

In the Minor Basilica of the Black Nazarene, Wednesday

by XXXX

I hate it when I am fucked like a woman,
on my back.

This time I asked him to,
and if I could also scream out another name.

Of whom? he asked. Whose name?
The name of the handsome boy I love.

In Quiapo Church, Manila,
I crossed the aisle between pews on my knees,

along with old men and women
with desperate wishes, like myself

I felt my knees bruise, its skin peel.
If you give him to me, I promise

I will give myself to you.
You and he will be my world.

Coffee for him in the morning
(a black hole in a cup)

then prayers on my knees so sincere
I dissolve into ash like incense.

The Black Nazarene avoids my gaze
as he genuflects and carries his cross--

his skin blackened by surviving
a burning galleon that sailed from Mexico.

Nuestro Padre Jesus Nazareno!
He ignored me still.

If you survived fire,
so can I. Remember this.

I will wait until then
but my offer remains.

I got up and walked to the car,
where I wept.

