The Cathedral/Basilica of Saint Louis, King of France

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All souls in New Orleans are beautiful when the mist serves us heavenly air trapped on wet streets, the park noises, young artists wash feet with a little fountain water. We crawl along black brick long cracked streets aimed at the Mississippi. Fog like smoky faces unbound wishes humid people, lives eyeing around the quarter for someone, anyone to tell us about the parties, the great restaurants, the crowded bars and discreet strip clubs. All the rewards complete test and happiness. If we could live in this parish forever we could be truly happy our entire lives.

Then a wedding opens chilled cathedral doors with smells of an ordination at the Vatican. Grey marble and incense—intoxicates honors the crowd, union heat throb Christ. Sounds draw us nearer the ground in reverence kneeling beneath the sun and crescent moon. Our minds now unclouded, sins confessed. Forgiveness is a city of saints, Louis singing a song for Saint Joseph. He sings also for the sinners—bourbon street window swingers bad barkers next to three card monty dealers near Café Du Monde where a homeless man hit on me as we sat on black iron benches in the park with the Civil War cannon, model 1861 parrot rifle.
He said I had real fair skin and I was sweating. Beignet powdered sugar fell everywhere. I smiled, listened, chatted with him for a time about artillery and pirates, about the Jax brewery, voodoo. Then I went and had a few beers at the brewery, stumbled back to the Basilica and with other flaming hearts looked skyward. We prayed, recited plaque history, visitations always pondering a pilgrimage to another bar. Revelation love from local parishioners indulging the way sinners often indulge.