**HOME, by Robert Winner**

My heart and my bones wince.

It’s so damn sad-looking

And ugly, the Bronx—

Driving past those small hills

Blighted for miles with bleak

Six-story desert-like apartment

Buildings—the landscape I come from.

It’s so damn ugly in its torment

Of knifings and fires, I forget

I was happy there sometimes

In its damp and dingy streets, living my life

With five continents of the world

In my minds eye.

Maybe it was beautiful before us:

The coast with no landfill

A bluffed peninsula of swamps and forests,

a wilderness that became another wilderness

—beds and linoleum, school books,

musty hallways, laughter, despondency—

unremembering earth, a riverbed

millions flowed on, clinging briefly

to some masonry, then gone…