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Angels
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ANGELS

Essentially, they are alike. And no one has even seen one, for there is nothing there to see.

Those who think they see them see only their trappings: their garments, perhaps, or their passing expressions, but never their actual features: they have none. Yet they do exist, they are real.

Still, all we know of them is through appearances, the likenesses they don to bring their messages to us. They come here solely to deliver their messages. That is the reason for their being. They are their messages. And those messages are urgent, always.

That is why they put on guises, why they work their way into our consciousness. That is why they come as someone strange but interesting, someone who attracts your attention, someone tugging at your sleeve, someone with flashing eyes, someone making you wonder so much that you are caught in a spell and you attend to the message.

Now only the message remains, while its bearer, however intriguing or alluring, disappears. You find yourself alone, totally alone, bearing the weight of these tidings: inexplicable, overwhelming, unbelievable, to be believed.