I met Patrick at MOMA in September, but it all really started when his head began to bleed and he realized he had holes in his hands and water was gushing from his side like a fire hydrant in summer. “Fuck,” he said, “I’ve got stigmata.”

After that, I took him to see the new Almodóvar movie and his arm kept sweetly brushing against mine and I got turned on. I thought he might introduce me to hipsters in Brooklyn, but he just kept saying that he didn’t know any hipsters in Brooklyn.

Then, one frosty evening he spent the night with me at my apartment and after we did the things that people like us do in the dark he told me about how he met you two in Philadelphia at a dive bar with a drag queen running karaoke. He thoroughly recounted the white hotel room. He glorified your robust and serenading bodies. He numbered the lines of Henry’s ribs.

He said that he had acquired the ability to be two people at once, and in that context a threesome was incidental. (I think that was an excuse). He said he was in love with both of you. He remembered your cologne and the obsequious way you asked questions about Joni Mitchell. Edward, he admitted you were a gentleman. And, as he described these miraculous things the blood streaked his face and he held up his hands and said, “Shit, stigmata again.”

Patrick aspired to speak the explicit thing, his voice like trees towering in a row. Instead, it came out as sophistry. He blushed.

Then about a month ago I cooked him shrimp risotto and he mentioned that he had unearthed a photograph of Edward which was taken in the backseat of a taxi in Paris. Henry, he told me he read about you in the paper, how you were relentlessly choreographing your dance of death.

He was not blessed that time. I drew us a lavender bath and we sat in the tub and I waited for the consecrated wounds, but they didn’t come. He babbled incessantly about Caetano Veloso, as if to prove his knowledge of Brazilian culture. I guess he figured it would impress me. I dried him off, poured a glass of Pinot...
Noir, and called my mom in São Paolo.
I began to comprehend that he might be a bit wacky.
He did erratic things– but I recognized longing for what it was. Patrick was a child.
So, one hot night while he was reading a biography of Diaghilev, little drops of red peppered the page and a river spilled from his side. “Damn,” he said and tried to plug up the holes. And yet, his body kept weeping and groaning with an odor of sanctity. I drew him another bath and realized we could never really be together because there was too much divine suffering.
Afterwards, I dressed him in my Calvin Klein underwear and made him prance around the living room. It pleased me until he paused for a moment and serenely gazed at his image in the impartial mirror. Then he said, “Sometimes I think I might be a hermaphrodite.”

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