

## **Swedish Family Reunion**

They came across the Atlantic  
In tiny tramp steamers  
Huddled together in heat  
And in sweat

They now sit in a tight circle  
Bantering Swedes recalling another land  
Other cities – Gothenburg, Falkenburg  
Strange language is digested with port wine

Names are mentioned: Mats, Ingelil, Nils  
Songs are sung and tales recounted  
Accordion music wheezes and croons  
And makes the old Swedes happy

Wooden carvings of little fishermen  
Sit on the shelf next to odd-shaped bells  
Next to blue commemorative plates  
With “Mors Dag 1892, Stockholm” printed in gold

As the evening drags on  
Wistful, drunken smiles appear on sagging faces  
Grunts and nods are exchanged around the circle  
It's time for bed

It's time for the northern lights  
To shut their eyes for the night