

## **Brother in Christ**

In another life, you make the candles for the monastery and I make the stock. The little rooms where we work are too warm, what with all the res to melt your wax, to make my soups, but the bed we share is cold when we end our days together in prayer and reconciliation. None of the monks know we were almost nuns instead, and if you had kissed me, I may have let you. In this life, you let me watch you pray the rosary on the beads you bought me for my twenty-seventh birthday; you made me the candles you had me wish on and I've burned them inch by inch in the weeks since you've gone, your tapers lighting the nights that ask me what I want a life for. It's not a question of whether or not I want to live, but whether or not I want to want, and what I'm willing to. Fear of the dark used to make me falter at the edge of my room. In another life, your candles might have gone much faster. Thanks to you, I know: each exhale is an exiting wish, extinguishing sight into seeing. Come on now. I have a bowl for you. What there is to look at we already know.