

A monk in the rain

It got so hot the blue sky just sorta died and turned grey
on Sunday and began to drip Summer
sweat down on all the cars and trees and
street lamps and sidewalks and on the homeless
cat that lives under the baby blue mail box that
looks like a birdhouse with a painted red roof.
The hotness just kinda breathed in through the opened
windows of my apartment where my ceiling fan spun the Summer
breath around and I had a Junot Diaz book opened while I
waited for you to make-up and hair style yourself
and drive from Los Feliz with your squirly good looks
down to a parking spot I saved you on a one-way street.

I almost ate your face when I saw you, I mean,
I was hungry for crepes, but you looked so good
I had to think about it. And when you stepped into my place
the first thing you did was plant a flag into the cushion
of the long seat of the couch with both hands
and declared it yours. Nalgame Dios, you had this
proud look in those beautiful big brown doe eyes that said:

“Behold, people of the planet Earth, I am the one
they call “Hot Sauce.” Marvel at my flag. It waves proudly
like the one the astronauts left on the moon. Behold the craters
left behind by mine and Josh’s nalgas! I make deep craters.
Here’s a quarter. Go throw it into a fountain and wish
you had pompas like mine.”

God, all that hot in the room made me so thirsty I could’ve
squeezed an entire peach tree into a glass and gulped it
down in a single tragaso. And while your chula lips
drank at the nectar of that sweet Dixie peach drink
you went and said something so completely beautiful
my heart melted and puddled around my feet. You said,
“Oh, and I was going to put cookies in the oven and bring
them to you.” I didn’t even have to see the cookies,
just hearing you say the words, “bring”
“you” and “cookies” all in the same sentence—
I was ready to climb a ladder up to
heaven just to thank God in person.

And then I got real romantic, like a red rose stem caught
in my teeth, ready to tango you with beautiful words
that twirled you about and pulled you right up close to me, and

you had a word so big it just got stuck in your mouth
and just then some cold wind blew in from outside
and I'm no weatherman, but I knew it was a 'kissing
breeze.' I could tell by the way it made me really want to kiss
you. So I did. And that coolness had probably
slid its hand over the hood of a glossy black Cadillac, and shook
the birds out of a bush, and pushed back the bangs of a lesbian
crossing the street, but now it was cooling our faces
while they did things to each other with our eyes closed.

We could've been tangled up like that all afternoon, but it was
such a lovely rainy day we drove by the beach to 2nd street
and you had spent a good deal of time doing your
hair, so I let you borrow a black hoodie that you wore
over yourself as you walked across the dripping
street with your head bowed like a monk in the rain.

Then we sat and drank wine, and probably ate two
of every animal with a side of French fries and
though the band wasn't playing that day, I could've
sworn I heard a soft piano chiming while I just looked into those
eyes. I could imagine the fingers walking across
the weighted keys making a beautiful melody
while I felt myself getting lost, like if I had gotten
into some big yellow cab that was driving me
through some great big city and I was looking
out the window with my droopy tongue hanging out like
some dog tasting the city atmosphere and letting the wind
comb back my ears. I was sailing through swoon city
when suddenly I said lets go see a movie!

Back in the car, the rain pitter-pattered on the windshield.
We put on Radiohead as we drove under the swaying palm trees
and silver clouds. You said, "This is like a dream.
You have no idea how much I love this." I held your hand
and then later you walked towards me in the movie
theater where I was waiting for you. And maybe you thought
I was just waiting for you to get out of the bathroom, but really
I had been waiting for you my whole life. When you walked through the
neon lights of the theater lobby, you became illuminated like sea
foam glittering in the moonlight. I stood there in awe—
a line cast into the current of a great wave—catching my breath.

