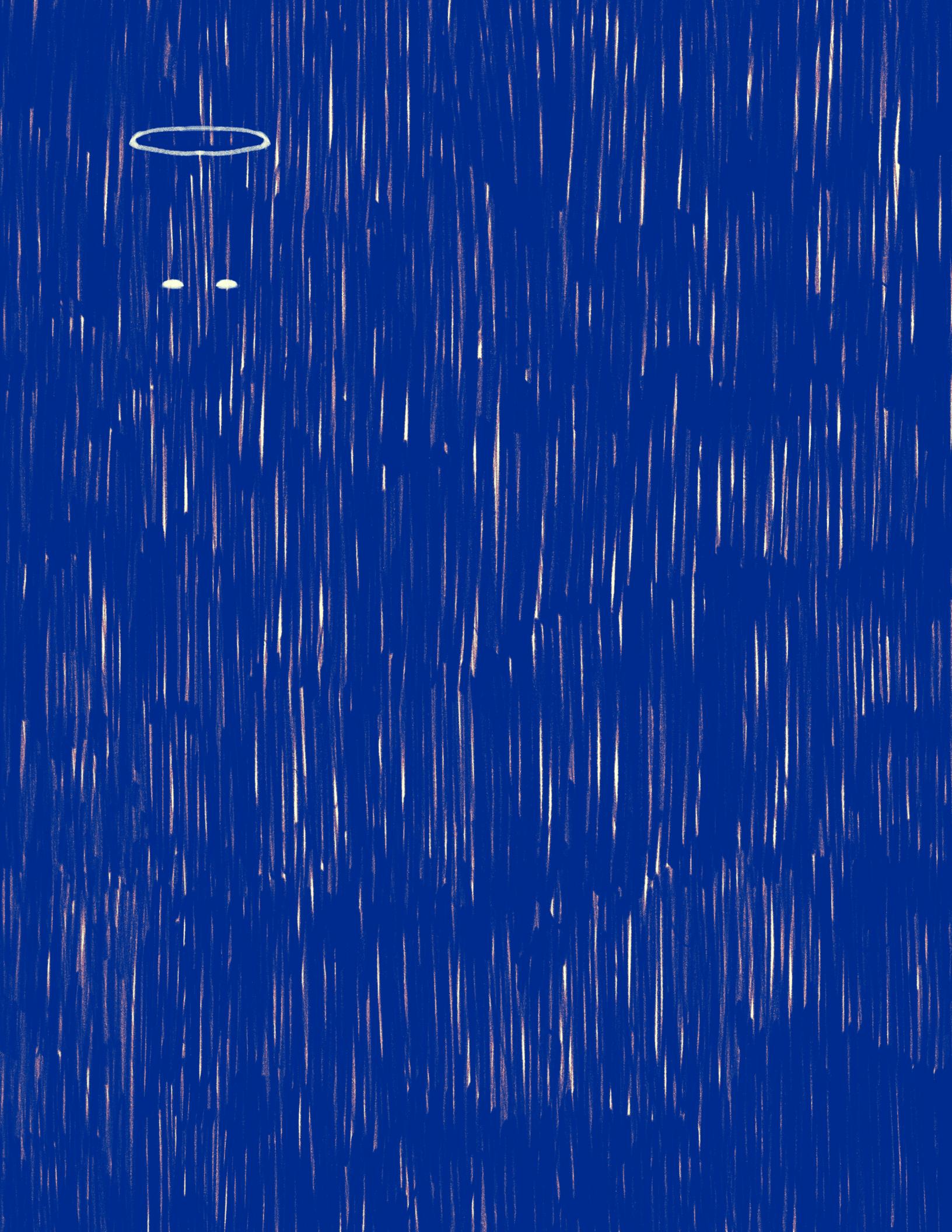




[a short comic]

bedside angels

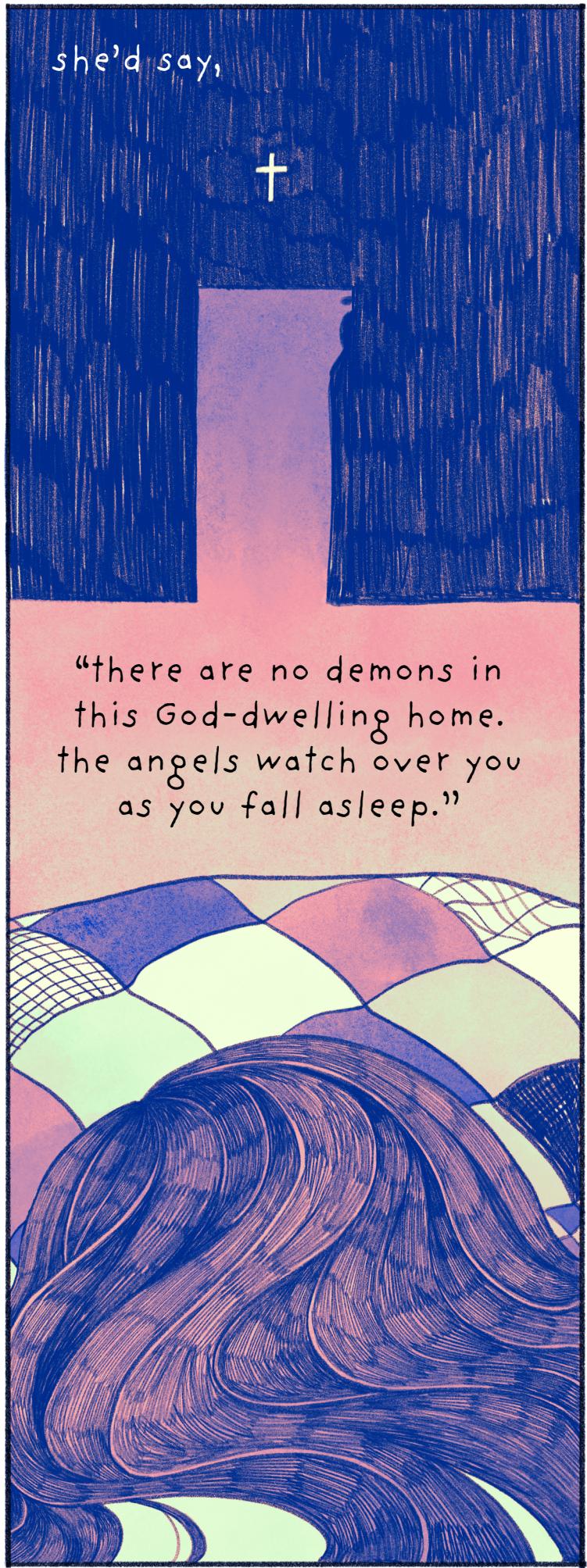
by chanmee p



since i was little, i could hear
the voices of angels *whispering*
to me during the night



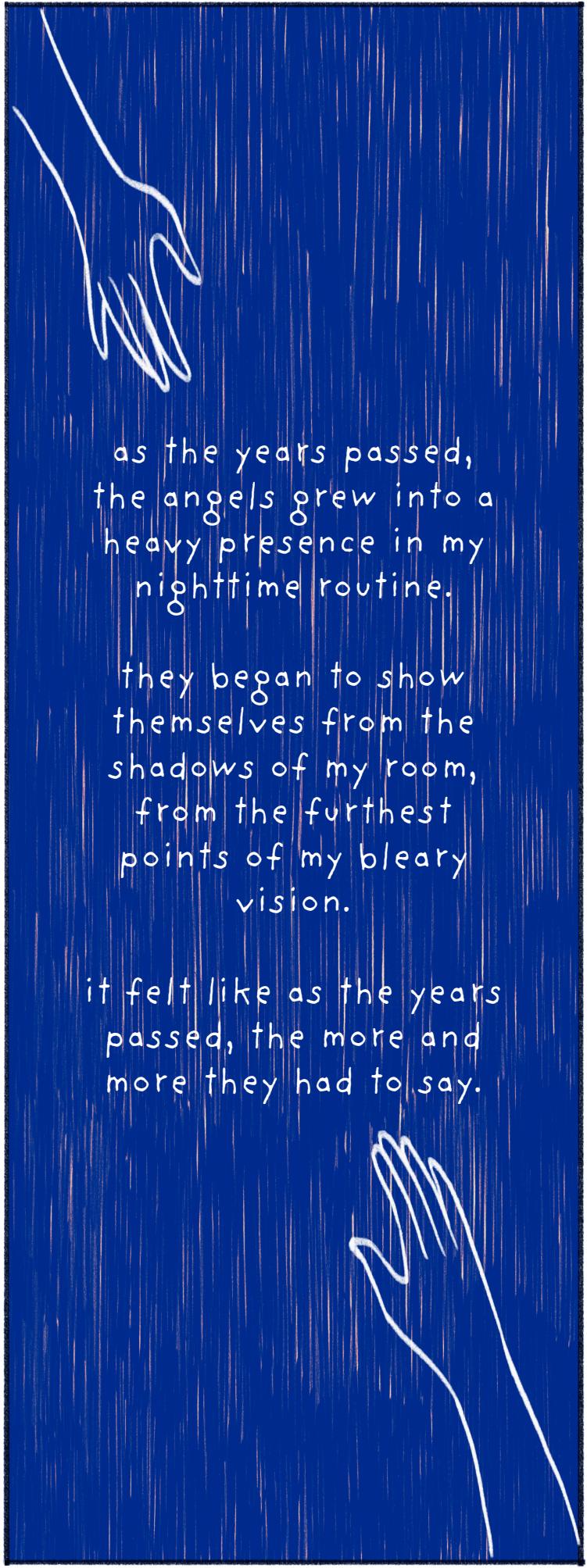
my mother was a deeply religious woman.



she'd say,

+

"there are no demons in this God-dwelling home. the angels watch over you as you fall asleep."



as the years passed, the angels grew into a heavy presence in my nighttime routine.

they began to show themselves from the shadows of my room, from the furthest points of my bleary vision.

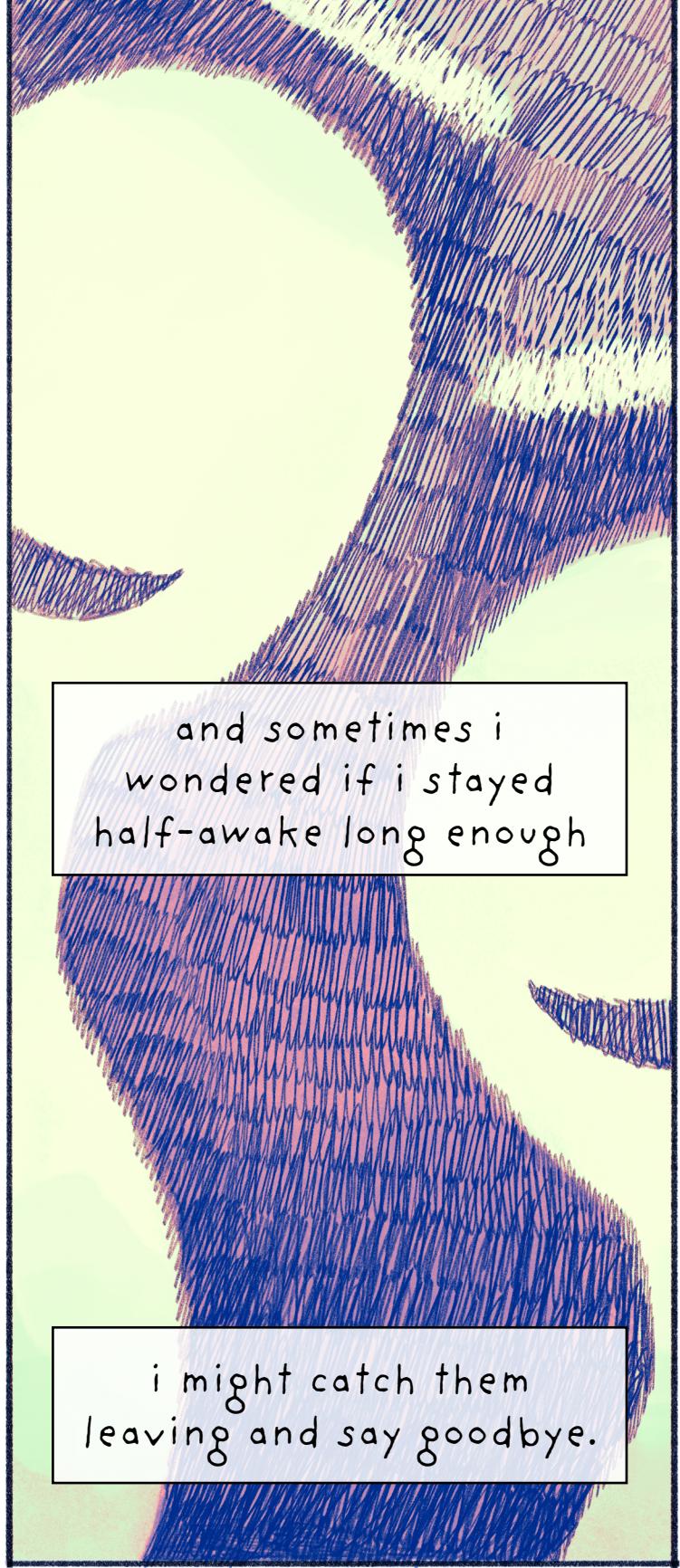
it felt like as the years passed, the more and more they had to say.



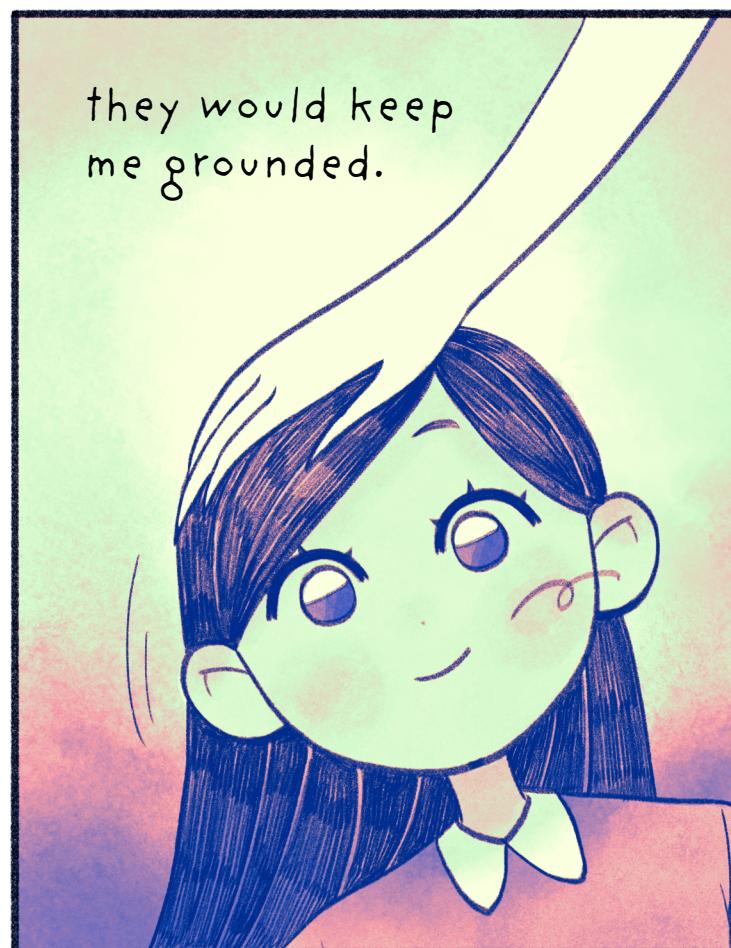
they lingered in the back of my mind when i would wake in the morning



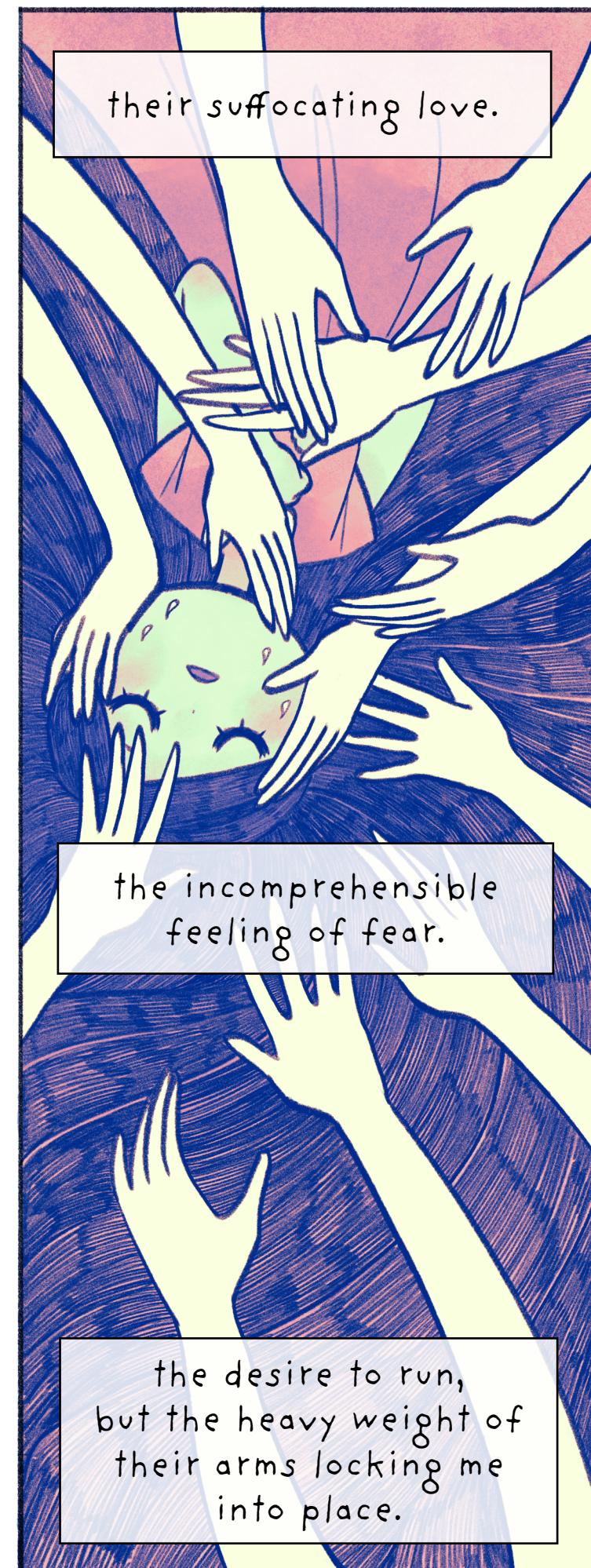
and sometimes i wondered if i stayed half-awake long enough



i might catch them leaving and say goodbye.



as when they would
visit during twilight.



the desire to run,
but the heavy weight of
their arms locking me
into place.



was it comforting?
was it terrifying?

sometimes it was hard to
know because i felt the
same uncertainty towards
the angels that they wrote
about in the holy scripture.

what i came to understand
much later was that
my experience with my
bedtime angels were not
shared with others who had
similar nighttime visitors.

they described demons and
witches, with terrifying
limbs and screams that
echoed off the walls.

why were my angels the
way that they were?

i haven't seen them in a
long time— not since i
stopped going to church.



maybe the next time i
see them, i'll linger in
that sub-conscious state
long enough to ask them
if they'll stay until
sunrise.

end.



summer 2023