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## Flight

*Marcia Lipson*

When Uncle Benny fled the Russian army,  
he ran to Brooklyn where he sneaked  
from relative to relative,  
hiding in one house and then another,  
afraid that agents would follow and drag him back.

My grandfather, "the capitalist," took him in,  
before he moved again and then again,  
to Queens, the Bronx, his habit of fear,  
a failure to imagine freedom.

He saw, instead, the Russian army in pursuit,  
and when most terrified,  
he'd hop a subway in the middle of the night  
and go and knock on still another door.  
Half his time was spent on subways,  
the rest, in arguing the politics of the day,  
until his death,  
collapsing aboard the elevated line.

*Marcia Lipson teaches English at Hunter College. Her poems have appeared in Connecticut River Review, The Plum Review, and The Bridge. She has received fellowships from the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts and the Ragdale Foundation.*