

## Tennis Court Road

“The rows of bags grew. A priest stood in the McEnroes’ yard, in the midst of the white bags, making the sign of the cross. He appeared to be praying.”

—Michael Winerip, *New York Times*: Jan. 27 1990

I like to remember my grandfather  
as sitting in his sunroom  
full of vhs tapes  
fake turf flooring with a bocote wood desk for coins and taxes  
all the orchids my mother gave him as birthday presents  
displayed around the jacuzzi nearby  
my grandmother across the house  
getting ginger ale from the frigidaire in the garage  
the amoeba pool out the window closed for winter  
the garter snake that bit my cousin  
dead in the snow

or my mother herself  
a couple miles away  
first hearing the sound of something big and dark  
sailing over the frozen creek  
with paint dripping off her brush  
pauses  
with a couple minutes gone  
to call my pa

aluminum and wood shear  
an albatross  
or the sound of one sailing  
everything silent along south st & audrey  
everything crisp and rolling as january—

gravel on metal  
the foggy hills of tennis court rd.  
the bird descends  
but only to lay eggs

my grandfather drawn away  
from green books of tax code for a moment  
to see what landed in his pool  
and explosions of police lights  
projecting on the bare trees

up the hill  
on hills like I sledded down  
kids with bloody foreheads  
scream Mamá!

kids from bogotá  
where I have never been  
are roaming my grandparents' yard  
where I spend the fourth of july  
and watch my father  
grill steaks

and now I sit in the sun room  
wondering which video tapes fell off the shelves.

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