Eavesdropping on Ash Wednesday
Khera Rufino

Someone asks about his Lent plans
and makes an ill-received joke.

“Forty days without a girl?”
He shrieks in horror,
then rattles off the reasons
that his dick is the needle
of his life’s compass.

He wouldn’t bathe,
wouldn’t shave,
and would just come
looser and looser
if he had to spend six weeks
unscrewed.

He proudly proclaims
a doctrine to renounce
hard liquors only
for these days that he
will be emulating
his shepherd’s arid stroll;

I scoff,
sit rigid in my seat,
and try not to imagine
a rough cheek
against my thigh,
wandering the desert
to reach a new kind
of enlightenment.