

1975

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.