

PATRICIA BRODY

POEM

MONUMENT, 100th & Riverside

In the snow the mother
 holds a fallen still-warm
 child who is a man
his throat bared to the snow.
Snow falls on his naked arm
 the hand
dangles to the snow, heaped around her feet.
Her pieta, draped over
 his mother's frozen skirt.
Snow fills the cracks
 his fire-protective
 heavy gear split by heat
scorched by the flame
that claimed him.

 The evening gown sky
 bare branches bridal lace

is snowing in the quiet.
 All's a wedding
 snow the veil.
The woman's face called sacrifice

her jaw stern, her eyes north-gazing
into the night of falling diamonds.
 Behind her, another age's bronze:
the Engine horses draw the men to fire.
 Her boy is one of them
"in a war that never ends."

She too is bare from the waist up
 her breasts of stone
 her breasts of frozen milk
the nipples hard and icy as her stare.

Under the lacy, muffling snow,
Oh, her young girl's hair.

Patricia Brody (MS, MA) lives and works in New York City where she is also raising three children. Her work has appeared in a broad range of literary journals and anthologies and her chapbook *Dangerous to Know* is forthcoming in winter, 2008. A certified social worker, Ms Brody practices psychotherapy for families and individuals and teaches American Literature at Boricua College in Harlem.