

GOOD FRIDAY

By Rofel G. Brion

If I were home right now
I'd be dressing up the Virgin
For this afternoon's procession.

This morning
I'd have taken out the body of wood
From the storeroom (it had stood there
For the year, with old clothes and toys
And Grandmother's deathbed),
Father and I would have put it
On top of a small table
In the middle of the living room
While Mother spread on the sofa
The long black veil, the white gown,
The silver crown and a heart with seven daggers,
The golden, curly, long hair.
The hands and head of ivory
And four drops of crystal tears
(Glued to her cheeks for Good Friday,
Very carefully peeled off for Easter Sunday).

While my nephews and nieces
Watch me in great anticipation,
And sweat glues my shirt to my skin,
I dress up the body of wood,
Give it hands, a head, a veil,
A crown, a heart, some tears,
Making it grieve for the yearly death
Of its only begotten son.
(Two dawns later,
She will be made to rejoice
As she meets this same son
To the songs of my winged nieces).
But now, thousands of miles away from home,
From my parents, my sister, my nephews and nieces,
I shiver in the cold beside the fireplace
While I watch in great anticipation
These fine drops of snow,
Tears falling, gluing themselves
To the window of my small room.