

My Giant

My Giant, have you seen the cross-dressers of Rome?
Through the portico, past the hog market, they go.
They pass secrets and candies through confessional grates,

allow no separation of priest and sinner,
violate the law and welcome all smells,
seal the keyhole of a woman's shirt,

coin the empty slots of a man's loafers.
They—like the dread inquisition—do not easily
relinquish their prey. They are the lion's fabric.

My Giant, you know the pantheon.
Vaulted like the perfect half of an orange,
Where skull caps cover holes in bishops' heads,

where the saint guards the zoo cage.
Where organ pipes open above and below,
tightrope walkers roam the mezzanine,

priest heads rest in cross-sectioned Fabergé eggs.
Where the fish market defied the Pope,
where the Astrodome was conceived in the shadows of the colonnade—

My Giant, where is the hoop of stars held by a martyr,
ready for you to jump and be saved?
To hear the horses sparking at the hooves,

to feel the snap of a running lash as a body rushes by,
to see the dove that guards Caravaggio, outstretched, abjured,
about to land—to hold the Field of Mars—

look to the abandoned logic
of trains. My Giant, look to the people—
watch their heart valves open and close.