

## Two in Palermo

Some saints hold themselves out in front of you –

St. Lucy's eyes on a marble plate.

Her relic no longer in Sicily,  
I kiss her feet anyway.

It's this pistachio-colored city trying  
to get inside us,  
its handfuls of shade.

Avenues where Mediterranean spray flays stucco

from Catholic walls,

but there are two opera houses.

When the hotel doorman catcalls,  
I don't drop his hand.

When he slices his toe on sea rock,

it's my chance:

I hold his foot  
in the waves.