

angel academy

What the mortals don't know about angels
fills all the libraries of Earth—and the Internet!

They cannot distinguish the six-winged seraphim from the cherubs on their claw-foot bathtubs.

Why the six wings? Basic angelology: of which they are completely ignorant.

Two for healing the broken body,
two for healing the disfigured soul,
and the last two--

the last attained by the seraphim--

the two wings of flame,

for imparting knowledge

to the soft wick at the center of the soul.

Of course, the mortals don't know about the last two wings.

They have lost track of their own wicks,

lo, these many years.

And the mortals have no idea of the specializations.

"One angel is as good as another," they think, "They are all good, right?"

as though we roll off Ford's assembly line,

as though the angel made precisely to help Antony recover from his cancer
could help Emily die from hers.

Sure, we all have the same undergraduate studies,
and anyone with a B.A. can save an infant from an oncoming train.
But after graduating, each angel specializes in a single case, a single soul.
We choose one, or we are assigned one. I don't remember how I discovered the soul that was for me.

We do not study our assigned souls; the case is quite the opposite.
My assigned soul remained invisible to me until I had completed my formation.
Rather, I was tasked and tested for aeons.

Angels are born diamonds, and much pressure is required to mold them to the souls they would serve.
If the assigned soul has an unusual shape or size, the angel might have to endure grinding between boulders,
or have mountains dropped on him.
It takes time and hardship, but eventually he will fit his soul like a glove.

There remains the final initiation:
the angel must be pierced through the heart by the soul for whom he was sent.
Many angels, even adepts, shy from this final trial, but it is necessary.
Angel must be pierced, and the wound must remain open. There is no other way
for the angel to resonate with the soul, or even to see it.

After the piercing, comes the final test:
will the soul accept the angel?
Seeing the wound in the angel's heart,
Many souls falter. "What use have I for a wounded angel?
How can you help me? Heal thyself! Away!"
And this is where many angels fall.

Without the wound, angel
could not smell the unique perfume of soul's oxygen mantle,
nor see the fluorescence of the bacteria commingled with her cells,
nor feel the rainbow fields of her electric body,
nor ignite, at her wick, the stirrings of knowledge
that rise in silent fluid jets
through her feelings to her mind
from her fathomless depths.

angel academy stephen muratore

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