

To The Mask Of An Angel

I didn't expect you to bake me a pumpkin pie, but after all, the holidays are upon us and I would have expected a token, something, perhaps a cheery letter with pop out figures of our blessed Lord Jesus in his straw filled manger, surrounded by kings bearing precious gifts And archangels whose rigid features and legendary visages are aglow with the light of the star of Bethlehem burning brightly above.Â

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But in fact, for all I know or could hazardly surmise, you may have, in spite of your edifying wisdom, fallen down a manhole and been swept away in a torrent of nibbling rats, or been stabbed in the back by unruly natives who mistook you for a cop in a housing project in detroit, or had your house burned to the ground by hooded neighbours, while you lounged in an easy chair, watching black and White reruns of Gilligan's island.Â Â

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Not to cast malicious aspersions on your sterling character, I will successfully feign a lie and proclaim to the world that I did indeed receive your hand-painted postcard embossed in gold, with your personal interpretation of the birth of the universe, brushed in color, taped to the back of which was the fifty-thousand-dollar cashier's check, along with three first-class tickets on air plush to tierra del fuego with those giggling pubescent lesbian twins who can't pronounce my name, one of whom seems to be lactating.Â

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Yes, your largesse is legendary. I remember when I thought I would die, curled up in a ball at the side of the road, frayed in the bushes, my head having been cleanly severed in that freak windmill accident, that you recovered my skull from that shallow birdbath at the edge of the glade and stitched it back to my neck with three pound test, and a rusty fish hook.Â

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How can I ever forget what you risked when you blew the wall out of that turkish prison where I was being tortured with red hot irons, and scheduled to be shot at dawn. How we ran under a hail of bullets! How about when you offered to lay down your life in exchange for a total stranger, that pregnant girl on the airliner who was dying of hypertension, her lithe neck flattened under the boot of that swarthy terrorist. Who cannot recall the war deeds, valiant and fair, for which your chest sags with the weight of satin ribbons and The gold medals of honor.Â Â

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I will freely admit, I too have seen young virgins lining the roadway, with wide teary eyes full of hope, reflecting your motorcade as it passed, strewing garlands of blossoms under the tires of your Limousine, beating their breasts with tiny flushed fists, imploring you with unmistakable gestures, to impregnate them, as they all wish to carry the son of god.Â No, I'll not go on, causing you to blush. Praising your generosity and largeness of heart. Everyone can observe for themselves your noble statue, cast in bronze, you astride a galloping stallion, set on a solid block of the purest italian marble, the monument to your glory and ceaseless modesty and altruism, surrounded by rare fragrant flowers that your followers bring with incense and burning candles. The masses bow low in servile reverence, their thick brows pressed against the flagstone, their lips quiver in prayer. Oh how proudly the horse rears up, and oh, the majesty in the bridge of your nose. Look how the sunlight plays on the curls of your copper hair. God what a hero, although blanketed in pigeon shit.

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