

# Displaced Persons

*Marc Kaminsky*

Every night I fell asleep traveling  
in my father's song  
to the east, to the west

In the east he taught me  
death, in the west  
he taught me death

He sang of going under in the black  
fires of Warsaw  
and the crematoria

He sang of being wrapped in white  
linen on the streets of Laredo  
and St. James' Infirmary

For much of my life I wasn't here  
hypnotized by my father's  
ghastly lullabies

I traveled on in images and music  
he made more real to me  
than my own right hand

*MARC KAMINSKY is a poet, essayist, and psychotherapist. He is the author of seven books of poetry, including The Road from Hiroshima and Daily Bread. He has published four books on aging and the culture of Yiddishkeit.*