

## Nicholas Samaras

### GOOGLE MY NAME

How strange that I never knew  
I served in Viet Nam  
or that I graduated from Yale  
before I was born.

How can I tell my wife  
she's living with a dead man from Ohio  
who also earned a degree from the International  
School in Geneva, Switzerland?

I always knew I liked Switzerland  
but I can't remember the chocolate.  
Or how do I tell her I just recently married  
another woman named Darlene,

though I don't know which state we live in.  
I also don't remember being killed in action  
but here in plain reading view  
is the text of my life and death.

I become more impressed with myself:  
not only do I have huge reportage on my writing  
but I also fly helicopters and have degrees  
in Engineering, Theology, and something called

IEEE Electrical Transaction. I can hardly  
believe I was born in Lowell, Massachusetts  
in 1929, just six years after my own father  
was born—an accomplishment in any generation.

And still, to be a teenager  
currently enrolled as a Lacrosse player  
in Falmouth High School. I always  
wanted to be more athletic.

Imagine: to still be in high school  
and have already completed my doctorate on  
the Optimization of Multistage Nonlinear Processes  
with Unknown System Disturbances.

All of this to tell my first wife Jeanie  
she needs to get us a king-sized bed  
because I am what I always knew  
I am: a man of many attributes.