

RECOVERY

And so the recovery
of 1937 is complete.
Everything is on the mend,

the upswing. My aunt's jaw chews
its way back from the failure
of cancer. Old men reappear

on corners, like signs
of permanence. Once more the trains
are running, bound for someplace

worthwhile. Someday,
in spite of everything, we will all
be rich. Everyone

is confident. No one
swings on the front porch late
into the night, thinking

of suicide.
The evenings are so perfect.
My father holds me on his lap

and I pluck his chin
with tweezers, looking
for gray hairs.

Now we are all sane again.
My children are invulnerable.
None of us will ever die.