

An oven for bread and burners for cooking  
 A table in the kitchen and a basin for bathing

Grandmother baked the black rye bread for us and for the store to  
 sell

The aroma of "pirags" wafted from every holiday window  
 And on top of the stove, my clothes lay drying  
 Winter apples, hoarse frost, apple dumplings, sun glow

We filled buckets at the well so there would be water the next  
 morning. The well worked by leverage, like a seesaw. How we  
 groaned and strained to lift the icy water up

Seesaw, Seesaw  
 On the paved road to Riga  
 In the wind of Saulkrasti by the Baltic Sea

Mother and Livija Korps and Miss Licia were elementary school  
 teachers  
 Mimitante had a car, I loved Uncle John  
 I remember my father's face less  
 Than I remember him coming home late  
 And fumbling at the door... with his keys

He had left with a barmaid by the time I was four

Seesaw, seesaw  
 I would sing on the porch, riding Grandfather's ankle  
 Seesaw, seesaw  
 I would ride, from the air to the floor  
 The snow in my hair ... Moon shine

Seesaw, seesaw  
 I would sing

Closed shutters... packed ice breaking in darkness, in shadow...  
 blue- green caves