

The Old Country

was hush
like the unwanted
things at the back of the fridge

borscht & pickled
herring, gefilte fish
when there was nothing

more. In two generations:
brunch with Bellinis
on the Upper East Side.

I've never been
to the old country but
it comes to me

fevered like Chagall dreams,
angels cut in blue glass
on the dining room wall. My

Russia was a pogrom—
still, I was charmed
by the book about the Czar

who wanted us dead, his daughter
Anastasia. I flipped pages, took
another salted bite.