

Acculturation

Buda and Pest united in 1873, generations vacation in 2005, a visit to our homeland.
Grandmother and grandchild in the castle district, its grey, the ground wet.

St. Matthias Church, the Church of our Lady
once adorned with frescoes, whitewashed and stripped, blasted by cannons,

now supported by scaffolding and patron coins of Hungarian *forint*,
the structure of old and new, Gothic and Roman, viewed by Hungarians and Americans.

Entering the guarded church by gargoyles and old traditions:
shoulders covered by shawls while Mama translates.

She shows the relics of the old world with Crowns and Royal jewels,
She shows the Madonna statue once sheltered inside these walls.

Pods of tourists discover its secrets by a selection of languages.
They snap like Paparazzi capturing high ceilings with diamond patterns.

Stained glass tell stories of coronation and the old Buda,
tell the trials and history of where my Grandmother was born.

We come back to America to a house that sits on free soil,
dirt that is worth more to others than the memories from this structure.

We create our own history for the new world with ghost stories and children.
We carve pumpkins and celebrate *others* traditions, using their rituals.

We hold close those treasures that were once brought over from the old world:
smuggled stamp collections, Paprika, and our grandmother's recipes.