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## The Crucifix

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## Dimitrov: The Crucifix

### THE CRUCIFIX

Alex Dimitrov

My father's gold crucifix hung  
from his neck in a kind and devastating way.  
It lay hidden under his shirt and apron,  
wait staff uniform then blazer, when he finally  
found a good desk job. Walking through the living  
room after work he'd slowly loosen the knot  
of his tie, teasing it with his fingers and  
unbuttoning that top button every man  
must hate so much. From there it took him  
only seconds until the cotton trailed behind  
his back, shirt fully undone, allowing me to  
notice the tense drops of sweat which ran down  
from his armpits, the stains forming delicate rings  
around his sleeves. And when he sat down  
on the couch to rest his head back, Adam's apple  
sharply gleaming, palms left open on his thighs –  
I'd stare at that gold crucifix which sank so low,  
our Jesus buried deep inside his chest hair,  
closer to my father than I ever got  
and claiming the best part.