

## FORESHADOW

though I am the collective of my sires  
the delta of great rivers  
running wide through the plains  
raging between the crush of mountains,  
though my father's head flooded with genius  
his fists bursting wonderfully with dollars  
though my grandfather with silent woman in tow  
beat the Czar to the boat  
and his father relearned the mystic numbers  
of the Jews in Kiev  
and his father picked peaches in the Ukraine  
and his father knew the language of wild horses  
and his father unwound from the uncrossed mountains  
and went to the village, once,  
and his father was a king in a smoky cave  
and his father murdered and loved  
on the same day  
and his father waited all morning in a bush  
for an animal he knew would pass by  
and his father cringed at the moon  
and his father could imitate the howl of wolves  
and his father was born in the snow  
of a woman who gnawed her own cord  
though I am the collective of my fathers  
I stand humbled in the fore—  
shadow of the unknown.

— *Mark Frutkin*