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## Artemisa Japanese Car Care, Miami

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## Artemisa Japanese Car Care, Miami

I step out of the shop where my old car  
gets younger, and see as if for the first time  
the triangular communications tower  
looming to the south. My father, the draftsman,  
would have glanced at the structure, tapering,  
branched on each side by lined arrays of equipment,  
and calculated strengths and forgeries,  
named and numbered steels  
that for my aesthetic eye are burnished metals  
in a skeletal bauhaus with minimalist flashes.

The gulfs never quarreled between us.  
To each man, assigned domains bestow  
province and legion, a shield of bridge  
across the darkness blows.  
A wisdom hails from what is not,  
to the other, strange. I imagine my father  
torpor-free on such a tower's ways.  
The sky celluloid it takes for ladders,  
the host-cream drums with which a million  
chatters moon and back—he'd raise  
such gallows up from plans he drew  
in ballet surgeries, the way a sterile God  
first dreamed snow, and in a leap  
planted it in our denials.

His muse did not recoil  
between the draftsman's cage  
and the welder's theater, which let him  
bin with pride over my poems and scrape  
to buy paintings he understood  
without understanding. And how he must  
have hoped and dared to prophesy

this moment, at this car mechanic's,  
when I at centuries last see him  
in all the labors of Velázquez's Forge.  
The swagger of grime Praxiteles  
receiving delicate news from a robed gardenia,  
arc the prism of identity, thinkers to tamers.  
But in my father alone have I witnessed  
a brotherhood in one self, a forum  
made for them within one man.  
Nineteen years after your death,  
your slow son,  
who natured only to beauty and ideas,  
has come home.

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