

My Father's Loaves and Fishes

LENNIE HAY

In his soft throaty voice he speaks of rice—
washing and rinsing hard kernels,
how hands knock them on the side of a pot
until water runs clear. How it will rise

with rest. Two fingers placed parallel
above the country of white, mark enough
cooking water. He tells of the importance
of a firm lid to contain steam's slow ritual.

Airy morsels are the beginning of a meal's success.
After we finish the mounds of rice,
when only crusty skin remains in the pot,
he pours a river of water on its dryness.

The pot simmers bounty and economy.
He drains the precious pot. We drink his rice tea.