

## Gearhart Winds

Up and over  
we go  
To the north coast winds  
To the Gearhart winds  
The family house  
Oregon? For summer

Cool, it comes, cool wind  
like fire to the sea  
like sun to the sky  
Green prairie lawn takes run  
from the wood shingles of old houses  
Fields yellowed by heat  
gold and rich  
lead eyes view out, crests of small hill  
down to light cream sand and rich blue water  
and rich blue sky too

Cliffs to the left, hazy town below  
All around Pacific's might curls  
velvet song-waves rise toward Pacific sky

Gearhart winds you ripple off the waves  
They ripple high and back  
up through leaves of local branches  
up to the faded gray oak slats of family house  
and in through to  
the bark of our bodies

Winds that bring sea-foam salts  
and the sound of dogs run free on the wet sand

Gearhart winds carry the sea up to us  
Carry air of family,  
of father's mother, matriarch  
of father father, unknown to us grandchildren  
alive in photos that pepper the stairway wall

Smells of food and wine  
Sounds dancing off white painted ceilings beams  
Thoughts of soft shaded sun room and blue tiled bathroom

Sounds of children's feet bustling over hardwood and rug to the  
morning sun's promise of pancakes and sausage

Of colored beds, yellow, green, blue, pink  
And dried silver dollar shells laid atop the deck rail

Gearhart winds carry the world of our parents and beyond  
brought alive in this house for us all to know

Yet here the winds blow time to standstill, and mother here like  
wind goes on

She is the wind who smells of home  
Of life when life drifts away  
and all that's left is living

Gearhart winds, you bring me home  
Reveal me your secrets  
your thoughts on minds of lost lives

Reveal me your secrets  
your moon bright in midday sky  
Reveal to me, my winds  
My Gearhart winds

on Winter's wing

bitter morning Spring  
whose words I wish would sing  
of gloried promise of future too  
of what once came to birds and bloom

but 'stead they turn and twist my eyes  
who've seen their songs exposed as lies  
oh what a Spring it's been before  
what cruel Spring to see once more

we'd never been here you and I  
now eyes have seen, now minds transcribe  
the pain, the grief, once just behind  
the day, the date, that place and time  
oh what a way they cried and tore  
when life you lost is more than yours

returning, reclaiming eyes and mind  
rebuilding the wrecking, rewinding time  
until that time we seek becomes  
a fading future, remember why  
my Spring she breaks the Winter's wing  
returns me to the reborn sting

returns me to that day in Spring  
when night recedes and days begin  
when whispered truth to soul broke through  
of you who died from those who knew  
of grieving father, broken mother  
burying their son, my brother

now Spring she burns my eyes and mind  
then with shallow respite she dawns  
toward a youthful Summer's song  
toward new grief it won't be long  
to weak recoveries now shorn  
again to weep day you were born

so still Spring clings her hallowed hands  
as Summer sets and Fall begins  
but slow the pain she dulls away  
as promise of new songs take place  
when farthest days have come and past  
Winter, stay 'fore Spring reclaims

oh what a year I've looked upon  
Spring at last she fades away  
and salty Summers take her place  
sun sets sail if only sooner  
help me Autumn push days quicker  
toward the wind I drink as liquor

when cold air comes a sign of Winter  
and bitter Spring at last forgot  
when colors fade to windy song  
Oh let her words become the life  
let sing-song sail on Wintered winds  
oh Winter's freedom here not long

with ice-shard arms now beckoning  
welcome child be here today  
you've found at last a place to be  
she'll make you stay, you'll leave the past  
oh when she come to you, you'll see  
let long the Winter's whisper be

freely drifting wishing shifting  
what a time when Spring can't sing  
and then at last and welcoming  
dreams are born of Winter's wing

let bright the sound it sings be free  
let Winter's winds consume the earth  
please don't stop oh Wintered wing  
do not fall back into Spring

Oh, Srebrenica

Oh, Srebrenica, what stale and pretty  
word you are  
Like summer air turned cold  
as sun hits hillside slope  
Sun that crests your graves  
and shines on unclaimed eyes

Oh, Srebrenica, they call you  
be free of us, please  
They run from you, do you hear them?  
Do you hear their shouts?

July days bring dawn too soon  
Thoughts of wish and hope  
ask for swift reprieve

Oh, Srebrenica, how did your men and boys weep  
as bullets cut their cries?  
How did they die, as they were  
buried alive?

Oh, how did your mothers break  
as corpses came back to them?  
How did they live with their sons' bodies  
littering streets like strewn papers cast aside?

Oh, how did your daughters scream  
as soldiers held them down?  
How did they learn again  
to love and be free?

Oh, how did your children see the world  
for what it could become?  
How could they be children once again?

Oh, Srebrenica, where did your 8,000 lives go?  
Where do they live now?  
You are ripe and unknown, forgotten now  
Or never known, I am not sure

Oh, Srebrenica, why don't we see you in our classrooms?  
Why don't we hear your shouts too?

Twenty years you have begged not be forgotten  
Yet marked not with marches, nor speeches  
nor monuments, nor eulogies  
you are

Oh, why are 8,000 lives  
too few to make us care?  
Your hills and trees remember  
scorned eyes like those of who survived

Oh, Srebrenica, all I have for you  
are questions  
Do you have for me my answers?

Vivian and Ernest, Or Free and Brave in America

My grandmother's name is Vivian Glassman  
She is born in New York City  
January 30, 1919

Land of the Free, Home of the Brave

They have her life in files

FEDERAL BUREAU of INVESTIGATION  
USE CARE IN HANDLING THIS FILE  
SECURITY INFORMATION - CONFIDENTIAL

Aug 03 1950

Report made at : St. Louis, Missouri  
Report made by : Edward E. Kachelhoffer

Title : VIVIAN GLASSMAN  
Character of Case : ESPIONAGE - R

"Denies membership in any organization advocating overthrow of  
U.S. Government by force or violence."

They know her parents

Father, SAMUEL GLASSMAN, born in Russia, deceased.  
Mother, SADIE GLASSMAN, nee HOROWITZ, born in Russia, 343 E. 6th  
Street, N.Y., N.Y.

They know her brother

MILTON GLASSMAN, address unknown.

They know her sisters

ELEANOR GLASSMAN, 343 E. 6th Street, N.Y., N.Y.  
GLADYS GLASSMAN, 343 E. 6th St., N.Y., N.Y.  
HORTENSE SKOLNICK, 162 E. 7th St., N.Y., N.Y.

They call her spy, Communist, traitor

She dates a man named Joel Barr  
before he flees the country

1950

Grand Jury

It comes like anger and fear turned human with a suit and tie

For years more it still comes for her

She is pregnant with her first child

Pregnant, spied upon - "SUBJ PRESENTLY UNDER DISCREET SPOT SURVEILLANCE"

Pregnant, harassed on the street - "REMEMBER YOUR TOOTHBRUSH, BITCH. BECAUSE TONIGHT YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL."

Pregnant, she is Free and Brave - "I INVOKE MY FIFTH AMENDMENT RIGHTS"

Pregnant, she is pulled from the witness stand

Soon she loses the baby

Land of the Free, Home of the Brave

June 19, 1953

They kill the Rosenbergs

She knows Julius

She knows Ethel

She knows many others who are "involved"

She mourns the deaths

They are fearful, those who stalk and interrogate her  
Sartre says they are afraid of  
the shadow of their own bomb

But they do not let up yet

They still call her spy, Communist, traitor

November 7, 1954

Her first child is born alive

Caroly, my mother

My grandfather's name is Ernest Pataki

He is born in Budapest

June 5, 1915

He is a child of WWI, but like all Europeans  
it will not end there



1936

Tides begin to rise faster than before  
He leaves Hungary

He leaves his mother  
He leaves his father  
He leaves his home, his school, his friends  
He leaves his language and his life

He comes to New York  
Here is hope

Land of the Free, Home of the Brave

1944

He graduates from Cooper Union  
Electrical Engineer  
He works at the Federal Telecommunications Laboratories

1945

Hungary has little chance  
They are not sent to  
work camps  
They are trucked directly from their homes into  
the chambers  
Their names are not even recorded

1949

He begins "to go with Miss Glassman"

1950

Grand Jury

Q. Are your parents in this country

A. No. My mother only is alive and she is living in Hungary

No others survived  
He never returns to Europe  
He never sees her again

Here he stays

Land of the Free, Home of the Brave

Here does not trust him

They ask him if he is a Communist  
They ask him if he is a traitor  
They ask him if she is a traitor

Q. Now, do you recall receiving a telephone – do you recall having had a telephone conversation with Miss Glassman during the latter part of July of this year, in which she spoke about some man being at her door in her apartment?

A. Yes, I do.

They ask him if he knew who the man was  
They ask him if she knew who the man was  
They ask him about \$2,000 and they ask him about Julius Rosenberg  
And they ask him about Joel Barr and they ask him about many other things

Q. Were you connected in any way with the Young Communist League, did you belong to any of their clubs?

A. I understand that it is my Constitutional right not to answer.

Land of the Free, Home of the Brave

November 7, 1954  
His first child is born alive  
Carolyn, my mother

August 5, 1958  
They have a second daughter, Jolie

Vivian is fearful for her children, but they are not harassed  
Life is not easy, but it is

She is true and beautiful, she is a human being

Land of the free, Home of the Brave

When I come into their life, he is frail  
He speaks softly, if at all  
Never of Europe, never of the past  
He sits in his chair and rocks  
He holds me in his arms, he smiles so deeply

She is not a spy, Communist, traitor

Hers is not a life of intrigue and risk

She is Grandma Viv

She is full of energy, she calls us "Dahlings"

She makes green Jell-o, carries us on her back like sacks of potatoes

She is true and beautiful, she is a human being

Is she Free? Is she Brave?

How can one be Free when one needs to be Brave?

How can one be Brave when one is truly Free?

July 3, 2015

Vivian seems ill, perhaps she will not survive the night

She is 96

July 4, 2015

Vivian recovers

She can not open her eyes, she cannot speak or eat without assistance, she cannot walk nor does she know the name of another human being

Her thoughts, her life, her mind

disintegrated

But she is here

March 27, 1998

My grandfather dies

I am 6

I do not remember when he dies, I only remember that he is no longer there

He is buried in New York City in a plot named Ernest

Next to an empty plot named Vivian

Here in the

Land of the Free, Home of the Brave