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Once White

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ONCE WHITE

Rain, and the earth bruises easily.
Home loses its whiteness and the family inside
confesses: I have used paint, coins, and

the language of Poland to describe him. Father,
you lost us in some dream you had of your life.
I brought a photograph of a dead actor and

haven't seen you in years. A sister younger
than me says to a man she loves: picture soldiers
entering the small towns of Poland and firing

into screams. All she has seen is the streets
growing around the house, once white.
And my own work is wrong. In old movies

there is romance in the shelling and the rain.