

## BIO

Walking up to my Grandparents house in the woods  
1948 no talk of the murder of the Jews  
My Grandmother my only unconditional love  
So when I get this bio note from a long lost cousin  
In Florida  
The feelings I have are the same  
The insecurity or whatever you call it the same  
Feeling unworthy and alone  
Just the same  
And yet glad to be acknowledged a relative  
A relative  
Testimony to my existence  
My rights as a person  
And the memory of my Granfather *Lazer*  
Escorting me on the Subway all the way to Brownsville  
Brooklyn to *Gittel* Kanterman's place  
On Belmont Avenue  
Where I lived the loneliest life imaginable  
17 years old  
With the heavy furniture and the lace  
Walking down Rockaway Avenue to the train  
Cold arctic wind  
Changing at Atlantic to the Flatbush line  
Honors student William Blake Hart Crane  
The Brooklyn Bridge  
Good-looking angry sex-obsessed kid  
But mainly I remember walking up the dirt road  
I'm nine years old  
Past the old Catskill hotels  
Feeling a reality behind the reality of the woods  
And in my chest  
A nameless sorrow  
Really alone with it  
I would get there proudly  
And my Grandmother *Tsibl*  
Would hold me in her lap  
And cry.