

Sanctitude

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Angels cry tears of warm milk. Almost holy, almost maternal. But you see, divinity has an expiration date. It is not eternal; eventually it curdles, and it rots. It can turn rancid and it is always tainted. You learn the hard way, that things are never quite as they seem.

Death has loomed over you for your entire life. A man with a family history littered with a myriad of incurable diseases. The kind that eat away at both body and soul; your own cells at war with nobody but yourself. It was only a matter of time, really, for your fate to be the same as your ancestors'. It's funny, in a way, that you were to carry on the family legacy that nobody wanted. The only difference this time is that unlike them, you wouldn't pray for the gods to heal you with their omnipotence.

Churches are theatres built for performances of false sanctitude. It's difficult to realise that the plays you watch are composed of nothing but self pity and arrogance; a sense of self importance that far exceeds the real thing. We cry out for somebody to listen to our prayers, but nobody ever does. The gods are never listening, neither are the angels. We are nothing but insignificant specks in a universe that does not care for us. The reality is that divinity is anything but holy, and the angels are nothing but bloodthirsty monsters behind the facade of purity and fluffy wings.

You imagine what your father might think of you. A son that refused to be a preacher because he could not get lost in the fantasy. A son that was left dripping in the nihilism that called to him with an insatiable lust. Not devoted like him; no 'holier than thou' complex. Instead, you were nothing but a senile man with limited time and no faith. No promises of nirvana or redemption, just a pair of lungs that didn't want to breathe and a heart that didn't want to beat.

Some might say the scene is romantic: Death coming to sweep you off your feet. They never think about how Death herself lives. She feeds off unfulfillment, survives on the guilt that permeates our existence. She bathes in our sins and our shortcomings and yet, is the holiest of all. Her kiss is reminiscent of the confession booth you used to go to. The one with the priest

sitting on the other side of a wall that was far too thin. Far too close, you think, for him not to reek of sin.

It was quick; painful, but quick. There's no beauty in it, no bright lights or angels singing your name. Lying on the bathroom floor covered in your own blood is never beautiful. As you hack up fluid and the lining of your lungs, you think. You are nothing but skin and bones and meat; there's really nothing else you can do but think. It's all you ever knew how to do.

You think about the empty tombs in a graveyard made of clouds. A garden of headstones without names or stories. Heaven is a cemetery for the nameless, whose souls were stained with too much sin and too much worship to live in perpetual bliss. It's a pity, really, that you were destined to become one of them. Their bodies left stiff and stinking, temporary and rotting. Another lost soul cast into the void by angels who were all but welcoming. Angels do cry tears of warm milk. Holy, maternal. Curdled and rancid. A gift, a small moment of divinity, before an eternity of nothingness.