

# America and My Father

Matthew Diomedé

America, I shall love you as  
I have loved my immigrant, steel worker father.  
From the dew settling in Tierra Verde, Florida,  
to the sunrise and sunset in St. Louis, around  
hot, concrete Bronx streets to the childhood  
sea-shore summer home in Milford, Connecticut,  
to the plains of Alva, Oklahoma, and through the  
Tennessee mountains, winding, my thoughts search  
for your soul. America, you are not dying even as  
they bury my father. As they closed the casket,  
I thought I saw you smiling.  
In those hills, sands, streets, plains, and seas,  
movement of life is always present.  
In static death my soul  
reaches out to touch you.  
Wherever you are,  
I am.