

# (Younger Priest)

by T.M. Washington

There was never any doubt he would rise up above all noise and space, and champion into sheer peril—without a care for his well-being. His demise, if ever, would be of a mythology reference, as he proved himself beforehand long to be superhumanly Superhuman. He once withstood an onslaught of missile and gunfire; debris and Earth; ocean and fire to prove his token nature to be outrightly heroic. He once withstood the depths and rolls of the Imarpik Sea to remove a listing vessel, and brought a fragmented continent of thought together, in time to hurl one of their greatest (and damned) creations into the night sky forever.

And every delegate, from the noteworthy and wealthy to the more modest and immaterial, paled in comparison to his deed-rich offerings.

He did not seek a place on a cabinet, nor to impress stockholders with placards of wealth and return; he did not enumerate the downtrodden and asocial with advertised miracle treatments, or write a best seller on the markings of success. All he did, all he would ever do, was help bring us back from our own man-made precipice.

He was, however, not truly beloved by all, this evident in the many ploys and guises employed by “them” to ensnare, manipulate, and destroy him. But unlike the savior before him, he proved more a God-sent, as he took the task of annihilating his enemies’ mechanized, politicized, and exploitative attempts. These were the ordinary appeals by those, his opponents, serving to denounce his presence. And shouting toward the sky; singing in union, damning the very stars for bringing this pox of utmost poxes at their doorsteps, the ordinary men willed in their ordinary world for him to go away.

He was the most magnificent among all that lived on the blue pearl, with its whipped white clouds and ornery pastures and seas; and the people looked to him as one does a Seminary: in awe, respite of fear and condemnation. But he did not belong to them, his voyage an accident while fleeing from his own planet's ordinary people and their ordinary appeals. He was ancient, and though he would express a new love greater than, and live along with the people of the middle and latter millennium, his footsteps were centuries upon centuries old.

Shrouded in thunderclouds; perched above thoroughfares of concrete and glass, he patiently waited for the sign---for them to repeatedly show their fragility. And instinctively we would do such, and he would take to the task of proving himself once again Superhuman. And his vocation, under which he seemed to share displeasure against being a part of, seemed to go on in perpetuity (or since my childhood into my now latter stages of life). And however to the facts, he never shied away from conversation; flashbulbs and adolescent sexuality flicking, telegenic anchorwomen beaming behind their coquettish sunglasses, and uniform projectors in one hundred languages, having absorbed the ramifications of his celebrity.

He was more than us, much more than the tarot cards of radical hypocrisy and fallacy we were capable of perpetrating onto ourselves; our own world, at any given moment. (And still, many felt otherwise of this sentiment when they glimpsed him off campus, off the unwanted stage, his statuesque prose pondering in the shadows—his insignia like crimson against a palate of gray and black swirls. He was the colorful and vibrant in a world embolden by globs of gray and black swirls.) His imperviousness to our refuse of humanity, albeit wrapped up in costume and desired by it, left him open to judge and admire.

And as extraordinary they wrote of him, in sonnet and literary, he stood, unshakeable, and ever more pondering. Until one morning, as twins burned and groaned under steel and bones and blood, he turned toward the shocked and aghast; he turned toward the men and women of this world( in their Metropolis), and said unflinchingly...as if dearth of explanation.

“I once held great expectations for you...children of dust.”

And as quickly did these words ripple and engender pale misery, the sky a soot of bias evil and death, he took to the white swirled horizon in the West. And then, as children wept for the dying in the dual hypocrisy, for their parents and themselves, the Seraphim flew red and blue out of this world. His billowing cowl fluttering, a billion and one butterfly effects churning in his wake, his face shrouded from us; his emotions reaped in pain or release.

That has since been forever now. Since then the blue pearl has turned grayer in and less polished in areas, and pestilence has replaced the ritual of hope; and death has replaced the ritual of choice; and perdition has replaced the ritual of love.

And of the men, he expected more from; of himself he gave everything, and in the end understood they would continuous take more than he could ever give—continuous dependant. Ever period must end, every gift must expire or be exhausted for the crest of life to worth that much more.

Expectations limit the many....even angels.

