

# STAMINA

## CHRIS SPECKMAN

Rainy, frigid Phoenix. The uncomfortable cuffs  
of your red jacket eclipsing my wrists, thanks

Dad, I guess. At some chic hotel taquería  
a block from your apartment, you insist

on ordering for both of us. Our fit, pierced  
waitress, a shared wish, young enough

for me, old enough for you. More likely, vice  
versa. You smile, jaundiced, sly. We look too much

alike. You've aged well enough  
to tell me all about it, how you ran

another marathon, spent Christmas Day fucking.  
Tequila, please. I've been waiting

twenty-eight years for a father.