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The Old Polish Club

Peggy S. Kurpinski
Grand Valley State University

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The Old Polish Club

Peggy S. Kurpinski

On Sundays , after church and dinner ,
we would go to Federation , the old Polish Club .
My father would park the brown Mercury
in front of the gray concrete building ,

and we would walk around the side ,
to the red painted door .
My daddy would lift me in his arms ,
to press the buzzer
that would let us
into the cool darkness .

I could hear people
talking and laughing ,
as Bill's heavy footsteps
came to open the door .

I would look into the peep hole ,
seeing through the eye of a fish .
Tiny people sitting at the bar ,
talking , laughing , throwing their tiny heads back .
Sitting in tiny chairs at tiny tables ,
on tiny bar stools sipping teeny tiny drinks .