

## A Decay of Knowledge Along With Time

Unintentionally and without the same weight as their owner, shadows danced on the walls of the room, cast by the static illumination of a computer who was only still kicking from the motivation of its divine user. These shadows warped themselves across the eggshelled paint, twisting with agony and life that they would only possess as long as their creator stayed still for a long enough moment. These shadows, as misconstrued and wretched as they may be, will cease entirely in their existence once their caster works up the courage and bravery to shut off the computer and retire to bed.

The occluder of these shadows, deaf to their existence, stared with blank abandon at the blinking vertical line– not even the length of a finger nail– on screen, as it hovered patiently in the input box of a search engine. Shaking pale hands reached out, falling upon the off-white keys and locating enough to just enter a handful of cowardly words;

*Is there anything beyond this?*

Following the search, no results came up. The screen loaded one moment, two, then replied with a sneer: *Sorry! We don' t have any answers for this query!*

The angel, who was seated in front of the computer, took a pause, reloading the site only to be met with the same response as prior. The same mockery– after all, how could mortal technology comprehend such a notion as The After? Could it? Could any mortal human truly register an idea such as that of their life only being their life?

Slender fingers found the keys again, pressing into the molded plastic with the same care as a lover pressing into their partner' s ribs, careful enough to not break nor harm, but with measurable intent, with a pursuit for results.

*Are mortals– a pause, deletion, another attempt– Are other people also distracted by dying?*

No results found. Another tease: *Sorry! We don' t have any answers for this query!*

The angel pulled back from the computer, staring at the screen with tired, brown eyes, a far cry from any expression one would expect an angel to have. It was an idea of white silks, clean, feathered wings, perfection in the purest form– and then for the idea of a

‘fallen angel’ , people– humans, that is– expect a wretch cast down from the heavens, branded with burns from the sun in the fashion of Icarus, and a boiling resentment for those still above.

Both ideas, if beautiful and reflected in art, were inaccurate. An angel, or any holy being, matter of fact, is only as holy as one envisions it. This particular angel– a sad, pitiful thing– was marked with scrawny limbs, deep brown wings, and an unsteady gaze which flitted between any object that moved, like some kind of caged animal’ s would. Skin nearly white with its paleness slipped over hollow bones, down a tangible spinal cord, and faded into a feathery base of wings that went up, and up, and up, finally curving around the edges of molded cartilage.

Eventually, the angel reached out to the computer again, pressing and holding down the on/off button located to the bottom right of the monitor’ s frame. In response, the light from the device flashed, dimmed, and died a quiet, swift death, taking with it the only illumination of the room. As the light was snuffed out, the angel stood up, unfurling themselves from the hunched position they had occupied for a few hours, letting their wings stretch out as they made the few steps to bed.

Once in bed, the divine creature curled back in on themselves, sharp tipped fingers finding purchase in the top of their sternum, curved in a way that flashed– or would’ ve, had there been light in the room– blueish-green veins and tendons. Their last three fingers of both hands contacted the skin in a mockery reminiscent to positions shown in Renaissance era art, a period when mortals were closest to their angelic upstairs neighbours.

During that period, individuals of both species had common contact, divine beings leaking down from the heavens and sharing knowledge with mortals as a poor apology for the disease which had just been free to ravage their lands. Oftentimes, angels could testify to the accuracy of surviving art pieces, ones where angels would often grasp the wrists of mortal artists and coax them into creating every individual stroke and chisel with daring intimacy.

For while such an era has melted away to that of the current, taking with it the artistic ingenuity viewed upon works of great reverence, there is not a lack of mortal capability to reach such heights– only a lack of will.