

Decano "Firenze" - David O'Hara

In the Room of Tears is a *god*-wormed *god*-headed and *god*-based intersex man caressing the hand of the Decano. In St. Peter's Basilica, there is a Jewish caliphate receiving Communion. In the Pasetto di Borgo, there is a Barbary horse with an extra leg bred from his left flank trotting with a graceful clumsiness. In the Sistine, there is Michelangelo laying on his stomach underneath his frescoes, feet-swinging, drawing for Tommaso a "sodomotical" *Jupiter & Ganymede*. In the Domus Sanctae Marthae, an Iranian-Irish teenager receives a two-thirds majority vote. In the Apostolic Palace, the Prince of Apostles plays football with Judas, who girlishly X's notebook is humble. Leather-bound. In their bedroom, O Decano "Firenze"'s and X's, one bed lay laden with fluffed pillows; creamish-colored, some a dark red. X says to Decano, 'These hands could have moved mountains.' And on Mt. Zion, Lo! The mountain of holiness, there they are. And on Mt. Athos, Lo! The mountain of holiness, *there they are*. In the Iviron monastery, they drink molotovs with the angels as locusts flutter by, Abaddon-bound. And in their sheets, they create a sexually-imitated flesh prison; legs-entangled, fingers-clasped, and Tommaso's art in Decano "Firenze"'s mind. The next day, Decano leads Mass. The next day, Decano becomes

kisses the cheek of Jesus as he runs by. In the Palazzo Apostolico di Castel Gandolfo, there is the eternally-yawning Ginnungagap, Saints Matthew and John climbing upwards, outwards, and inwards, with twenty-three legs each. In his bedroom, Decano "Firenze" places his zucchetto on their oak nightstand, next to the notebook of X.

And then on Ash Wednesday, he is reborn again. 'I can see it in your eyes—what have you done?' he asks him with wingéd words. Gratuitous cardinal, 'I have befallen to a sin too many,' he whispers as Dawn arrives, fresh and rosy-fingered.

Secretarius Status Sanctitatis Suae. The next day, he trittles around the Holy See like a turtle. The next day, his cardinals turn into pigs. The next day, the genderless Pope rises above. The next day, he reminds X of his celibacy vows. The next day, his dog, *Prince Mishkin*, dies peacefully of old age. The next day, Decano "Firenze" sobs in the papal apartments as His Eminence X rubs his back.

And then he whispers to me, with a voice female, a voice soft, a body male, a body strong, *te amo, te amo*. And then yesterday, he had declared his Church irreprehensible to X. And then in the glowing gardens of Gethsemane, Judas and Jesus played once more.

And then in the courts of Hell, Judas lay catatonic and a reprobate as an Arabian woman defends him of his sins.

And then he is filled with orgasmic ecstasy. And then he cries for his body's unbecomings.

And then he cries, *Alleleuia!*

And then he cries, *Godspeed!*

And then he cries, *Amen!*

And as Satan judges, Evensong begins and the Vespers trickle into the ears of Decano "Firenze."

And then he cries for the greatness of God's *agapeic Love*. And God's Love says 'you are good, for you are god,' and then the universe says, 'you are of me, as I am of you,' and then the stars say, 'I commemorate thee amongst the Saints, in your spiritual sicknesses, in your glory.'