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Laura Hite

Alica Yoffa, I'm with you in the past
where you sit in front of the T.V. set and watch cartoons of
Mighty Mouse
where your mother carefully washes your long dark hair in the
tub
where you stand in the dark hallway behind the half closed
door in your
nightgown watching your father at the table, his tall body worn
tired and thin
his long beard his bright robes his eyes red and wet
where you sit at the window and watch the bright blinking
lights of the big
green tree within the house across the street
where you stand in the parlor of a white hallway with people
dressed in black
bloated faces grab your hands while your mother lies broken
against a chair and
your little brother runs by chugging like a train
where you sit behind a book trying to hide the hooked nose on
your face from
the blond Aryan boy across the table
I'm with you in the past
where hard rocks fall like sand against your skin and your back
and your face and
words that spear your smile determined with dark eyes

I'm there pulling at your sleeves telling you to stop
I'm there afraid in the corner
I'm there where you stand up.