Your Seeds Are My Seeds

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Your Seeds Are My Seeds

MELISSA PILKINGTON

On a sweaty summer
Vacation
in Northern Michigan,
I stood
in front of the tee-pee
in Cross Village
alone
because
none
of my siblings
understood heritage.

Yet, I too
resented the constant clicking
of photographs
taken outside
Legs Inn,
the Polish eatery
somewhere
west of Pluto.

In Saginaw,
we could just
dial up the paczki line
tell her to send
some grub over
from the East Side
‘cause
either way,
Poland was farther
than we could spit
into our blue and red
Na Zdrowice! tourists
in that hick town.

So I crabbed
for nachos and no more
while you pegged a
in my memory
where Grandmas are
and duck’s blood soup
is politically correct
reminding us
that we aren’t just
but Polish
In Saginaw,
we could just
dial up the paczki lady
tell her to send
some grub over
from the East Side
'cause
either way,
Poland was farther
than we could spit
into our blue and red
Na Zdrowice! tourist cups
in that hick town.

So I crabbed
for nachos and no more pictures,
while you pegged a place
in my memory
where Grandmas are Buchias
and duck's blood soup
is politically correct;
reminding us
that we aren't just Pilkingtons
but Polish folk too.