The Old-Country Man: *My Grandfather in Translation* by George Vukelich

We were Rumanians from the Old Country In Transylvania: Tata Nostru was Our Father We came to this country and brought our crosses We looked for Luck and Bread in this Christly Land

Our backyard without a fence: Only the barbed wire of the Bucyrus-Erie plant Pigiron: and the men who no-speak-English We made the power shovels for Panama And the big jobs of digging Around the world:

The foreman from Ireland: he called us foreign What the hell his father dead. He could not remember. And he forgot the rest.

I liked my kimmel and there was always the homebrew Sundays I walked the grandchildren through the gardenplot We went poking in the crawly cucumber vines The kids chewing on carrots The sun coming West and the Limited train Going for Chicago

You never watched us closely in the cornfield, Old Man Sneaking the cornsilk for our cigarets That was the summer we finally went to the store and bought the Twenty Grands and told the man Schulz They were for you: your hands were bad with the rheumatism and you could not roll your own: We lied:

America has the body and the mind of a Young Man And there is no fear of Anything that walks or crawls Or carries a gun or a club or a stiletto in the seaboot:

America is that quiet tough One who just got off the boat And was heading for the steelmilss around Gary and South Chicago And Sandusky Conneaut and Lorain, Ohio

I got muscle, Mister, You got Money? Time and a half for overtime and you own me From Monday to Saturday and you can buy me on Sunday too Only that comes extra

I dig your ore I make your steel I bring my woman and my old saints Here: USA She say our kids all coming one day big: Very Big We going buy house: and please We going to stay a little bit.

And this was my father's saying also:

Pray Like you are going to die tomorrow and Work Like you never going to die at all.