

Fat Tuesday

ROSALYNDE VAS DIAS

tonight
Jesus is in New Orleans
warm with good red wine
and hot French bread
a girl keeps showing her flesh
dark arms
legs
breasts
he hands her rosary beads
blesses sweaty shoulders
with two kisses like moths

tomorrow
the ashes and
the fast –
dust on the tongue
and far away palms
laid down
thin green lashes on the path
but tonight
his hands are two blessings unbroken
music rises through the night
like a flock of doves
he throws back his head
the sky is a thin sheet
floating
flung over the child's body
lightly on a hot night
just before sleep