

My Father at the Bakers

On the veranda
is a bony old man
who but for
the kombolói
reminds me
of my father.

He has a thin
moustache
and baggy shorts
and his right
foot is agitating
at the marble
as if

pumping some
accelerator
that would have
him in a wish
at the top
of that mountain
concealed now
in cloud
and haze.

If he were here
I would ask him

if he preferred

mountains

to coastlines,

you are supposed

to be one

or the other

I would say.

So many questions

and still

a language barrier.

It's a fantasy

thinking of him

like this,

I can't have seen

him old.

Perhaps

in my mind

he has

aged with me

though this too

is a fruitless

train of thought

because one

of the few facts

I know

is that he's

dust.

We'll just sit here

for a moment

his doppelgänger

and I

and stare

at a middle

distance

populated

this hot

and sultry

morning

by the living

the imagined

and the dead.