

Seeing Him in Light

He sat in the pew to my right while I stood up front, watching like the priest, but the priest was never there. It was only him, standing on worn tennis shoes to twist up his face while everyone else wept. I bet he could feel the heel of his foot through the sole. I asked him three months later if the same people had planted themselves in front of the mass to sing the songs I had learned. He said yes but that they never glowed as much as I did. I think I only glowed because it hurt to see him bring his hands together and clap. It is impossible now to justify the feeling I had when it happened, or that I knew then that he was most likely sinning or was maybe a sheep. But his eyes looked like little beer bottle caps under a dining room light, and I couldn't help but pick them up. Now we are both thinking the same things, leaving the church with heads hung low and our rosaries tied around our necks.