

I am from the yellow house

I am from ink caked fingernails
Ice cream cartons and funeral cards
Pipe smoke and toothless smirks
3D Jesus and the forced calmness of the clock on the wall.

I am from widows who never drove
Understanding that skips a generation
Cheese and crackers , grapes and TV trays
Święta Maryjo, Matko Boża, módl się za nami grzesznymi teraz i w godzinę śmierci naszej.

I am from cloud papered walls and blue shag
Bunk beds, Teddy Ruxpin and roasted root stew
Cat chasing drive-by lights sweeping the twilight walls
Folk strummed from dual guitars in the Christmas tree glow.

I stem from impatiens impatiently planted by the drive
Front hedges over- trimmed, stifling new and tender greens
Backyard bushes wild and untouched
Cloaking chaos, polarized hiding places and rabbit graves.

I come from green datsuns with white seats and white fords with holes in the floor
Camping trips and kissing in the kitchen
Cat Stevens calm in the mornings smoothing the night's pitch
Closeted albums heavy with reminders of the changing.

I am from the yellow house at the end of the block
Leaning garage begging for the hoist and winch
Wee hour trains making grown up nights seem hushed
The abandoned player piano so eager for repair and attention

I am from simple love flipped sideways
Distorted but not diluted
Bright white light split and splayed and showing its colors
Some I choose to wear, and the rest are waiting for me to look.

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