

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Address Book**

By Barbara Siegel Carlson

My grandfather carried  
a little book in his breast  
pocket for over sixty years. Once,  
he showed it to me, where it held

the names of his schoolmates  
who lay on a riverbank  
in his shtetl. Some of the ink  
had bled through to the other side

of the page that had loosed  
from the binding. I remember him  
saying they had no graves, and maybe  
no one else was still alive

who'd known them,  
their pale faces,  
their brown or blue eyes  
that filled with sky.