stretched her legs out, 
the warmth of Pandora’s 
leaned out and made 
the decaying oddments of 
curtains, what aboutcur-
be warm, and to rest. She 
among the mattedcob-
"she whispered 
frames, thick as velvet. 
but a harness room this is!

the window for a long 
age of her abandoned 
looking eyes. She filled 
that house, without her. 
waited for love, pity, 
memory. She waited for 
the high wind tore the last 
noon; she felt nothing, and 
a strange thing a heart 
same time.

On Sundays, after church and dinner, 
we would go to Federation, the old Polish Club. 
My father would park the brown Mercury 
in front of the gray concrete building,

and we would walk around the side, 
to the red painted door.
My daddy would lift me in his arms, 
to press the buzzer 
that would let us 
into the cool darkness.

I could hear people 
talking and laughing, 
as Bill’s heavy footsteps 
came to open the door.

I would look into the peep hole, 
seeing through the eye of a fish. 
Tiny people sitting at the bar, 
talking, laughing, throwing their tiny heads back. 
Sitting in tiny chairs at tiny tables, 
on tiny bar stools sipping teeny tiny drinks.