

SANTO DOMINGO DE LA CALZADA

Here's a fountain again
in the center of the plaza.
Holly oak all around—
you can remain dry even
under moderate rain and
the water could soften
the hardest Croat handshake.
Old men cup the water
and pour it over each other's
head to bring memories
back. Imams in Cistercian
robes discuss Hadith 345
on the authority of Abdullah
bin Malik and drink its
refreshing wisdom. Real
estate agents sprinkle a few
drops across the threshold
of their listings. In Cirueña
the fountain has been dry
since 2008—all those
half-built homes for
the bourgeoisie like a stand
of poorly cleared lumber.

But not here! St. Dominic de la
Calzada laid the pipes, civil
engineer for Christ. I'm
going to stick my entire left
arm in the fount, hoping
to drown my whining, sleepless
second self. In my right hand
I will hold firmly to my cell phone
for its screen is badly cracked.