

My Mother Was a Miner When She Left Her Country

Hiding among statues and graves,
soldiers with machine guns,
meticulously searching
for honey, for miners.

My grandpa was a grave digger.
At fifteen Mama was a coal miner.
Two generations in a tiny living room,
in the middle of the cemetery.

America was their miracle,
an escape from communism.

A collection of stamps, hidden from
customs, undetectable to a microscope.
My mother tells me these memories.

When she's had too much wine.
But any other day she says,
"It's best not to talk about it."