

I'll have seen angels

hampered by a subtle infusion blended over a short breakfast skirmish, the components ignored entirely, as Beatrice, as that's what i've taken to calling her, chided me on etiquette, bedroom etiquette, of all things, i gingerly negotiate the front door step, perilous at the best of times with concrete not treated well by climate which today sees fit to coat in treacherous lamina of ice the path i'm wending. tuesdays quoth i to no one in particular but Bea, for short, leaning from bathroom window, towel barely concealing breasts, to hurl one final flurry my way before the keys find the lock in the car door, and i'm careful, really careful, not to scratch the paint, cuts short her tirade and says wot? wot?? i wonder, wot? and she lectures me on etiquette, bedroom etiquette of all things, tuesdays dear, tuesdays, don't be so grumpy, come home in a better mood eh? Chucklekin? Rumpelstiltskin? Darling? the drive is complicated by the thick winter air and the ice, late and muggy i arrive, wot was in that brew? subject of Gabriel, the angel, rates high as non-conversation starter, Bill's foray, the early sally, into social interaction, i brush him off with a shrug but inside, days first coffee camp-fire circling, Wentworth and Sally too are vibrantly disagreeing, do you get girl angels and boy angels?, do angels have sex?, do they drink coffee together in the mornings at work? must be the season, must. to slump all day in drag and click bliss appeals but naturally call comes in, phone rings, thirty seconds seated, load screen not fully loaded, how good to be needed, dragged up again, trudge, through, i notice, thin dust of grey like ash snow, to car, slide key in lock, careful still for the Java and breakfast preparation have not happily mingled, very carefully and the slow drive to site north side of town still shrouded in morning, where i'm needed, good to be needed, only to listen half to half of dull explanations, state the obvious, move, half-heartedly, little pieces of paper, from one side of desk to other. and slower drive back where S and W, for short, seem to have been on hold, awaiting my arrival, and say girl angels and boy angels? angel sex? angel coffee drinking? in the morning? communally at work? and i say no they drink eMbrosia, the budget version of am-, the nectar of the associates of the gods, and they look at me and look back and i take my cup/mug out and while i've been gone, though nothing should've happened, windows has managed to crash. restart, the load screen loading, and the phone ringing, it's good to be needed as i slump back into the beaded car-seat cover Bea insists on and key in ignition a slower drive, under twenty, to save the heads of children, who in this winter, well, season, out and about, or, more likely, plugged into TVs, PCs, video gamestations. the site is desolate, soulless and my gills retch on oxygen lack, clambering about in search of anybody, mobile to office reveals site closed today,

previous call therefore imagined or hoax, strongly suspect third possibility - living in ghost-story/horror movie, there *are* souls here, scary noises. on the way back at Charlie's stop, usually up for chinwag, though i'm not, and today not, Charlie absence, Charlie lack, instead serving coffee and greased meat, his great hulking wife, previously unseen, with a scowl and a huge pair of wings, real goose-feather angel-wings, tethered to her back and judging by the singed unsuited to kitchen, seeing me look she says keep your eyes to yourself they're not designed for kitchens alright, and turning, coffee empty, she tucks them in heading through door back to the kitchen. i tell Sal and Went, for less short, back in the office, the story of desolate site, the other story of angels wings, and he says we're off angels now, we're off angels now she says, onto feelings, Wentworth is sharing his feelings, so bug off, don't interrupt. office seems very dusty as i place mug by keyboard and reboot again. perhaps i'll clean.

home, evening, prayers and supplication, Bea, or her full address, Lucia, in fits of apologies for indiscretions of the morning, don't know what i put in, did you see any news? no i've been fasting from newsroom, there's been an outbreak of angel sightings, they're starting a fan club and everything, website forums and everything, i've been chatting to a lonely angel from Birmingham, he's ever-so-sweet, angelic maybe, and i've sold your soul on ebay, this *is* a horror story, only kidding, to see if you're listening, i grin with what feels like genuine compassion. i love you Darling, why thank you Sweetums, lets make prank calls all evening. an election's coming, i realise, as, giving in, the TV pops on, i'd like to vote by proxy this time around, get someone else to choose which side to loose, for invariably i choose the loser, what strange power, i imagine perhaps i should seek the employ of the politicians, give them assurity, victory. but which side to choose? the angels stories are on the TV too. hugs and kisses before bed and tomorrow, i'm reminded, Jess and Sue are coming by with our little nieces and nephews, we'll show them adults can be fun too. a week from now and i'll be on the edge of a trial separation period, on the edge of the pond in the park which will be frozen, i'll have seen and heard of angels countless times over the previous seven days, but never have doubted my sanity, i'll have not have been in a horror story/gore movie, i'll have shattered my coffee cup/mug. i'll test the ice with my fingers and feel it is cold, and feel it not strong enough, i'll drive the hire car back to work and realise while never office champion nevertheless a sea change has occurred and they'll revile me, by coffee they'll snub me, while office bound they'll mutter, i'll know they'll have been muttering by the held breaths as i exit, by the snubs getting coffee, and when i'm around they won't be talking of angels, they won't try and involve me, they'll hate my hire car, they'll hate that i'm of the office worthy and soon tides in the company will see me dragged out and i'll be menial, roadhog, touring blind, the idiot best dispatched and every site i visit will be ghost land and every call a hoax and i'll learn to commune with the spirits, if they'll have me.