

J. Tarwood

IMMIGRATION

In the back of my skull
my Finnish ancestors squat,
cheap cigarettes in cupped
callused hands, smoke hissing
upward like a runaway genie.
Tired of all my pretty words,
they wait for me to begin their saga.
An immigrant's son, I stall,
knowing nothing, not even
a family tree rooted
in kings or horsethieves.
My Finnish ancestors lift eyebrows
and shake heads.
They see me floating in air,
a seed with only rock below.