

## *Dealt Relations, Family Reunion*

*Were there seven or eight born in lower Manhattan  
following the crossing in a third-class berth  
from Austria-Hungary, posed the resident genealogist.*

Was that infant born as Sam in 1878  
soon dead so a later son  
could be so named as Sam?

I'll raise you one, said the dinner host  
puckered lips slipping  
from zested cantaloupe.

Harry who counted the home games,  
attended only twofers.  
His niece gave his name to her youngest boy,  
Don't you know grandnephew Harley?

I'll raise you one, said the eldest cousin,  
slurping tomato sauce  
off the stewed bird.

Rae died of influenza,  
the only child smiling and braided  
in those early pictures.

Two more, said the host's bride.  
Old Jack rose through bank ranks,  
born this side of the twentieth century,  
on the fourth of July.

We the descendents waiting for Sanka,  
started a remembrance  
of those cousins of that grandfather  
who lived by a pasture up in The Bronx.