

If Lubriel Were Still Around, Maya Angelou Would Be Our Wedding Singer

by Julio Montalvo Valentin

I never heard the devil write a love song,
but God narrated the first one.
During the field trip to the Museum of Natural History,
we were led into the steel Rose.
As the doors close shut,
the Big Bang boomed as God spoke and said
And now the Big Bang.
Her voice carried a sad but accepting tone,
one that caressed us as blankets of echoes
Bombard the temperament of our youth
with sounds of constellations that aren't visible in the projects.
But there are never stars in the projects,
just bullet casings that twinkle in the sky.
Lubriel shook with fear of the sound and held my hand. He said
*This isn't gay, I just can't go through the stars without my—
my best friend.*
When the baptism under bursting hologram lights ended, God said
And here our story ends.
Who knew she would foretell of our friendship
As Lubriel was killed the next day.
Casings still sparkled as they hit the concrete and yet
it sounded like one big bang.
A week later,
I whispered a Maya Angelou poem to your casket and I swore,
I saw you smile.