overlooks the baseball diamond. Colored paper  
and matches confetti the infield; shreds from spent  
bottle-rockets and firecrackers.

Longneck Budweiser's mark first second third  
base and home. The only light left  
is a lone firefly. You've dyed your hair;  
skin, white as cuttlefish bones.

Tell me your first wish was the smoothest  
stone ever skipped across water;  
how you felt yourself drown  
in each ripple and wave.