

## "Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

### **Hooked** by Coy King

The Angels are hooked.  
it is the worst, ever.  
sidearmed and knuckleballed  
through the pearly gates  
beneath the softest of feathers  
it has infiltrated the cracks  
and seams of the streets of gold.  
it has passed from soul to soul  
in angelic eyelocks and the subtle brushing  
brushing of robes in heavens' markets, cafes  
and libraries.  
The Angels are absolutely hooked.  
It is wet.  
It is salty.  
It is clear.  
It is Tears.  
The Angels are hooked on tears.  
They are crying for eternity,  
uninhibitedly sad.  
The Angels have been around forever and they've  
never felt like this.  
they grew bored  
they grew listless  
they grew soft  
And now,  
pain is selling like crack  
as they drink its newness in  
dizzying gulps  
They are strung out  
and fighting each other to satisfy their fix  
they are creating more.

it is, of course, a contraband trade,  
the selling of tears  
behind the heavenly father's back.

But,

it seems to go like this:

There was once a woman, a new mother,  
who lay dying with her child in her arms.

She pleaded with god to let her

stay with her baby but

he responded by

letting

her

die.

Enraged and destroyed, she was flown to heaven,  
weeping, and soon lost her sense of pain.

Her cuffs were wet with tears,  
though, and once inside their scent hung  
ominously in the air of the holy kingdom.  
Somehow, she remembered,  
and wept in the arms of Gabriel,  
and the tears were passed on,  
a disease never so infectious and virulent.

Heaven hasn't been the same ever since.

There are bars in heaven now.  
There are weapons in heaven now.  
There are feelings in heaven now.  
There are cops in heaven now.  
There is soot and sludge and trash in heaven now.  
And now, for the first time,  
they got Punk Rock in heaven now,  
they got Hip Hop in heaven now,  
they got Jazz in heaven now,  
but most importantly,  
they got the Blues in heaven now.  
You got to have a job to live in heaven now  
washing dishes, waiting tables,  
all to pay the rent in heaven now.  
You got to eat in heaven now.

At night, the Angels roll smokes  
and dangle their feet from clouds. They are  
precious, young, and sexy,  
they got tattoos, heartbreaks and college credit.

And they've got Eternity.

And  
they  
are  
hooked.

This page was last updated: January 8, 2000