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# Metropolis

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JAMES BONAMICI

METROPOLIS

We drove to Grandmother's  
For Thanksgiving;  
To her house, her life,  
Laid in bride and grain of flesh  
By hand with the perseverance  
Of ten thousand immigrants.  
For this woman older than pain,  
In the large pale dress  
And archaic smile that is each day,  
We gave our thanks.  
We were a family  
Stacked in corners like piles  
Of withering newspapers,  
Or strewn as salamis and olives  
In shadows  
Over ancient oak table tops,  
Eating our spaghetti and turkey  
From paper plates,  
And sipping bitter white wine  
From dust-covered Seagrams' bottles  
Brought up from the cellar.  
We were an orphan, one of many  
Oceans from our home,  
Cradled in a sea of porcelain madonnas  
And railroad tracks,  
Concrete lapping at the garden's edge.