

EROTIC ARCHANGELS: a prayer for our army of trans and queer disciples



lithe and supple and fueled by beautifully electric sparks—your bodies are enraptured by neo-mayan art...i crave the joy of intoxicating company—i crave your nascent genius whenever we part...my

attraction evolves like a symphony—in which every crafted instrument plays its harmonic part...we are comrades in a sacred struggle—comrades proudly branded with black and red stars...we take our meditation to a new cosmic level—listening to our gods and letting the heavens speak directly to our burning hearts...the tasks we face are so cataclysmically massive—making it is so hard to craft a clear revolutionary path...we may be the last generation that has any chance of overthrowing this system and leaving imperial war in our human tribe's sordid past...the growing revolt of our people must be global and potent—profoundly decentralized but powered by a worldwide karmic mind...the voices in my head are divine omens—summoning the psychosocial powers we will need to revolt and rise...sex positive you inspire me to fight for a world where sexual liberation is a universal human right...we transgress gendered norms and fuck with the binary every day when we wear a femmed out skirt with flair and with pride...erotic archangels you channel a spiritual force giving voice to a liminal lust and to boundless respect...I breathe deep harnessing the energy surging through my

brain-summoning my power to accept the visions
that come as my cerebral cortex learns to
mindfuck and as my spirit-angels learn to flex

