

We were American lo-fi, civil and disobedient.  
 We were brave. The sky was fallow.  
 She'd been gone for weeks.  
 We sat in her car on St Anthony Main;  
 Before everything became gentrified.  
 Moments later she suggested we go  
 to her place. On the sofa, her dog licked  
 my face. She laughed, unbuttoned my pants.  
 It was fall; no, spring.  
 No, I can't remember.  
 Afterwards, we didn't shower.  
 She was impatient;  
 no, maybe sad.  
 I really don't remember.  
 Maybe I wasn't there.  
 Maybe it's a story  
 she tells to keep me away.

Rampel; Angel of Endurance

Your favorite things: Sleater-Kinney, driving  
 the freeway before dawn, Cloud Cult, making  
 a fist, Radiohead, rolling your pant legs up.  
 The day we met you were going to Nye's Polonaise;  
 wrote directions on a napkin, called it a poem.  
 Later, you introduce the guy on your arm  
 as a bass player in some local band. He references  
 the ending of *The Great Gatsby* half a dozen times,  
 calls me Nick Carraway. You spill your drink,  
 say you will write a story after me; recite it  
 in the bar. I count 100 back to zero; start over,  
 pretend we had a chance.

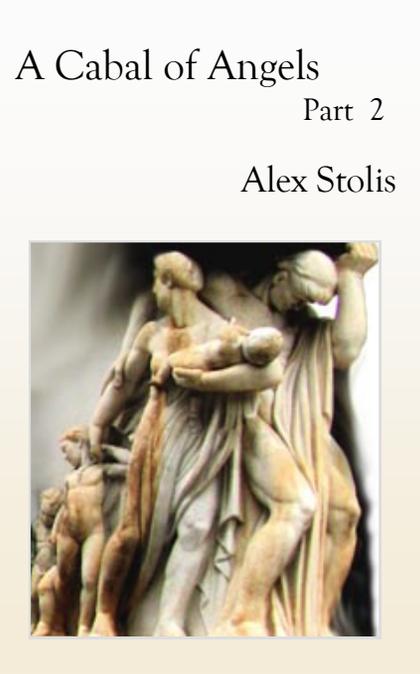
Dina; Angel of Learning

She's shambolic; a calculated wreck, all legs  
 and long hair, waiting for the bottom to drop out  
 or the top to level off.  
 It's the end of the line. Light is muffled  
 and there's not a cop in sight  
 when you really need one  
 but we're not afraid of trouble.  
 There is closing time, after party  
 burnout time, love,  
 hate and muscle; over played hands  
 and underhanded plays. We're rolling  
 thunder. We're the chosen ones,  
 baptized in the wet dew of morning.  
 She meditates on a tear in her stocking;  
 I feel the cool burn of metal on my forehead.

Raziel; Angel of Mysteries

She was from Key West; I liked the way it sounded  
 all bohemian and Hemingway; shotguns and giant  
 blue marlin. It suited her mood: heavy, humid,  
 like swimming through a perspiring sun.  
 Before this flood she worked as a waitress.  
 Cool Joe tended bar.  
 It was all H-Bomb martinis, tits & legs  
 & whispering palms. She never trusted him,  
 his too sharp switchblade smile  
 but she had a plan, bulletproof and straight.  
*We're a generation of cunts* he'd say,  
 twisting another lemon rind  
 round another rim. She could hear the crack  
 of ice, feel the rush of rivers and the cold  
 snap of February's wind.

Cassiel; Angel of Temperance



A Cabal of Angels  
 Part 2  
 Alex Stolis

*...and a cabal of angels with finger cymbals  
 chanted his name in code, we shook our fists  
 at the punishing rain;  
 and we called upon the author to explain.*  
 Nick Cave

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Tabbris; Angel of Self Determination  
 What will be left after you are truly gone:  
 the frayed end of a thread  
 from your sweater;  
 bare bulb flickering in the closet;  
 a dog-eared book  
 with a coffee stained cover?  
 There is no past. I'll pick now to remember  
 what it was like; the scent of rosewater  
 and wood smoke,  
 the rumble of wings against sky as I watch  
 you tie back your hair. There is no such thing  
 as forgiveness or second chances.  
 I'd rather drink to sin; picture you at the end  
 of the bar, hair shorn, legs crossed high  
 ready to start a revolution.