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## Father Federico

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## Father Federico

The ridges of folded strata, trace of Cuban cigars  
furry knuckles, worn, well-used, with a scratch  
on the left thumb base where Rocky played too rough,  
ruddy, dark, talkative, holy hands.

He shakes the gold watch down on his wrist,  
tucks the handkerchief into his pocket, tugging  
the sleeve of his purple vestments back  
where it belongs, folds his hands in prayer, pauses.

Hot quartz, shells, magma under feet, excitement,  
sizzling, the place is going to erupt.

*Father, let's take a vacation to Aruba, feel  
the spray on your face, hold a tall cool glass...*

Lips moving, deep in prayer, out of habit he chimes,  
*Watch your language, you are in the House of God.*

Trish Klei '97