
Epiphany

I knelt gloriously
for years.
His holiness, the son of man
said I was his brother.
Deep within, I imagined
communion of the saints
melting on my palate.

My mother said, *you look
good in your cassock.*
An altar boy of cardinal class
who moved in liturgies
like flights of doves in clear skies,
his circumcision hidden
in the thickness of his clouds.

But my baptism crumbled
in my passage;
my resurrection lost
in the cracking of my lips.
And decades of
Forgive-me-Father-for-I-have-sinned
were since tucked in cobwebs
harboring flies.

Now I returned to be reborn.
Inside a Gothic Cathedral,
the windows beamed on me
in technicolor.
I chanted with the hues
and darkness was my choir.

But while I rested on a pew,
sins of men sat beside me.
And the thirst of Adam
genuflected
between my thighs.

Bino Almonte Realuyo