

## I didn't think of my father

until another writer mentioned her own  
struggling father        we, too, know  
he's in there, though further and further in there  
every day the Parkinson's gobbles more  
of his dopamine.

Meanwhile I sport new lives, one after the other,  
corsages unwithered on my wrist, the lunar phase's  
glitz. I shed skin like desert snakes. It helps  
to forget him: Michael.

But when I squeeze rheum from my photophobic eyes  
I with my sixty four sheaths still see subtlety interred  
in him, a quality unvoiced and untouched that, with parents  
who weren't Orthodox and in a neighborhood that wasn't Far  
Rockaway, could've been honed into writing haiku. He speaks  
lyrically of how he once caught guppies with his small white  
hands in Jamaica Bay, sensing with something he can't name where  
their darting movement would spring from.

Instead he was a shame and a *shonder*, as the Yiddish-English  
bastardization goes, a badly-made deaf kid, a curse, proof  
that his parents committed...something  
and all-knowing *hashem* has outed them.

He harbors so many senses that act independently  
of him, of which he cannot speak.

**Now-speak**

*my father and his parkinsons now speak  
in departures            his words are flesh of trans  
figurations    a persevering beast with vectors  
for thighs, a cliff of collar bone  
a face of no affect        salt as sentence*

the last time I saw my Grandpa  
Ruby was December 1960, right

before he died they told me to wave  
good bye that was

the last time I saw him

in a hospital bed in Brooklyn he was fifty-seven  
people didn't know to take care of themselves

in those days            he had trouble  
finding workers so Grandma Shirley said "I'll help

you" I remember her schlepping  
bathtubs up the stairs

## In Memory of Thwaites Glacier

A French Blue Diamond punctuated  
the base of this planet. It too broke  
into pillaged pieces - as if dripping Hope  
down Marie Antoinette's doomed neck, or  
pooling it at Maria Feodorovna the Empress'  
fourth finger. Alas, no unguillotined heads  
of state claim these flecks of iceberg, these  
fifty billion tons of black earth-studded ex-glacier  
cleaved into the South Ocean, leagues below  
Patagonia. The melt will flood an abuela's  
Miami kitchen, rinse a Malaysian schoolhouse  
into the sea.

A new oceanographic revelation: glacial  
ice melts from underneath too. The bottoms  
fade too. The ocean plumbs deeper than  
they knew. Profound tunnels rutting faraway floor,  
lifeless and caverened under miles of pressurized,  
eyeless organisms, carry warmed water from the thick  
belt of the earth to its cold pole. The ice looses  
its undersides, empties itself, the short crust crumbles  
into iceberg-speckled sea.

Once the glacier stiffed its lower lip, rugged, self-protective.  
Now it slopes, a mother emptynested, having sent her  
achievements out into the world. A necklace shattered into  
loose diamonds or loose canons, sons with an excess  
of watery energy inside. Ready to unleash at a split second  
Once bound together by millennial ice, the bergs girded  
a frozen mountain. Now, with its child soldiers forcibly  
mutinied, the mountain threatens to crash.

Eighty Mannhattans united have fractured.

“Like a windscreen crack,” the lead researcher tells CNN. Hairlines first, widened into splits, and eventually the whole mess confetties apart. Abuelita mops her kitchen floor.

## Great Hope

In 1989 I founded the Earth  
Club at elementary school  
after a nightmared week of sleeps  
walking over mountains of trash on my  
way home from school, sun glinting  
off Sprite bottles under my feet,  
smoke stacks lighting my way with scarlet plumes.  
Environmental education scared  
the hell out of me

Thirty years later  
this scene lived before my concrete eyes -  
through a bus window twenty minutes  
outside Abuja on the road from Lagos - children  
kicking a flattish soccer ball up and down  
hills of graying refuse, a wild and cacophonous  
mass from which a periodic cola can  
or cracked toilet seat could be distinguished

But in 1989 I pioneered the Earth  
Club            we met in the white-  
tiled windowless music room  
Mrs. Pritchard would vacate, sheet music  
in hand, so we could save the world.

We're amazing, no? Wizards, really. In our short  
stay here we've shrunken geologic processes  
to the scale of our little generation. I remember  
Miss Simpson and Mrs. Moxley standing at opposite  
corners of their classroom, a gray length of tape stretched  
between them, with only a palm-width tip  
colored cherry red for the whole  
of homo sapien existence