

If Faustina

had died in the twenty-first century
they would have built her a high-rise with
downtown's best view

or a 5.8 million dollar home
in the Hollywood hills, complete
with a 1.3 million dollar enclosure wall
(and high tech surveillance system)
overlooking the community's daily somewhat
seedy activities

special editions and tributes published
upon the news of her passing
stating, "Maverick"

the public would pretend they'd known
what had made her special

*Wallpaper™ would salute hotels where she'd stayed
and restaurants where she'd dined, commenting on
how the chef had been an old and trusted friend,
his photograph shown

Oprah™ would commiserate with her audience
on an Angel Network™ update show
(comparing Faustina to Maya Angelou)

— forgeries of her personal items
(as shown in biography photographs)
would sell for thousands of dollars on Ebay™ —
the dice of our age being cast for Christian relics

But it wasn't the twenty-first century —
her passing
had been given the best
by her hometown —
a temple in her honour constructed by Rome's Emperor

people walked by on their way to market
or to meet friends, craned
their necks, admired the massive
Corinthian columns

with reverence
as if heaven itself opened above her posthumous gift

—Melda Gibson

