

Fall From Grace

by Grant Bailie

My usual angel fell from the ceiling and onto the couch. This was troubling to wife, landlord and church. Non-corporal beings are not supposed leave holes in the ceiling, plaster in the carpet. They are not supposed to drink the last of the milk from the refrigerator. They should live in a reality different from our own, occupying themselves with more reverent pursuits than hogging the remote. I lost my security deposit and was excommunicated on the same day. My wife stayed but the angel had to leave. I told her nicely. I gave her three days to find another place to crash. Three seemed like as a good number as any.

