Roxanna Font

“WHY ARE YOU TAKING PICTURES OF THAT SHIT? WHY NOT OF THE NEW, THE PRETTY THINGS?”

On the streets of Santa Clara
the sun comes down hard
on door after door of detailed
knocker.

In front of el teatro
La Caridad we pose beside a hand-
painted poster listing our straddling
surnames.

Across from a stretch
of small trees in medians,
entryway to el Gran Hotel
Roosevelt--soot and sacks, bricks
stacked askew in the foyer.

I take a shot

then hear a yell--“¿Por qué estás
sacándole fotos a esa mierda?
¿Por qué no a lo nuevo,
lo bonito?”

I walked far enough to see
the scatter of tin roofs beyond
Spanish arches. So I photographed
where the people entered
and left

as well as the pope
between a door here and there.
So many posters of his upturned
profile--patient gaze
on a blue sky, over and
over, the same.