

FALLEN ANGELS



**IN THE CORNER OF EVERY SHADOW
IS A FALLEN ANGEL**

**DON GILBERT
DON GILLETTE**

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FALLEN ANGELS

PREFACE

Not everything has an answer, but nothing is chance.

We cannot be so bold that we fail to realize who controls our lives—or who controls everything around us.

Fallen Angels are everywhere. Always have been, always will be.

*Don Gillette
Don Gilbert
Nashville, Tennessee
May, 2017*



VARRO

Flanked in battle without a clue,
Bodies torn open.
It watches, grinning, hungry, dark...

Patient for the night and the souls it will bring.

Soldiers hear the beat,
sense the movement of air,
Chalk it up to choppers,
But there are none today.
There is only this,
forever patient for the night,
forever beating. Slowly beating.
Forever patient for the night.



JIM

I'm a real soul killer,
Got a lightning rod;
Back away slowly,
I'm an Angel, by god.

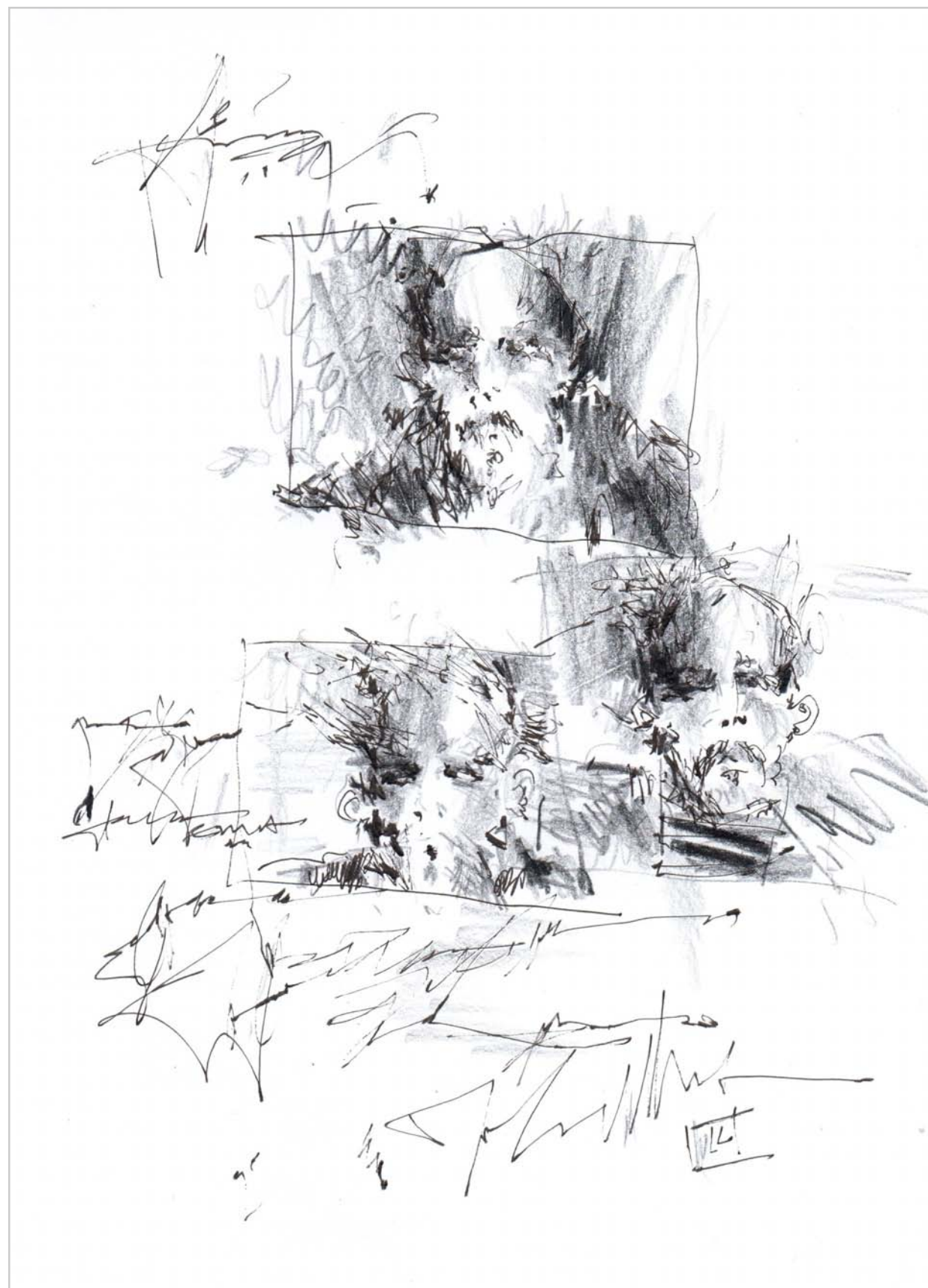


UTHER

I live in the mountains
High up in the clouds
Lonelier
 than
 most

But I have my moments,
Trust me
Have you ever heard
 the wind scream
 in the dark

through icy trees?



DORIAN, FRED, AND MORRIS

Our eyes look deeper
Than any and
the brown flecks and scatters.

We see redemption,
passion,
futures and pasts.

Look into them forever.
Magnify them.
Fall inside.
Find the truth.
How about that?



PATCH

Dark down here.
I don't know how they do it.



MANNY

Evil raises an ugly face
In the back.
It coughs out smoke,
Stays crazy,
Pisses misery on the shrubs,
Cackles like a chicken,
Plays tennis.

But Loverboy is here
Let's along open roads
Glistening dried gasoline
Typewritten on the shoulder.
Let's along Highway 12,
Dripping misery

Let's along
Second Avenue, misty
Cumberland
Fogging the banks
Let's along
Your bodies, darkendling soft.

FALLEN ANGELS...

We think it's all by chance.

We think our days just happen.

We think our actions control our destiny.

It's just not so.

Everything is controlled. From birth to death to something as insignificant as a missing button—fallen angels are in charge of it all.



Don Gillette is the author of three novels, several poetry collections, and hundreds of magazine and newspaper articles and editorials.

Don Gilbert provides questionable art during questionable times for the elite and those cut off from society.



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