

The Angel of Death – Poetry By Jean Jones

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The Angel of Death

The Angel of Death sleeps beside me
At night, her black hair, and dark eyes
Stare at me like photographs I have
Hanging from the wall, she is a skull
Grinning constantly at me, she is smiling
And her eyes flash every time she stares at me
I am in love with her
I want to go where she goes,
Where normal women can never go,
The place where we all meet in the end
The harvest ground, the wet, cold earth. . .
There is tiredness to this land
And everything in me feels it,
From the way I pour sugar in my coffee
Every morning to the time it takes
For me to close my eyes and remember nothing. . .
Everything is nothing to that smile you have, though
I want to go and find out where it comes from
Show me.

The Angel of Death Speaks

I follow and talk to people also, you know. To their
Houses, cars, to where they keep their pills, garages,
Guns. I whisper to children as they walk along sidewalks:
I tell them to run out in front of that passing car.
Sometimes they listen, then again, sometimes they don't.
I also talk to animals. I tell them the places where
The most cars go through. I also follow strangers
Whenever they're together, especially when they start
Towards motels. I say to one, "Hurry up, get it over
With, one twist, and then leave the thing behind."
And then there are the people who live alone, in tenement
Shacks, who watch TV. I tell them I know a wonderful
Place, without commercials, to drop everything behind
And follow. Sometimes they do, then again, sometimes
They don't.

The Angel of Death Reads

"As the world explores the symbol, it is led to ideas
that lie beyond the grasp of reason," according to Jung.
Or, "It is a basic tenet of Jungian therapy that all
Products of the unconscious are symbolic and can be taken
As guiding messages. Thus, the symptoms, the neurosis
Itself, are not merely indications of psychic malfunctioning,
But show the way out of the conflict underlying them,
If symbolically understood." This, according to E.C.
Whitmont and Yoram Kaufmann. And Freud wrote, "We
Can come nearest to the id with images, and call it a
Chaos, a cauldron of seething excitement." This,
The angel of death understood already.

The Angel of Death Listens to a Woman Pleading For Her Life

“Please master, not me. I have only this typewriter left,
It is my God. Don’t take me.” The angel of death
Yawns as the woman lets out another scream, prostrating
Herself underneath the great wings of the angel of death.
The woman is kissing the angel of death’s feet. She
Looks up at the blank eyes of the angel of death.
Her hair is turning white. All her hair is drying up,
For even her body knows what time it is. Her voice
Shrinks to a law cackle and with what breath left
She wheezes, “I only wanted to write.” The angel of
Death calmly opens her jaws and swallows the head of the
Woman whole.

The Angel of Death Listens to a Prayer

The angel of death sits at the foot of the President’s
Desk and listens to him make plans for war with his
Advisors. She sits underneath the Arab woman at
Her window as she screams for the blood of her
Husband’s murderers. She is present at every
Torture in South America as the victim starts
To gurgle blood. When the priest speaks, she
Listens. When the dying gasp out their last
Breath, she hears. Even in American college
Campuses, as students argue about soldiers
Overseas she is present. And she votes to
Send the soldiers overseas every time

The Angel of Death Meets the Press

What is your purpose? “My father worketh hitherto, and I work.”

Why? “My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me.”

Who sent you? “Ye both know me, and ye know whence I am:

And I am not come of myself, but he that sent me is true,

Whom ye know not.”

Were you sent by God? “He that is of God heareth God’s

Words: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not

Of God.”

What are you? “As long as I am in the world, I am the

Light of the world.”

But you kill people and cause wars. Why?

“For judgment I am come into this world, that they which

see not might see; and that they which see might be

made blind.”

But everyone dies upon touching you. How does this make

People see?

“If ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say,

We see; therefore your sin remaineth.”

What are you saying that you are saving people by killing them?

“My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:”

How can a killer claim to have a following?

“If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well,

why smitest thou me?”

It’s not a question of smiting. You’re a killer, plain and simple.

“I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I

in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me

ye can do nothing.”

The Angel of Death Meets the President of the US

“Never *ever* withdraw troops without drawing blood. Credibility is at stake. Listen to me. Peace is not in our time. Our self-interest determines war. Your secretary of state Is correct; the economy does need a boost. What if Roosevelt had declared war in '39? The depression Would have ended then. I, *God*, am telling you: *listen To no one. Only you know best.* War is inevitable,” and With that, the President heaved a sigh of relief. His Conscience was now cleared, and he could now face Congress.

The Writer Talks To The Angel of Death at Full Moon

“So are you then all that is?”

“Is that so important?”

“I want to know. Is there a purpose, some reason to this suffering in life? Is there a God?”

“What would it matter? What if I told you no? What would you do then? Just come inside my arms and hold me.”

“Were you sent by God?”

“Close your eyes. What do you see? That is who sent me.”

“I see nothing but black. I’ve been pulling masks all my life. Are you just another mask like God, apes, the meaning of life, Krishna, Zen. . .”

“I am the origin of dreams. I am the first thought. Search hard enough and you will find me, with my Loving arms and legs.”

“But when men find you, they find themselves looking at a skull! And what they experience, they never get to write down because. . .”

“They’re in my loving arms forever. Come to me.”

“That’s why men and women cling to each other so tightly.

Because they know inside about you, and every life they

Bring to this earth they think they can stop you with.

And love is the illusion people invent to hide their

Fear of you isn’t it? You hide behind every illusion,

Don’t you? From the priest to the president, you

Determine their words don’t you? And what you say

Is death, isn’t it? And you keep this a secret, don’t you?

“Very few people swim deep enough, darling. And most are content with whatever image I give them.”

“I will not go willingly bitch!”

“We’ll see, baby. We’ll see.”

***The Angel of Death address The US at a Rally
For John***

After being invited to speak, the angel of death
Thanked her guests and spoke to them about
What she had been invited to talk about:
“I’m a soldier and I’m a . . . good soldier,” she
Told the crowd amidst cheers and applause.
“I can say who are you to condemn me or my government.
If I die, then so be it. But don’t condemn me or
The military or my country. Violent men
Understand violent methods,” she continued
After being interrupted by spontaneous bursts
Of applause during her speech. After pausing
To drink a glass of water, she continued:
“If you don’t like that then you need to leave
And get the . . . out of my country,” the angel of death declared.
The crowd cheered.

Speech found in page 4A of the Wilmington Morning Star Saturday, December 1st, 1990 regarding A
Hawk/dove Rally at the University of

For Beth (Revelations)

Asking the angel of death about Revelation:

Writer: “What do you see in our future, angel of death?”

Death: “And I beheld and heard an angel flying through
The midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, Woe,
Woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of
The other voices of the trumpet of the three angels,
Which are yet to sound!”

Writer: “So, are we in the midst of the tribulation that Revelation forecasts for mankind? Is this the end?”

Death: “And another angel came out of the temple, crying
With a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust
In thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for
Thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe.”

Writer: “What is my future, then. And don’t lie.”

Death: “And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now
Is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our
God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of
Our brethren is cast down, which accused them before
Our God day and night.”

Writer: “So are you forecasting my downfall and rejoicing
Over it, then?”

Death: “And I heard another voice from heaven saying,
Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of
Her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.”

Writer: “You’re talking about yourself, then! This is
a warning to anyone who associates with you!”

Death: “And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,
Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from
Henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest
From their labours; and their works do follow them.”

The Angel of Death Explains Why She Invented Tarot

“I met this Magician on a journey north to Thebes.
He carried dice and was very bored, and so I joined him.
He was obsessed with the future, so we played a game of chess.
I asked him if he was prepared to die, for I found him attractive.
He asked me if I could see the future, for his fear was great.
I said I had some cards, which, if carefully shuffled
Would provide him his answers. I made them from
The pieces of the chess board as I defeated him.
Listen, I said. I am your interpreter, the High Priestess.
I see that you are the Magician, and that you are crossed
With Death. Do not fear, for your goal is the World.
Your distant past shows a strong influence to have
Been the Emperor who was your father. “How did you
Know that?” “Your recent influence was the Lovers
For you left a woman to come and see your future
In Thebes. Is this true?” “Yes, “ he said.” “I did
Not wish to marry her.” “Your immediate influence
Is the Wheel of Fortune. Thebes will determine
Your fate.” “Is it good?” he asked. “Well,
Oedipus, I’m not sure, but I know this. You
Will remember this meaning well. Here are
My cards to you as a gift. It will help you defeat
A monster you will encounter there. She
Represents the Wheel of Fortune.”

The Judgment

For Fritzi for introducing me to The Bardo

The angel of death will take me to you,
After I finally reach to take her hand,
And there you will be, with your chains,
Ropes, and thumbscrews, and shiny hooks,
Asking how I was when I was alive.
I will lie, trying to run away, but
The angel of death will not let me go.
“Let me see,” you will say, and polish
that parabolic mirror of yours
reflecting my karma for all to see
everything I have ever done in my life.
Then, you will let those shiny hooks loose
And I will scream and scream until
The angel of death whispers, “This
Is all an illusion of your mind.
Pay attention to nothing. The only
Thing that exists at this very moment
Is yourself. We are all phantoms
Of your creation. We cannot kill you
Again for you are already dead,” and
At that point, everything will vanish
And my body will still be intact.

On the Eve of The 25th

The angel of death peered through the smoke
from the burning oilfields and an angel came
to her, saying, “Babylon the great is fallen,
is fallen and is become the habitation of devils...
Therefore shall her plagues come in one day,
Death, and mourning and famine;
And she shall be utterly burned with fire;
For strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.”
The angel of death smiled and opened up her great
Wings, for there was much to do and the air was
Thick with anticipation.

Aftermath (after the fall)

A dead soldier among dozens was being escorted
By the angel of death when he turned
To ask her a question:
“Why do you exist?” he asked.
“What is your purpose?”
The soft eyes of the angel of death
Turned white for a second as she responded:
“I exist at the origin of dreams. As long
as men dream of me I will exist. My purpose
is to carry out the desires of men, and you
are the results of the desires of men.
Now come with me.”

Introduction to “The Angel of Death Checks in At A Local Motel

Jean writes: A made for order Angel of Death poem based on reality.” And quoting for the UK’s “Telegraph” newspaper

(<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/northamerica/usa/6080582/Model-murder-suspect-Ryan-Jenkins-was-a-good-guy-businessman.html>):

“Model murder suspect Ryan Jenkins was a ‘good guy’ businessman. But the manner of his death could have been scripted for TV: as police investigated the murder suspect’s suicide at a secluded Canadian motel, they launched a manhunt for the mysterious young woman had checked in with him. The dramatic end came at an isolated motel at the edge of British Columbia’s mountainous interior, on the outskirts of Hope, a town known for its giant wooden carvings made with chainsaws and as the site of the first bloody Rambo movie. . .

The motel manager said the woman paid cash for three nights and when the couple didn’t check out, he unlocked the room and found him dead.

“I cracked the door and there he was, hanging there in front of me, feet touching” the floor, Walker said. “He definitely wanted to die. I smelt death.”

The Angel of Death Checks in At A Local Motel

“You did well, Ryan, you did well. I liked the business with the teeth and fingers. Pretty through.”

“I’m so tired, so tired.”

“Yeah, I know. Look, tell me all about it.”

“There’s not much to tell. The killing went by quickly. It was cutting her up that took up so much time and trouble.”

“I bet you couldn’t believe that they used her breast implants to identify her body!”

“That bitch.”

“I told you to cut off her breasts.”

“I was done cutting.”

“Well, we’re safe now. Near mommy and daddy.”

“I want to go to sleep, to forget, to sleep forever. . .”

“That will come soon enough, darling. Listen, I need for you to get some rope from the trunk of the car.”

“Rope?”

“We have one final thing to do.”

The Angel of Death – Poetry By Jean Jones

“And that is?”

“To wrap a pretty picture and story for the media. I mean, I have a reputation to keep.”

“Who are you?”

“Let’s not go over that, shall we? Suffice it to say that I’m one of your Calgary ‘girlfriends.’”

“But I don’t remember you.”

“But I do you. I like the spectacular ones, and boy, you are spectacular.”

“What do you want me to do now?”

“Get the rope and follow my instructions.”

“Will I get rest then?”

“Yes indeed, my darling, yes indeed. . . .”

Introduction to The Angel of the Bottomless Pit

People's New Testament

9:11 They had a king over them. The real king was not the star, but the power of the bottomless pit.

Apollyon. The destroyer; either the devil or one of his angels.

updated 5:38 p.m. ET, Thurs., Aug 27, 2009

OKLAHOMA CITY – Whoever killed a pastor inside her small Oklahoma church “staged” the body, authorities said Thursday, meaning it was moved into an unnatural position after the slaying.

Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation spokeswoman Jessica Brown declined to elaborate on how the body of 61-year-old Carol Daniels was positioned inside the Christ Holy Sanctified Church in Anadarko.

Brown also said investigators are reviewing video surveillance tapes from a nearby convenience store for clues in the brutal killing. A preliminary autopsy found she died of “multiple sharp force injuries,” and a veteran local prosecutor described the crime scene as “the most horrific” he’s ever witnessed.

The Angel of the Bottomless Pit

I WAS SUMMONED. THE TIME IS AT HAND.

THE STARS ARE RIGHT. I HAVE BEEN AWAKENED,

AND DOZENS UPON DOZENS HAVE DIED TO SUMMON AND AWAKEN ME.

THERE WAS A WOMAN, ALONE IN THE CHURCH.

SHE SCREAMED. SHE WOULDN'T STOP SCREAMING.

ALL THIS BLOOD, SPURTING FROM THEIR BODIES.

ALL THEY ARE, ARE BALLOONS, FILLED WITH BLOOD.

ONE SCRATCH, AND THEY BURST OPEN, FILLING THE ROOM WITH THEIR BLOOD.

SUCH USELESS CREATURES.

IT WAS A GOOD THING I WAS SUMMONED.

I PLACED HER AS I WAS TOLD.

THE MASTER SAYS THERE ARE MANY MORE TO GO.

Letter to Bruce

Bruce, darling,

you think that all the words you put up on the screen
will save you from me. It won't.

You think that all those words you put up on the screen
will give your life meaning and purpose. It won't.

You think that things will turn out all right in the end.

It won't. See I know your fears, Bruce,

I know you worry that everything is meaningless, that there is no God,
that you will die alone. What if I were to tell you

all that is true and will happen? What would you do then?

Remember, I hold out my hand to you,

and at any time, any moment, you can reach out and touch it.

When you walk down the street, in the face of oncoming traffic,

I'm waving at you

from the closest nearby car. Run out to me, I say.

I am waiting. Waiting for you, for when you get tired of that
pretense of life, of hope, of all things that are not me.

Run to your church. It will give you no solace. When you stare up
at the ceiling, you will see me, a grinning skull, looking back at you.

When you close your eyes, my black hair and dark eyes will haunt you
and haunt you, until, when you wake up, you will have wondered if I

spent the night with you, and I would have, and when you look outside your window,
on the fifth floor of your apartment, looking down, I will be at the bottom,

waving at you, telling you to jump.