

## *My Father's Loaves and Fishes*

LENNIE HAY

In his soft throaty voice he speaks of rice—  
washing and rinsing hard kernels,  
how hands knock them on the side of a pot  
until water runs clear. How it will rise

with rest. Two fingers placed parallel  
above the country of white, mark enough  
cooking water. He tells of the importance  
of a firm lid to contain steam's slow ritual.

Airy morsels are the beginning of a meal's success.  
After we finish the mounds of rice,  
when only crusty skin remains in the pot,  
he pours a river of water on its dryness.

The pot simmers bounty and economy.  
He drains the precious pot. We drink his rice tea.