

## **Thy Kingdom Come**

Up and up it went. A bright star through clouds of such a peaceful white. It was an angel, flying so beautifully. The heavens watched and cheered with crazed anticipation of its grace. Up and up it went.

In the calm ocean of sky, it glided. It was so amazingly fast. From down below, it was a mighty eagle or majestic swan soaring with pride and awe. In the happy blue, it flew so far. Its tail of fire flowing as its shadow.

When the wingless beauty went above the orange roofs, it smiled. It smiled so wide. When the air cooked with the steaming scent of fish and rice, it salivated. Slowly it realised how hungry it was and presented to the world its gorgeous teeth. Teeth so white and great that they were more like mountains of the highest peaks.

Again, the heavens cheered.

Down, in the world of those orange temples and humble nourishment, the sky turned a warm amber. The rice farmers and children stared to see that their rising sun was beginning to fall. The sloshing boots of fishermen fizzed with rising heat and they too stared. Accountants and bankers stopped to see their floor bloom with a pale light of otherworldly beauty, their coworkers' faces glowed with gleeful flavours of comfort and curiosity.

Again, the heavens cheered.

A small whistle absorbed all the sounds of cars and birds and rang through the ears of many. Out of the clouds, with a simple push of the curtain-mist, it descended perfectly.

Again the heavens cheered.

Then, finally, it stopped. A deafeningly silent halo of blindness covered the earth in its glory. Like a small flick of a light switch, the angel's being showed off its being for everyone to see. The holy flame expanded across the sakura trees and monstrous towers.

The halo of white quickly dissipated and revealed how ugly the world really was. Disappointed sat on its face when it saw how the stunning temples were nothing but shells of nothing. The sweet and tasty aroma of food was really just sour and bitter rage. And all the curious beings were nowhere to be seen. The angel mistook the valley of ash for a healthy and growing paradise.

Out of nothing but frustration, the angel stomped its ferocious foot down in the black earth with a crack in the quiet. Waves of disgust rushed past false mirages and bolted away the weak inhabitants of the puny land. After the clouds of dust left, it could see all of the pretending. Shapes of black and ugly grooves pretended to be farmers and citizens, like scattered toys in a child's bedroom floor. Most of them were broken, though; sticks were masking themselves as limbs and frail bulbs as heads, screaming nothing at everything.

Seeing all of the emptiness, the halo grew as a beacon across the plains, a flag in an uninhabited planet. The angel proudly left its stain on a lost city.

Again, the heavens cheered.

*Hooray. Hooray. Hooray.*