

Orlando (6.12.16)
Landry Filce

No religion but her.
No adoration to a God high above,
Floating, dispassionate, from cloud to cloud—
Instead, adoration for the stolen moments,
Away from judging eyes and wagging fingers,
When she intertwines her fingers with my own
And I sync my breathing to hers,
Pretending that we two have become one.

No Eucharist in the way of a flat, pale cracker bestowed upon me
By a priest who would surely be apathetic if he knew
I am paralyzed by the worry that,
Misjudging a moment as private, I may begin to count her freckles
(Each of them an aspect of her personality that captivates me)
While an unseen onlooker judges them as
A list of the reasons he should put a bullet in her—
Instead, my salvation is passed to me through her kiss,
While receiving the body of Christ herself,
I am painfully aware of the cost of this sacrament.
Still, I feel safer in her embrace
Than I ever have in God's house.

No home between the walls of a church
Where indoctrination is held in higher regard than action,
Where it is more acceptable to end the lives of forty-nine people like me
Than to remove a clump of cells attached to the wall of a uterus—
Instead her presence is a cathedral to me;
When I am near her, all the years I have been warned against
Falling prey to this "sickness" melt away,
And I feel more at ease than I ever have in the place
That I was told since birth would lift me up
And treat me as family.

No religion but her.