

Guitar Showcase

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I prayed for the first time
in a long time.
 Not a plea or a wish,
 but a prayer

Seventeen Hail Marys
for I truly believed
I was at the hour
of my death.

The lights carved
 an outline
of your stony face.

White shirt,
and shoes,
and sheets.
 My sheets used to be white.

I sat in the back
of the auditorium
for the guitar showcase
 where you adorned
 Carrara marble,
and
 I was rolled up
in my black shroud.

I prayed for the first time
in a long time.
 Not in an attempt for salvation,
 but a question for the Lord
 May He be with me as well?

I was rolled up in black,
staring at the white.

But, the dark threading of your laces.
But, the dingy socks on your feet.
But, the inky pendant around your neck.
Those weren't white.

I was rolled up in black
staring at the white.
But, my hemming was clean.
But, my ring hugged pearl.
But, my glasses were ivory.
Those weren't black.

Where is grey born amidst
the first encounter of
white and black?
Where does good no longer
hold up against evil?

Where does man
separate from God?

Where do I
leave shroud for swaddle?

Where do I
become clean of you?