

Greetings

(New Years, 2009)

I open the envelope sent by a friend
moved north to New England years ago,
find the holiday letter. Another
grandchild, his new career
as a consultant, she has taken up
photography. All the news, with pictures
of the family.

Which I put aside since at the moment
it is hard to stimulate sufficient interest.
On my computer screen I can see
another family photo:
the bloody corpse of a mangled child
in her fathers arms.

If I say "Gaza"
it should not be difficult
for you to understand.

I conceive this poem, hesitate
for just a moment before
writing down any of the words
(what if my New England friend
sees them one day, feels hurt
to discover how little I think
of her holiday letter?) decide
to proceed anyway. It is
after all, simply the method I choose
to let everyone know
how *my* family is doing
this holiday season.

Steve Bloom
January 2009