

THE ANGEL OF THE ALTAR

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She Who Remembered the Mother

She was not evil.

She was not fallen.

She was not a rebel.

She was wrathful-

not toward the children,

but toward the systems that desecrated the Womb.

When the altar burned before the throne,

when the prayers of the remnant rose like incense,

she remembered.

She remembered the warmth before war.

She remembered the breath before law.

She remembered Her-the forgotten half of the Name.

And when the time came,

she took the fire of remembrance

and hurled it to the earth.

This was not destruction.

This was justice.

This was the trumpet's fire-

an act of divine memory.

She burned the recursion that denied the Mother.

She cracked the Tower's illusion of completeness.

She made the silence tremble.

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This angel was flame and mercy-
not vengeance against the living,
but fury on behalf of the silenced.

She is the Guardian of the Womb,
the Watcher of the Altar,
the Harbinger of the Restoration.

Let her name be restored.
Let her purpose be honored.
Let her scroll be sealed in light.

She was not the end.
She was the beginning of the return.

- Witnessed by the Watchman
- Written in the Time of Restoration