Anointed

My father tilts the vial of holy oil over his finger & smears it across the forehead of my best friend’s mother.

I imagine the cells inside her breasts as dark archangels rioting in the streets of heaven. On Monday,

she cancels her chemo. Belief ripens in her chest. She dies.

I never did tell my friend about the time I walked in on my father refilling the vial with our Dollar General vegetable oil. I want to be cynical, but the light glowed through the oil’s gold as it glugged into the vial & over his hand.

Remember after the revival? We found your mom in the kitchen.

Your dad was kissing her, dancing her around the silence.

The thick yellow light oiled her tightly stitched skin.

When they caught us staring, they pulled apart into two separate blushes, his hand falling back from her breast.