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#### THE SECRET LIFE OF A WINTER ANGEL

The old man of winter reaches for immortality.  
His name is a colloquialism for the winter season  
derived from ancient mythology. Transformed

into a modern adaptation, he rides upon icy winds  
with a lengthening shadow, explores the aging process  
and presents darkness as a comfort rather than a fear.

A blue vector explorer, he milks the sky of cobalt,  
recreation and adventure as I proclaim: *He's a comin'*  
*he's a comin', on a cold and frosty morning.* I chant,

sing notes only dogs and my secret demon can hear,  
am the original angel who fell and fell. I offer you  
my free song of the month: *girl singing, singing,*

*singing,* and am renowned for quick response time,  
excellent communication and warm winter clothes.  
Lost heaven is never further than a breath away.

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#### PROVISIONAL PSALM

Down by the creek we remember the lost:  
those who have died, those who have been  
carried away by families or removal vans.

I saw David earlier in the Spar, wasn't sure  
whether he recognised me or not, but he was  
happy to chat without making much sense.

The radio is discussing migration, suggesting  
we are all on journeys to elsewhere, that home  
is always provisional. Why don't you ever call?

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UNCLEAR

We will run updates as and when now gets underway again.

The next incident is likely to be a more comfortable option.

There is currently no timeline, this is a live beyond.

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## THE FREE FLOW OF SPIRITUAL VIBES

'But I enjoyed working in the shadows, hidden behind a double veil (the Other's and the Other's other name).'

– Umberto Eco, *Numero Zero*

Most clients are a regular occurrence. Lily told me that sex work provides greater opportunities to earn more compared to other jobs available. Negative experiences do not outweigh the positive benefits.

It is important to differentiate between criminalised, legalised and decriminalised sex; complex and multifaceted identities are the first steps in abolishing stigma about what it means to be a Christian sex worker or praying to a God.

We are talking pleasure while working, believe in story night in the garden, the free flow of spiritual vibes, and a blurring of lines between them, choices which interconnect and coexist adjacent to belief.

Multiple identities require considerable internal negotiations, are a precarious part of life, a subcultural mystery that is not just religious doctrine or beauty and belief as coping strategy. When I start to pray, I forget I am scared.

Sex can still be spiritual as well as a way to make money. If someone starts sexualising their religion, stillness falls, enabling flexible, pragmatic people, a community free from judgement.

Immorality is an occupational hazard, you should find it relaxing, its existence gives further insight into religion. Most searched-for scepticism uses elements or extreme versions of imperialism and yoga but I can never embrace a position of doubt.

Sacred kinks are kind of pointless, like wild water swimming. Spirituality creates freezing cold water and a sense of the sacred within nature, music that generates long-form conversations, love, understanding and experiential meaning.

Being sceptical is the place for me. I believe in weird books and fulfilment through contemplation, am drawn to conflict and shared identity but the sacred and sexual remain private. I have chosen to defend rationality but also stay connected.

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## SACRED

The file that has just been  
unpacked can now fit into  
the expanded folder. And  
I now find myself offering  
advice to a person who  
taught me to write poems  
at university. Everything  
is topsy-turvy, stranger  
than it seems; reversed.

The latest album is what  
fans wanted: long tracks  
and extended solos. But  
not all musicians wanted  
are present, this is now  
a different band. I tried  
to buy concert tickets  
but do not want to sit  
at the back or behind

the stage. If memory  
serves me well then I  
forgot what I was doing  
at the time, still don't  
remember the event

you are alluding to.  
If you consider overall  
statistics and just how  
impoverished we are

then you would try to  
forget too. If you were  
me you'd have given up  
long ago, sold all your  
records and CDs. But  
then again, you're not  
and I only sold a quarter  
of my collection. Some  
of the past is still sacred.

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