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And So, God Let Him Go

He had left Earth, and so Earth had left him. Chaos, war, destruction. Apocalypse.

“You left this Earth. The Earth I assigned you to protect,” God spoke.

The angel stayed silent; sullen.

“You left it to shambles and now it is dead.”

“I don’t know why this happened,” the angel finally muttered.

“You’re not an angel; you’re a mere parasite.”

And so, god sent him down to Earth to witness its shambles. Stripped him of his power, left him as nothing. The angel fell through the atmosphere. Through the clouds with no wings to guide him. No matter how much he prayed, God left him. The wind burned through his back, sparks flying. He cried his tears as his body dropped against the terrain. His final tear drifted along his face as he sat up. The angel's back was battered and bruised, barren and surly. It displayed what God had taken away. It was his punishment..

People were walking towards him. Humans. They had tools in hand; torches, pitchforks, that of cavemen. They were decrepit and vile. Dirt covered their faces and their clothes were frayed. Their expressions were terrified. The angel got down on his knees and bowed for them. These were the people he left behind. The result of his greed.

“I am sorry for my sin. I am the result of this catastrophe,” the angel conceded. He didn’t know what he had done, but God had said it was his doing.

The humans divulged amongst themselves, glaring at the angel. They gasped at the clotted blood dried on his back.

“He came from the sky! He did this to us!”

“Monster! Monster!”

He felt only pain. Their shoes walloped against his skin, digging into his injuries. Sharp winces of pain; the angel cried once more. He looked through the crowd at the destruction surrounding him. Smoke and fire filled the air, buildings demolished with materials scattered across the city, previously green nature now dried and barren. This city was the mark of a war. A bad war. Despite being sent here to atone for his faults, the angel had only been rejected.

Rope burned at his limbs, body dragging against the gravel and building rubble. The humans dragged him to a post and tied him there. Despite the abhorrent pain he felt, the angel didn’t resist. This is what God wanted after all. More humans gathered at the site; a bloodied man from the sky, now tied in the center of town.

“Demon!”

“Burn him!”

“Ghastly!”

The angel bowed his head, ready for punishment.

“We’re all out of food! Eat him instead!”

This is what fear has done to these people. This is the aftermath of their apocalypse. Not only has it destroyed their society; it has destroyed their humanity. Their only act now is one of

violence. The angel can only blame himself. God said it was his fault, so it must have been so. If it was what God said, then it could only be true. The angel had done this to these people.

He only felt agony after that. The humans had their way, using him as fodder for their burdens, aggression, and pain. This was what God had sent him here for. Not to atone, but to be punished even more. Taking his wings wasn't enough. He had to die. That's what God wanted. He had sinned too far.

It is only so far a person can survive this bloodshed, however it leaves time for a lot of thought until your spirit finally abandons you. The angel took this time to think. Could it be that, perhaps, God was wrong? That these people did this to themselves? What could the angel have done to stop this?

It is these thoughts that made God send him away. The angel was too smart for his own good; questioned too much. And so, God let him go. Let him witness beings functioning by their own violence. Let him face those who take an apocalypse as detrimental as that, and use it to fuel their own fear, anger, and brutality even more. Let him face his punishment, for it will keep the system in place.