

# Holy Mary of Mine

## Love in the Time of Trump

[Written while finishing the fantastic novel: *Love in the Time of Cholera*.]

There's a place at the very center of myself that nothing can touch.

It's beyond even the thought of reproach, before God thought Mind into matter;

inviolable, invulnerable, sacrosanct.

*There she dwells, the infinite in the void.*

Don't try to reason with me.

Don't say to me:

"You're an intelligent, rational man. Your reasoning is your greatest talent. And still this maiden, who was essentially already married back when you knew her as endless endearment, and whom you haven't sat face-to-face with for far too many an aching annum, somehow still sits there, upon the throne of the immanent temple, all other entreaties unheard, all other emissaries of love like the flies she whisks away with an effortless flip of her wrist; immovable, implacable, incapable of exorcise."

Don't say that to me.

For do you not know that it's not the demons but the angels whom refuse to be exorcised?

Flashes of her eyes, the hands she can't hold still, extensions of her fruitful mind, more expressive than her words, her embarrassed laugh, her inimitable sneeze, all pointing to her perpetual presence.

She bewitched the befuddled guards guarding the inner sanctum long ago, sneaking in uncontested.

There she reigns over a kingdom as mighty as it is non-existent, as omnipresent as it is invisible, as potent as it is pitiful, as pure as it is painted with the blood of every brutally-bludgeoned heart.

I swear she's communing with me there, likely without knowing it.

She casts her messages in bottles that ebb and flood in the tide of the Sea of Source I swim within.

Daily am I caught by the incoming commemoration of pleasing pain

before being swept out to sea by the surging fullness of the empty ache.

What irony that the most concrete, most dominant force in my existence is

reflexively dismissed by my realist buddies as having no basis in reality whatsoever.

Realism is the tantrum-throwing clown playing the insecure ego-games of toddlers on TV.

This news is nothing new. Conmen have always pretended that they were sent by God.

Her presence lingers long past every deceiving circus stunt that I long ago stopped tuning-in to see.

God sent her, *and* you, for prophecy requires its magnificent muse as much as its demonic deceiver.

What greater proof that the realer reality only exists beneath its label,

the provable ephemeral façade painted over the unprovable eternal truth?

Oscar echoes: *To define is to limit.*

For this world defines this feeling as foolhardy idealism.

What greater proof that the ideal is the Light of Living Truth,

reality being the obscuring shadow cast by our perception?

She bathes in the temple daily, held by a force so superseding of mind

that my thoughts skip off of it like stones cast at a granite mountain.

Money, progeny, obligations, her receipt of everything denied during her youth,

the most deserving recipient of good fortune this world has ever honored.

My imagination teems with what her life may be,

unconfirmed by the social media searches I refuse to perform.

For the sight of her has always been a dagger to the heart.

And not from the outside, like a craven assassin, where shields may be raised

and the incisive guards of the intellect may out-parry her thrusts.

*Mind is moot.*

She dwells beneath it, in that which existed before thought, before time, before God gave spacetime to this great game He plays with Her, the reemergence of We, the universal pronoun.

God is the sunray melting me down into the putty that she shapes

with the beautiful hands that bid her to be an artist, even when I knew her.

My heart is the ball of string to her feline force,

batting my greatest weakness around at will.

Forgive me for selfishly wondering, my love:

Do you yet feel the weight of weightless dreams gaining gravity?

Let them go, and I'll carry them for you.

I'd bear the mountain upon my back for you, I swear it.

You're welcome to stay here forever, Queen of Unrequited Empire.

Here, in the flashes of teasing and laughing and lovemaking lingering  
like lost licks of delectable desserts that I'll never taste, but forever crave.

I swear to you, fellow holy brethren, fellow ones of The One:

*Christ knew no force greater than this. The One Force, focused by Mary.*

I miss you Jen, Holy Mary of Mine.