

## *Roxanna Font*

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

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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.