

Rosalinda Leyva

A Time to Watch

2008 Lester M. Wolfson 2nd Place Poetry

My grandfather is nearly blind.

Walks with his hands extended
in front of him, tries not
to run into something that has
been in the same place
for forty years, like the china
cabinet stacked

with *cantaritos* and *comales*.

His walking stick hits a shoe
box filled with plastic forks
from restaurants. "*Qué es eso?*"
"*Tenedores.*" I answer. He laughs
for the first time in days. He

walks outside with leftovers and

I watch him feed rice and empanada crumbs
to starving birds and stray cats. I
think he does it searching for something.

Life-

Hope-

Peace-

I don't know, but I need my grandfather
like he needs the birds.