

Golden Gate

Knife edged hills laid leisurely, deceiving.

Everywhere green gray sheen
A watery palette. The place
Reflects back on itself,
A primary source.

Up the road Russians
Caught fox built a fort
Claimed a river, a story
Of constructivists and the past.

Across the bay, the gate reclines
But for me, the languorous red swipe taunts.
If tourists from Cantons Ohio and China
Cross why can't I?

By ocean gust why have I no guts?

From a distance the gate a symbol
I had grown big, and far
From birthplace. San Francisco not a word
In the cobbled vocabulary of Russian
Rooted family, and my father who would
Sooner move to Siberia than leave his mother.

Sometimes, distance is greater than the space
Between two points.