

Jose A. Alcantara

And I Will Make You Fishers of Men

Late afternoon storm passing over Alovord Playa, east of Steen Mountains.

He hovers twenty feet above the pond
his white breast flashing between wings
beating not nearly fast enough to hold him aloft
though they do, his body hanging there
as though on a cross – three, four, five seconds
until he drops like a lead-blue arrow
the kerplunk carving a hole in my chest
big enough for a god to squeeze through.

Jose A. Alcantara lives in western Colorado. His poems have appeared, or are

forthcoming, in *The Midwest Quarterly*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Sixfold*, *Palimpsest*, and *99 Poems for the 99%*. He was a 2013 Fishtrap Fellow and has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.



