

America and My Father

Matthew Diomede

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.